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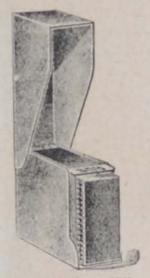

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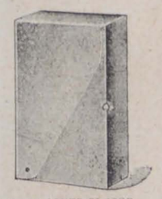

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No. 53. Vol. 2. JANUARY 14, 1916. PRICE 1d.

THE KING.

IT is appropriate, on this first anniversary of *Y.M.*, to put his Majesty the King in our Portrait Gallery. Assuredly the Y.M.C.A. owes an enormous debt to his Majesty's approval of its special work in war time. Before the war the King had paid the Y.M.C.A. a special compliment by visiting, with the Queen and Prince Albert, our new buildings in Tottenham Court-road. No one who had the privilege of being present on that occasion will ever forget the keen and practical interest which their Majesties showed during their long visit in every aspect of the work. One recalls especially the King's satisfaction with the fine swimming-bath and the gymnasium where Mr. Naylor and his pupils displayed their athletic abilities. The King has cheered the hearts of all the workers in Y.M.C.A. by more than one visit to our huts in camps, and we have to acknowledge with deep gratitude many other evidences of Royal sympathy with the new tasks laid upon the Y.M.C.A. by the necessities of war.

"The King is a listener," was the touching remark of a wounded Sepoy soldier who had laid before his Majesty a statement concerning a grievance. It was during the King's visit to the military hospital at Brighton that the Sepoy availed himself of the time-honoured privilege of a personal petition. He said to his Majesty: "My brother and I were both wounded, and came to England. They told him I was dead, and he went mad. But I was not dead, and the Sahib took me to see him. He became sane, and we both wept. But next day he went mad again, and said it was a dream. And he has gone back to India, while I—well, I gave six shillings to an Indian writing man to buy me something in the bazaar, and the writing man—they are all accursed, these writing men—he took my six shillings, and will not give them back."

To this doleful complaint the King said, "This is a serious matter, and shall be looked into." The Sepoy was satisfied. "The King is a listener. All we want in India is a listener." That incident will be related in many an Indian village as a proof of the King-Emperor's solicitude for his Indian subjects.



HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

The King *is* a listener. That is what has enabled him to do so many kind and helpful deeds in his reign. He is one of those who "want to know." From his early life in the Navy he has been keen to learn all that was possible about machinery. Now, in his lofty position as King, he is eager to learn about the machinery of State and philanthropic affairs. Like most sailors, he is very fond of reading. New ideas in airmanship or gunnery interest the King immensely, and I think he would choose to talk to the "practical man" in any company. He likes to hear at first-hand about inventions and discoveries, and, of course, especially about inventions that concern our Navy.

His Majesty has been indefatigable during the war in discharging the high responsibilities of Kingship. Far oftener than the public has been aware, the King has journeyed long distances to inspect the men under training, or about to leave for the front. It does not need much imagination to realise the weariness of reviewing tens of thousands of troops marching past in much the same fashion. But the King has been ready to do everything possible to assure his soldiers of his warm interest in their welfare. His visit to the Grand Fleet was welcomed enthusiastically by the officers and men of the Senior Service, who have always been aware of the King's deep sympathy with their dangers and difficulties.

Then, too, the King and Queen have lightened the darkness of many a hospital by visiting the wounded and cheering them by their kindly words. In one ward I heard of a tired wounded soldier sleeping when the King approached his bed. "Do not wake him, please," he said. But the officer in charge of the ward said, "The man would never forgive me if I let him sleep through your visit." When he was awakened gently, he looked up into the King's face with a dazed smile, and afterwards he said, "Thank God, they woke me, for now I can tell them in my village that the King stood by my bed." The sad scenes which greet any visitor to a hospital in war-time never deter their Majesties from th

(*Continued on page 7.*)

A DISCIPLINED LIFE.

By the RT. HON. G. W. E. RUSSELL, Author of "Collections and Recollections," &c.

MY title has rather a solemn sound, but I think the considerations which it brings with it are strictly in harmony with the opening of a New Year. When I was a boy at Harrow, the great Westcott, afterwards Bishop of Durham, was one of our masters, and once in our school chapel he preached a sermon on Self-Discipline, which made a permanent dint on the characters of some who heard it. He took in turn St. Antony, St. Benedict, and St. Francis as heroes of the ascetic life. He had a good word even for "the matchless energy of the Jesuits"; and he contrasted the systematic use which all these men had made of their lives with the happy-go-lucky way in which most of us are content to drift and wander.

"We live," he said, "at random, without plan, without discipline. We trust to an uncultivated notion of duty for an improvised solution of unforeseen difficulties. We yield to circumstances, without the ennobling consciousness of self-sacrifice or the invigorating exercise of will. We fail to test our powers betimes by voluntary coercion and effort, that so we may be supreme masters of ourselves when the hour of struggle comes."

Partly by the principle which it enforced, but more powerfully by the cited examples, this sermon filled the minds of some thoughtless boys with a new ideal. We learned that, as reasonable and responsible beings, we must be ashamed to drift. We must inquire into the meaning and purpose of life; we must test our capacities in advance; we must cultivate the "single eye" which looks not to self-advancement, but to usefulness; and so we must prepare ourselves betimes to do exactly that which we were sent into the world to do. In this teaching there is a perceptible echo of Dr. Arnold, and of his disciples, such as Hughes, and Stanley, and Clough; and perhaps, when impressed on schoolboys, it may sound a little forced and over-strained. But Mr. Gladstone, addressing the students of the University of Glasgow—not older than the upper boys of a Public School—taught exactly the same lesson. "Be assured that every one of you has his place and vocation on this earth, and that it rests with you to find it. Quit you like men, be strong; and the exercise of your strength to-day will give you more strength to-morrow." Set this appeal over against Carlyle's despair about "the infinite jumble and mess, and dislocation which men call the Battle of Life," and you see at a glance the contrast between a bracing and a depressing creed.

For many—perhaps even most—young citizens, the precise line in which they are to exercise their manhood is determined by antecedent circumstances; but I rejoice to see that the present tendency of educational reform is to give larger scope for individual choice. Where inclination is matched with opportunity the road is pretty clearly marked. To those who are conventionally called "the upper classes" the moment for decision comes later than to those who have to earn their living. Some cases there are of clearly marked vocation, where there has never been a day's doubt as to the path to be followed. The present Bishop of Oxford never doubted that he was to be a clergyman, nor Lord Curzon that he was to be a statesman. But I think the more ordinary experience is that the schoolboy forms a scheme of life, and when he is about twenty-one or twenty-two, abandons it for another. For example, we know that Mr. Gladstone meant to be a clergyman, and became a politician. Mr. Asquith, I believe, destined himself for the Nonconformist ministry. The present Archbishop of York was to have been a barrister, and Dr. Scott Holland a diplomatist. Matthew Arnold wished to be a diplomatist, and became an inspector of Schools; and I know a worthy banker whose boyish ambition was to be handed down to posterity as "Good Bishop Newcome"—if I may borrow the name of a banking family in fiction. Somewhere in France at this moment there is a well-loved young prince who, at the conclusion of a splendid ceremony, said to a courtier, "I'm not the boy for these great shows; it's a pity my sister Zenobia isn't in my place; she's a regular little queen." A similar sentiment has often been uttered by statesmen and politicians. Disraeli, in a conversation with Matthew Arnold, affected to regret that he had given up literature for politics. Sir William Harcourt once told the assembled Sunday-school children of Derby that the happiest hours of his life had been spent in a country parsonage. Lord Althorp, whose influence over the House of Commons passed the Reform Bill of 1832, used to exclaim in the bitterness of his soul, "Nature intended me for a grazier, and circumstances made me a politician." Lord Aberdeen, when forming the Coalition Government of 1855, said of Samuel Wilberforce, "Why did he go and get made a Bishop? He ought to have been Chancellor in our Cabinet." When Dr. Arnold, at the height of his work at Rugby, took to intervening in political discussions, his admirers said, "What a pity that a man who is capable of being a statesman should be employed in teaching schoolboys!"; and his opponents murmured, "What a shame that the head master of Rugby should waste his time in writing pamphlets!" The faculty of teaching is indeed distinctive, and when it is diverted from its proper channel everyone suffers. Thrice happy would be the University which could secure Mr. Balfour for its Chair of Metaphysics and Lord Courtney for Political Economy. John Stuart Mill, who considered Connop Thirlwall the best speaker he had ever heard, probably thought it a mistake when his friend deserted the Chancery Bar for Holy Orders, even though that way led to the Episcopate; and no one could have heard Bishop Magee preach without saying to himself, "This man was born for *Nisi Prius*." J. H. Shorthouse might have been a scholar, an historian, or a theologian, but he was a manufacturer of vitriol. A contemporary of my own, whose chief interests were poetry, music, conchology, and aboriginal races, was by bad luck born to be the head of a great Yorkshire family and the eldest brother of a tribe of foxhunters. Can we at this moment forget that, within the last eighteen months, thousands of our young fellow-citizens, who had destined themselves from their boyhood to a career of peace, have obeyed the clear call of conscience which bade them fight? But, after all, the precise line of the life's activities is a secondary consideration. What is all important is that the line, whatever it is, should be pursued with consistent energy and thoroughness. The old adage which bade the Spartan citizen adorn the country that was his lot supplies a rule of life. I find myself a squire or a cotton-spinner, an editor or an engineer; and my wisdom is to make the best of my vocation, not heeding the dream-voices which murmur plausible tales of glory to be won in distant and perhaps visionary fields. No career on earth is without its opportunities of usefulness; and, if they are rightly used, life is worthily lived.

Do the work that's nearest,
Though it's dull at whiles,
Helping, as we meet them,
Lame dogs over stiles.

This is so true that it would be a truism, if it were not balanced by a counter-acting consideration.

To live one's life by a system and with a purpose is all very well—indeed, it is a primary duty—but it is not the be-all and end-all of existence. If we are wise, we shall often look back over the road which we have travelled, and forward over what still remains. We shall ask ourselves what exactly the life is worth which we are living with such diligence, and treating as though it were to last for ever. I cannot better express the thought that is in my mind than by adopting the language of F. W. Robertson.

"When the hour comes for us to close the last chapter of life, the winding-up of all things, the rush of unknown darkness on our spirit, the awful wrench from all we have loved on earth . . . *what* will then be finished? When it is finished, what will it be? A life of self-gratification and sin? A life of mere money-seeking? An unfinished, incomplete, imperfect life? Or will it be ours to say, "I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do?"

"FOR VALOUR."

By MABEL ESCOMBE.

THE man—my lodger—sat, back bent, elbows on knees, whilst down the hard-drawn lines of his wrinkled face deeply wrung tears trickled slowly. Splashing upon the pages of an open letter which lay before him on the floor, they had made great blurred splotches over the writing.

At the unwonted sight I hesitated on the threshold, puzzled to know what could have taken place during the hours I had been at my signal-box through the night. Outside I heard the wife singing at her wash-tub, and in the room I saw the table spread for breakfast, but, hungry as I was, I felt I must first find out the cause of this man's grief and trouble.

"Say, Sonnie," I began, stepping across to his side, "no bad news from home, I hope?"

His trade was that of a skilled carpenter, and he had come right away from the Midlands to carry on at the big camp springing up on the breezy downs a little east of the riverside cottage in which we found ourselves. I knew he earned an easy £4 a week.

No answer was given for a bit till I repeated my question, and his reply sounded bitterly ironical.

"Well," he said, and his features were all of a quiver with pain, "it's generally considered good news, as things move nowadays, to hear your son's won the D.S.O., and been recommended 'For Valour,' but it's as cruel a stab for me as if he'd run me through with his own bayonet."

"Tabram," he continued, solemnly, "you've been acquainted with me some time now, and I can trust you. A man don't open his heart to every stranger, but it's no use, I must tell *someone*. For weeks I've been bearing a burden I couldn't get rid of nohow.



THE CARPENTER'S SHOP.

"'Way at the beginning of the war Ted, my boy, come to me and says, 'Father, I want to enlist.'

"'Enlist be hanged,' I answered, sharply. 'Leave that for others, and go about your business. Here we've got a good custom, prices'll rise, and you just *can't* go.' He looked me through and through for one moment—a look that pierced like a gimlet, but he said no more. Work went on as usual, yet I could see he was always brooding, brooding, and when he stole out to meetings at night I felt 'twas bound to come again. So it did.

"'Father, I'm going to enlist,' he said next time, and I turned and swore at him. What proved the crowning point of influence was a Sunday evening service at the parish church, when Private John Field, of H.M. ——— Guards, stationed away up on the hill, played the organ and gave a recital afterwards.

"Though we pass for English, we've Welsh blood in us—strong—and all their passionate love of music. I'll own myself I've seldom heard a more stirring service. The private who took the playing was an organist by profession, and as his fingers moved over the keys it sounded just for all the world as if he were thundering out his own funeral march, or singing the song they tell the swan sings as he breaks his life silence and mounts to meet death with some strain of rare wild beauty. Quite plain, you could *feel* the sacrifice that man had made, and behind great solemn chords the soul of him rang through all. Its power fastened on to those who listened. There wasn't one present but thrilled to the vibrations pealing up amongst the timbers of the roof, whilst something nearer and more urgent drummed on his heart-strings. I repeat, that organist was better nor any recruiting sergeant, and you can judge what it meant to Ted, a lad who loves church-music and songs, and to dream of harps in heaven.

"Ted had been asked to sing the solo in the anthem, and I could see the music worked upon him as upon me, only more.

It is enough, O Lord, now take away my life, I am not better than my fathers. I desire to live no longer; now let me die, for my days are vanity.

I have been very jealous for the Lord God of Hosts, for the children of Israel have broken the covenants, thrown down Thine altars, and slain Thy prophets with the sword, and I, even I, only am left, and they seek my like to take it away.

"When I heard him singin' those words with his wonderful voice I knew in a flash he was making up his mind to *his* sacrifice. The thought did not soften, it hardened me the more.

"Next morning he came into the workshop and stood perfectly quiet, not going to his bench nor nothing. At last, moving suddenly across till he was right facing me, he said, 'Father, I've enlisted.' Though I saw that his face

had turned a chalky colour, and could hear his words drawn from him pantingly, like as if he were in pain, I cared naught.

"'Take that, then,' I cried, and I gave him a blow in the chest which flung him reeling against the door-post before he crashed full length on the ground. I went back to my saw, and I ain't set eyes on my son from that day to this. It's the way he writes to his mother bowls me over.

"'Mother,' he says, 'I know you'll be glad to hear I've been recommended for the D.S.O., with "For Valour," out here. I'd only done my duty, and a hundred other chaps alongside deserved it just as much, if anyone had had time to take note of all the brave deeds. But there isn't a moment to stop and think in the rush and roar of battle when the whole country round is raked clean by the enemy's shell and shrapnel. After the order to "charge" is given you know you'll never all come back together. We were out to storm a partial ruin which had been built up into a defence. At first the men hesitated, but our officer called back from the open—

"'"Men, are you going to let me go alone?" and we went like deer on his steps. My party reached the building just as a bit of parapet fell and buried my best mate. It took me pretty well two hours to dig him out, and all the while the bullets rained around. None did much damage, and in the end I got him back to our dug-out in safety, though, poor fellow, badly wounded. . . . Mother, if you think I've earned the right to be a soldier now, and could make things easy with father t'would cheer me up ever so as I lie here in a hospital among Frenchies, and help me forget that knock-down blow. In the firing-line you don't remember grudges any longer, life and death is too near each other. He said I'd a good job to give up, but there's not a man here who doesn't feel his service has been of use, or who don't want to do his best and his duty. Ask father to forgive me, dear mother.'" . . .

He stopped reading, and looked up at me. "When I left home I told my wife she wasn't to send me any bad news. One thing I can't stand, I says, that's bad news. I believe we lost a boy in the collier *Carnarvon*, but she ain't told me nothing. She *thinks* now she's sending good news, but, somehow, it cuts crueller than the worst I could have had."

"Tabram," he cried, starting to his feet, "there's only one way I can make amends to the plucky lad I treated so ill, and that's to go and offer myself. When we're paid off at the end of the week I shall chuck the blooming carpenter job. It's a trifling humbling for a man of my age to be set beside a lot of learners, but it's all I deserve. If my son gives me a good example I'm bound to take it, aren't I?"

I answered, "Casselden, I believe you're right."

THE "NEW" CAMP.

SITE OF THE "NEW" CAMP—



AND OF MANY ANCIENT ONES.

PALE as an Orient city, huge and wide,
Naked and mass'd and gaunt, in long-drawn lines,
The new camp gleams upon the green hill-side
Where cowslips cluster when the May sun shines.

Where cowslips cluster—aye, and larks up-spring,
And self-fulfilling seasons go their way
Year after year, in peace accomplishing
Perennial labours that no war can stay.

Yet, in this very spot where sentries' feet
Grind the wild thyme buds in the chalky ground,
And where the anxious peewits wailing meet
And melt in mist, where the gay bugles sound.

The call that soon shall mean or death, or life,
When one supremest moment shall arise,
Here, in this very spot the sod is ripe
With all that England's story can comprise.

For here they sleep—the fathers of our race!
Here are their trenches; here, in flinty mound,
Their uncouth weapons; where *our* men now pace
Two thousand years ago their tracks were found.

O English soil, full of th' heroic past,
Pregnant with promise, earth with life surcharged,
Behold thy sons whose armies build a vast
New Britain, in a world new-plann'd, enlarged!

Inholmes, Compton, near Winchester.

GERALDINE M. SEYMOUR.



THE correct title of this Order is as follows: "The Grand Priory of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England," and its history is so ancient and honourable that it is difficult to condense its more prominent features into the limited space at our disposal. The earliest definite fact emerging from the dim past shows that the Hospitaller Order of St. John of Jerusalem originated with merchants of Amalfi, who founded a hospice in Jerusalem about the year 1084, but this has always been believed to have been a revival of a third century institution. It claims to be the first Order of Christian Knighthood founded for the protection and recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. During the first Crusade those serving the hospice called themselves "The Poor Brethren of the Hospital of St. John." The success of the Crusaders in the conquest of the Holy City obtained many recruits for the Order, and they were then constituted an Order of Knighthood, Pope Paxale II. himself assuming the title of Grand Master, the banner being the well-known white cross on a red ground and the habit of black bearing on the left breast the eight-pointed white cross given in our illustration. The buildings of the hospital in the Holy City near the Sepulchre at this time were evidently very important and extensive.

In 1187 the Christians were driven out of Jerusalem by Saladin, and the Order removed to Acre, which in consequence became known as St. Jean d'Acre; here they remained, living in great state until 1291, when the Saracens succeeded in obtaining possession of Palestine. Their next move was to the Island of Rhodes in 1310, where they built a strongly fortified city and became so formidable as to alarm the Turks, who made a powerful, but unsuccessful, attack upon them. In 1522 they were again attacked by the Turks under Suleiman I., this time successfully after a terrible siege lasting six months. It is to the credit of the Turks that they are said to have treated the Knights with great courtesy and respect, and we are told on good authority that the escutcheons of the Knights who fought for Rhodes still decorate the city.

For some time after this the Order seems to have been occupied in seeking a fresh home, but in 1530 the Grand Master—De l'Isle Adam—induced the Emperor Charles V. to grant them the island of Malta, and so well did they fortify it that when again attacked by Turks in 1565 the latter lost 30,000 men.

After this the Order seems to have waned in strength, probably in consequence of a surfeit of success and of over-luxurious living, and when in 1798 Napoleon's fleet appeared before Malta the Grand Master capitulated without fighting. After the battle of the Nile the island became a British possession.

The principal home of the Order in England has always been the Priory in Clerkenwell, the head of the Order—the Lord Prior of St. John's—taking precedence of all other barons in the House of Lords.

In 1130 one Jordan de Briset gave ten acres of land in Clerkenwell to the Knights, and the Priory with its attachments then built must have been very important and extensive; to-day there only remains the choir and crypt of the church and the Priory Gate House, which we know as St. John's Gate, and which is still the chancery of the Order. The head of the Order is H.M. the King, and the Grand Prior H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught. These are followed by most of the best-known names in the country as Knights and Ladies of Justice and Knights and Ladies of G. c. Princess Arthur of Connaught being a Lady of Justice. Several names of foreign princes have recently been removed for reasons it is easy to comprehend. The work of the Order, more especially in their ambulance department, has been of such importance during the present war that there is not room for adequate reference to it in this issue, but perhaps more details of it may be given later.

KATE ASHLEY.

THE KING.—*Continued from page 3.*

visiting wounded heroes. It may be added that not seldom the effect of the Royal sympathy has been to aid the recovery of the patients, whose spirits are raised by this pleasant excitement in the monotony of convalescence.

The King takes trouble. The late Canon Fleming related that, after a service at Sandringham, the King said to him, "I make it a practice to read over the lessons privately before going to church." The Canon replied, "If every clergyman would do the same, how different their reading would be in public." When the King was captain he used to conduct the Sunday service on deck, and he arranged for the hymns to be practised beforehand. One could give many other instances of his care and forethought in order that all things should be done "decently and in order." It is one effect of his naval training.

We all rejoice at the King's recovery from his accident in France, and wish him the joy and satisfaction of the enduring victory of the Empire in this world-struggle against the forces of evil.

BRITAIN'S "GREY KNIGHT."

By JOHN H. HARRIS.

THE present enemies of Great Britain are to-day engaged in creating for "neutral consumption" a fictitious Sir Edward Grey, and a collection of their "Grey sketches" depict a tall hawk-eyed personage with malevolence stamped upon his lineament, with steely cold eyes watching with unalloyed contentment the bloody struggle into which it is alleged he has deliberately jockeyed Europe. But it is not merely amongst our enemies that Britain's Foreign Minister is disliked—even hated. There are at the present time quite a number of persons even in England who literally hate him with a perfect hatred; a hatred so bitter, unreasoning, and unrestrained that it carries these men and women to such extremes that they appear to believe more in our enemies than in this high-souled British knight.

It is false to argue that it arises from ignorance of Sir Edward Grey's character, ignorance of his speeches and conduct. It results from nothing of the kind, for these misguided people know the man and watch every word he utters, nothing appearing to give them greater satisfaction than an apparent failure in British foreign policy. These enemies of Britain's Foreign Secretary affect to believe that the trend of British policy has, under Sir Edward Grey's guidance, led—they almost say deliberately—to the present international disaster, whilst another section asserts that our foreign policy has been a betrayal of the rights of humanity in the interests of British aggrandisement. These and worse things still are laid at the door of Sir Edward Grey.

For such a despicable object the mildest fate should be that of impeachment for high treason, but somehow British common sense comes to the rescue. It may not be able to give chapter and verse, but there is a deep-seated conviction that Sir Edward Grey embodies all that is best and noblest in British character. This sentiment—almost a subconscious one—is reinforced by admiration for a long record of public service and for certain noble acts which have a curious way of coming out where and when least expected, and finally by the currency which has been given in recent years to the saying: "Those, and those only, with clean hands and a clean heart can approach Sir Edward Grey." But the converse is equally true. Let Britain's Foreign Minister discover that a man or woman has approached him from interested motives, or without just cause, or by word or deed betrayed his confidence by so much as a hair's-breadth, and the doors of Sir Edward Grey's room are for ever after "banged, bolted, and barred" against such a person. Readers will now understand why a few disgruntled folk hate Britain's "Grey Knight"!

Those who know Sir Edward Grey best, who have travelled with him in thought, conversation, or discussion, are deeply conscious of the privilege they enjoy. Some of the most inspiring moments of their lives have been those spent in contact with a lofty-minded Englishman, who, sitting in the spacious red leather chairs of his private room, has patiently listened to the story of some grievous wrong, some palpable injustice, or some suggestion for definite action in foreign affairs. A certain Nonconformist editor recently remarked publicly that Sir Edward Grey's manner is repellent. I wonder has this editor ever discussed foreign problems with him? Assuredly not, for no allegation was ever more completely misplaced. That Sir Edward Grey is straight and frank none would deny, but the soul of one of the most humane men in England shines luminous through those kindly eyes as in sympathetic but incisive language he frankly states just how far he is prepared to commit Great Britain to a given course of policy or action.

One of the most remarkable speeches ever made by a Foreign Minister was that made by Sir Edward Grey at Newcastle on November 6, 1913, when he declared that the activity of Britain's Foreign Office falls into four divisions.

1. To endeavour to secure that there should be no political changes or combinations which were likely to threaten from the outside the security of the Empire or the maintenance of our communications.

2. To do its utmost to prevent our drifting into increased territorial responsibility.

3. To encourage commerce and to maintain peace as the greatest asset of commerce.

4. To use the humanitarian influence of Britain to promote humanitarian objects in the world.

It is impossible for any British subject to look upon that fourfold programme without a thrill of pride, for it touches not merely a high level in foreign policy, but an altitude to which no other world Power has ever aspired. There is in this policy, so authoritatively declared, nothing selfish nor the faintest element of aggrandisement against any other Power, but the fourfold combination breathes through every word a desire to serve in all things the welfare of humanity.

If we examine the policy of other Powers, we fail to find any such utterance. It may be a popular thing to say that Germany has never lifted an official finger to stay the hand of the oppressor, but, popular or not, it is terribly true. The present Bishop of Winchester, once appealing for succour for the afflicted, told Berlin officialdom in its own capital: "Two words from England and Germany would make any tyranny in the world tremble," but Germany left England to speak the word, whilst she herself remained dumb! Can we ever forget that at the time of the Bulgarian atrocities, when England rang from end to end with denunciation of the Turk, Bismarck cynically remarked that the whole of Bulgaria was not worth the bones of a single Pomeranian Grenadier; yet, now, tens of thousands of German soldiers are doomed to destruction for the material advantage of a road to Stamboul!

In their saner moments, even the Germans have admitted that no statesman of recent years has laboured harder in the cause of international peace than Sir Edward Grey; in fact, his ten years' tenure of the Foreign Office has been one long struggle to prevent the outbreak of war, a struggle which culminated in disappointment on July 30, 1914, when, in an almost despairing telegram to Sir Edward Goschen at Berlin, he said:—

"If the peace of Europe can be preserved and the present crisis safely passed, my own endeavour will be to promote some arrangement to which Germany can be a party by which she could be assured that no aggressive or hostile policy would be pursued against her or her Allies by France, Russia, and ourselves jointly or separately."

Germany knew very well the significance of this far-reaching assurance; she also knew that Sir Edward Grey, by superhuman effort, had just brought about a renewal of conversations between Austria and Russia which gave promise of success, and, more than that, Germany knew the character of the man at the helm. Early the next morning Sir Edward Goschen himself took Sir Edward Grey's message to the German Chancellor, who would not even comment upon it, but immediately took the fatal step of sending an ultimatum to Russia, and refused at the same time to give any assurance that Germany would respect the neutrality of Belgium.

It is only the most intractable or wrong-headed of individuals who can see in Sir Edward Grey's control of foreign affairs anything but the sincerest effort to preserve peace, which even the German Secretary of State could not refrain from recognising, for on July 31, when war was rendered inevitable by Germany's action, he told Sir Edward Goschen how "he appreciated your (Sir E. Grey's) continued efforts to maintain peace."

Sir Edward Grey has maintained a rigid adherence to his fourfold programme during his guidance of foreign relations. We have not "drifted into increased territorial responsibility," and our commerce has grown by leaps and bounds. The third great work of the Foreign Office has been pushed with traditional vigour, with the result that millions of oppressed peoples in the continents of Asia, Eastern Europe, Africa, and South America owe not merely their liberty and happiness, but their very lives to Britain's Foreign Minister.

From this sketch of Sir Edward Grey's character his fellow-countrymen can rest assured that in a struggle like the present, when he is convinced that the cause of his country is that of right and humanity, he will leave nothing undone which would ensure victory. His path is a difficult one. It is his duty to see that in the diplomatic sphere everything possible is done to bring the war to a successful and early conclusion, but he also has to watch that the action taken by this country will not involve dangerous controversies with neutral Powers of a kind which might even lead to fresh enemies being arrayed against us. Amidst the clash of a world in strife, Sir Edward Grey keeps a firm hand upon the helm, his dignity and calm arising from a conscience void of offence, whilst the loyalty of his fellow-Britishers sustains, even in his darkest hours, the First Foreign Minister of Europe.



The above cartoon, "THE GREY KNIGHT RIDES ON," which we are allowed by the kindness of "Punch" to reproduce, is regarded as one of the best pieces of work Mr. Bernard Partridge has done, and although published nine years ago, it applies with equal force to the present time, when Sir Edward Grey pursues his task with a "dignity and calm arising from a conscience void of offence."

SOME NOTABLE SPEECHES

By the Quartermaster-General and Lady Ridley.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR JOHN COWANS has shown the very warmest possible sympathy with our work, and the greatest courtesy in the conduct of the somewhat intricate negotiation which has been necessary between his department and our headquarters in the matter of the 10 per cent.

He attended the opening of the Esher hut a few days ago, and in the course of the proceedings made a speech from which we make the following extracts :—

"It gives me much pleasure to find time to come down and assist at the opening of this hut. Since the beginning of the war I have been watching the working of the Y.M.C.A., and am conversant with all they have been doing. I think this has been a most generous gift, and the hut has been put up most expeditiously. It is only one of over 1,000 Y.M.C.A. centres. Mr. Yapp tells me there are 126 actually in France, twenty-seven in Egypt, nine in Malta, and huts are being opened in Salonika and Sicily, where convalescent camps are being opened. This is an extremely creditable performance.

"Personally, I return thanks for the men myself. I have to look after the health and welfare of our men at home and abroad. The help the Y.M.C.A. has given throughout was received most thankfully, and has been extraordinarily successful.

"At the beginning of the war, when we first embarked in France, there were no canteens of any sort, but the Y.M.C.A. filled the gap and jumped in and did splendidly from the first. The Y.M.C.A. can start them easier than Government can; Mr. Yapp can get money out of the people easier than I can out of the Treasury. Half the huts wouldn't have been erected by now if we had had to wait for the Treasury.

"The Army is so differently constituted now from what it used to be. The men now need so much more looking after that the Y.M.C.A. can do a vast amount of good. They have taken it up and cater really for the all-round needs of men much more than we can do from the Army point of view. They provide lectures, writing-rooms, tea-rooms, libraries, and music, although we now in some cases have bands for the men.

"They make their institutions so much brighter and more attractive than we can do, besides providing a place for the men to meet their friends. One very great thing: they invite men of all denominations.

"Mr. Yapp has shown me a letter from Sir John French, a most laudatory letter on the whole of the working of the Y.M.C.A. in France. This is borne out by what I have heard throughout.

"Your Royal Highness has been so good as to take charge from the beginning of the war. If I may say so, the work your Royal Highness has done since the beginning of the war has been most thoroughly done.

"I won't detain you any longer, but must congratulate Mr. Yapp on his sagacity and powers in the management of the Y.M.C.A. affairs."

On the occasion of the opening of our hut at Blyth, Lady Ridley, like many of the distinguished women who are working so magnificently, in practical ways, for the help of the soldiers and munition workers, proved herself a splendid speaker. We are sure that our readers would like to have the following notes of her speech :—

"I am sure this hut will prove the greatest boon to all the soldiers quartered in this district, and will provide the need of a club and recreation room where they can gather at all times and play games, read, and write in homely, comfortable surroundings. I know well what the Y.M.C.A. has done for our soldiers; how at the outbreak of war they devised and provided for a real need. There are a large number of huts in France, and it is hard to imagine what the armies out there would have done without them. And the Y.M.C.A. is quite right to think also of the men at home. Their need is almost as great as that of the soldiers at the front. The men in the trenches are hourly facing greater dangers and discomforts; their lives hang on a finer thread; they have for the moment the more glorious part. But our armies here call also for our sympathy and admiration, whether in training, or forming our home defence. They are equally patriotic, and in some ways their duty calls for greater patience, faith, and perseverance.



Photo: Newcastle Illustrated Chronicle.

VISCOUNTESS RIDLEY AT BLYTH.

"Their work is more monotonous. The stern discipline, continual training, marching, and trench digging may appear far removed from the great fields of action, where lie the decisions of war. But the armies here are preparing themselves for the ordeal, and, whether it should come to them across the seas, or here on our own land, it should find them strong and in possession of their souls, and ready with courage and tenacity to answer the call.

"I think no words can express the admiration we feel for our great armies. It warms one's heart and fills one with pride to think the Old Country has been able to embody so fine a spirit of devotion, courage, and self-sacrifice. And the very faults and qualities of the members have combined to endow the Army with a great personality, and have made of it a creature infinitely lovable and pathetic, and, to make it unique, through all the heroisms and sufferings, successes and failures, runs that priceless thread of humorous philosophy and profound witticism that only the British Tommy can evolve.

"Can we wonder that they appeal to our hearts and imaginations? And so we are right to try and do all we can to help and cheer those we have among us. Their temptations are many and great, and the penalties for misconduct are severe. I am sure all civilians should feel they have a great responsibility towards the soldiers they have in their midst.

"I sometimes wonder if we who live here in security and ease quite realise the tremendous importance of the events that are being enacted on the stage of the world. It is hard to imagine what our eyes have not seen, and, thank God, we have so far been spared the horrors of Belgium, Poland, and Servia; but it is none the less our duty to pause in our daily labour and amusements to try to realise the fact that the world is going through an upheaval such as history has never seen; that it must change the whole course of history, and with it the fate of our own land and race, and, unless every man and woman takes up the burden, our children will be called on to pay a reckoning such as we have never dreamt of.

"Would that we had leaders who would show the truth in every home of England. Armies alone will not preserve our freedom; it depends in the end on the spirit of a people who can see the warning and rise above the selfish interests of their own generation for the sake of generations yet unborn."

OUR FRENCH-ENGLISH PAGE.

Conducted by Dr. Charles Sarolea.

HYMNE A LA FRANCE.

The brilliant Editor of "Everyman," and Professor of French Literature in Edinburgh University, is Belgian by birth, British by adoption. He has undertaken to contribute a weekly Article in French, accompanied by an English translation, which will be valuable not only from a literary point of view, but as an aid to the many now studying the language of our Allies.

I.

DEPUIS le début de la guerre, par chacun de ses actes, dans ses revers comme dans ses succès, la France a donné le dementi à ses ennemis. Elle a donné raison à ceux qui l'aimaient et qui croyaient en elle. Elle a déconcerté et dérouté ses critiques. Ceux-ci, dans leur surprise et dans leur désir de justifier leurs jugements erronés de naguère, parlent aujourd'hui d'un "esprit nouveau," d'une transformation dramatique du caractère français. Ils nous disent que la guerre a insufflé à ce peuple une nouvelle vie. Mais l'explication donnée maintenant par ces critiques est aussi superficielle que leur précédente erreur. Ce que nous observons aujourd'hui en France n'est pas une chose nouvelle; c'est quelque chose de très vieux et de très familier. C'est le vieil héroisme, la vieille vitalité du pays qui s'affirment une fois de plus. Les journalistes étrangers bien intentionnés, dont tout l'horizon se bornait aux cafés boulevards, sont émerveillés de cette soudaine révélation d'ordre et de retenue, de dévouement et de sacrifice. Mais la vie française du passé a toujours été un miracle de belle ordonnance et de dévouement au devoir. Ces écrivailleurs qui nous ont dit qu'il n'y avait pas de vie de famille en France, que la langue française ne possédait même pas un mot pour exprimer l'idée de "home," ne soupçonnaient apparemment pas que la vie de famille était en France quelque chose de très beau et de très sacré, que même dans la "moderne Babylone" il y avait des centaines de mille de familles dont toute l'existence était une école de sacrifice. Les écrivailleurs qui réprouvaient sévèrement la mesquinerie et l'égoïsme du caractère français, qui dénonçaient les mariages français comme mercenaires, qui vilipendaient l'institution française de la *dot*, ne savaient pas que cette institution, tant vilipendée était une discipline quotidienne d'économie et d'abnégation; que, dès le premier jour du mariage, avant la naissance du premier enfant, le jeune ménage met de côté en prévision de l'avenir.

Mais ne soyons pas trop durs pour ces critiques étrangers. Notre siècle est un siècle de prose et de réalisme. Comment pouvait-il rendre justice entière à une nation d'artistes et d'idéalistes? Notre génération est une génération calculatrice et scientifique. Comment pouvait-elle rendre justice à cet esprit français qui a toujours éludé le calcul, à ce pays de France où c'est l'incalculable et l'inattendu qui arrivent toujours.

Dans les jours aujourd'hui lointains où les malentendus étaient fréquents, où une importante section du peuple anglais était sous l'influence des gallophobes, où la France elle-même était déchirée par les querelles civiles et les dissensions religieuses, où il semblait parfois que le navire français fût menacé du naufrage, un grand poète Anglais, trop négligé aujourd'hui, a exprimé sa foi inébranlable dans le peuple français. Elizabeth Barrett Browning a compris l'esprit de la France comme peu d'Anglais l'ont compris. Les vers suivants d'*Aurora Leigh* révèlent une intuition et renferment une vérité plus profonde qu'il n'en est contenu dans tous les pesants volumes des détracteurs du génie français :

J'ai donc raison d'aimer cette noble France,
Poëte des nations qui va rêvant sans fin après un bien idéal,
Une fraternité spontanée des hommes,
Une richesse qui ne délaisse personne, qui ne blase personne,
Une liberté de la multitude qui respecte
La sagesse de l'élite. Rêves héroïques!
Il est sublime de rêver ainsi, naturel de s'éveiller de ces rêves.
Dieu sauve la France!

I.

FROM the beginning of the war in every one of her actions, in her reverses as in her successes, France has given the lie to her enemies. She has justified those who loved her and believed in her. She has disconcerted and amazed her critics. Those critics in their surprise and in their eagerness to explain away their previous false judgments are speaking to-day of a "new spirit," of a dramatic transformation of the French character. They tell us that the war has breathed a new soul into the people. But that explanation of the critics is as superficial as were their former blunders. What we are to-day observing in France is not something new, it is something very old and very familiar. It is the old heroism, the old vitality which are asserting themselves. The well-meaning foreign journalists, whose whole horizon was bounded by the coffee-houses of the boulevards, are amazed by this sudden revelation of order and restraint, of devotion and sacrifice. But French life in the past has ever been a miracle of orderliness and devotion to duty. Those scribblers who told us that there was no family life in France, that the French language did not even possess a word to express the idea of "home," apparently did not suspect that French family life was something very beautiful and very sacred, that even in modern Babylon there were hundreds of thousands of middle-class homes whose whole existence was a discipline in self-sacrifice. The scribblers who sternly condemned the meanness and selfishness of the French temperament, who denounced French marriages as mercenary, who abused the French institution of the Dowry, did not know that this much-abused French institution of the Dowry was an everyday school of thrift and self-restraint and self-suppression, that from the first day of marriage, before their first child is born, the young couple are providing for the future.

But let us not be hard on those foreign critics. This is an age of prose and realism. How could it do full justice to a nation of artists and idealists? This is a calculating and scientific generation. How could it do justice to a French spirit which has ever eluded calculation, where it is the incalculable and the unexpected which always happens.

In the now distant days when misunderstandings were rife, when an important section of the English people were under the spell of Gallophobes, when France herself was distracted by civil quarrels and religious dissensions, when it sometimes seemed as if the French ship were threatened with shipwreck —a great English poet, too much neglected to-day, expressed her unshakable faith in the French people. Elizabeth Barrett Browning understood the spirit of France as few Englishmen have understood it. The following lines of "Aurora Leigh" reveal a deeper insight, and contain a deeper truth than are contained in all the ponderous volumes of the detractors of French genius :—

And so I am strong to love this noble France,
This poet of the nations, who dreams on
For ever, after some ideal good—
Some spontaneous brotherhood,
Some wealth that leaves none poor and finds none tired,
Some freedom of the many that respects
The wisdom of the few. Heroic dreams!
Sublime, to dream so; natural to wake:
May God save France!

(To be continued.)

"FARTHEST OUT."

Lancashire Landing, Cape Helles.

THE Base Commandant called me to his dug-out three days ago. General Danes, in command of the —th Corps, was with him, and showed me a letter he had received from England stating that the s.s. *Nero*, of the Nelson Line, was due at Mudros with provisions and equipment for the Dardanelles. Then the home people had been doing some practical thinking for us! Next day I received a letter from Cairo, enclosing a long list of articles that were upon the *Nero*—hundredweights of luxuries such as many of the men had not seen since they set foot on the peninsula. My eyes watered with amazement. There seemed sufficient luxuries (on paper) to feed the whole Army. I dared not tell the men who crowded our concert that night, lest one of the twenty-eight submarines that are said to be haunting the Mediterranean sent these biscuits to feed the mermaids and the sea-monsters.

The Base Commandant has been an invaluable friend to our work here. Indeed, without him we could not have overcome our initial difficulties. He was at Boulogne in the earlier days of the war, and saw the work of the Y.M.C.A. there, and appreciated it. So I asked him to wire to Mudros concerning the *Nero*. She had not arrived, and was not even advised. I was glad I had not yet made any announcement to the men. Some of them have been in France, and have used the great Y.M.C.A. huts there. Some forget that here we are more than four hours' journey from England. They do not know with what difficulty we scraped money, provisions, and equipment together in Egypt. They do not know that it took me three weeks to get here from Cairo. They do not know that we have to scour the Greek Islands for charcoal to heat our water, and have to get cocoa from Salonika to make their hot drinks served in Nestlé's milk tins. They don't realise that this is the remotest Y.M.C.A. among the British troops, the nearest to the firing-line, and the only one under periodical shell fire.* Because the Y.M.C.A. has been such a godsend to them in other places, they sometimes wonder that we can't do more for them here. My four orderlies and I are proud to be concerned with a centre to which we can attach such superlatives. On the other hand, our equipment is very rough. We have no hut—only two small marquees lashed together tee-wise, a small dug-out for refuge and for boiling water, and a small stores tent, where we serve 500 men nightly at a barrier with one penn'orth of cocoa and one of biscuits, or a bun each from the Imbros Y.M.C.A. bakery. We have had to be wet to the skin to keep our crazy canvas from being blown into the sea in a gale. We have taken in sixty men to sleep on our plank seats laid in the mud upon the floor, because our hut was a drier place than their dug-outs. Oh, yes, we can beat the big drum and blow our own trumpet. But what are all these superlatives compared with our last and highest attainment? We own (or did own) the only Y.M.C.A. hut that has been blown to smithereens by an 8-in. shell, which lit sheer into its very centre. It happened but yesterday (Friday, December 8). "Asiatic Annie" had evidently received a new stock of ammunition, and at two o'clock she began strafing. This was different from other strafings of the beach which I have known, but I will say nothing of any other damage, nor whether it was great or small. About twenty men were in the tent when the shells first began to fall, and the place was soon empty. But a wounded man was brought in, and Fleming, one of the orderlies, was tending him with a stretcher-bearer when a shell entered and made a hole 7 ft. across by 3 ft. deep. The wounded man was wounded yet again, but the other two in the tent were not touched, though Fleming was dazed for many hours.

Saturday has intervened, and another strafe, but a new marquee is up on the same spot, and a Communion service will be held in it at 7 a.m. to-morrow morning, and all our usual activities will proceed during the day. But with the coming of the *Nero* the first chapter at Lancashire Landing will close, and a new and extensive work will be begun. The men will be grateful that the home people have remembered them and sent them of their best.

W. E. RIX.

* So remote that the writer had not heard of our dug-outs in the reserve trenches on the French front.—ED.

WHAT A BELGIAN THINKS OF US.

"WHAT is my opinion of the English? I think you are kind-hearted. I cannot say enough of the generous acts I have known."

The speaker was a Belgian gentleman of influence and authority among his countrymen, a refugee in this country, whose duties during his stay here have entailed a good deal of travel in both England and Scotland. Being curious to hear what more he thought of us, I pressed him to continue—in French, for he knows little English.

"You would know just what I think? Well, I was impressed at once with the orderly behaviour of the people in public. They willingly submit to rules and regulations, and in travelling about the country I have found them polite and mutually considerate. The Belgian pushes and elbows his way; he is so very active and energetic. The English are less aggressive, and if they do knock against you they say, 'I'm sorry.' That is a form of apology I quickly learned."

"You approve of our police?"

"Wonderful! An arm stretched out, and everyone stops like magic. The London policeman is so kind and helpful to foreigners."

"Yes, I know. They all say, 'Engleesh po-leese, wonderful!' And so they are to anyone who knows Continental cities."

"It is evident," continued my informant, thoughtfully, "that patience is one of the English virtues. It helps you to endure and work steadily. Compared with the average English workman, the Belgian is fiery, discontented, complaining. He grouses, but does not strike, and the refugee workman over here will be still less inclined to strike, having seen the danger of doing so in war-time. Those trade unions! Why, last night a workman came to put up a blind, and when he had finished I asked him to repair a hat-stand in the hall, quite a simple matter. He refused. I said, 'But I will pay you for it.' But, no; he said it was not his work."

Though the speaker did not say so, he evidently thought this refusal savoured of slavish submission to some trades union rule, and was a weakness. He continued:

"I am much struck with the fair-dealing of the people. They are frank and open in speech and manner, and the standard of honesty is high. I notice the shopkeepers do not try to take advantage, and people are careful to give back change received in excess—go out of their way to do so—and to restore lost articles."

"Not always, I'm afraid," I hastened to say, unwilling we should be over-credited with honesty, and thinking of a lost gold watch and chain never restored.

"Yes, of course, there are exceptions; but, in general, you English are honest and truthful. *That is so*"—emphatically.

"I remember," he continued, "when I was across the Channel, I saw British, Belgian, and French soldiers just out of the trenches. It was always the Tommy who, singing and otherwise giving vent to his pleasure, behaved with most self-restraint. I could always pick him out from the rest because of his correct behaviour and soldierly bearing."

One thing the Belgians disapprove is our food, or rather our method of cooking it, and its lack of variety. My critic went on to relate an amusing instance of this. He went to a Birmingham hotel, and ate a dinner that gave him much satisfaction. On leaving, he congratulated the manager, saying the dinner was the nicest he had had in England—quite like a French one, in fact.

"Our chef is a Frenchman!" was the reply, with an amused smile.

To the Belgians we appear small eaters. Good living means much to them, and they are amazed at our indifference to food and its preparation.

The question of religion then came up.

"I consider," said the Belgian, "whatever may be said about them, the nation is essentially religious, a Christian people possessed through long centuries with the Christian spirit and ideals."

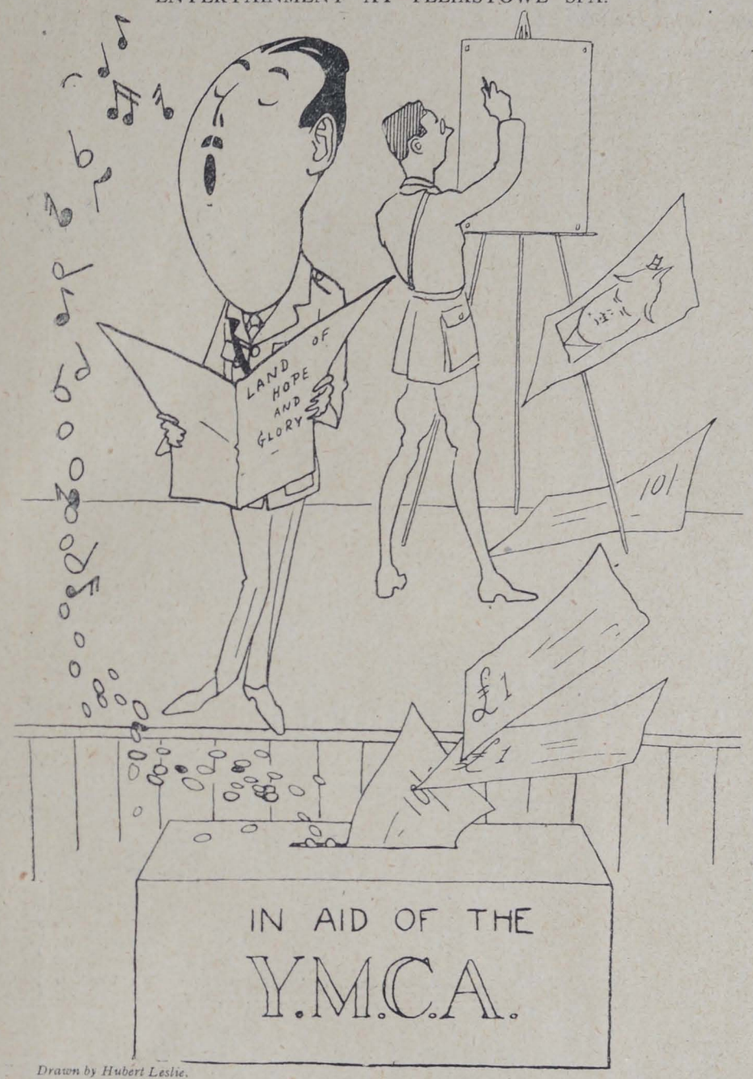
As to education, he praised the physical aspect of it. "Your games and sports are good—in advance of ours—but not enough mental effort is expected of your boys and girls; their studies are less advanced than those of Belgium. Your opportunities for vocational training are not so good. There is not preparation betimes for the different branches of industry, commerce, and the professions. In Belgium industry particularly is more highly specialised than in any other country."

Frankly, this Belgian admires much in the English character, and says the Belgians are glad to be friends with us. This desire to fraternise extends to the soldiers in the trenches.

A. B. B.

IN AID OF THE Y.M.C.A. BUILDING FUND.

ENTERTAINMENT AT FELIXSTOWE SPA.



Drawn by Hubert Leslie.

A grand variety entertainment, under the patronage of all the Generals and Colonels, was recently given at Felixstowe, in aid of the Building Fund of the Y.M.C.A. One of the most amusing features was the lightning sketches by Lieut. Hubert Leslie, whose father not only commanded at Landguard some years ago, but also wrote the history of that famous fortress. We are glad to be able to reproduce this delightful drawing. Leaders in other centres may be thereby inspired to seek similar help.

Can a Christian Approve of War?

The keenest and strongest minds have been perplexed by the unforseen problems arising out of the present war. Some of the most vital questions presented to the religious man not simply by the call to arms, but by the condition of the world which necessitates that call, are dealt with in a volume of singularly thoughtful, lucid, and bracing essays, edited by the Rev. G. K. A. Bell, resident chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Simply to say that the five essays are written by Canons G. L. Goudge, Peter Green, J. G. Simpson, and H. Scott Holland, the first of the series being by the editor, and stating the common problem and point of view, is to assure the prospective reader of a treat in store. The subjects of the six chapters have been discussed by the group of writers responsible for the book, and though each man is alone answerable for his own work, every part of the book is enriched by the impact of mind upon mind. The dilemmas created by such questions as those of "Non-resistance" and "Prayer in War Time" have been fully and frequently set out since the war began. Nothing so nearly approaching a solution as the treatment accorded them by Canon Goudge has yet appeared. Canon Green boldly accepts the seeming contradiction that while England was morally bound to declare war in August, 1914, war is always morally wrong, and then goes on to show how it is not always possible to do right, because of the failure of the Church, a failure which in this case consists in not having taught us the way of either Peace or Evangelical Poverty. Canon Simpson has a characteristic essay on the relationship between the soldier's sacrifice and Christ's death, and shows how, by the mercy of God, the suffering and sorrow of the present time may be so utilised by the Church as to enable her to bring home the Gospel to the hearts of men in a way otherwise impossible. We look to Dr. Scott Holland for flaming thought and unforgettable phrase; in dealing with "The Work of the Church After the War" he rises to the very height of his power, leaving one with an utter loathing of war and all its works, while showing, on the other hand, that "The spirit of sacrificial devotion which shows its glory in war was acquired in peace," and that the latent patriotism which has come to its own in this time of conflict will find even fuller scope in the regeneration of our social life.

The general title of the book is *The War and the Kingdom of God*; it is published by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co., at 2s. 6d. net, and we strongly urge every thoughtful man not simply to read it, but to study it. Camp workers would find it invaluable as the basis of a series of talks, or, still better, as a book to be discussed by a small group of men in a series of informal meetings.

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"SOMEWHERE IN SUSSEX."

Our Huts at Seaford and Newhaven.

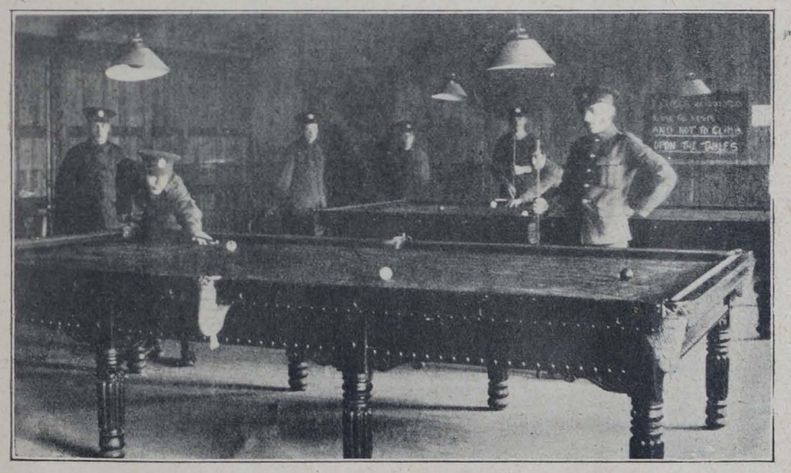
By W. KINGSCOTE GREENLAND.

A FLYING visit on a wild night to Seaford last autumn to lecture convinced me that our work in the camps on the Sussex Downs and coasts was second to none that I had seen, and I determined to inaugurate my new year by spending its first week there. Now that that inspiriting, though somewhat muddy, week is over, I am moved to make yet another effort to enlighten the minds and rejoice the hearts of our fellow-countrymen and women in regard to the service the Y.M.C.A. is rendering their soldier boys. The comparatively little known beauty of the wide, undulating Downs, the wild grandeur of the storm-swept coast, the retreat-like seclusion of Seaford itself, together with the transport and munition importance of Newhaven, combine to make this area of unique interest. And when you add to this the fact that here are gathered tens of thousands of our new troops and still newer munition and dock workers, and some of our largest and best-equipped and managed huts, "somewhere in Sussex" becomes almost as fascinating a phrase as "somewhere in France." I put myself at the disposal of the camp leader, Mr. Walter K. Stevens, one of the most experienced and successful of our secretaries, and who, though still retaining his position as Secretary of the Guildhall Y.M.C.A., has been working since war broke out under the direction of the District Secretary, Mr. Hedley Burrough. Going down through Brighton and along the fringe of the famous Downs past Newhaven, I reached the Hutchings Field Hut at Seaford on Sunday afternoon in a deluge of rain. Opened last March, the hut is one of the largest in the country, being practically a double structure, and capable of accommodating over a thousand men. The Christmas decorations were still up, and the festoons of evergreens and coloured papers made the interior most attractive. I was too late to take the afternoon Bible-class, which is held in the newly furnished rest-room, but came in for the crowded evening service. The men now in training in this South Camp are the King's Royal Rifles, the Rifle Brigade, Borderers, Norfolks, Loyal North Lancs, some R.A.M.C.'s, and others, and I found them willing and perfect in manners and behaviour, and keenly eager for our services and lectures. One excellent feature here is the staff of local ladies whom Mr. Stevens has gathered round him, among whom are Miss Wilson, who is



THE QUIET ROOM AT SEAFORD.

really one of the staff, together with Ladylightful memory. We were as happy a com- Gertrude Lawford, the Misses Stabb, and pany of fellow-labourers as can be imagined, some eighteen others. More gratitude is due and to hear the conversation one's heart re- to the ladies than I can convey, both for con- joiced at the accession of practical wisdom stant service, gifts of money and flowers, and sympathetic knowledge of young men tables and chairs, and womanly influence and their physical and moral needs which upon the men, as well as for the presence of this work has brought. The North Camp every one of them at the party and entertain- lies a mile away, and I visited it but once, ment on Christmas Eve. I may here add largely to see the work being done for the that the furnishing of the rest-room, with West Indian and British Guiana troops its piano, easy-chairs, flowers, and pictures, assembled there. On the Monday I was at is largely attributable to their generosity. Of Newhaven. I suppose the Censor will not the mud surrounding the hut I dare not try allow me to say much of what I witnessed to say anything adequate, except that I there on the quays, but in our three huts for never want to hear mud mentioned again as the thousand of munition-loading workers long as I live, and also that it gives our the work is extraordinary. The men come hut the character of a veritable oasis of com- into our huts to smoke and rest awhile after fort and cleanliness, and puts the supply of their Government-provided dinner, and we splendid baths on a most coveted footing. then give them music and a short, bright My personal association with the staff, which talk. I took two shifts, and was delighted includes Mr. A. E. Wright, Mr. Harold with the interest and attention shown. Mr. Pratt, and Mr. G. Martin, will always be a de- Johnson, of Fort-road Hut, and Mr. and Mrs. Fraser, at the Dock Hut, are heart and soul in the work, and as I floundered about in the dim light and over cases and railway lines in the mud and rain, I wished all our subscribers could have been there to see for themselves the necessity and usefulness of our work. At night I gave a lantern lecture on "The End of the Turkish Terror" to a splendid gathering. Now let me emphasise a few points. First, at Seaford South Camp another hut is most urgently needed. At present the Hutchings Hut is twenty minutes' walk from most of the men, and we ought to be nearer to them. It will cost four or five hundred pounds, half of which, I believe, is already sure. I hope the remainder will come in at once, as with the huge number of new men that will soon be coming up for training the Seaford Camps are certain to be filled, and they take at least 25,000 men. Another point I heard spoken constantly of was the fine moral character displayed by the Ulster Brigade, which had recently left for the front. Gentlemanly, well-conducted,



BILLIARDS IN THE EVENING.



GOOD LUCK! THE Y.M.C.A

From

Brighton Workers

sober, and most reverently religious—this is the memory they have left behind. Personally, I much enjoyed the private talks I had with men of all classes who in some degree or other had known men in various towns. To chat of home and the distant chapel or church, and to hear their appreciative words of all that was being done for them by our workers was a means of grace. I have understood all along that these pages are not to be made the means of "cracking up" individual workers, but are to be rather records of actual work. That is all right and quite as it should be, but to write of the work on the Sussex seaboard and not to say how much it owes to the almost reckless devotion and real genius of its general overseer, Mr. Hedley Burrough, would be as unfair as it would be impossible. And, further, I shall defy the Editor's blue pencil and place on record my admiring affection for Mr. Walter Stevens, who has started so many of these southern huts of ours, and secured such harmonious and successful working by his unfailing tact, good temper, and commonsensed godliness.

[The drawings on this page were done by one of the Seaford workers, who remarked, "This is the first time I have seen Christianity and Labour hand in hand.—ED.]

INQUIRIES ABOUT MISSING SOLDIERS

PTE. C. DENNIS.
4172, 1st Batt. R. W. Kents.
May 5, 1915.

PTE. W. BAKER.
5450, D Co., 8th. Batt. R. W. Kents.

PTE. L. POOK,
5374, D Co., 8th Batt. R. W. Kents.

PTE. R. PERCIVAL,
5286, B Co., 8th Batt. R. W. Kents.

LANCE-CORPORAL W. LUSTED,
1354, 8th Batt. R. W. Kents.

PTE. S. LUSTED,
5512, 8th Batt. R. W. Kents.

SERGT. THOS. R. PURVIS,
S/575, B Co., 8th Batt. R. W. Kents.

CORPL. W. H. BOWEN,
2778, A Co., 8th Batt. R. W. Kents.

All missing since the advance on September 26.

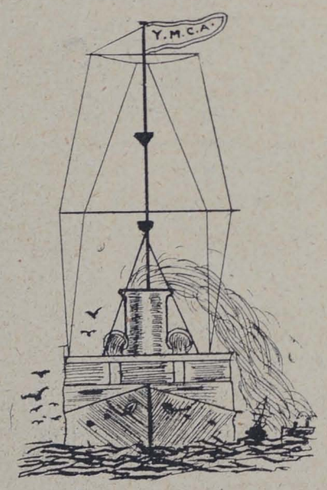
PTE. ALFRED T. DALTON,
10628, 2nd R. West Surrey.
November, 1914.

Inquirer: R. C. Wilmot Brooke,
6, Manor-grove,
Beckenham, Kent.

PTE. HENRY JAMES POUND,
Welsh Guards. Reported missing.

Lieut. Wyndham Lewis has written to Mr. Pound expressing his regret at the loss of such a staunch comrade. He took part in an attack on Hill 70, where the other members of No. 2 Co. saw him last.

Inquirers: Mr. and Mrs. Pound,
King Edward's-road,
Swansea.



Y.M.C.A
FULL AHEAD!
For A Good Cause

A NETWORK OF HUTS IN LONDON.

ANOTHER step in fulfilling the Y.M.C.A. programme for a network of ever-open huts in the Metropolis was reached on a recent Saturday afternoon, when H.H. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein visited the latest addition to the Association's centres, that at the Little Theatre, in John-street, Adelphi, W. Situated within a minute's walk of Charing Cross Station, it will help to meet the needs of the great crowds of men using that station.

Mr. George A. Drummond has very kindly lent the property, certainly for a year, and, if need be, for a further period.

We wonder what those very intellectual playgoers who never missed a first night at the "Little Theatre" in pre-war times would think if they chanced to step into that dainty house of entertainment to-day?

They would probably experience a pleasant thrill, the sort of shock one receives on entering an oasis after a journey through a desert, for the Little Theatre is the Mecca to-day of the soldiers and sailors who are "dumped" day and night at Charing Cross.

There every day and through the night scores of lady volunteers serve and cook meals, wash-up, and generally do more than "their bit" in seeing after the comfort of the men.

Under the direction of Mr. Alec J. Green, the interior has been completely transformed. One hundred men can be accommodated in beds, and 300 can get a blanket and a shakedown. Baths have been installed, and a complete kit-room fitted. A special Information Bureau is a useful addition to the usual features.

The main auditorium has been turned into a big common room, with dining-room and tea-rooms opening off it. In the subterranean quarters may be found billiard-room, games-room, and writing-room. The dressing-rooms, formerly used by Bernard Shaw heroes and heroines, have been converted into splendid dormitories with double-deck beds. There are three of these dormitories, and the double-deckers—which are in great request—are also lined up before the boxes in the auditorium.

Bed-making is a serious business, for very often fifty extra beds have to be made-up on the floor space of the auditorium after the tables and chairs have been cleared from what is during the day a magnificent recreation-room.

The overflow customers are accommodated in the gallery, and on Saturday nights even the stage is brought into requisition with rows of mattresses, pillows, and rugs. The other beds, it should be mentioned, each have a pair of sheets and the usual accessories.

The voluntary men-workers take their duties as seriously as trade unionists. They relieve each other in night shifts. For instance, a well-known clubman books the beds, while a barrister does duty as hall-porter, and a former 'Varsity don stokes the furnace!

We wish the "intellectuals" who visited the Little Theatre in those distant peace days would peep in one Saturday night. We feels certain that they would become enthusiasts.

Mr. Green is full of plans, including afternoon entertainments for wounded soldiers, and special efforts to reach the men who have a few hours to wait at Charing Cross and have nothing to do. Miss Gertrude Kingston is co-operating very kindly in the organisation of the social programme, and Mrs. Spreckley is acting as Lady President.

OUR NEW QUARTERS AT THE LITTLE THEATRE, JOHN STREET, ADELPHI.



After converting a brewery we are now, by the kindness of the proprietor, enabled to do the same by a well-known theatre near the Strand, which is now open as a "terminus" hut. (See article opposite.)

Y. M.

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

Organ of the Y.M.C.A. in
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HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

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Chairman British and Colonial Union:
HOWARD WILLIAMS.

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THE EDITORIAL OFFICES of "Y.M." are at the CENTRAL Y.M.C.A., TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, 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.

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.

A WORD ON CIRCULATION.

A YEAR'S working has just sufficed to show what is possible by means of co-operation. Of course, it is clear that we cannot reach our own special constituency unless our own secretaries, members and supporters will introduce us (and keep us) where we should be. If, when people get to know our pages and realise what we are out for, we do not maintain our grip of their interest, the fault is indisputably with us. On the other hand, people need to be told, copies must be accessible, and the fact that, like all young papers, we are constantly growing and improving, no copy two or three weeks old (and still less a copy six or nine months old) being an index of what is to be expected in forthcoming numbers, must be pointed out, if circulation is to be increased. A shining example of the fruits of convinced advocacy comes from South Wales, where one secretary has, within a month, at a new hut, doubled his original weekly order of five dozen, and hopes to make it 200 copies soon, while at the same time he has built up a similar circulation in two other huts.

Similar examples might be quoted from other quarters, and it is to be particularly remembered that we often owe most to those who create a small but regular circle of loyal supporters in places where large numbers are out of the question. Moreover, we boast a fine list of postal subscribers, and the demands of the newsagents are continually increasing. The important thing, however, is that we (the pronoun is used this time in its broadest connotation, and not merely in the editorial sense) should feel that the paper is ours. It is our privilege, not simply to introduce new subscribers or to see that the circulation in hut or Association building, on bookstall or at our newsagents, is pressed by the display of copies and the exhibition of posters, but to take a definite, practical share in the preparation of the contents of the paper and the development of its policy.

OUR NEW VOLUME.

WE begin our second year with even rosier prospects than we had dared to hope. The larger the support we receive, the better can we make our programme. It is not possible here to do more than indicate a few of the fresh features which will have a permanent place in *Y.M.*, but we can assure our readers of contributions from well-known writers in the realms of topical interest, literary and educational pursuits, personal and religious matters. We expect also a good series of short stories and sketches.

Each week we shall have contributions from Dr. Charles Sarolea, the Rt. Hon. G. W. E. Russell, Mr. David Williamson, the Rev. A. J. Costain, and others. Articles by "Senior Subaltern" on experiences in Flanders, by Edwin Bevan, K. T. Paul, Godfrey Phillips, and K. J. Saunders, dealing with the future of India, and on occasional topics by W. Kingscote Greenland and "Julius Just," will appear in early issues. There will also be the usual pages devoted to work in camp, association news, the Snapshots League, reviews of books, &c., and we hope to open a general correspondence column.

A notable feature of the new volume will be a regular series of special numbers dealing with our work in France, in the East, in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. *The first of these numbers will appear next week, and will be a* FRENCH NUMBER.

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"Believe me, a man will come out of life a conqueror only as he goes into life a soldier."—Francis Greenwood Peabody.

WHAT is expected of us in this new year? The old Hebrew poet coined a delightfully quaint phrase when he wrote, "By the help of God I will leap over a wall." He did so, as we know—and in those days he probably did it as frequently in the literal as in the metaphorical sense. Thereby he created a certain expectancy among those who had to do with him. The past year has made many reputations for resource, courage, efficiency, and far-sightedness in tackling immense tasks amidst novel circumstances. Generals and admirals, statesmen and men of business have leaped from comparative obscurity into authority, so that the eyes of the nation are upon them now, and to them is given, in virtue of what they have accomplished in a few short months, the high trust of determining how the national resources shall be used and what direction shall be given to our powers. We knew and leaned upon certain great figures before the war. To these the fresh challenge has brought only further opportunity of vindicating popular faith in their leadership. We did not know how rich we were in hidden geniuses, undiscovered giants, and unsuspected powers of cohesion in common service of a sacrificial quality.

***

ALL this is singularly true of the Red Triangle and the men who serve beneath that "banner with the strange device." In no arrogance of spirit, but rather with a wholesome kind of awe, we discover that the world has come to regard us as an established institution, upon which it can call for services to the commonweal which everyone now perceives to be vital, but which nobody quite saw how to get rendered. A man's duty is never determined by public opinion, especially when that opinion happens to be a favourable one. God forbid! But when once a clear sense of vocation has been attained, we do well to take heed to other people's expectations. Thus it is illuminating and inspiring to find such a journal as the *Daily Telegraph* remarking, in the course of an article dealing with our efforts to meet the needs of munition workers at Woolwich: "Into the future it is not possible to pry. There is no time. . . . It is no small thing for a great institution to strip itself of denominational limitations, and place its huge resources at the disposal of a country in her time of need. It is a greater blessing still for it to have within itself the power of indefinite expansion—a power which of all others is probably the quality that Great Britain has needed and has shown during this war."

***

THE particular aspect of our work at Woolwich considered in that article is the provision of feeding and sleeping facilities. On the very day it appeared a letter was written to us by the Secretary to the Ministry of Munitions telling us that the Minister so approves of our proposals for the arrangement of classes and lectures in munitions areas (as signified by the beginnings that we have already made in this direction), that a sum of five hundred pounds has been placed at our disposal by his Department to help us to develop this work there to the full extent of our programme. The experiment made during the last three months has, of course, covered camps and hospitals or convalescent centres, as well as munitions centres. We have found in every case that an educational element was welcome and effective, though naturally the requirements vary, and in some cases there is almost more of the recreational than of the purely educational demanded of the lecturer. We have also been able to discover which types of speaker are most useful and successful as well as which subjects, whether light or serious, are most suitable for our purpose. This is only one line along which we expect to make much progress as the year advances. The point of it as an illustration is that we are now being offered opportunities of fulfilling our vocation to the fullest degree possible, and encouraged by public opinion regarding our function, both now and for the future, to leave no side of a young man's life without its proper satisfaction and development.

***

THIS is not despite our position as an uncompromisingly Christian association, but because of it. The country, and above all that part of it which is carrying out Nietzsche's famous watchword, "Live dangerously!" was never in a better position to realise how much character counts. True, we do not talk much about it. We prefer to speak of "morale." But the conviction is there none the less. Hard physical training is delivering us from the more easiful sins, and giving us a finer moral tone. The grim realities of active service are putting a fine austerity of thought into many a man who was a mere "nut" before. Men are trying to think out what went so wrong with our European world that we should find ourselves in this horrible welter, not only of blood and tears, but of thought and purpose. They are seeking a way by which to make sure that the

world shall be made new after—indeed, *by*—the war, at any rate for our children. Yet even all this may tend in either of two ways. It is for us to maintain, amid the murk and noise, first the love of God in Christ and the passion for His Kingdom as the only abiding ideal and power for a new world, and then the certainty that for a true man nothing falls outside of these.

***

FOR this we must keep in the very forefront the love of beauty and the power of music, the purifying salt of laughter and the noble stimulus of good fellowship, the joy of books and of close discussion, as much as the refuge and happy discipline of sport. Every hut will have its own individuality, depending upon those who frequent it as upon the personality and programme of the leader. But while men will look to us for everything, and we may feel that we cannot possibly offer them, with the best will in the world, more than a few things, we can make sure that nothing is lacking of the best, and that, as for the others, they are at least not overlooked. Let us covet wholeness—which is the best definition of health. The business of this paper, at any rate, is to try to maintain this ideal, to give expression to all that is best in the life of a man, and to keep men in touch with one another.

HOW THE CHILDREN RAISED THE WIND.

The School Girls' and Boys' Contribution to our Huts.

By W. SCOTT KING.

SOME years ago, if I remember rightly, that popular writer "Edna Lyall" wrote a very charming Christmas story bearing the title I have ventured to place at the head of this page.

To-day there lies before me the magnificent result of the appeal we made some months ago to the schoolgirls and schoolboys of the British Empire to assist us in providing some of our Y.M.C.A. soldiers' huts, and it seems to me that no better title for a descriptive account of their generosity could be selected than "How the Children Raised the Wind."

I do not know if many of the readers of the *Y.M.* chanced to see the letter signed by our president, Lord Kinnaird, in the drawing up of which the present writer had a hand, but it set forth in brief the story of the causes which led to the war, the sudden gathering of a million new men into our great British camps, and their need of places of rest, refreshment, letter-writing, and some measure of home comfort, together with an appeal for a contribution of one penny from each scholar. This letter was sent to about 28,000 day scholars, Sunday-schools, and public schools, with a request that the head masters and head mistresses would do us the favour and the national service of reading it aloud to the assembled school.

The result has taken everybody by surprise, and filled us with joy and gratitude. Difficulties were experienced in many cases, but the outcome has been that 12,456 scholars responded, and sent us the magnificent sum of £10,000. To tell fully the story of this school contribution is impossible, for it lies buried in rows and rows of letter-cases on the shelves in Russell-square, together with incidents and details, pictures and personalities which together make as beautiful a record of children's love and self-denial and enthusiasm as can well be imagined, and a romance of youthful patriotic love. In one case a school defrayed the cost of a complete hut, and also provided a motor-car for the use of the workers. In another case, that of Motherwell, the contributions from the children reached the splendid sum of £93. In some schools little sales of work were organised, in others the annual prizes were surrendered, with gleeful cheerfulness, and the money sent to us.

Here are stories, quite thrilling in their artless way, of making the pennies given constitute a present to the head master on his birthday. And in very many more, all over the country, sports were arranged during the summer days, dramatic recitals were held, and the annual treats put to this use. Originally the children were asked to provide ten additional huts, but it will be seen that their splendid generosity came much nearer thirty than ten. I have just been told a story of our Euston hut which, if it is not true, deserves to be. The Euston hut, it will be remembered, was erected near to the great London terminus, for the use of soldiers passing by day and night through London, and is never closed, nor will be till peace is declared. One day, so the story goes, a group of very ragged and dirty little children were outside, and as they grew bolder came into the entrance. "Run away," said the attendant, "this is no place for children, but for soldiers." Whereupon one bright litle chap made this amazing rejoinder: "Please, ir, we've put our money into the show, and we've come to see how it's run." Of course there was no resisting that appeal, and they were taken in and shown all round. Afterwards it transpired that those children came from one of the poorest provided schools in the North of London, and between them had subscribed 200 farthings to the Children's Hut Fund. So, you see, it was really a visit of the proprietors!

The scenes witnessed in many a city and village school this past summer when the letter of Lord Kinnaird was read have often been described to me, and will, I am persaded, live long in the memory of teachers and scholars alike. One only wishes that the generous-hearted boys and girls of ours, who so eagerly gave up sports and treats to add comfort and pleasure to the arduous and rough camp life of our boys who have enlisted, could all of them see something of what has been done with their money and hear the expressions of loving gratitude that come from the grateful soldiers themselves.

And now we have just celebrated Christmas again, and, greatly daring, we are venturing to look towards our day and Sunday schools a second time. In the second letter that is being sent out to the head masters and mistresses it is pointed out for the children's benefit and interest that their contributions, if placed in a line in pennies, would stretch from Manchester Town Hall to Leeds Town Hall, or from London to Bedford. Also, they are reminded of that popular song, "Keep the Home Fires Burning," which every errand-boy is whistling to-day on his rounds. Fires, once kindled, must have coal put on, or they will go out; and huts, once built, require to be maintained. This second appeal, then, is for "coal" to keep our hut fires burning this winter, and especially during the Christmas season.

As a Christmas gift, a gift to our defenders in celebration of our Lord's Birthday, we are once more asking the schoolboys and schoolgirls of Great Britain and Ireland to send us a penny each. Personally, I have no doubt whatever that they will, for after many years of experience with children and writing to them privately and in the Press, I have come to the unshakeable conclusion not only that they compose the most delightful corner of God's garden to cultivate and the most appreciative constituency to work for, but that of them more than of all others is the expression true that "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

If when your jolly boys and girls come home to dinner, and, bursting into the house, tell you that their head master has read another letter from Lord Kinnaird to them, will you, my dear grown-ups, aid and abet them once more, and again help the children to "raise the wind"?



SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE—ONE OF THE CHILDREN'S GIFTS.

AT THE SIGN OF THE RED TRIANGLE.

News and Notes Gathered from All Quarters.

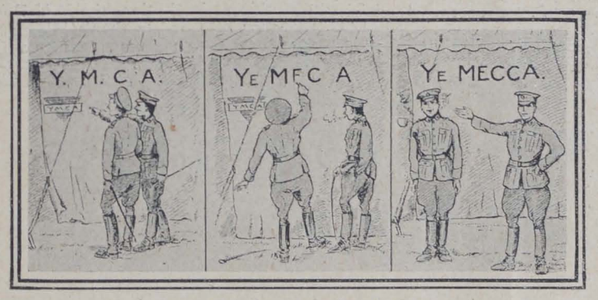
Among the gifts of the week we especially desire to acknowledge the following contributions, received January 3 to 8, 1916:—

	£
Transfer from Scotland	3,740
Davies, Rev. A. W.	500
Low, Mr. J. Campbell	400
"Anon."	350
Nestlé's Milk Co.	300
Dorman, Long and Co., Messrs	300
"W. H. K."	125
Wood, the Misses	110
Corby, Palmer and Co., Messrs.	105
Hesketh, Mr. E.	100
Stokes and Smith, Messrs.	100
Harrisons and Crosfield, Messrs.	100
Westminster Abbey (collection)	89
Lyndhurst-road Congregational Ch.	80
Bartram, Harvey and Co., Messrs.	52
"Anon."	50
Bilbrough, Mr. A.	50
Ellis, Miss	50
Fremlin, Mr. F.	50

We unfortunately omitted to mention last week, when quoting an interesting letter from an American lady expressing warm sympathy with the cause of the Allies, that the letter was written to Mrs. E. M. Wason. The lady sent a cheque for £50, to be passed to some British fund that is used for the benefit of the men who are maintaining that cause, choice of the fund being left to Mrs. Wason. Mr. and Mrs. Wason are firm friends of the Y.M.C.A.; they therefore know just what is the national service which it is rendering, and felt that their American friend's desire would be completely fulfilled if the gift were sent to our treasurer.

Pleasant Memories.

We are greatly indebted to the editor of the *Sketch* for permission to reproduce from the last issue of his journal this very clever drawing, entitled "Pleasant Memories."



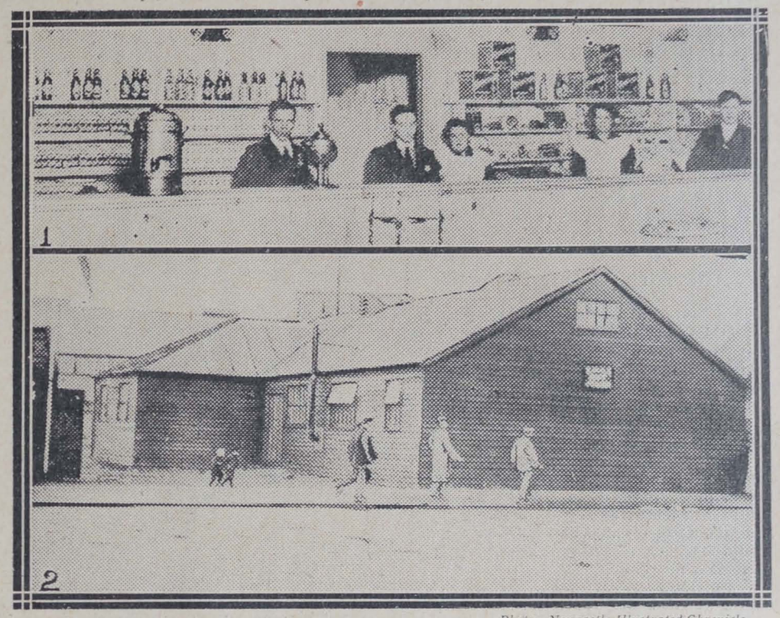
PLEASANT MEMORIES.

An appreciation of the excellence and good cheer provided by the Y.M.C.A. canteens by Thomas Atkins, formerly a Stock Exchange clerk (with memories of coffee and dominoes after lunch in the City).

A sketch by Mr. Goodwright, a member of the Nestlé Milk Co.

New Huts and Important Speeches.

At Blyth, Esher, and Brocton huts have been opened within the last few days—the first-mentioned by Viscountess Ridley, Lieut.-Colonel Macdonald presiding, the second by Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, Lord d'Abernon presiding. The speeches delivered at these functions demand a fuller report than there is space to give on this page, and we refer our readers to the columns on page 10, where they will be found. The success of the hut at Southampton has necessitated the opening of an annexe forty feet by thirty feet.



THE NEW HUT AT BLYTH.

Photo: Newcastle Illustrated Chronicle.

What the Orchestra Wants.

Mr. Sitters sends us from Calais a letter that he has received from the leader of the Y.M.C.A. Orchestra, No. 2 Hut, No. 1 Camp, Calais:—"As leader of this orchestra, to which you have been an interested listener on a few occasions, I have found no difficulty in obtaining talent in the way of performers, and may say with truth that they are personally interested in the work, anxious also to be of service to the Y.M.C.A. in its endeavour to entertain their comrades; but our great difficulty is obtaining instruments. True, violins of a questionable quality can be had on hire at a high figure for their merits. However, this is a big item in the expenditure, and leaves little or nothing for strings, appurtenances, and music. We are badly in need of the following instruments and stands:—Violins, five; concert flute, one; bass viol, one; stands, eight. With these the orchestra would be able to give their services in the surrounding district towards the entertaining and cheering their comrades."

News from Wales.

Commander Edward Nicholl, R.N.R., the well-known Cardiff shipowner, has given a Y.M.C.A. hut for the troops at the Welsh Regimental Depot, Cardiff, and this was recently opened by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Cardiff.

Brigadier-General Owen Thomas, in the course of a speech at Neath, said he was not going to bully slackers or appeal for recruits; he was there that night to talk about Welsh nationalism. There were three great institutions that had become prominent and indispensable since the war. The Red Cross and St. John Ambulance organisation had done wonderful work. The Y.M.C.A. had proved such a splendid institution that it was regarded by the soldier in all parts of the

country as his home in camp—and the new army built up since the beginning of the war. It started like a snowball and gathered as it was rolled, and before the war was over he predicted that, with the exception of Russia, the British Army would be the largest belligerent force.

On the Plain.

At Bhurtpore Barracks Y.M.C.A. hut over 78,000 letters were posted in two months, and at the Y.M.C.A. hut, Longbridge Deveril, in less than three months 65,656 letters passed through our letter-boxes.

Useful!

The Cory Y.M.C.A. hut at Pembrey, which was opened last Thursday by Miss Cory, of Cardiff, has already come in very handy. During the gale soldiers' camps were blown away, and the hut was commandeered by the military. A large number of men were put up at the hut, where they will be looked after until the damage caused by the storm has been made good.

The Tragedy on Salisbury Plain.

Lark Hill, Salisbury Plain, has been the scene of the greatest tragedy associated with the work of the Association since the beginning of the war. Mr. Fletcher, who was in charge of the No. 1 hut temporarily, walked round at a half-hour after midnight last Friday and found everything normal. At about two o'clock he was rescued through a window, and within a few minutes the whole fabric had disappeared as the result of fire. Three workers who were sleeping in a wooden shack close by got clear, and Miss Cox, who was sleeping in her room in the big hut, was rescued, but Miss Lee, who gave her vacation from her work as a schoolmistress, and was most devoted, was asphyxiated, as was Mr. Seies, who had been working as a cook. Mr. Seies leaves a widow and a family of five. The verdict of the jury at the inquest was that death was due to asphyxiation, and the opinion was expressed that no blame attached to anyone, and that everything possible had been done.

Our many friends will sympathise with the relatives of the deceased workers in this sudden blow. The only consolation they have is that their loved ones died doing their duty. The funerals took place on Wednesday and Thursday this week.

Our Loss in the "Persia" Outrage.

It is with the greatest possible regret that we record that no further news has been received of Mr. H. A. Hopkins, who was one of Mr. Arthur H. Johnson's party for Egypt, and was a passenger on the ill-fated s.s. *Persia*. We can only assume his death. He was a fine young fellow, devoted to the work of the Y.M.C.A., who had given himself utterly to his task. For some unknown reason he had been nicknamed "Uncle" by the soldiers, among



whom he was most popular, and his loss is a very great blow to the work. Every day the men in the centre where he worked have called to ask for news of him. We regret his death very much, and offer to his relatives the hearty sympathy of our workers as a whole.

At Victor a.

Another recent addition to our "Day and Night" centres is the hut on Victoria Station, erected by the S.E. and C. Railway Company. Most of our huts have some particular feature which marks them as being unique. The object of this one is to provide a place of rest for soldiers and sailors passing through the station, but who have several hours to wait for their connecting trains. The room is free to all members of H.M. forces. During the daytime facilities for reading, writing, and recreation are provided, and from 8 p.m. to 8 a.m. it is used for sleeping only. There are thirty compact cubicles, each fitted with a "double-decker" bed. For these there is a charge of sixpence each per night. Many are content, in fact, prefer, a "shake-down" on the floor; for this they may have the use of blankets at the rate of one penny per blanket. For the latter we can provide accommodation for one hundred men. As it is desirable to reserve as much accommodation as possible for men arriving overnight, applicants for beds up to 11 p.m. are conducted to our Horseferry-road or Buckingham Palace centres. In spite of this, however, our beds are always booked, and invariably our accommodation for shake-downs is insufficient. The men leaving by early trains are placed upon the caller's list, and called at any given time, so that they may rest free from any anxiety about catching their return train, which to "Jack" or "Tommy" involves a great deal. The beds vacated in the early morning are generally quickly booked up by those who have arrived tired out with the all-night journey from the North, and are glad of a few hours' sleep before their return to France. Lady Rodney and Mrs. Fairfax have spared no effort to make the hut an attractive rendezvous, and our workers are always on the spot, well primed with information necessary to reply to the continual bombardment of questions fired at them. Everything necessary in the way of refreshment is provided by the British Red Cross Society at their free buffet on the platform.

At Shirehampton.

The new hut for C. Lines at the Remount Depot, Shirehampton, has been opened by Miss Butlin, who has been a generous benefactor to the men both here and in France. In her speech she gave a cordial invitation to any of the soldiers present who were going to France to visit the Butlin Hut if they found themselves in Boulogne. In closing, she appealed to the men to use the hut for its religious as well as other advantages. Colonel Carter, C.B., Commanding Officer of the Remount Depot, who presided at the ceremony, said he wished to offer grateful thanks for the energy and generosity of "that magnificent institution, the Y.M.C.A." He said they also had to thank Miss Butlin and her sister for such real, good, magnificent work on their behalf.

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 4d. TAB. IN METAL BOX.

EDWARD COOK & Co., LTD. The Soapery, Bow, London, E.

LEISURELY LETTERS.

From One Booklover to Another.

MY DEAR A,—You are right. The only time to read any book with real relish is "when so dispoged," as Mrs. Sairey Gamp would have said if she had preferred books to bottles. That being so, I am sure you will agree that this is also the one possible time for writing about them. At any rate, neither you nor I would make a good staff reviewer, ready to turn out neat appraisements of anything between covers at precisely one hour's notice, or rather more if it is expected that the book should be read! Accordingly, you will give a liberal interpretation to my promise to keep you posted as to new stars in my literary sky. Perhaps I shan't write regularly: certainly I can tell you only of what falls in my way. Sometimes publishers are kind to me! Sometimes I am guilty of wild excesses (for war-time), and spend a shilling, or even two. Best of all, I get the occasional delight of a modest note from an old friend, saying, "You may remember the book that you and I so often talked over; well, I've got it written at last, and have asked the publishers to send you a copy; do tell me whether it is in the least like what we said it ought to be!" So now you will be prepared for a higgledy-piggledy sort of letter whenever I have time and inclination for it. Moreover, my opinions, as you have so often told me, are as singular as my tastes, so you will need to check them by reading the books yourself.

Apparently the Censor never reads books. If any evidence to this effect were required, beyond his treatment of "the captains and the kings," or similar literary quotations, in newspapers, it might be found in the existence of *The Lieutenant and Others*, by "Sapper." No book that I have read during the course of the war tells so unreservedly what it means to be a soldier in the firing line, or how fittingly you might apply to Flanders (at times) W. T. Stead's famous phrase about Chicago—"Hell with the lid off!" If, however, in the first part of the book the emphasis lies upon the grim and terrible experiences which lie behind such casual phrases of official reports as "slight activity on the part of enemy artillery," "trench held against a determined night attack," and the rest, "Sapper" shows himself a man who "sees life steadily and sees it whole" by the soldierly insistence in other stories that there is nothing more wonderful or heroic about a "job of work" over there than there is anywhere else, because everybody does what falls to him without thinking about it—even when, as a staff officer, he may have to shoot a runaway soldier to stop the rot, or, as an officer's servant, may conceive it his duty to "find" his own respirator when sent for the one his master has mislaid, and himself get gassed in consequence. The humorous sketches in the book are quite overwhelmingly funny: "Ebeneezer the Goat" deserves at least a literary immortality. Within these hundred and seventy-five pages you may touch the whole gamut of emotions and experiences that may well make a fortnight at the front richer than a lifetime. The author will be rewarded with a circulation of many thousands, I hope, and with what his pages show that he will value far more—the gratitude of a multitude for whom he has interpreted active service as it appeals to the average man. I am glad, too, that Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have done the author—and us—the service of issuing the book at a shilling, thus not denying it to the great mass of ordinary readers. I *bought* this book! Isn't that a recommendation?

James Wood Colin Taylor was a Y.M.C.A. man. Perhaps you knew him. After reading *A Life Well Lived*, which his father sent me, I wish I had had the chance. When he joined the H.A.C., throughout his training, when he got his commission, and during his brief spell of active service in France he sought out the familiar sign not simply because he was sure of finding congenial companionship beneath it, but in order that there he might render to "his fair Captain Christ" that special form of active service which he most loved. He was killed at the battle of Hooge, on August 9 last, a shell carrying away the top of the parapet behind which he was stationed, and burying him, with a number of his men, in a mass of *débris*.

As a boy at Rugby, and afterwards in his father's business, he revealed as his chief qualities a splendid naturalness, a keen interest in sports, an eagerness for companionship, and a frank devotion to the vital things of religion which gave him points of contact with all sorts of men, and put a captivating vigour into all that he did. A relative has gathered together and edited a number of his letters, written home during training and right up to the last few days of his life in France, adding a short account of his earlier life and of its close. The letters are delightfully straightforward, and transport the reader into not the scenes alone, but into the atmosphere of a subaltern's life, with its varied duties, its constant touches of humour, its camaraderie of young men who are splendidly fit and sharing a task that demands their utmost, and above all its innumerable chances for living at one's best. Taylor made a definite point of getting to know the men in his platoon personally, and before they went into action, he spoke to them very simply and directly about their relation to Christ. I know you would be inclined to think this an unwise thrusting of religion upon so miscellaneous a lot of men. Far from resenting it, the men welcomed his words, and perhaps the most remarkable, as it is not the least beautiful, thing in the book is the series of letters from these men reprinted at the end. The book reminds me strongly of your old favourite, the now classical *Memorials of Captain Hedley Vicars*. I see that Messrs. Partridge publish it at 1s. 6d. net, with illustrations.

In these rushing days, especially if they have to be lived in camp or dug-out, it is difficult to read even the Bible consecutively and thoughtfully. I remember your remarking the other day how troubled you felt about it. The value of clear, concise, suggestive guidance as to what to read, where to take up a profitable line of thought, and how to compare this with the thoughts of other people certainly is redoubled at the present time. You know how much you liked Harry Emerson Fosdick's little book, *The Manhood of the Master*. You will be glad to hear that he has just written another. In *The Meaning of Prayer* (Student Christian Movement, 1s. 6d.) he has chosen a subject of keen interest to us all just now, and he treats it with the practicality and freshness which delighted us in his earlier volume. I don't quite agree with the Prime Minister's way of letting someone else explain in a letter to the Press what he, the Premier, really means, subsequently sending along a note to say "Precisely!" Wherefore, I prefer to let Fosdick put his own point of view for you, and he does it admirably in the following passage from his preface:—"Failure in prayer is the loss of religion itself in its inward and dynamic aspect of fellowship with the Eternal. Only a theoretical deity is left to any man who has ceased to commune with God, and a theoretical deity saves no man from sin and disenheartenment and fills no life with a sense of divine commission. Such vital consequences require a living God who actually deals with men."

In each of his ten chapters he gives daily readings for a week (a passage from the Bible in full, printed in heavy type, with illustrative comments, and a prayer chosen from some great preacher, expositor, or saint), three or four pages gathering up the points of the week's study, and some questions for discussion or meditation. At the end of the book is a brief bibliography. The whole is comprised in a small, thin volume, that slips easily into an inner pocket, and looks both attractive and unobtrusive. For sheer good sense, wide reading, living thought on a man's questions, and practical spiritual insight, this splendid little book is hard to equal. Let me strongly urge you, together with soldiers, camp workers, and men in general who care about things that matter, to get this book, use it as the author proposes, and, if possible, find a few others to join in reading and discussing it. You will remember how much we got out of the other studies in this way, on those memorable evenings over the fire in your den.

I meant to write about some other books this week, but—we live in space and time!

By now you'll be wondering why you asked *me* to write to you about books, and not M. You should have thought of that before. And I'm afraid I'm horribly irrepressible, too, when anybody starts me! Still, you may not get another letter for a week or two. As I said, you'll find the books worth looking at, even if you burn the letter.

Yours as ever,

B.

These books, or any others, may be purchased at our Book-room, Y.M.C.A., Tottenham Court Road, W.C., or will be sent by post on receipt of published price, plus postage.

MY LATEST OFFER

A MAGNIFICENT FREE GIFT FOR YOUR FRIENDS ON SERVICE.

SEND NO MONEY



To convince "Y.M." readers of the wonderful value I am offering in

Beautifully Warm, Comfy,

KNITTED JACKETS

and that they may see the article before paying for it, **I will forward—post free—one of these splendid Jackets, together with my FREE GIFT,** on receipt of name and address and your promise to either return me the goods or remit **5/-**

The very thing for our lads at the Front or in Camp

Read what a Sailor on Service says:

H.M.A.S. Australia,
Jan. 2, 1916.

Dear Sir,—"I am forwarding P.O. for the knitted jacket you kindly sent me. It is admired by all aboard, so I guess you will be having plenty of orders. I will have to ask you to forward me another catalogue as the one you sent me is in great demand. Thanking you again for your kindness and seasonable offer."—Yours, E. J. C.

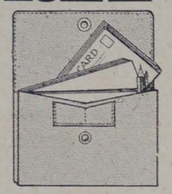
The Editor of the Y.M. says:

"A really warm knitted jacket which fits well and gives a feeling of cosy comfort. There are two handy pockets, the edges of front and sleeves are closely knitted, tending to preserve the shape and improve the fit. As a thoroughly serviceable garment for bad weather and rough work, these jackets can be fully recommended."

I have also received letters of praise about its wonderful value, from Officers, Public Officials, Clergy and Medical men.

MY FREE GIFT

to send to your soldier and sailor relatives.



You will not fail to receive the best thanks from the friends who are fortunate enough to obtain one of these indispensable gifts.

The latest and most complete **Soldiers' and Sailors' Stationery Companion Wallet,** made in waterproof khaki casing to fit in pocket, with patent clasps and replete with high-class pencil.

Fill up coupon at foot and post to-day and by return you will receive Jacket and the Free Gift.

You will agree that it is the ***best bargain ever offered.***

COUPON. **To ALEXANDER CARGILL, 130, Fleet Street, London.**

Please send me one of your Grey Knitted Jackets, and I promise that I will either return the goods to you—post free—or send P.O. value 5/- should I desire to keep them.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Chest measure..... Y.M.

A MISSIONARY, WRITING FROM CENTRAL INDIA, SAYS:

"I am very well satisfied with my organ. It is now nearly four years since I got it at your Warehouse on my way out to India, and it is almost as good as new." . . . .

The Instrument referred to is one of the

UNIVERSAL FOLDING ORGANS

Of which full Illustrated Price List will be sent on application to:

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"MARLEO" PRESERVES YOUR BOOTS

1/- & 2/6 a Tin.



"MARLEO" is the finest and most reliable **OIL** for preserving, waterproofing, and nourishing all classes of **Military** and Sporting Boots. **"MARLEO"** is made from a recipe in the possession of an English Firm of Curriers and Leather Merchants established in London for One Hundred Years.

"MARLEO" is now being used by the Officers and Men of the British Expeditionary Forces, the British Red Cross Society, also by the Special Constabulary, with the greatest satisfaction.

"MARLEO" IS ALL BRITISH

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

Marleo may be obtained from all the leading Bootmakers and Stores, in Tins, with brush attached to cap, 1/- & 2/6. Insist on having **"MARLEO,"**

WHOLESALE ONLY from the Manufacturers.

JOSEPH CLARK & SONS, Curriers & Leather Merchants.
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BURBERRY WAR KIT



Luxuriously warm, yet lightweight; reliably weatherproof, yet air free; it ensures immunity from discomfort in wet or cold weather.

TIELOCKEN BURBERRY *(See Illustration)*—Worn by LORD KITCHENER. Provides a double safeguard from throat to knees, and fastens without buttons.

BURBERRY TRENCH-WARM.—A WEATHERPROOF that keeps out any rain that an "oily" keeps out; a light Fleece SHORT-WARM; and a thick, double-fronted OVERCOAT for severe weather; combined in one. Can be worn together or separately.

THE BURBERRY—Infantry or Cavalry patterns, with or without Detachable Fleece linings. Ensures comfort and security in every kind of weather.

UNIFORMS, Great Coats, British Warms, Caps Puttees, Shirts, and every detail of equipment.

READY FOR WEAR, or to Measure in 2 to 4 Days.

Illustrated Military Catalogue Post free.

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Use the Cleaner that Cleans

If your Web Equipment could talk it would give you no peace until it was cleaned with Mills Equipment Cleaner. That's the stuff to get the dirt OFF—not merely hide it. Quick, simple, non-injurious, it renovates and waterproofs the web. Cannot cake. Does not rub off. Approved by the War Office.

3d. per Packet at Canteens.
Sample Packet sent for 4d. in stamps.

MILLS CLEANER CO., 16, Nile Street, City Road, London, N.



IF you appreciate a

'Linger Longer' flavour—if your mouth waters for the creamiest of creamy Toffees, just ask at any Y.M.C.A. Hut for SHARPS 'tickle-your-palate' KREEMY TOFFEE. 1d. Bars.

SHARPS KREEMY TOFFEE.

HOW WE MADE CHRISTMAS.

Fun and Friendship Everywhere.

WE should require a special illustrated number of *Y.M.* to contain even a tithe of the stories that have come in from camps all over the country telling "How we spent Christmas." There is a splendid similarity about them, for every hut aimed at ensuring that the men should miss nothing of what Christmas usually brings them. There is also a delightful difference, since every hut aspired to a special feature that should make the Christmas spent in camp—and in *that* camp—for ever memorable to those who shared it. From cinema shows to Christmas trees and carol services the programme was one of infinite variety. In many cases the soldiers themselves decorated the hut, or helped to do so. Where that was not possible the workers did the whole thing.



CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS AT SEAFORD.

Everywhere friends in the locality got together special gifts of chocolates, cigarettes, and what not for Tommy, and themselves came to provide concerts, sketches, and other entertainments. At St. Albans there was a special assembling of goodies for the "Home Tea" on the Sunday. At Sheerness there was a happily named "Chums' Tea." At Norwich the Dean kindly arranged for a special rendering of carols by the boys of the cathedral choir. Seaford announced "a homely evening," and at Cooden 750 men were entertained to tea in two batches, the Ladies' Auxiliary carrying things through in fine style. The tale of the festivities at Crowborough occupies two long columns of the local newspaper, in the course of the account appearing the striking testimony that "the absence of such a building would have been nothing short of a calamity during Christmas."

In one case at least, probably in others also, the day was made the occasion of a happy interchange of tokens. The leader sent the men a special card of greeting, bearing the following lines by Miss Margaret Sernton:—

FOR HONOUR AND FOR HER!

Somewhere a woman, in her firm, sweet way,
Faces the future bravely for your sake,
Toils on from dawn till dark; from day to day,
Fights back her tears, nor heeds the bitter ache;
She loves you, trusts you, breathes in prayer your name,
Soil not her faith in you, by sin or shame.

Somewhere a woman—mother, sweetheart, wife,
Waits betwixt hopes and fears, for your return,
Her kiss, her words, will haunt you in the strife,
When death itself confronts you, grim and stern;
But let her image all your reverence claim,
While base temptations scorch you with their flame.

Somewhere a woman watches—thrill'd with pride,
Shrined in her heart, you share a place with none,
She toils, she waits, she prays, till side by side
You stand together when the battle's done;
O keep for her dear sake a stainless name,
Bring back to her a manhood free from shame!

On Christmas Eve the men presented to each of the ladies working at the hut a very pretty enamelled A.V.C. badge, accompanied by a little printed card bearing the words: "A tiny acknowledgment of willing service rendered at the Y.M.C.A. Hut, Romsey, with Christmas greetings from the men of the A.V.C. Christmas, 1915."

In many huts quaint competitions were held. One that taxed the ingenuity of the men was that in which a prize was given for the best phrase of four words, each of which begins with one of the letters of the Y.M.C.A. monogram. This produced the following efforts:—

You must consider age.
You my chum again.
Your memory cherish always.
Your Majesty calls again.
Your manner calls attention.
You make customers appreciate.
Youth may conquer all.
You must continue always.
Youths must carry arms.
You must carry arms.
You might come abroad.
Young men come always.
Yorkshire men can appreciate.
Your merriest Christmas away.
You must consider all.
Your motives command attention.
You might convert another.
Young men come again.
Yuletide memories Christians awake.
Yuletide merrymaking — Constitution affected.
Yes, Mary's courting Algy.
Your Majesties' coming Army.
Your manly conduct appreciated.
You might come also.
Yorkshire men create amusement.
You make Christmas 'appy.
Your mother cares always.
Your most cherished Association.

Our readers will agree that the prize was well bestowed upon the man whose lines ran:—

"Your Mother Cares Always."

This note was constantly struck in all our huts, while above all the meaning of Christmas was brought home to the heart of all as in a few minutes at the close of the day the old story was told again of how "God spoke to us in a Son."

WORK FOR THE HANDY MAN.

The Naval Institute at Cromarty.

IT is a pleasure to receive from Mr. W. M. Davidson, manager and secretary of our Naval Institute at Cromarty, the following notes:—

This institute is not a result of the war. In times of peace the Cromarty Firth is used as a harbour for a part of the fleet during the spring and autumn mobilisation, and our council considered it a duty as well as a privilege to provide for the men of the fleet when ashore.

Since the outbreak of the war circumstances have changed, and I am sorry that the national interests prevent me from giving details of our work.

I can at least say that from time to time we get large numbers of the sailors here.

In April of last year my committee visited the institute here, and decided on several improvements in the place. Alterations have been carried out, and the whole building and the whole place painted and redecorated, so that now, while we have not a palatial building, we have one of the most homely and comfortable institutes in the country.

In the early stages of the war the military authorities commandeered our hall for a hospital, but we now have this back again, and this also has been painted and done up.

Besides the hall, which holds about 350, we have a billiard-room with full-sized table, bowling alley, small billiard table, and table games; writing, reading, and lavatory accommodation is also provided, and it is good to hear the men express themselves as to the facilities provided for them.

We have also a number of naval men resident in the house who are engaged on war duty, and for whom we have cubicles measuring approximately eight feet six inches by six feet six inches.

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SNAPSHOTS from HOME



NEWS & NOTES.

FOLLOWING the example of London, secretary W. Hughes held an "At Home" in the Lecture Room at the Liverpool Central Y.M.C.A., Mount Pleasant, Liverpool, on Thursday, January 6.

The gathering, which was ably presided over by Mr. C. Hodgson, of Bootle, was a very representative one, being attended by a number of members and friends, many of whom came especially "to town" from outlying districts.

League secretary W. C. Thorn was present, and addressed the guests, who evinced great interest in some enlargements of Snapshots from Home and a series of lantern slides which he exhibited.

An excellent musical programme had been arranged by Mr. F. A. Allen, general secretary of the Liverpool Y.M.C.A., and was carried out by all the artistes concerned in a way which won great appreciation and applause from the assembled guests. During the evening it was decided to hold at an early date an exhibition of Snapshots from Home taken in Liverpool and district, and a proposal to form a permanent "Snapshots Club," holding regular meetings, and embodying a class for the instruction of non-photographers and beginners, was adopted with enthusiasm. A highly successful and enjoyable evening closed with an "auction" of forms remaining on hand, and the whole of these were quickly "bid" for by members, who undertook to deal with them.

The development referred to above, namely, the formation of a permanent "Snapshots Club," strikes us as being highly satisfactory. The good example set by Liverpool in this respect might with advantage be followed by other centres, as by this means not only will that cohesion, which is so essential to the satisfactory working of the League, be obtained, but it is to be hoped that a permanent organisation will be set up, which will live even after Snapshots from Home has ceased to exist as an organised movement.

The formation of clubs and classes such as these is, indeed, a natural development of the Snapshots from Home movement, which has for its object the encouragement of the community idea, and nothing would give us greater pleasure than to see Liverpool's example followed by the other big towns throughout the country.

League secretary Thorn desires to remind Leaders that it has been found that the most successful way of interesting the men at the various huts in Snapshots from Home, and securing for them those applications which they are only too ready to make as soon as the idea has been explained to them, has been for the Leader, his assistant, or some other person conversant with the Snapshots from Home idea to give a five minutes' talk, say, on one evening each week about the League and its work.

The men should be told exactly what they have to do in order to secure the photographs they want, and it is a good idea, if possible, to exhibit some Snapshots from Home which have actually been received by the men in that particular camp, so that these may be inspected by the audience. It has been found desirable to distribute the application forms among the men before the address takes place, so that they may be able to fill them in immediately, to be collected at once, and forwarded to headquarters.

We can still deal with more!

Mr. W. T. Montgomery, of the P.S.A. Federation Buttonhole Brigade, reports that the Snapshots from Home movement is already well under way in Lancashire, and in at least one circle the whole of the work has already been done. In this particular congregation the relatives of every man who has enlisted have been visited by League workers, and the snapshots taken and delivered for despatch to the men who are on active service. As the families concerned are between fifty and sixty in number, it will be seen that no time has been lost in taking advantage of the idea in this particular circle, and Mr. Montgomery reports that all the other Lancashire brigades are already actively engaged with the work of taking Snapshots from Home for their fellows in the fighting forces.

We understand that the Federated Brotherhood secretaries throughout the country have already received a letter from their National Secretary, calling their attention to the opportunity which Snapshots from Home offers them of still further developing the good work which they are already doing on behalf of their brothers who have enlisted, and there is no doubt that a vast amount of work will soon be in hand as the result of the adoption of this branch of our work by so important a body.

Mr. Horace G. Hutchinson has, in a little book of sixty-four pages, entitled *From Doubt to Faith,* put with much simplicity and considerable power the reasons why, after having been an agnostic for some years, he has become a convinced Christian. His difficulty was to accept in its full sense the Divinity of Christ. A God-Man seemed impossible. He speaks of this as the "cardinal," the "hinge," difficulty. "For when a man has solved this the door is opened, and it ought to be a door to the fullest belief." How Mr. Hutchinson passed through and discovered satisfactory answers to such great questions as how God, being Omniscient, could yet not know in which way man would use his freedom, why miracles are credible, and what we mean when we say that Christ is Divine, is told in a series of short, untechnical chapters, which every man who desires a reason for the faith that is in him will value. The publishers of the book are Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co., who issue it, well printed and bound in cloth, in a size convenient for the pocket, at 1s. net.

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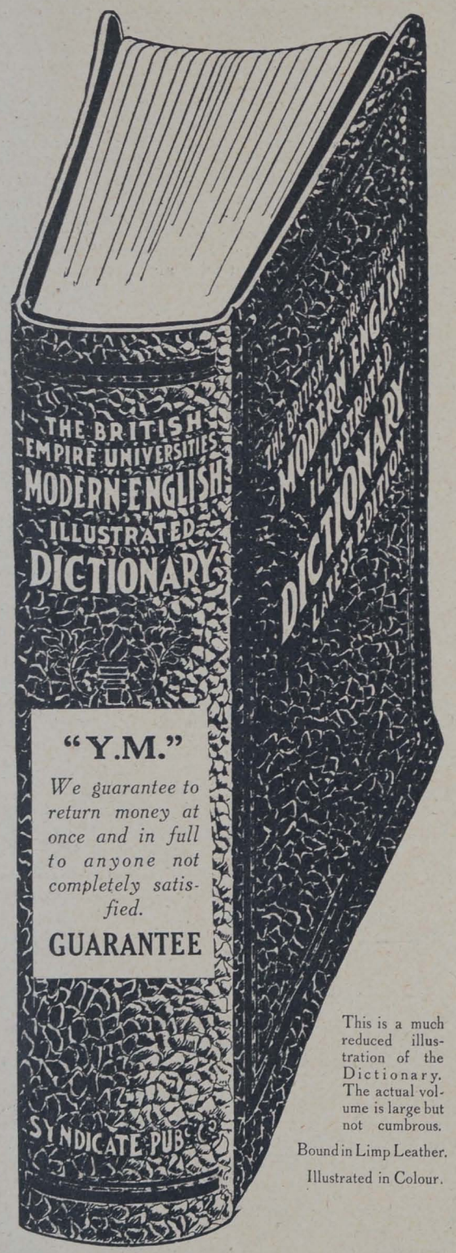

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MRS. ALEC-TWEEDIE'S HUT SCHEME.

What the Navy is Doing.

IT is not generally known, nor, we may say for the comfort of the curious, are we likely to tell, quite how many of our huts are being used by naval men, or where these are situated. The scheme for providing more huts, however, will benefit sailors as well as soldiers. Jack Tar is always generous, and Mrs. Alec Tweedie has received a fine and most characteristic letter from Capt. A. C. Caudy, of H.M.S. *Dolphin*, enclosing a gift for her scheme, and expressing the appreciation naval men feel of the work that is being done for them by the women of the Empire. He says, writing on December 28 last:—

"In response to your eloquent appeal for funds for building huts for the troops, under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A., I have much pleasure in sending you £20 voted by the Canteen Committee of the above naval establishment under my command.

"In your beautifully worded appeal—which none but the most callous could possibly neglect—you speak of those who are defending the Empire at sea and on land in terms of admiration for their services to the Motherland.

"May I, in return, point out that the men are deeply grateful and devoutly thankful for the whole-hearted, vigorous, and untiring efforts on their behalf made by the women of the Empire, without whose honorary and loving help they would be unable to obtain a tenth part of the comforts for body and mind they now receive.

"Though not given to expressing their thoughts in the accepted manner, not having the opportunity, for one thing, and, having the opportunity, not possessing the necessary degree of eloquence, I am certain the men of both Services continuously call down blessings on the heads of their many benefactors.

"You, Mrs. Tweedie, hold high place in their hearts, and I heartily congratulate you on the well-merited distinction conferred upon you by the Government, which I consider equivalent to being awarded a decoration for your patriotic service.*

"In conclusion, may I express a hope—shared with me by many brother officers, and, I am certain, by the men—that those women who have worked so nobly, so unselfishly, for the benefit of all concerned in this great struggle for right as against might, will be decorated with the usual marks of distinction for war service, and wear on their breasts the coveted ribbons in the same manner as those who have faced the enemy at sea and on land.

"Please accept my best wishes for all success in the coming year, and may the result be commensurate with your devoted efforts."

The Prince of Wales, in a letter to Mrs. Tweedie, has expressed his cordial approbation of the effort, and in the course of last week there have been added to the very distinguished list of patrons Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, General Sir Charles Monro, and his Excellency the Russian Ambassador.

* This probably refers to the diversified politics of Mrs. Tweedie's kindly patrons—to wit, Mr. Arthur Balfour and Mr. Lloyd George, the Lord Chancellor and Mr. Bonar Law, the Attorney-General and Sir Edward Carson, Lord Charles Beresford and Sir Edward Clarke.

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NOTES ON DAILY READINGS.

For the Junior Department Branch of the Scripture Union.

By SIR MATTHEW DODSWORTH, Bart.

Saturday, 15th.—Daniel v. 17-31. *"God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it"* (verse 26). Little did the careless king think, as he spent the passing days in pursuit of pleasure, that the hours of his kingdom were running out to a close, and with them the opportunity of governing his kingdom well. Everybody is the possessor of the kingdom of his own life. He can choose well or ill. If he chooses for God, then his position will be confirmed by God; he will be able to govern his passions and exercise a right judgment in the carrying out of his daily duties. But if he gives himself up to self-indulgence, he will find that the control of his life passes from his hands into those of his deadly enemy—unlawful desire.

Sunday, 16th.—Daniel vi. 1-14. *"He . . . prayed and gave thanks before his God as he did aforetime"* (verse 10). It is very possible to be so much occupied with the claims of the moment that no time is given to keeping up communication with God in prayer. How much more must this be possible when the mere fact of engaging openly in prayer will at once be a source of personal danger. Yet Daniel, with death staring him in the face, recognised loyalty to God as the first essential of his daily business. In some form the temptation to neglect God, or to evade an open confession of His claim, comes to everyone. The issue is decided by the value that each one sets on God.

Monday, 17th.—Daniel vi. 15-28. *"Is thy God whom thou servest continually able to deliver thee?"* (verse 20). No man could wish to have a better testimonial than that which is here accorded to Daniel, a man who served his God *"continually."* Further, what higher distinction could be conferred on anyone than that of being used as a monument to his Lord's honour, and as an evidence of His ability to deliver His servant under the hardest circumstances. Yet this is a privilege which comes within the reach of every Christian boy. Christ makes it possible for him to serve God at school or in business, not occasionally, but *continually*, and to prove by his conduct that Christ is able to deliver him from the lion-mouth of sin.

Tuesday, 18th.—Daniel ix. 1-14. *"O Lord, to us belongeth confusion of face . . . because we have sinned against thee . . . To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses"* (verses 8-9). Daniel was concerned not only with his own deliverance, but with that of his countrymen and nation. He was a wise statesman, and therefore applied himself to discover the cause of his nation's suffering. He came to a right conclusion in recognising that the cause was sin against God. This is a form of statesmanship which every citizen of our country is called upon to exercise, and if his judgment is sound he will arrive at Daniel's conclusion as to the reason of our own country's many sufferings under the bondage of evil habit; it is because we have sinned against God.

Wednesday, 19th.—Daniel ix. 15-27. *"Messiah, the Prince"* (verse 25). No sooner had Daniel confessed his own and his countrymen's sin to God than a special messenger is sent from heaven to tell him of God's plan of deliverance. Amid details which are difficult fully to understand, there is clearly seen the central figure of the expected *Messiah (the Christ,* or *Anointed One)*. What happened on this occasion comes true in every case of honest confession to God, with this difference: that now it is not an angel, but Christ Himself, Who draws near and reveals Himself to the penitent heart, with a salvation which is not merely sufficient for the men of one nation, but of every nation, even the very worst.

Thursday, 20th.—Daniel x. 1-11. *"I, Daniel, was mourning three full weeks"* (verse 2). One of the characteristics of Daniel was his heroic perseverance. This was seen in his whole life as well as in his prayers and the incident mentioned here. Perseverance is the mark of faith that wins victories and will not let God go without the assurance of the promised blessing, however much He may seem to delay the answer. It is a quality that has its roots in God Himself. Let us think of God's perseverance with ourselves, how often He might have cast us off and made a fresh start with a more promising case, if it had not been for the patience of His unfailing love.

Friday, 21st.—Daniel x. 12-21. *"Fear not, Daniel, for from the first day . . . . thy words were heard"* (verse 12). We are often liable to think that our prayers are not heard because the answer is not seen at once. This account explains how God has to do justice even by those who oppose Him, and that the answer to a prayer may involve dealings on God's part with many more than ourselves, to some of whom it is due that God should move slowly. God asks us to accept the position of children, and when we have made known our wants to trust a Heavenly Father to grant the request at His best time and in His best way.

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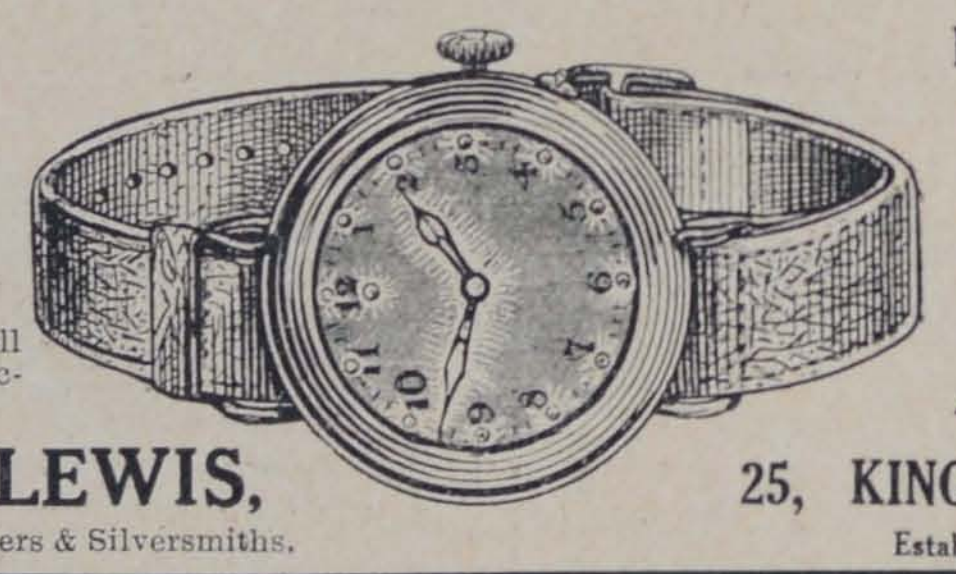

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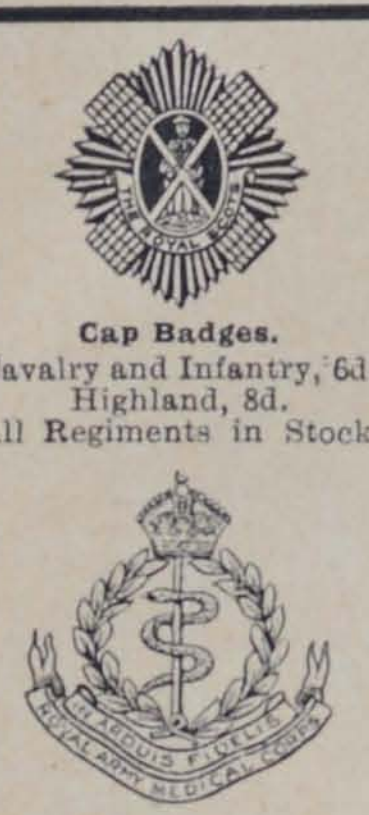

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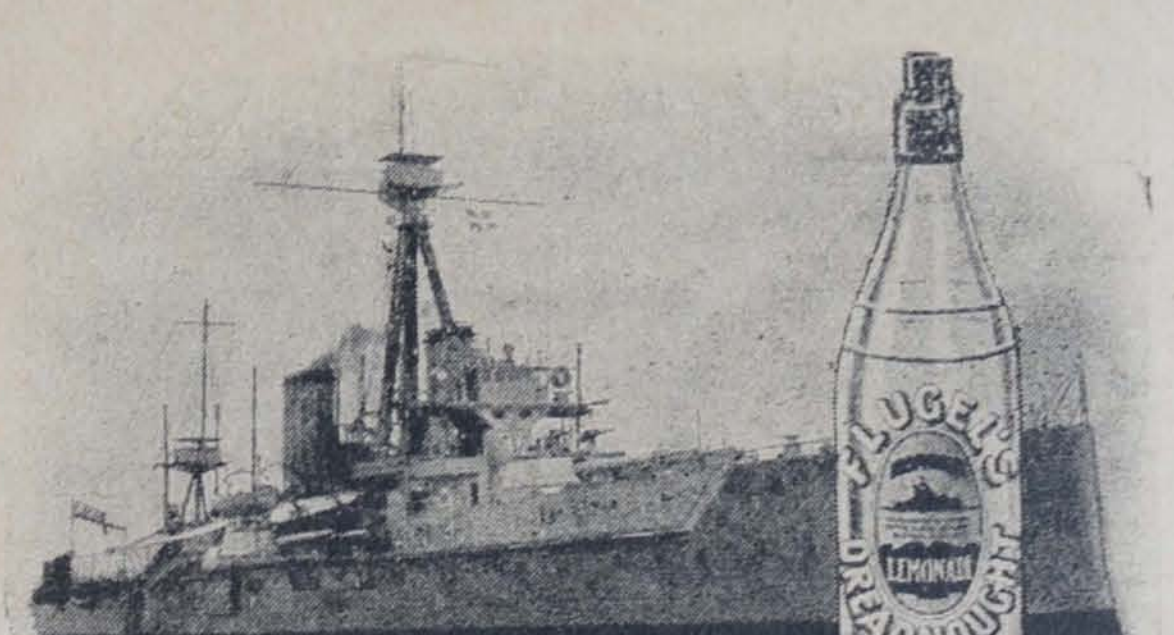

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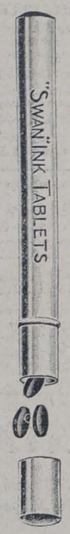

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MR. HERBERT SAMUEL, HOME SECRETARY.

THE appointment of the Right Hon. Herbert Samuel, M.P., to the Home Secretaryship is one more step upwards in a political career which has been one of unshadowed success. And yet, as I happen to know, Mr. Samuel had very little idea of ever entering the political arena when he was deciding what his future work should be. It was almost a casual chance which revealed his gifts as a political speaker. There was a contest going on in Oxfordshire when he was an undergraduate, and a college friend, who was throwing immense energy into the fight, suggested that Herbert Samuel should "lend a hand," which, in electioneering, mostly means lending a voice. Accordingly, one evening the two friends set out for a village where a meeting was to be held. "What do you expect me to do?" asked Herbert Samuel, who had had no previous experience whatever. "Oh, get on a chair and talk for all you're worth." Very diffidently the undergraduate did what he was asked, and he managed so well that he was soon in request for other meetings. The result was to settle his destiny, and after graduating he turned deliberately—as his manner is—to equip himself for a Parliamentary career. In due course he stood for a difficult seat, and was defeated. That was only an incident, and he worked all the harder for his party until he was elected for the Cleveland Division, which has remained faithful to him ever since.



Photo: Elliott and Fry.

THE RT. HON. HERBERT SAMUEL, HOME SECRETARY.

A great capacity for hard work and a fine, lucid style of speech had marked out Mr. Samuel as a man with a future. He entered office as Under-Secretary for the Home Department in Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Ministry, December, 1905. His Children's Bill showed his ability in steering a measure through Parliament and placing it on the Statute Book. It revealed also, what intimates had long known, Mr. Samuel's thorough sympathy and acquaintance with all social reform concerning childhood. I remember meeting him among the first visitors to an exhibition which had for its object the improvement of methods of education and training of children. More than once, too, I have heard Mr. Samuel deliver excellent, thoughtful speeches on temperance and thrift. He comes of a race which has survived its centuries of trials owing to its practice of these virtues.

Mr. Samuel had held already three offices in the Cabinet—the Presidency of the Local Government Board, the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster, and the Postmaster-Generalship—before taking his latest appointment as Home Secretary. That office came naturally to him after the resignation of Sir John Simon. I was in the House of Commons when Mr. Samuel delivered his remarkably able reply to Sir John Simon. The speech was deadly in its cool, destructive analysis, and many M.P.'s wished that it had been given on the previous evening as an immediate counterblast. But the secret of Mr. Samuel's success in speaking is to be found in the care with which he prepares his case, and this takes time. He is specially happy in dealing with statistics, and probably some day we shall see him as Chancellor of the Exchequer. He is uniformly courteous, which has won for him the respect of opponents. And he knows his facts, and can use them clearly and effectively. People talk of a "brain packed in ice," and, listening to Mr. Samuel in a financial debate, you might think such a description applied to him. But hear him on a social question, and the ice melts, and there is evidence of sincere and passionate interest in the welfare of the poor and needy—especially of the youngsters, who are the trustees of posterity. Mr. Samuel has had much to do with the care of the Belgian refugees in this country—work that was congenial to him as a profound sympathiser with that wronged country.

At forty-five he will have the test of his career—that of being Home Secretary, an office which has broken more statesmen than possibly any other. But his friends do not expect failure from Herbert Samuel. He is a man who believes in taking the utmost trouble to fit himself for all the tasks that come to him, and in his home life he is singularly happy.

GERMANY IN ENGLAND.

By the RT. HON. G. W. E. RUSSELL, Author of "Collections and Recollections," &c.

IN September, 1855, Prince Frederick William of Prussia was staying with Queen Victoria at Balmoral. On Michaelmas Day the Queen wrote thus in her journal:—

"Our dear Victoria was this day engaged to Prince Frederick William. . . . During our ride up Craig-na-ban this afternoon he picked a piece of white heather (the emblem of 'good luck'), which he gave to her; and this enabled him to make an allusion to his hopes and wishes as they rode down Glen Girnoch, which led to this happy conclusion."

But the "happy conclusion" was not reached immediately. The Princess was not quite fifteen, and her parents decreed that she should not be married until she had struck seventeen. The announcement of the engagement was deferred until she had been confirmed, and there were various claims and considerations to be adjusted before the arrangements could be completed. On October 25, 1857, the Queen addressed to Lord Clarendon, then Foreign Secretary, a characteristically decisive letter:—

"It would be well if Lord Clarendon would tell Lord Beaconsfield [then British Ambassador at Berlin] not to *entertain* the *possibility* of such a question as the Princess Royal's marriage taking place at Berlin. The Queen *never* would consent to it, both for public and private reasons, and the assumption of its being *too much* for a Prince Royal of Prussia to *come* over to marry *the Princess Royal of Great Britain* IN England is too absurd, to say the least. . . . Whatever may be the usual practice of Prussian Princes, it is not *every* day that one marries the eldest daughter of the Queen of England. The subject, therefore, must be considered as settled and closed."

After all these italics there could be no doubt about the issue, and the princely couple were united in the Chapel Royal at St. James's Palace on January 25, 1858. Everyone was delighted. The emotional Bishop Wilberforce wrote in his diary: "The wedding all as it should be; devotion specially in Prince Frederick William. Natural feeling." The cynical Charles Greville wrote: "The Princess Royal's wedding went off yesterday with amazing *éclat*, and it is rather ludicrous to contrast the vehement articles with which the Press teemed (*The Times* in particular) against the alliance two years ago with the popularity of it and the enthusiasm displayed now." The enthusiastic Tom Hughes burst out in a footnote to the sixth edition of *Tom Brown*, saying that he had just discovered that there were public schools in Prussia, and adding that this discovery would be "hailed with pleasure, especially now that our alliance with Prussia (the most natural and healthy alliance for Protestant England) is likely to be so much stronger and deeper than heretofore."

The bridegroom grew to be "Unser Fritz," that best-beloved of Princes, whose high nobility of soul Mr. Gladstone so fervently extolled; whose splendid presence in the Jubilee Procession of 1887 Londoners have not yet forgotten; and whose death, within four months of his accession to the Imperial throne, was one of the tragedies of modern history. Of the Empress Frederick, our own Princess Royal, it is no exaggeration to say that she was one of the ablest women of her time; and if passionate love of her native country sometimes strained her relations with the Bismarckian school, it is not for us to disparage on that account a character formed by our own free and pacific institutions.

On January 27, 1859, was born the child who is now German Emperor and King of Prussia. Every incident of his life, from that day to this, can be found recorded in German annals, but for his first appearance in English society we must turn, as usual, to Bishop Wilberforce:—

"The wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales (March 10, 1863) was certainly the most moving sight I ever saw. Everyone behaved quite at their best. . . . The little Prince William of Prussia was put between his two little uncles (afterwards Duke of Connaught and Duke of Albany) to keep him quiet, both of whom he bit on their bare Highland legs whenever they touched him to keep him quiet." Truly the child is father of the man.

Eight years pass, and we meet this true Hohenzollern once again in episcopal society. Archbishop Tait writes in his diary for July 6, 1871:—

"The little Prussian Princes, William and Henry, came to see Lambeth at their mother's request. They went all over the place. What are the chances, in these changeful times, of that slight, fair, intelligent boy ever becoming Emperor of a united Germany?"

It was a natural question at a moment when Bebel and Liebknecht were expiating in State prisons their protests against the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine; when the fires of the Commune were scarcely quenched in Paris, and the trials of the Communards were just beginning; when even here, in law-abiding England, Sir Charles Dilke and Auberon Herbert were preaching Republicanism, and Bradlaugh was lecturing on the iniquities of the House of Brunswick. Archbishops are not the most far-seeing of the human race, and Archbishop Tait had a shorter vision than most of his order. But the clearest-sighted publicist in Europe would scarcely have ventured in 1871 to predict what the "Emperor of a united Germany" has accomplished in 1914 and 1915.

Here, for close upon three centuries, we have lived and prospered under a dynasty originally German. Small indeed is the drop of Stuart blood which descends, through the Electress Sophia, to King George V., and the Kaiser himself stands, though rather far off, in the statutory line of succession to the English throne. Yet by 1832, when modern England began, the Royal Family had become, through three generations of unbroken residence in England, as completely English as the rest of us. "Born and educated in this country," said George III. in his first Speech from the Throne, "I glory in the name of Briton"; and the boast was continued, and even exaggerated, in his children. I have heard from people who lived in close association with the uncles and aunts of Queen Victoria that they were conspicuous for the qualities, both mental and physical, which are epitomised in the name of "John Bull"; and in our own time the same traits were manifested in the Duke of Cambridge and his ever-popular sister, Princess Mary, late Duchess of Teck. It was Prince Albert who reintroduced the German element into the English Court. His tastes and habits, his ways of thinking, his opinions in politics and in theology, were all redolent of the soil from which he sprang. He not only spoke, but thought in German. Mr. Gladstone thus described him:—

"A German by birth, he never lost the stamp of Germany; no true man can ever lose the stamp of his own country. A mildly foreign mark upon his exterior and manner, together with the perpetual presence of a manifest endeavour to turn every man's conversation, every man's particular gift and knowledge to account for his own mental improvement, most laudable as it was, yet may have prevented his attaining that charm of absolute ease in his intercourse with the world which he is known to have possessed in the circle of his family."

It is, I suppose, true that Prince Albert was not popular in his lifetime. The affection and respect expressed in the countless memorials, of all descriptions, that perpetuate his name were due to the pathos of his premature death, and to natural sympathy with—it was the Queen's own phrase—"his broken-hearted widow." Still, a character so strongly marked as his, working from the innermost heart of society, through all its concentric circles, could scarcely fail to affect the thoughts and habits of his generation. His influence was diffusive. One trifling, yet significant, mark of it was the introduction and permanent popularity of the Christmas-tree. In matters more important the homage paid to German music was another sign of the same influence. Yet another—and a less fortunate one—was the increasing taste for German sculpture and German painting. And yet once more—and this wholly to the good—was the recognition of German literature as a main factor in modern civilisation.

"SWEET POTATO."

A Southern Fellow Subject.

By ARTHUR K. CHIGNELL, Author of *An Outpost in Papua, &c.*



A GROUP OF "A.N.C."

ON the very day the war began I left my mission station in New Guinea to catch a boat at Samarai, that would carry me to Australia in time for an Orient liner leaving Brisbane for London at the beginning of September.

There are no rapid or regular means of communication in New Guinea, and so it happened not only that all my arrangements broke down (even the Orient liner had been taken for the transport of troops, and I saw her afterwards in the Indian Ocean, one of a fleet of fifty ships, taking Australian soldiers to Egypt), but also that neither I nor anybody else in Samarai knew anything at all for several weeks of what had gone wrong with the world.

The mail-boat, due about August 9, simply didn't come, and the few score white folk on Samarai Island—Government officers, traders, miners, pearl-buyers, missionaries, recruiters—spent their time wondering "what was up!" Had the mail-boat got on a reef again? Was there a new epidemic of small-pox in Australia? Could there be any solid truth in the misty rumour brought by the last N.D.L. boat that the big European War was likely to break out at last?*

There was hardly any work for anybody to do. The stores kept open for an hour or so each day—just for the look of the thing, though they had next to nothing left to sell—and even the Government offices (Magisterial, Post Office, Customs) closed at midday, and went off to play cricket.

And then, on a Sunday night, at the very end of August, the word came. I was preaching a sermon, I remember, in the little church near the beach, when we heard an anchor go down, and in a few minutes everybody was on the wharf listening to the news. The Bishop of New Guinea had come back by the little tramp steamer that had brought the long overdue mails, and he stood on a crate of onions (or it may have been a case of kerosine) and told us all he knew about the beginnings of a war that had been raging for three weeks and more before we 60 or 70 white folk at the other end of the earth on the fringe of the Pacific heard anything at all about it.

I am reminded of all this when I begin to write about the Papuan native whose portrait adorns this article, because I met him for the last time on board that same little tramp steamer early in September as I was on the way from Samarai to Port Moresby.

* * * *

Geridoia, or Gerota (a native in New Guinea does not mind how you spell his name—the chances are he calls himself by different names at different times, according to the dialect he happens to be using), was an A.N.C. ("Armed Native Constable") in the service of the Government of Papua, which is a branch of the Commonwealth Government of Australia, and his name meant "Sweet Potato." He couldn't read or write, he was nothing much of a shot, he had never seen a tram-car or a glass window or a coal fire or a railway train or a copy of the *Daily Mail* or a motor-car or an airship or a top hat or a kippered herring, or any other of the queer and beautiful and ridiculous things that go to make up life for us civilised men. He was simply a savage, who had grown up in a village where all the men were cannibals, until one fine day (though it *rains* most of the time in Papua!) a white man came there—a Government Magistrate on patrol—who noticed him, and picked him out, and took him away to be a "cook-boy" and afterwards a policeman.

When first I met him, about eight years ago, he was dressed in the dark blue uniform of the A.N.C., and he was greasing the Magistrate's boots and leather accoutrements. I was struck by the beautiful energy of his movements, and not less by the way in which he applied the greasy dressing indifferently to the bits of leather and to his own person. When he had polished a boot he would rub the rag over his own cheek, making *that* as brown and brilliant as the finished boot itself!

He knew enough pidgin-English, and so did I, for the purposes of easy talk; and for the year or two that he was orderly to that particular Magistrate (who was a friend of



"SWEET POTATO."

* It *was* true enough, of course, as the N.D.L. boat found on reaching Brisbane, where she was promptly arrested and interned.

mine) I always made a point of seeking him out when I visited the Government station, to hear something more of his views on life in general and on magistrates and missionaries in particular.

Twice I went on patrol with the Magistrate, for weeks at a time, through new and mountainous country, where the natives were unaccustomed to white men, and scattered like rabbits at our approach—and each time Geridoia was told off to attend to me, to unpack my painted canvas bag at the end of the day, and rig up my camp bed, and clean my boots, and brew me what he said was "tea" in the early mornings, and march near at hand all through the day, carrying my umbrella, and my tobacco pouch, and what he called my "shilling bag" (a leather *sling* bag), and driving off the mosquitoes that settled on my back, or cutting off the leeches that tried to wriggle inside my puttees.

* * * *

And Geridoia was a man who had done useful work for King and Empire in his time.

We white men, especially if we have not travelled much, are apt to think of these coloured fellows just as "niggers," and then to worry ourselves no more about them.

But Geridoia, and hundreds of other Papuans like him, have done years of work for the Government which stands in Papua for the objects and for the ideals of the British Empire all over the world. He has his faults, like the rest of us, but for a period of three years, and then for another period of equal length, he was a private and then a corporal in King George's armed native Forces Beyond the Seas; and he obeyed orders and did his work as faithfully and as thoroughly as ever he could have done if he had happened to be born in England, and with a white skin, and enlisted in Kitchener's Army at the outbreak of the war.

* * * *

I saw him once, after he left the Constabulary, in his own village, rather dirty, with long, tangled hair, and nearly naked, just back from the gardens where he had done a morning's work on his own land.

* * * *

And then I met him on board the *Misima*, as we were entering Port Moresby, on the day the Australian Fleet set out from there for the capture of German New Guinea.

The boat was crowded, and all the passengers were excited and mixed up, when a T.B.D. came and circled round us to see exactly what we were, and to ask (jocularly, I suppose, though it seemed most real and serious at the time) whether we had "seen any enemy warships on the way from Samarai?"

There was a mob of natives going to Port Moresby to "sign on" for work on a rubber plantation, and "Sweet Potato" was among them. He introduced himself to me, and we talked about the T.B.D. and about the Fleet that was steaming away so swift and splendid towards the South, and about the submarine (it was lost a few weeks later), and about the Germans, and about the war—all very puzzling, I doubt not, to Geridoia, as it was to me. And next day, as I was going down from my hotel to the boat again, I passed him in a group outside the Government offices waiting to be "signed on," and he came and carried my bag and walking-stick, since I could offer nothing bulkier, and that was the last I saw of "Sweet Potato."

MRS. ALEC-TWEEDIE'S HUT SCHEME.

Some Living Ideas.

THE genius of organisation is to set other people at work. Mrs. Alec-Tweedie has succeeded not only in enlisting the help of a real army of folk all over the kingdom, but in stimulating them to think out for themselves a surprising variety of ways by which to gain interest and secure money. No one need hold out the excuse, "The notion is excellent, but I really don't see how we can carry it into effect here; our people are *so* different, and, besides, there have been such a number of appeals that everyone is getting tired, while (worst of all!) everything has been tried, and there are no really novel methods left."

Mrs. Alec-Tweedie has collected a number of suggestions, or rather of plans, that have been successfully carried out in different neighbourhoods, and we pass these on for the benefit of helpers who may be in want of an idea or two.

Money has been raised in the following manner:—By sales of work, cake and doll competitions (entrance fee 1s. or 2s. 6d., the proceeds sent to the above fund and the dolls and cakes to the hospitals); rummage sales; whist drives; concerts; soldiers' dancing parties; penny subscriptions from Mothers' Meetings; knitting competitions (the socks and helmets sent to the troops and 1s. on each article subscribed to the above fund, with a prize for the best work given out of the fund in the form of a book) —done in a village; house-to-house collections (under the Chairman of the District Urban Council, a printed slip being sent with an addressed reply envelope). The slip one Council used ran:—

"Have you a boy at the front?

"Have you a relative at the front?

"He requires a place to sit in, a place to write in, a place to remember you in, and a place to rest in.

"These huts provide all these and other requirements and comforts.

"The local committee appeal to you to give your mite to this very deserving and necessary object.

"Help our 'boys' and your friends, who are helping you to spend your life in your own home.

"The enclosed envelope will be called for on or before Friday, the —th.

"When you have made your collection, and placed it in the envelope, please seal and hand it to one of the following collectors."

Cheques to be sent to Mrs. Alec-Tweedie at the above address, crossed London County and Westminster Bank.

We have not yet taken any opportunity of printing a full list of patrons. Since this will doubtless interest our readers, we do so this week. They are as follows:—

His Excellency the Japanese Ambassador (the Marquis Inouye); His Excellency the late Belgian Minister (Count de Lalaing); His Excellency the Serbian Minister (Mons. Boshkovitch); the Lord Chancellor; the Duchess of Marlborough; Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland; Right Hon. the Earl of Clarendon; the Right Hon. the Earl of Meath, P.C.; the Hon. Lord Kinnaird, D.L., K.T. (Chairman, Y.M.C.A.); the Bishop of Birmingham, D.D.; the Dean of Manchester, D.D.; the Lord Chief Justice (Right Hon. Lord Reading, G.C.B.); the Lord Mayor of London; Right Hon. Lord Aberconway, K.C.; Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour; Right Hon. Sir Edward Clarke, P.C., K.C.; Right Hon. Sir Edward Carson, P.C., K.C., LL.D.; Right Hon. D. Lloyd George; Right Hon. A. Bonar Law; Right Hon. Sir George Reid (High Commissioner for Australia); Prof. Sir William Crookes, O.M., F.R.S.; Sir Archibald Geikie, O.M., F.R.S.; Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, G.C.B.; Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge, G.C.B.; Admiral Sir James Bruce, K.C.M.G.; Admiral Sir Percy Scott, K.C.B.; Sir Philip Watts, F.R.S.; General Bindon Blood, G.C.B.; Surgeon-General Sir David Bruce, C.B., F.R.S.; Lieut.-General Sir W. Pitcairn Campbell (Commander-in-Chief, Southern Command); General Sir Henry Mackinnon, K.C.B. (Commander-in-Chief, Western Command); Major-General Harold Tagart, C.B. (British Expeditionary Force); Colonel Sir Edward Ward, K.C.V.O., K.C.B.; Major Darwin; Hon. Harry Lawson, M.P. (now Lord Burnham); John Walter, Esq. (chairman of *The Times*); Lady Aberconway; Sir Ernest Waterlow, R.A.; W. Joynson Hicks, Esq., M.P.; Robert Yerburgh, Esq., M.P. (Chairman of Navy League); Sir George Younger, M.P.

TRAINING SCHOOL NOTES.

Mr. H. N. Walker has found much to interest him in the work at Canterbury, where plenty of work is going. The Lancashire men served by his centre are good fellows and appreciate the Y.M.C.A.

Mr. G. Pari Huws is settling down at Waterloo under Mr. Coffey, and thoroughly enjoying the opportunity of "doing something for the men and for Christ."

Mr. L. M. Lewis writes from Hazeley Down, Winchester: "At first I did not care much for the work, but I threw myself into it heart and soul, and now I enjoy it first-class."

Mr. T. Winter is at Willann Camp, Winchester, and reports some interesting temperance work among men just leaving for the front.

Mr. Rupert Lowe is helping at Northampton, and is greatly interested in his work and surroundings there. A thousand men were at a recent concert in the Corn Exchange, and as larger numbers are expected shortly to be placed in the town there are good prospects of an increasingly busy time.

Mr. A. M. Addy is at Bedford after a preliminary week at Northampton. He is among Welsh troops, and speaks of good Sunday services.

Mr. R. St. B. Sladen has been at Tring, but expects to be moved shortly to Berkhamsted.

Mr. J. W. Yorke has quite settled down at Charlton Park with Mr. Lloyd, and a recent visit found him very busy among the artillery men stationed there.

FRANCE, THE HEROIC.

By W. KINGSCOTE GREENLAND.



THE VILLAGE CALVARY.

". . . There are a lot of crosses in this country along the roads, and in churchyards, representing Jesus hanging. There was one at the village we were billeted at, and I stood beside it, and repeated His own Prayer. . . ."

—From a soldier's letter to his mother.

AT last I have had my heart's desire, and been privileged to tread the actual soil of the war. I say privileged, first, because of the difficulty any civilian experiences now in persuading the Foreign Office and the French military authorities to let him go, and that his business is at all necessary, and, secondly, because to spend a fortnight in the bracing society of the French people and their soldiers, no less than our own, is a privilege of the highest order. The worrying and amusing adventures one has in securing a passport and a military permit have been described so often that I need say nothing here, except that never before have I been asked what sort of a nose, mouth, chin, and brow I possessed, nor been catechised so intimately about my personal history, character, occupation, and intentions. I intend to have Sir Edward Grey's passport framed for my study wall, for it is more like a museum than a document, with its array of medical, military, magisterial, and police signatures and stamps. My prime business in going was to preach in Paris and lecture on "Turkey" and "Nietzsche" to the British and American colony, and to spend my days in as many of the Y.M.C.A. huts and tents of the British camps as possible. Also to see as much as I could persuade the British Embassy to permit me to, of the war zone, the desolated towns and villages, and, of course—and this on my own—of the way in which our gallant Ally bears the strain of the struggle. And now I am back again in secure and prosperous England, I find I possess two great disappointments—I may not write of the most interesting things I have seen and the most important civil and military personages I have talked with, nor was I able to see as much of our Y.M.C.A. work or lend it a hand as I desired. How near I got to the actualities of the trenches must remain unrecorded, sufficing only to say that war is a very different thing indeed when you sleep at night knowing that the enemy is but a few fields away, and that what at home I should have said was passing thunder is in truth the roar of the almost ceaseless guns. But let me say a word about four of my most interesting experiences. At the ancient town of Versailles, close to the famous palace of Louis XIV., with its innumerable Napoleonic treasures, is the beautiful Trianon Hotel, so dear to the rich and great in times of peace. This the French authorities have made over to us as our chief British hospital, and here I spent many thrilling hours with our patient, wounded boys. From bed to bed I went, saying such words of comfort and gratitude as I could, and as long as I live I shall retain the remembrance of as high-souled a courage as I have ever seen. Now and then a cheery voice would call my name across the ward, and I hurried to the bedside of some lad I had known or who had heard me preach in Lancashire or Shropshire or London or somewhere. "Write and tell my mother I'm really all right, will you, Mr. Greenland; she'll believe you; you know, I have only lost a leg." Only! What a splendid spirit! Then, "Just pray a minute, will you? The nurses won't mind; they're splendid to us." And outside the autumn sunlight was falling on the bare trees and the snow-clad roads of the pleasant, but bereaved land of La Belle France. Another day, by the good offices of Sir Henry Austin Leigh, of the British Embassy, who, by the way, was junior attaché to Disraeli at the "Peace With Honour" Congress in Berlin, I went to ruined little Senlis. It was occupied by the Germans in the great rush towards Paris. The snow was falling over the dying woods of Chantilly as I passed through, and I caught a glimpse of the famous château of the Duc d'Aumale, which the Prussian officers befouled in every conceivably obscene manner when they stayed there for eight days before they retreated to the Marne. Senlis lies some thirty-two miles from Paris, and here the enemy halted before their abortive rush on the capital. All round me, under a gentle and merciful mantle of snow, were the ruined shops and houses and gardens burnt and defiled by the infuriated invaders. It will be recalled that they said the civilians had fired on their troops, but this was proved to be absolutely false. However, in order to strike terror into the inhabitants—what folly to try to intimidate the French spirit! What grotesque psychologists these German murderers are!—they burnt down the railway station, the long and beautiful Rue de la Republique, and many other streets and houses and works. The heroic Mayor of Senlis, M. Odent, and twenty peaceful citizens were then marched out to the quiet Plain of Chamant, and there shot. A beautiful white cross now marks the grave of these victims of Teutonic brutality. At last, I thought, one realises something that war actually means, and I confess to trembling a little as I stood on the great main road over which the Uhlans rode but a few short months ago. The road was white when I saw it, but some of it was red then. Another experience will live long in my memory. I was invited to attend the memorial service to the martyred nurse, Miss Edith Cavell, in the old Huguenot church, L'Oratoire, which belongs to the French Protestants. By borrowing a black silk gown, I was able to take my place in the procession of the clergy and the British military and Embassy staffs. The singing, or chanting, was solemn and reverent in the extreme, the music being Gregorian and the sermon a life story of the murdered English woman, most powerfully eloquent and tender. The final anthem, as it swelled from the upper orchestra down upon the bowed black throng and brilliant uniforms, I shall hear for many a day:—

Ne plus de deuil ni d'alarmes,
Plus de fatigues, plus de larmes,
Pour eux a cessé la douleur.
A la source de la vie,
Qui jamais ne sera taire,
Ils puisent l'éternel bonheur.
Nous les retrouverons;
Comme eux nous chanterons;
Alléluia!
En Jésus, qui nous a bénis,
Pour toujours nous serons unis!

As soon as I reached Paris I put myself in communication with Mr. Hyde Coleman, who is in charge of our Y.M.C.A. work in Paris. A more busy man it would be difficult to find, yet he was at once at my service, and I was greatly indebted to him for the privilege of seeing something of his work in the city itself; but most of all for the chance of addressing the motor repairers and the camp at St. Denis. He secured me a military motor car, and I found the hut crowded with an eager throng of British khaki—mechanics, with their officers and

chaplain. What glorious audiences these fellows from Coventry and Sheffield and London make, and how long they made one talk I hardly dare confess. And here I should like to say to all those who have fathers and brothers and husbands and sons in France, take comfort to your anxious hearts this winter war-time from the fact that everything that our homes stand for in the shape of warmth and sympathy and material comfort, as well as recreation and spiritual supplies that base towns and war-torn lands permit of, is being lavishly provided by the almost omnipresent huts and tents and voluntary workers of the Y.M.C.A. On the wide sandhills stretching for miles and miles out of Boulogne, where a veritable white city of British soldiers has sprung up, the familiar red triangle might easily be taken for the national emblem.

There is one subject about which little has been written, upon which I am most anxious to say a strong word, and that is the ways in which the French spirit and the French attitude towards life generally modifies their words, general demeanour, and attitude towards the war.

It is a strange irony that makes the French our Allies, for we have little or nothing in common with them. Our racial instincts and mental and physical types ally us far more naturally with the Germans. British and Latin are fundamentally opposed in outlook and nervous and psychological make-up, and "never the twain shall meet." In origin, physique, appearance, manners, religion, morality, temperament, and all that we mean by "genius" and "spirit" we are the poles asunder. Of course, I must not be understood to mean that we are better than they in these things, or they better than us. I mean we are different. It is a long subject, and I shall have to refer to it when I describe my visit; but for a few lines let me indicate what I mean.

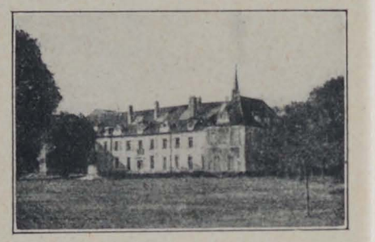
To begin with, the French are a mental people, and we a physical. They always take hold of a question by its mental end. And as they are great conversationalists, and find almost all their recreation in human intercourse rather than in sports and pastimes, it means that an evening with French people is far less likely to drag than with us. Further, they are self-expressive and frank and open and sincere, and don't waste so much time as we do in concealing their thoughts. For this absence of secretiveness and reserve witness their open restaurants as compared with our closed-in public houses. Then they accept life and its laws and facts more and with a better grace than we do, which tends to make them more amiable and less censorious. Were I asked for the greatest difference I detected these past weeks between Paris and London, I'm afraid I should be compelled to say that it was in the presence of incessant grumbling here and the total absence of it there. To live in France is to feel that nine out of every ten things—the nine most important things, too—are right. In England only one is right, and the nine are wrong. This eliminates from French social and political life much, if not most, of its acrimoniousness. But the two points in which the two Allied Powers are farthest apart have yet to be mentioned. Everywhere in French life, yes, everywhere, you feel the presence and detect the influence of women. Yes, and in a sense and meaning wholly good. Cruelly and most ignorantly have we judged, or rather misjudged, our gallant Ally in respect to their women, and foully have we wronged her and them. The women of France are her backbone, and that is why she is so prosperous and frugal in days of peace, and so brave and uncomplaining in her fortitude in time of war. The wife is the husband's friend and business confidante and partner. Said a French lady to me a few days ago: "You often say in praise of some Englishman when he is dead, 'He never took his business troubles home with him, but kept them locked up in the office or the shop,' and you think that to his credit. A French woman would have thought no greater condemnation of his marriage could possibly be made, and she would resent it bitterly." A glance at the streets convinces one of this, especially on Sundays, when husband and wife are seen arm in arm everywhere, rich and middle-class and poor alike. All this makes for greater grace and courtesy in manners and habits, and greatly reduces masculine selfishness and egotism. The same French lady said with a sly laugh: "When you go for your holidays, you like to go with your chums, your 'pals,' don't you say? No Frenchman would enjoy his holiday without his wife."

Sadly I was afraid there was something in what she said. But most of all you realise in France that she is a Republic, and that her people are democratic to the core. It is not that she is politically so only: she is fraternal by national instinct. This conditions more than anything else her present war-like attitude. France belongs to every man; it is his dear land, his joy, his pride. To fight for her, to die for her is not a regrettable necessity, still less a "beastly nuisance,"—it is a privilege. This clannish feeling unites all classes in a great bond of mutual endeavour. The Germans have dared to set their invading foot on the sacred soil of France! That is enough, and every man leaps to his trench and every woman to the helm of the business and the home. That, too, is why I failed to make any Frenchman, and, of course, any Frenchwoman, understand how we allow for one moment our traitorous Press. If any paper over there dared morning by morning to infuse doubt and suspicion, criticism, and discontent into the veins of the nation, that editor would be treated as a *boche*, and his office as a German submarine, if it were caught. Not vauntingly, but with sublime appropriateness and truth, have they still chiselled on their public buildings the magic word of the Revolution—"Fraternity."

THE FALLEN CHRIST.

More about "L'Abbaye."

OUR readers will remember the article in our Christmas Number entitled "The Fallen Christ." The author, Miss Mabel Escombe, writes as follows:—"Some further history of L'Abbaye, or the Château de Sévigné, has just reached me from France, which, with reference to my article on the 'Fallen Christ,' may, I think, prove interesting enough for a paragraph. Since I was there, I understand, a company was started by a German to run the house as a casino; the scene of the fallen Christ being intended for a betting hall. A



L'Abbaye.

decree from Paris then made all places within a certain radius void. The German and the money disappeared, and the house remained unoccupied and unfinished until the war began. From that time it has been used as a temporary home for many thousands of passing soldiers, those at first being Marines called up for the defence of Paris. Yet, for long, peaceful cows, with tinkling Swiss cowbells, grazed round the spot, of which Madame de Sévigné once wrote:—'I have found a tender sweetness in my sorrow since I came here to a complete solitude, a complete silence, the services chanted with true devotion, and a fresh beauty in the garden that has comforted me.' Truly, we live in a world of contrasts!"

NIGHT 'OPS AT THE Y.M.C.A.

(Found on the Table at the O.T.C. Hut, Berkhampsted.) 3 Coy. at it again.

BERKHAMSTED'S braes are bonny,
Where early fa' the dews;
And 'tis there that night 'ops mony
Gie a' o' us the blues.

And when the nicht graws chilly
An' darkness veils the mists;
Then to go on night 'ops is too silly,
Just tak' refuge in sick lists.

Frae out the darkness gloomy
Looms black a welcome sign;
Come inside the Y.M.C.A. so roomy
Wi' its entertainments fine.

If ye'd write tae Annie Laurie,
They'll gie ye pen and ink;
An' if ye'd appease your little Mary
Come inside and hae a drink.

Or if music wad transport ye
Tae realms o' perfect peace,
An' if ye are fed up wi' the O.T.C.
Y.M.C.A. gies ye glee,

OUR FRENCH-ENGLISH PAGE, Conducted by Dr. CHARLES SAROLEA.

HYMNE A LA FRANCE.

II.

Ainsi, ô généreuse et douce nation des Gaulois, un magnanime poëte anglais te décerne ton juste tribut de louanges, avec la sympathie d'une femme et l'intuition du génie. Et aujourd'hui ses paroles inspirées trouvent un écho dans tous les cœurs britanniques. Il y a des nations que nous respectons; il y a d'autres nations aussi que nous aimons. Il y a des nations que nous aimons et respectons tout ensemble. Mais toi, ô France, nous te revérons d'un respect moins distant et plus intime. Toi, nous t'aimons d'un amour plus personnel et plus tendre, et ceux-là t'aiment le mieux qui te connaissent le mieux.

Nous l'admirons pour tes dons merveilleux, pour ta raison lumineuse, pour tes gloires passées, pour l'intégrité et la probité de ton intelligence, pour ton esprit romanesque d'aventure, pour la hauteur de ton courage.

Et nous t'aimons pour ta grâce et ta douceur, pour ta courtoisie et ta chevalerie; parce que tu as été le chevalier-errant de toutes les croisades, parce que tu as toujours été le champion des faibles et des opprimés; parce que tu as toujours été prête à perdre ton âme pour sauver ton âme et racheter l'âme des autres; parce que tu as toujours cherché le beau plus que l'utile, la sagesse plutôt que la puissance, le droit plutôt que la force. Déjà dans les forêts des Druides, il y a mille ans, tes enfants gaulois avaient élevé sur un pinacle le Prêtre et l'Apôtre, le Juge et le Législateur, les exaltant bien au dessus de la force brutale des armes. Dans tout le cours de ton héroïque histoire l'épée du soldat n'a été brandie que pour la défense d'un idéal, et la force militaire n'a été que l'instrument d'un dessein plus haut.

Et nous t'aimons pour ton esprit infini et ton inépuisable allégresse. Tu as toujours rayonné de la joie autour de toi. Tes héros sourient même en face de la mort. Tes maîtres, Rabelais, et Montaigne, ont enseigné que tandis que le pédantisme est morose et rebutant, la sagesse porte toujours un visage serein et joyeux.

Et nous t'aimons à cause de ton humanité. Tu es humaine et sais compatir aux faiblesses de tes enfants. Tu ne réclames pas d'eux une perfection qui n'est pas accordée à l'homme mortel. Tu ne caches pas leurs défauts sous le manteau de l'hypocrisie. Tes ennemis ont appelé tes enfants des vaniteux. Mais pas même tes ennemis n'ont osé les appeler des orgueilleux. Tu n'as jamais adoré le Surhomme teutonique. Tu as plutôt exalté les humbles, les doux et les faibles. Ton instinct social a toujours appris à tes enfants que l'orgueil est le plus odieux des vices, parce qu'il est le plus insociable, parce que c'est le vice qui nous isole le plus de la fraternité des hommes.

Et nous t'aimons parce que tu es incapable de haine. Tes épopées nationales, comme *la Chanson de Roland,* sont des poèmes de chevalerie, de prouesses chevalaresques. Les épopées du Teuton, comme le poème des Niebelungen, sont des poèmes de haine et de vengeance. Les Teutons sont aujourd'hui ce qu'ils étaient dans le passé. Ils sont inapaisables dans leur rancune, impitoyables dans leur fureur vindicative. Et leur rancune est rétrospective. Ils ne peuvent ni ne veulent oublier. Treitschke couve encore les maux imaginaires faits à son pays, il y a mille ans. Toi, tu as toujours été prête à oublier et à pardonner. Tu ne comprends pas la haine. Tu ne brandis pas le poignard de la vengeance. Tu laisses la vengeance au Dieu tout puissant. Tu laisses la rétribution à l'Eternelle Justice.

II.

Thus, O generous and gentle nation of Gauls, did a magnanimous English singer, with the sympathy of a woman and the insight of a genius, pay thee thy just meed of praise. And to-day her inspired words are finding an echo in every British heart. There are nations whom we respect, there are other nations whom we also love. There are nations whom we both love and respect. But thee, O France! we revere with a reverence less distant and more intimate! Thee we love with a more personal and more tender love, and they love thee most who know thee best.

We admire thee for thy marvellous gifts, for thy luminous reason, for the glories of thy past, for the integrity and honesty of thy intellect, for thy romantic spirit of adventure, for the loftiness of thy courage.

And we love thee for thy grace and gentleness, for thy courtesy and chivalry; because thou hast ever been the knight-errant of every crusade, because thou hast ever been the champion of the weak and the oppressed; because thou has ever been ready to lose thy soul in order to save thy soul and to redeem the soul of others; because thou hast ever sought the beautiful rather than the useful, wisdom rather than power, right rather than might. Already in the forests of the Druids two thousand years ago thy Gallic children had raised on a pinnacle the Priest and the Teacher, the Judge and the Lawmaker, exalted high above the brute force of arms. All through thy heroic history the sword of the soldier has only been wielded in defence of an ideal, and military force has only been the instrument of a higher purpose.

And we love thee because of thy infinite wit and thy inexhaustible cheerfulness. Thou hast ever been radiating joy around thee. Thy heroes are smiling even in the face of death. Thy teachers, Rabelais and Montaigne, taught us that whilst pedantry is sullen and repellent, wisdom ever wears a serene and joyful countenance.

And we love thee because of thy humanity. Thou art human and compassionate to the frailties of thy children. Thou dost not claim for them a perfection which is not granted to mortal man. Thou dost not hide their shortcomings under the cloak of hypocrisy. Thy enemies have called thy children vainglorious. But even thine enemies have not dared to call them proud. Thou never didst worship a Teutonic "Superman." Rather didst thou extol the humble, the meek, and the weak. Thy sociable instinct has ever taught thy children that pride is the most odious of vices, because it is the most unsociable, because it is the one vice which isolates us from the fellowship of man.

And we love thee because thou art incapable of hatred. Thy national Epics, like the "Chanson de Roland," are poems of chivalry, of knightly deeds. The Epics of the Teuton, like the "Nibelungen Lied," are poems of hatred and revenge. The Teutons are to-day what they were in the past. They are relentless in their rancour, merciless in their vindictiveness. And their rancour is retrospective. They cannot and will not forget. Treitschke is still brooding over imaginary wrongs committed a thousand years ago. Thou hast ever been ready to forget and to forgive. Thou dost not understand hatred. Thou dost not brandish the dagger of revenge. Thou leavest vengeance to God Almighty. Thou leavest retribution to Eternal Justice.

(To be concluded.)

INQUIRIES ABOUT MISSING SOLDIERS

Pte. T. E. Lobb,
No. 16613, 11 Division, 32 Brigade, 8th Batt. Duke of Wellingtons, M.E.F.
Last heard of September, 1915—then going to Dardanelles.
Inquirer: Miss Emily Lobb,
St. Edward's Convent,
11, Harewood-avenue,
London, N.W.

S. 13163, Rifleman H. Reed,
"C" Co., 4th Platoon, 9th Rifle Brigade, B.E.F.
Missing at Loos, September 25.
Inquirer: Miss Button,
38, Wantz-road,
Maldon.

Pte. H. Cranshaw,
5088, 13th Manchester Regt.,
"C" Co.
Reached France about the end of last August, and nothing has been heard from him since.
Inquirer: Mrs. Marsland,
Ingarsby,
Silverdale-road,
Eastbourne.

Rfn. C. Masters,
1528 B Double Co., 4th Batt. Rifle Brigade, B.E.F., France.
Last heard of in July.
Inquirer: Pte. O. C. Dormon,
4618, R.A.M.C.,
146, Cattenham-road,
Upper Holloway, N.

Pte. William Wheeldon,
4th Co., 2nd Cheshires.
Reported missing on October 3; supposed to have been in the battle of Loos.
Inquirer: Mrs. T. H. Thompson,
Oldfield Lodge,
Bowdon,
Cheshire.

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Ernest W. Beard, Esq., 110, Westbourne Grove, W
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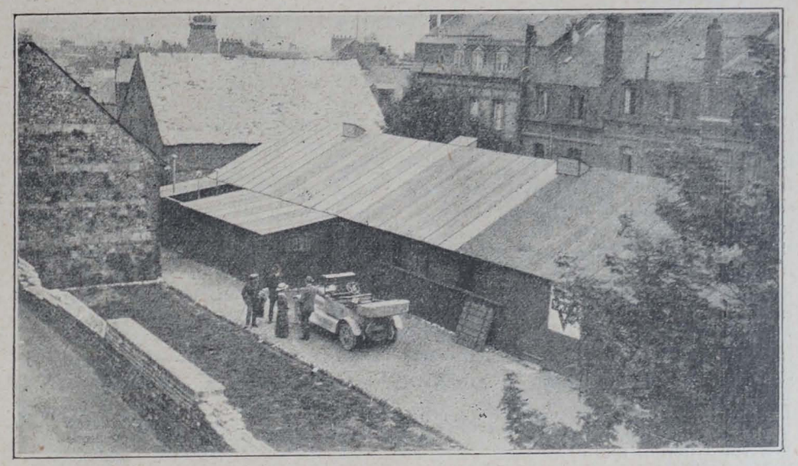
BEYOND THE BOUNDS OF BLIGHTY.

BY THE REV. SPENCER ELLIOTT.


A Red Triangle "D.H.Q.," Somewhere in France.

I.—Crossing the Channel.

I EMERGED from England armed with a special permit to work amongst the British troops, a certificate of identification, and a passport endorsed by the Foreign Office, by a British military officer, by a French representative of *le Commissaire de Police*, by the *Consulat Général de France à Londres*, and by the English embarkation officer. But even all this could not take me to France unless there was a boat wherein to cross the Channel. I had spent the night at the English port, and at 10 o'clock in the morning I was told that a troopship would leave within an hour. I hurried back to the hotel, and packed up in haste. By the time I got my luggage to the harbour the boat had been cancelled, and there seemed no hope of a crossing for another twenty-four hours. But early in the evening word came that we might go aboard. I anticipated all sorts of difficulties before I reached the gangway, and no doubt there would have been trouble enough if my papers had not been in order. But a respectable clergyman, with a pocketful of documents and three photographs of himself and two pages of endorsements, has little o fear. Every one of the officials—police officials, harbour officials, Army officials—was a model of courtesy and, indeed, of kindliness. I found myself in the company of an elderly clergyman, whose garb indicated some country parsonage, and together we trotted after a benevolent officer to the Embarkation Office. My long legs had a tendency to outpace those of my senior brother, and the official looked round anxiously from time to time to inquire after "the old gentleman." Meanwhile, the Army officers shepherded their men with a care that clearly showed why the British soldier speaks so warmly of his officers abroad. It was now dark, and as we left the pier the command came, "Packs off; lifebelts on." It was all done expeditiously and cheerfully. "Now, Bill, you've got your corsets on," whispered one soldier to another, while a third wondered what it would feel like to be torpedoed. I came across the elderly clergyman, and offered him a lifebelt. "No, thank you," he answered; "I think I'll just drown. I've no desire to be frozen first." Something in his manner and in his pronunciation of the words "drown" and "first" made me look at him again, as well as I could in the darkness. "The old gentleman reminds me of a South Country bishop or of a University don," I thought, as I saw him shrug his shoulders and settle down on deck with his parson's cloak pulled closely round him.

I went below, and the idea came to me that it was a pity for me to be amongst all these men—some returning from a short Christmas leave after fourteen months' active service abroad, others going out now for the first time to face unknown hardships and perils—without saying something that might stand them in good stead in the hour of danger. While I was wondering how to begin, voices whispered, "Make room there; a gangway for the padré"; and before I realised it I was talking in a low but clear voice to the crowd of men that lay all around me, "corsets" and all! I spoke of Christmas and its real message, which neither absence from home nor peril abroad could change: "God loves us; He gave His Son." Murmurs of "Hear, hear," I took to be equivalent to "Amen" at the close; and, thus encouraged, I went on to the baggage deck just above, and uttered a similar message there. I was glad afterwards that I had lost no time in doing this, for the ship rolled a great deal as we neared the French coast, and many of us were sick. We crossed in little more than an hour and a-half—an excellent passage. It is not in vain that the British Navy is guarding the seas. With thankful hearts we disembarked. A French official checked my papers. "Suis-je libre?" I asked. "Oui, oui, monsieur," he answered, cheerily. Without difficulty I found the office of the Y.M.C.A. on the top floor of a high building on the Quai Gambetta. There I had a welcome—supper and bed, and an illuminating conversation about the work in France. Next day I met an English chaplain to the Forces, whom I knew. "Did you see anything of the Bishop of Oxford?" he asked; "he was on your boat." "Was that Bishop Gore?" I exclaimed. "Yes," said he, "he is addressing us here to-morrow; you'd better come along."

I went along, and it was a happy beginning to the Christmas Week Mission to have from the Bishop an inspiring message as to the spirit in which we should undertake our work. He spoke to us of God's gift of free choice to man, whereby the power of God to accomplish His purpose depended upon man's response. He helped to remove any lingering doubts as to God's perfect love, even amidst the horrors of war; and he called us to prayer and praise. We went forth strengthened to make the soldiers' Christmas one of real good cheer, and their New Year one of new resolution in the service of God and man. In one of the camps I found the very men who had crossed over in the same boat with ourselves. We had a jest together about our sea-sickness, and then the little Christmas homily begun on board was without further formality continued on land. Then good-bye had to be said; the men were off at once to the trenches.

ARTHUR FEATHER, VENTRILOQUIST.

IT is a cheering sight at any time to see a crowd of soldiers at a Y.M.C.A. hut simply rocking with laughter. Still better is it to see the drawn look of suffering upon the face of a soldier in hospital give place, if only temporarily, to a smile of gladness. But perhaps the best and truly wonderful sight is when one sees a laughing crowd, most of whom were yesterday in the trenches: the trenches!—mud, rainy days and frosty nights, the scream of passing shells bringing, maybe, tragedy to your trench, perhaps to you. To banish for these brave lads the miserable recollections of their last "days in," and to stir their hearty laugh with clean, healthy fun—this is noble as well as useful work. It is the task that Arthur Feather has splendidly and unceasingly performed during the many days of the war.



Associated with the Y.M.C.A. work for over twelve months, he has continued his work in base camps in England and France, in hospitals and convalescent camps, and anywhere else where there were soldiers to be cheered. Perhaps the bit of work he most enjoyed was a "Bradford tea," followed by an entertainment. With funds collected from amongst his own circle of friends he provided, usually in a hospital or convalescent camp, a tea for the men who were well enough to assemble. Smokes were distributed, and then came the introduction of his "pal."

We are sure that the photograph we reproduce will bring to many recollections of jolly times in England or "somewhere in France."

When war was declared and the masses of men began to assemble throughout England, Arthur Feather began his work in his home town of Bradford. Soon he began work under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A., and between the end of August and Christmas, 1914, introduced his "pal" to thousands of soldiers in camps from Bradford to Dover. In the New Year following he went to France.

Those early days in Havre and Rouen are well remembered. Conditions of accommodation and transit were not exactly ideal. Then it was that Feather did some of his most useful work. One evening there came through the pouring rain to a sixty by thirty marquee, crowded to suffocation with soldiers, our ventriloquist and his Yorkshire lad. The counter formed a stage for him, and for an hour he entertained the men, giving them a jolly evening. Then at the end of the show, quietly and reverently, he led the men in evening family prayers. That is why he is so welcome to camp leaders in France—he always appreciates the "C" in the four letters across the Red Triangle. All the camps in Havre having been visited, as well as the hospitals and convalescent depots, Feather would proceed to Rouen. Then, after Rouen, onward to another centre, and so on until nearly all the Y.M.C.A. huts and marquees had been served. Then after a short rest he began at Havre again. Four itineraries were thus made in the spring, summer, and autumn of this year.

When winter began, and the Y.M.C.A. had opened several centres near the actual fighting line, Arthur Feather, to his great delight, went "up the line" to where he could give a "lift up" to many a needy lad. Here he continued his service, sometimes in the open-air, at other times in barns, and most evenings in the Y.M.C.A. marquees and buildings. After many a busy day and an evening show he had more good work to do at midnight. Yes, at midnight! For one of our centres remains open all through the night, so as to minister to the men who depart by the early morning train for England. Night after night, from eleven to twelve, a concert was given to 150 officers and men, who, with mud and stains of deeper and more tragic hue upon their clothes, showed that they had come direct from the trenches.

The work of the Y.M.C.A. with the British Army has many parts. One of these is "to give the oil of joy for mourning and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." In this work, for over twelve months, the Association has been loyal and unselfishly aided by Arthur Feather and his cheery "pal."

G. H.

Queen Alexandra Behind a Counter.

Her Majesty Serves Tea to Soldiers at the Grosvenor Gardens Hut.

"A ROSE by any other name doth smell as sweet"—and a cup of tea from any other hand might be as refreshing to a travel-weary man. But a little group of Tommies who landed at Victoria by the leave-train last Tuesday afternoon will be able to tell for the rest of their lives how Queen Alexandra served them with her own gracious hands in the new Y.M.C.A. hut in Grosvenor-gardens. Perhaps they had looked forward for weeks to that first cup of tea in "Blighty," and dwelt upon the thought that it would be poured out by mother or "missus," sister or somebody else's sister. Certainly they did not anticipate the happy distinction that befell them, nor, we may believe, did the looked-for cup at home lose any of its sweetness, any more than the lady who ultimately dispensed it felt, in the circumstances, any disappointment that she was not, after all, the first.

It was indeed a royal welcome. No less was it a fitting symbol of the queenly service that Lady Ponsonby, Mrs. Bertram Corbett, and their ladies will render there, as a great host of others are doing, at the sign of the Red Triangle, all over our own land and wherever our expeditionary forces are to be found. This fine new hostel is the tenth we have been enabled to provide for the men of the fighting forces, who so greatly need places of rest, refreshment, and friendly shelter on their arrival in London on leave from the front, or as they pass through again on their way back to the trenches. We have heard dark (and, alas! true) stories of drugging and robbery before a man has got a hundred yards from the railway station; many is the man who, by reason of his own folly, or inability to resist the fascination of drink, has never reached home at all during his few days of leave—and what this means of disappointment and heartbreak to his homefolk we need not stay to describe; even apart from these darker aspects of the evil we are out to do away, are there not thousands of soldiers, especially from the overseas contingents, who always looked forward to England as "home," but found themselves lonelier than they had ever been in their lives as soon as they set foot in London? So it was a day of rejoicing when another link was completed in the chain which, we hope, will before long leave none of the great metropolitan termini outside its golden grip. Moreover, it is especially gratifying to be enabled, by the generous permission of his Grace the Duke of Westminster, the owner of the site, and the fine liberality of Messrs. Bryant and May, the donors of the buildings, to open at Victoria, since all the men on leave arrive and depart there. In no other spot could a hut be more truly indispensable.

The crowning glory was the coming of her Majesty Queen Alexandra, accompanied by the Princess Royal and Princess George of Russia, and attended by Colonel Streatfield, to inspect the hut and its equipment, half-an-hour before the opening ceremony. Her Majesty has evinced a keen personal interest in all our work from the very outset, herself giving the hut at Aldershot, which she allowed to be named after her. On this

BETWEEN FRANCE AND FIRESIDE.



Photo: G.P.U.

Queen Alexandra serving tea to soldiers in our new "Bryant and May" Hut at Grosvenor Gardens, Victoria. (See article opposite.)



Photo reproduced by courtesy of the Illustrated Sunday Herald.

Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyle, opening our new "Joy" Hut at King's Cross. (See "Red Triangle.")

Y. M.

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

Organ of the Y.M.C.A. in
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HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

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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.

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occasion she made a complete tour of the new premises, beginning by going behind the counter and pouring tea from one of the urns for the first group of soldiers to avail themselves of the hospitality offered by the new hut. And though she was unable to remain to the actual opening ceremony, she expressed her admiration of all that she saw. The hut is indeed well worthy of the honour of a royal visit. Without being in the least invidious, one may say quite fearlessly that we number no more artistic or spacious hut among all the hundreds that we have been called upon to erect. The splendidly proportioned recreation and refreshment room has windows on every side, including, on the side facing the station, a fine deep bow. A very effective design has been chosen in the matter of window hangings, imparting at once cosiness and brightness to the whole interior. An artistic arrangement of the platform is that by which it is built into an alcove at one end of the main hut, while the counter, instead of being placed, as is often the case, at the other end of the hut, is parallel with the side, opening at the back on to a range of kitchens and other catering apartments, which might fairly be condemned as luxurious if they were not so manifestly a triumph of simple workmanlike efficiency. Down the long corridor that leads from the centre of the recreation room to the cubicles, with their cots for seventy-five men, are bathrooms, drying-rooms for topcoats and other portions of the often rainsoaked clothing in which Tommy arrives, and a big cloakroom with a multitude of pigeon-holes wherein he may safely deposit his kit. Then, of course, there are the necessary offices for secretary, leader, and other workers, as well as quarters for those who "live in." One of the great features of our huts is that while they conform to one general pattern, each is so distinctive. This enables the poor journalist to be quite honest, and say of each successive triumph on the part of architect, building department, and staff of lady workers, "Your new hut is unique." No one who has a chance of visiting the Grosvenor-gardens hut will suspect him of an equivocal compliment!

The opening ceremony was of a semi-private character. It was also commendably brief and to the point. After the National Anthem, the Hon. and Rev. A. G. Lawley offered a prayer of dedication. Lord Kinnaird, whom it was a pleasure to see in the chair after his long indisposition, called upon Mr. Yapp for a general statement as to the position of our work, and particularly as to the development of this special task of shepherding Tommy on his way through London. Mr. Yapp took the opportunity of referring to the splendid work that Lady Ponsonby has already done as head of the staff of lady workers at Abbeville.

On behalf of her Majesty, Lady Ponsonby then declared the hut open. Queen Alexandra, she said, desired her to say how greatly her Majesty admired all that she had seen in her tour of inspection, how much she had enjoyed visiting the hut, and how cordially she wished for it and for all who came to it all possible good luck as long as it exists.

On behalf of Messrs. Bryant and May, W. A. Paton, Esq., formally presented the hut to the Y.M.C.A. After expressing the regret of the chairman of the board of directors of Messrs. Bryant and May at his enforced absence, Mr. Paton went on to say that the directors of the firm had felt very privileged in being allowed to give the hut, and that they did so in recognition of the noble work done by the Association throughout the length and breadth of the land and abroad, wherever our expeditionary forces have been. He said that it was also presented as a thank-offering to Almighty God that He had enabled the firm to carry on its business throughout the period of the war without a day's interruption, and thereby to keep some 3,000 people, chiefly women and girls, in constant employment. They had, he said, sent every available man to the colours, and had at present over 300 on active service. He expressed the thanks of the directors to her gracious Majesty for visiting the hut, and to Lady Ponsonby for the part she had taken in the afternoon's proceedings, as well as for undertaking the task of leading the lady workers.

He concluded by saying that the directors wished to endow the hut with a small but useful commodity, and hoped that every soldier who came within its walls would take away a box of matches!



JACK TAR: "What cheer, Tirpz. Did you 'NUGGET' your boots this morning?"

"NUGGET" BOOT POLISH, in 1d., 2d., and 4½d. Tins.



H. G.

FROM OUR PRESIDENT. A NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE.

TO our Y.M.C.A. workers what word of encouragement can be given for the year upon which we have entered? In the midst of darkness and sorrow, of doubt and uncertainty, be it ours to look up and to see Him Who is the Light of the World, finding in Him the strength and grace needed for the heavy toil day by day. The past year has been one of arduous and unceasing labour for all Y.M.C.A. workers, but when one looks at what has been accomplished in our 1,050 Centres throughout those parts of the world where this awful conflict is raging, we can thank God and take courage. My message to our overtaxed workers, then, is, "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength . . . . they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint."

So the man of prayer and faith goes on, confident and strong, doing the work he is called to, never doubting or faltering. Great and wonderful have been the opportunities. Multitudes have listened to the message and heard the glad news of Salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ. Very, very many have been the testimonies to blessing granted on our efforts. Therefore with faith strengthened we take courage and go forward into another year, ready prayerfully and hopefully to labour on, telling the story of God's redeeming love and mercy; knowing that even amid the storm and stress of battle and strife many have found comfort and help in time of need.

On behalf of all our Y.M.C.A. Committees and Members I desire to return our hearty thanks to the thousands of Helpers who have made it possible to achieve the work of the past twelve months; they have earned the gratitude of our Soldiers and Sailors all over the Empire, and have made the name of the Y.M.C.A. a household word in all the Camps. At present we do not see any prospect of this terrible struggle coming to a close. We therefore ask the co-operation of our friends for another year. We have all learnt many lessons in the past, and we desire each week to make our organization more perfect; while caring for the bodily comforts of the men, and gladly helping to entertain and cheer them both at home and at the front, the matter of supreme importance is ever their spiritual welfare. In this solemn and critical time hard hearts are being softened, and there is a willingness to consider the deeper things that really matter.

May God grant abundantly to all our Workers the spirit of wisdom and understanding, to grasp every opportunity and to speak the right word that will truly help the hearers for time and for eternity. We pray that our Nation may rise to a deeper sense of dependence upon Divine aid, and so be enabled to achieve a victory which shall advance the Kingdom of God on earth and ensure a lasting peace among the nations.

Kmnaud

FOR HONOUR AND HOME.

Members of Liverpool Central Y.M.C.A. who have Fallen in Action.

A. Gordon Bartlett,
Corporal in the Liverpool Scottish.
Killed in Action, at Hooges, June 16, 1915.
Aged 22.

James Cluness,
Private in the Liverpool Scottish.
Killed in Action, at Hooges, June 16, 1915.
Aged 24.

Morton Brown Paton,
Cotton Merchant, Liverpool,
Captain, 10th South Lancashire Regiment,
Attached to 5th Lancashire Fusiliers.
Killed in Action at the Dardanelles, August 7, 1915.
Aged 44.



David Lorimer,
Private in the Liverpool Scottish.
Killed in Action, at Hooges, June 16, 1915.
Aged 20.

Roland Little,
Private in the Liverpool Scottish.
Killed in Action, at Hooges, June 16, 1915.
Aged 22.

Ronald Bruce Wilson,
Private in the Liverpool Scottish.
Killed while On Guard in France, September 28, 1915.
Aged 22.

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A "Ford" well-known in Dieppe.

Our thanks are warmly accorded to those who during the week have made gifts in aid of our work. Among the contributions received January 10 to 15 are the following:—

	£
Brunner, Mond and Co., Messrs.	5,000
Reckitt, Mr. F.	500
Frisby, Miss	250
Cadell, Mrs.	200
Lincolnshire Coast Hut Fund	200
Salveson, Miss	100
Knights, Mr. C.	100
Balance of Bramshott Building Account	92
Gardiner, Mr. H. J.	53
Stokes Trust	50
Brown, Mr. J. Armour	50
Todhunter, Mr. J.	50
Hewit, Haigh and Wilson, Messrs.	50

A lady, writing to Mr. Codford, leader, and quoting the text, "Bread cast upon the waters shall be found after many days," says, "For your encouragement I want to tell you I recently subscribed £25 to the Lord Mayor of Manchester's Fund, solely because of your influence upon my grandson at camp."

Princess Louise at King's Cross.

One of the most attractive and successful opening ceremonies in connection with our war work took place last Saturday, when H.R.H. Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll) very kindly visited the hut which has been erected at King's Cross, through the generous help of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Joy, of Leeds. This hut provides accommodation for large crowds of men, with the usual social facilities, in addition to sleeping accommodation for about forty men. The arrangements are very complete.

Mrs. Joy has already gathered round her a large number of suitable helpers, who looked charming in their light blue uniforms, calling forth special commendation from Major-General Sir Francis Lloyd, K.C.B., who presided, and added to the obligations under which he has placed the Association by another fine tribute to the work being done.

H.R.H. also made a charming speech, and thoroughly examined the whole equipment.

The Admiral's Signal.

On the occasion of the opening of our new hut at Queenstown, the Admiral in command there made on three several days the signal, "Y.M.C.A. hut now open for naval men at Castletown, Berehaven, Bantry Bay, and at Queenstown." It was a high compliment.

Fresh Woods and Pastures New.

Among recent developments we have to record the opening of a hut at Hitchen, replacing the marquee which has been in use there since July of last year, the provision of another canteen for munition workers in the area for which Mrs. Winston Churchill is responsible, and the opening of a marquee on Hampstead Heath for the use of the O.T.C. men in training on the Heath. The last-named was opened by Major-General Sir Francis Lloyd, who, in the course of a characteristic speech, addressed the men in their capacity as future officers, and counselled them, in the words of St. Paul, to "put on the whole armour of God." That phrase, he said, summed up the whole meaning of the officer's life and his whole duty. In every department of life they were to act up to this high ideal of the British officer.

Clevedon, Somerset, has lately opened four Y.M.C.A. centres for the troops recently billeted there. And they are crowded out!

AT THE SIGN OF THE RED TRIANGLE.

News and Notes Gathered from All Quarters.

From a German Prison.

John Wild wrote home from a prisoners of war camp in Germany that he was in danger of serious illness through the hardships to which he was being put. Mr. McCann thereupon wrote to Mr. Harte, the American Y.M.C.A. secretary in charge of the work among prisoners of war in Germany. As a result Mr. McCann has received the following letter from Berlin (of course, through a neutral country):—

"Dear Sir,—I am in receipt of your letter to Mr. Harte concerning Private John Wild, and wish to assure you that we shall do all in our power to assist him. Her Royal Highness the Crown Princess of Sweden is making a special effort to aid a number of needy prisoners in the various countries, and I have referred Mr. Wild's case to her. She no doubt will provide him with packages at frequent intervals. I am also writing Mr. Wild personally, and trust I may receive a reply from him. I am now sending your letter to Mr. Harte, who at present is in Russia.—Very sincerely yours, Conrad Hoffmann."

The "we" of the letter refers to the German Y.M.C.A. and Student Christian Movement.

Our Young Veteran.

A score of men dined together one night recently to celebrate the sixtieth birthday of Mr. F. C. Bennett. The gathering was remarkable in that the average period of Association service was twenty-four years. Mr. Bennett has been thirty-five years in Association work, and during that time has rendered service in every part of the country. His speech on this occasion rivalled his best efforts at annual meetings, though, out of regard for a somewhat irreverent audience, it was admittedly shorter.

Mr. Yapp told a story which ought to be placed on record. On one occasion Mr. Bennett was delivering his famous illustrated lecture on "Y.M.C.A. Work," at Derby. One of the closing pictures was intended to be that of Sir George Williams, the founder of the movement. The lecturer proceeded to pay his tribute to Sir George Williams in most eloquent terms, and said how his next picture was of one of the greatest philanthropists living, and immediately there appeared on the sheet his own photograph. One need only explain that Mr. A. K. Yapp was the lantern operator.

An illuminated address, which ought to be read to be appreciated, was given him, as were other pleasant tokens of the esteem and love of a wide circle of friends



Workers and Orderlies in a Canadian Camp.

Bloemfontein.

The branch of the Y.M.C.A. at Bloemfontein, O.F.S., South Africa, having obtained the necessary official sanction, inaugurated institute work at the Tempe cantonments near the city for the benefit of the men attached to the South African Mounted Rifle regiments prior to their departure for the German South-West African campaign. Two large marquees were erected, one fitted up as a recreation and reading room (with piano, &c.), and the other for the supply of refreshments. These facilities were greatly appreciated by the men during their few months' stay at Tempe, and the committee received many expressions of appreciation and thanks from the O.C., General Lukin, and all down the ranks. With the departure of the troops for the field of activity this special branch of work naturally ceased, but should the opportunity again present itself in the future for similar services, there is no doubt the Association will readily take it up.

A very successful Fellowship meeting is held on Sunday mornings in the reading-room of the Association, when prominent local ministers and laymen give helpful addresses to the members.

Gramophones and Lanterns.

We gratefully acknowledge the gift of a gramophone, with all accessories and a set of records, from Mr. A. H. Mathison, 92, Beaufort-mansions, Chelsea, S.W. This instrument has been placed at our disposal for use in the Central Y.M.C.A., Tottenham Court-road, and will be a welcome addition to the attractions for soldiers at that centre. A special appeal for a gramophone comes from an Anti-Aircraft Section, which wants it for use during the watches of the night!

A large number of gramophones are needed for use in our huts, and we would also urge our appeal for magic-lanterns.

The Old Girls' Society of the Clifton High School have presented the "Arthur Burn Hut," Salisbury Plain, with lantern and outfits. The Chiseldon Hut is the fortunate recipient of a similar gift from Mr. O. King Smith, J.P. Mr. Osman King Smith has at this latter hut secured a library of over 2,000 volumes, classifying and cataloguing same. Nearly 400 borrowers are on the list.

Doubling Our Work in Egypt.

A letter from Mr. Kenneth Saunders bears the interesting news that Mr. Saunders and two other Y.M.C.A. workers bound for India were booked to sail by the *Persia*, which, of course, never reached Port Said.

Mr. Saunders also says: "I remember longing two years ago to see a Y.M.C.A. in Port Said, and a splendid building has just been lent us. It should be open in a week.

"Our work in Egypt is great, but equipment at present is much behind that in France, and they need more money, a Ford van, and all kinds of lantern slides."

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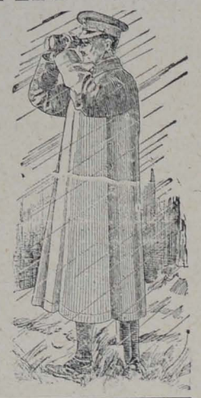

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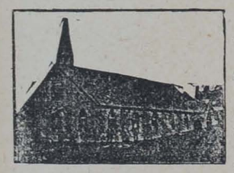

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LEISURELY LETTERS.

From One Booklover to Another.

MY DEAR A.,—Of course, there was a time when we took Germans as a joke. It seems so long now since we found ourselves able to take them anything but very seriously—though I gather that in the trenches the incorrigible British habit of healthy laughter at your opponent still holds sway. Perhaps if we had all realised the truth of the pictures our humorists used to paint we should have been more prepared for the Rhinelander as we have come to know him now.

This highly improving train of thought was suggested to me by a delicious hour over *The Caravaners*. I am not sure whether you read it when it was first published, some few years before what doubtless the Kaiser meant to be the German era—or, perhaps, with his affinity for things Turkish, he would call it *Negira*—August, 1914. I had not, and the other day found myself medically interned (*i.e.*, ordered to bed for a term of days), and put on a diet of "sevenpennies." This being among the most recent in Macmillan's list, I naturally tackled it first, chiefly because it was by the author of *A Solitary Summer* and *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*. I am not ashamed to confess that I devoured it at a sitting. Before the war I should have been inclined to set down the German Baron, who is the hero (save the mark!) of the book, as a totally preposterous caricature, to be likened only to one or two of the characters in Mrs. Sidgwick's *Cynthia's Way*. He is induced, by an unusually civilised neighbour in Storchwerder (a young widow, to be precise, whose sister has married an English husband) to bring his browbeaten and submissive *hausfrau* on a holiday to England, there to join her, her sister and brother-in-law, two men friends, and two "flappers" caravaning in Kent. The expedition was to last a month. It lasted ten days—thanks to the sublimely obtuse egotism and hopeless personal hoggishness of the Baron! How his wife got emancipated and the attractive widow proved to have been all the time in love with the Socialist M.P., how the Baron, after snobbishly "sucking up" to the budding peer of the party, ends by upsetting the peer's father on the high road by driving caravan against motor-car, I leave the Baron to tell you—for with superb satire the story is set down by the Baron himself. The humour is biting, but not brutal. You never look for a moral in a novel, I know. You think better of me, I hope, than to suppose my inclination to lie that way. But I shall be surprised if, when you have read *The Caravaners*, you don't ask, first of all, "Why didn't we all see it sooner?" And then, "Well, I wonder whether it isn't true, after all, that we and the Germans are first cousins—psychologically, at any rate?" The chief inspiration that one derives from the book is in this deduction: that if German women are so much better than German men, as our author clearly believes and by implication asserts, there is much hope for Germany after all!

It is sometimes a loss to come into personal contact with the author of a book which you have very much liked—just as it may be to make the acquaintance of a man who has moved you to admiration as a public speaker. When the reverse happens, however, it is a day that marks the discovery of a double treasure. There walked into my room not long since a brown and breezy person, who was announced as Arthur K. Chignell. Forthwith I experienced an eager desire to do two things—to get a four-feet-in-the-fender talk with him, and to find a quiet evening wherein to read once again his book, *An Outpost in Papua*. Benjamin's portion of good luck has been bestowed upon me, for I have had the opportunity of both. I hope he may be induced some day soon to set down in these columns, or hereabouts, some of the things he said to me over coffee and a pipe. Meantime, for you there is the book, which you can now get for a shilling in Smith Elder's new edition. I am glad it has come down from the portly half-guinea tome in which I first met it to a jolly little fat blue pocket volume, because it is a book to carry about with you and to dip into as you would into *Memories and Portraits*. Stories or sketches about life in the South Seas have always had a special fascination for me—perhaps because R. L. S. and Jack London have written so gloriously about them ("Barbarian!" I hear you say. "What a mind the man has! R. L. S. and Jack London!" Well—I warned you.) Yet even more than by the brilliance of certain people's writing have I been drawn by the intrinsic romance and the elemental simplicity of those smiling, surfbeaten specks of coral, and the half-savage, half-childlike men and women who call them home. Now New Guinea never attracted me after that fashion till I had occasion to read a group of books about it, of which this one stood out as among the gems. It is the work of a man who has spent a score of years as a celibate missionary in a remote district on the north-east coast of that vast and still only half-explored island. But you are not beset in it by continual discussions or dogmatisms relating to "the missionary problem," "the colour problem," or the rest of the miserable hyphenated jargon beyond which some missionaries never succeed in passing. The author's frankly declared purpose is to interest you in Papua, and so he introduces you to a dozen or so Papuans, whom he has known, loved, laughed over, and led during many working days. They are only twenty years from cannibalism, and still near enough to revert to it with disconcerting speed if left entirely to themselves. They are not yet out of the amazing danger that follows on over-much or over-quick civilisation. But they love the simple life to perfection, though they lack all the luxuries, and most of the "necessities," which we think it necessary to acquire before beginning our mild efforts towards a suburban Utopia.

When the world is in the melting-pot and our European naval engagements are fought in the far Pacific, we may well wonder what will be the effect upon these simple lookers-on—who may, after all, be seeing most of the game, amidst our "recrudescence of barbarism." As between the all-civilised nations of the North, how are the splendid characteristics of these quondam savages of the South to be kept unspoiled for the ultimate salting and strengthening of this our very superior hemisphere? We do no wrong in envying Reuben and Peter, Thomasiko, and "Mr. Tomlinson" many of their elementary virtues and all of their physical perfections. But this is not to suggest that they need nothing more. The question which affects us as much as it concerns them is how we are going to give them the secret of development (which is Christianity) without those seeds of polished and successful decadence (often known as civilisation) which have sprung into such deadly flower and fruit among ourselves.

There now—and I said the book was so refreshingly free from fatuous stuff, about doctrines, problems, and methods! So it is, but it is so human that you feel these lives actually touching your own—which may suggest that you and I are the problem. However, here are some three hundred and seventy pages of sunshine, fresh air, real humour, and very real "enthusiasm of humanity," all shot through with an unobtrusive but all-kindling passion to share God's best with those to whom it belongs.

For seven years I have coveted four books. Don't you remember how keen F. was on Francis Peabody's *Mornings in the College Chapel*, at Oxford? You and I resolved that we simply *must* get them, after those exciting Wednesday Club discussions of Peabody's *Jesus Christ and the Social Question*. But in the wisdom of the American publishers we were called upon to pay a sovereign for the set, and we were as hard up then as we are now—nearly! A few days ago I found, to my great joy, that Messrs. Constable have, so to speak, "naturalised" the four (the two volumes of "mornings" and the one each of "afternoons" and "evenings") by issuing them at 2s. net each volume, and at last I possess the treasured pages. One of the best sayings in *Letters of a Business Man to His Son* is his prescription for letter-writing:—"Have something to say. Say it. Don't talk!" Peabody fulfils all these conditions, and they are far more difficult in speaking than in writing. You will recall the nature of these gems. They were given as two-minute addresses at morning prayers at Harvard. They supplied a man with enough to think about for the rest of the day, I know. Confined in the case of "Mornings" to two small pages, the studies drive home a single point on each occasion, but with a wealth of pithy sentences which, without being annoyingly epigrammatic, start a dozen interesting and valuable trains of thought. Moreover, the main idea of each brings you up to some familiar truth or favourite passage from an entirely fresh angle, yet there is no cheap straining after novelty at the expense of good sense, or, which is so much worse in such a connection, of good taste. You have here a rare blending of virility and beauty. Though some of these pages were written more than twenty years ago, they are so directed to the essential man that they are as refreshingly stimulating as ever. How I wish the men you and I have to listen to these days, especially in camp at parade services, or in Y.M.C.A. huts, would make these their model. Fanatic as I know you think me in such matters, I even would not object to a little honest theft! We can turn to Peabody for ourselves, though, now, even if our betters are ignorant of him or despise him.

Yours as ever,

B.

These books, or any others, may be purchased at our Book-room, Y.M.C.A., Tottenham Court Road, W.C., or will be sent by post on receipt of published price, plus postage.

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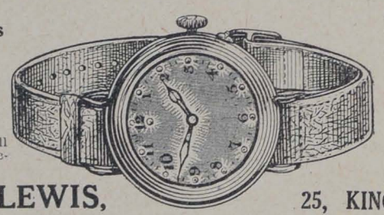

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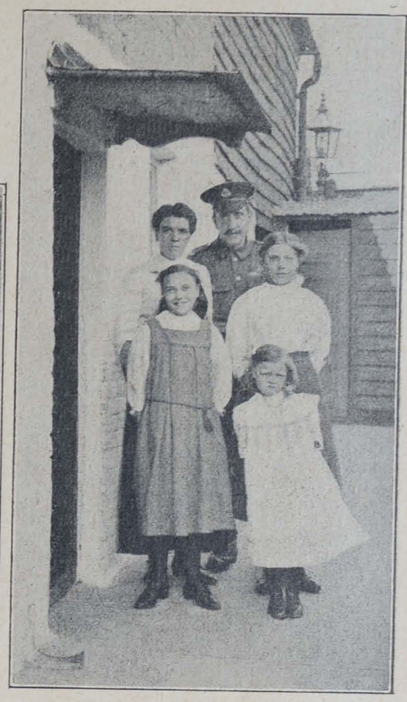
SNAPSHOTS FROM HOME.

NEWS AND NOTES.







TYPICAL SNAPSHOTS TAKEN BY A. L. SIMON, KEW.

ANOTHER very successful "At Home" was held by members of the League—this time at Huddersfield—on Friday last, January 14.

The proceedings were reported at some length in the *Huddersfield Examiner* of January 15, and from this report we reprint the following extracts, with acknowledgments:—

"Someone has said that there is some work connected with the war for everyone to do, and that those who cannot join the fighting ranks can help to encourage the men who have done so, and also help in the alleviation of suffering. One sphere of such beneficent activity was the subject of an address to Huddersfield photographers at the Y.M.C.A. Rooms last night. The lecturer, Mr. W. C. Thorn, is connected with the headquarters of the Y.M.C.A., and it is under his care and guidance that the 'Snapshots from Home League' has grown to such large proportions. Mr. F. Radcliffe (chairman of the local committee to further the object) presided, and there was a fairly large attendance.

"The lecture was made more interesting by the exhibition of lantern slides illustrative of the Y.M.C.A.'s work amongst the soldiers in France. On the walls were exhibited enlargements of many capital snapshots taken by members of the League.

"Mr. J. W. Scholefield (secretary of the Huddersfield Y.M.C.A.) spoke on the value of the work from the standpoint of the Y.M.C.A. camp workers. He mentioned that over 150 snapshots had been sent from Huddersfield, and they now had over fifty workers. He invited more photographers to join the branch.

"During the course of the evening light refreshments were served, and those present spent a most interesting and instructive evening."

The following letters, taken at random from among the many received at headquarters, both direct and from workers to whom they have been sent, give some idea of the gratitude and appreciation with which Snapshots from Home are received:—

Pte. S. Homan, A.S.C. Labour Co., No. 6,899, No. L. Base, B.E.F., France, wrote to Mr. R. R. Love as follows:—"Just a few lines thanking you very kindly for the snapshot of my wife and children, which I think has turned out very nicely indeed. Well, sir, I think if it was not for the Y.M.C.A. our evenings would be very long and miserable. We must thank these people for being so kind to us. We have someone to think of us and to help pass the weary evenings away, thank God."

H. Peppiatt wrote to Mr. R. R. Love as follows:—"I hardly know how to thank you for the photo (I can only say that it is taken very well), and also for being so good as to go to the inconvenience of doing such a grand thing for one in such a humble position as myself. Well, sir, I am a member of the Y.M.C.A., of which I have been a member since I came out to the war. I really cannot say any more at present, only that I wish to thank you on behalf of my parents and sisters and brothers from the bottom of my heart."

Pte. W. Paffett, of the 2nd Coldstream Guards, attached to 7th Entrenchment Battalion, 3 Company, Third Army, B.E.F., writes as follows:—"I now have the greatest of pleasure in writing these few lines to you in acknowledgment of the snapshots, which I have received quite safely, and was very pleased with same, as I must tell you it makes a soldier feel at home when he can see the old people whom he left so long ago. I am sure one can go into battle with a stouter heart for looking at the photos."

Private A. Lay, No. 5,757, 2nd Queen's R.W.S.R.A. A. Co., 7th Division, B.E.F., writes as follows:—"A line to thank you for your great kindness in taking the trouble of snapshotting my dear wife and children. I think it is very kind of you, and the photos have come out very nicely of them all. It is nice to have their pretty faces to look at whilst in the trenches. It gives any man a much bigger heart."

Private Edward D. Lunn, No. 13,525, 3rd Section, 17th Company, A.S.C., writes as follows:—"Allow me to tender to you my heartfelt thanks for the ray of sunshine you have put into the life of myself and wife at the time when the dark clouds are hanging over the homes of all loyal and peace-loving citizens. The photos are beautiful, and I shall prize them. The Y.M.C.A. are doing a wonderful work, and their huts are a great boon, especially now the cold, dark nights are upon us."

THE WAR AND UNITED INTERCESSION.

The Queen's Hall, Langham-place, W., has been engaged by the World's Evangelical Alliance for another Day of United Intercession on Monday, February 7, at 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. Leading clergymen, ministers, and laymen of the Metropolis will take part, and there will be united intercession throughout the day for our sailors and soldiers, for a successful issue from the war, and for those suffering thereby.

NOTES ON DAILY READINGS.

For the Junior Department Branch of the Scripture Union.

By SIR MATTHEW DODSWORTH, Bart.

Saturday, 22nd.—Daniel xii. 1-13. *"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament"* (verse 3). Wisdom is necessarily associated in the Bible with a due recognition of God, and the Bible knows no true wisdom that leaves Him out of account. On a foggy day the only things visible may be those which are close at hand, but by and by the fog clears, and the sun shines forth revealing the sky in all its vastness as well as the earth. Similarly there are often times when, under the conditions of our human ignorance, the things of God are liable to be lost to sight. At such moments let us remember that it is our sight, and not God, that changes, and that it is those who are wise towards Him who will eventually share in the glory of His presence.

Sunday, 23rd.—Psalm xl. 1-17. *"Lo, I come; in the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do Thy will, O my God"* (verses 7 and 8). We are told in the Epistle to the Hebrews (x. 5-10) that these words point to the coming of Christ into the world and to His sacrifice on our behalf. In ancient days men were commanded to appear before God with the sacrifice of beasts, but here the writer is guided by God to make the statement "sacrifice and offering thou didst not require." Then the voice of Christ is heard proclaiming His own coming to take the place of these temporary offerings which for a time had kept men alive to the need of a sacrifice for sin. Millions since then have read their own experience in verses 2 and 3 as they have realised the depths from which Christ has saved them.

Monday, 24th.—Psalm xli. 1-13. *"By this I know that thou favourest me, because mine enemy doth not triumph over me"* (verse 11). There is a reason for everything if we only knew it, and it is always a good thing for a boy to form the habit of finding out why things happen as they do. In this Psalm the writer has been studying the reason why his enemies did not win the day against him, and he finds the explanation not in his own strength and ability, but in the favour of a mighty God. In the great life-battle against sin this is the greatest discovery that a boy can make, and until it is an assured fact to him he will certainly not be coming off victorious.

Tuesday, 25th.—Ps. xlii. 1-11. *"As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God"* (verse 1). Travellers tell us that in ancient days there were water-courses for the purpose of bringing water into Jerusalem. They were covered over with slabs of stone so that the wild antelope would be able to hear and sniff the refreshing stream without being able to reach it. In days of sadness or disappointment many a one earnestly longs for God's relief as did the writer of this Psalm, who at the same time refused to surrender his confidence in God because the relief was long delayed. The triumph of his faith is well described in the last verse.

Wednesday, 26th.—Ps. xliii. 1-5. *"Why go I mourning?"* (verse 2). This is a question, though perhaps in different words, which is constantly being asked by those who feel the pain of sorrow, temptation, or perhaps of sin. Why does God permit these things, they ask, when He could so easily make my life bright and free from these troubles. It is true that God might act in this way if it were not for the fact that anyone cradled amid such easy conditions would never develop a strong and manly character. There are lands where oaks grow rapidly, while in our rougher climate they take centuries to mature, but it is only the timber from the latter that is of the highest value. (See Hebrews v. 8, 9.)

Scout Handbury Davies is the interpreter of the Y.M.C.A. staff in Dieppe. For nearly twelve months, since the arrival of the Association's original workers, he has been doing invaluable work, quite gratuitously, among



the troops. He is an Englishman, resident in Dieppe, with a perfect knowledge of French, and is a familiar figure in the huts and a great favourite among the soldiers and workers.

Thursday, 27th.—Ps. xliv. 1-14. *"We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, what work Thou didst"* (verse 1). Let every boy gather all he can from the experience of his parents and other good advisers. In the Merchant Service young apprentices are taken in hand by those over them, and are taught the secrets of navigation. To that instructor it is a subject, not merely of head knowledge, but of practical experience. But to the boy it is all strange, and his efficiency depends upon his attention. In those lessons not only his own future safety, but that of others, is involved. How much more important is it for a boy to gather up all the knowledge that he can in regard to life and how to live it.

Friday, 28th.—Ps. xliv. 15-26. *"Shall not God search this out? For He knoweth the secrets of the heart"* (verse 21). When circumstances are difficult it often happens that ways and means of escape suggest themselves which are not quite straight. Like "the strange gods" which the writer and his countrymen were tempted to worship at a time of suffering and disaster, they seem to be worth trying. The straight path seems to lead nowhere; the crooked path gives promise of better things round the corner. Let a boy remember that round that wrong turn stands God as Judge, while in the straight path there is God as His people's Saviour and Friend, present no less surely because invisible.

Sir Henry Procter has received a most interesting letter from Mr. L. G. Cranna, General Secretary of the Bombay Association, telling of good progress in our work there. "In one sense," says Mr. Cranna, "we do not feel the effect of the war in this country, but, nevertheless, we are constantly brought face to face with its terrible reality. . . . All our work progresses favourably, and we are more than thankful for the blessings which have been ours during the days that have gone by. Usually at this time of the year the Central Branch Chambers are full, but as there are so few men arriving now, we have about ten vacant rooms, which means a considerable loss of revenue; but, taking all things into consideration, we have done very well, and I am in hopes that we may be able to close the year with a credit balance." The letter goes on to speak of individual departments, especially the hostels under the care of Messrs. Hindle, Canara, and Hinds respectively, and the splendid physical work conducted by Mr. Munro. In the case of Mr. Hindle's hostel, the report reads: "Hindle . . . is gaining the confidence of his men. About twenty of them have their meals together, and Hindle and Mr. and Mrs. Paul join them. This is creating a hostel spirit, and spirit of fellowship, which is good."

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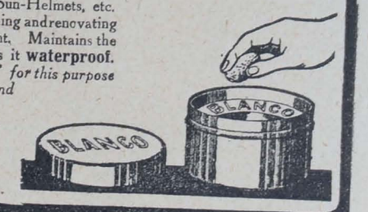



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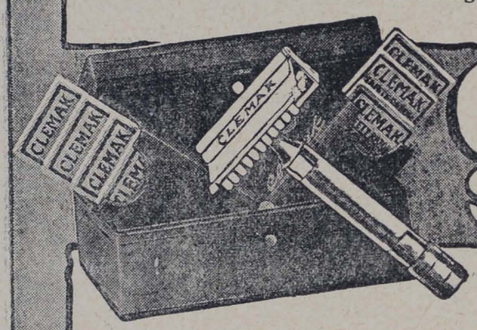

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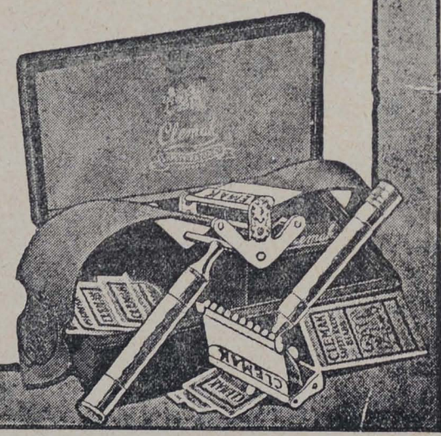

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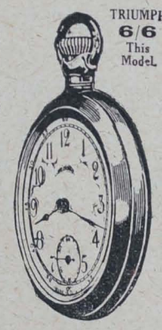



SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN LIVERPOOL.

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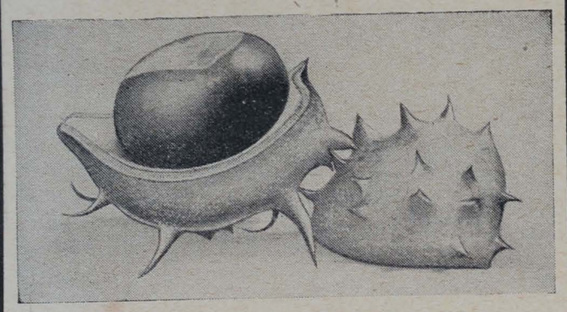

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The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly

No. 55. Vol. 2. JANUARY 28, 1916. PRICE 1d.

W. W. JACOBS.

ABOUT twenty years ago two shy young men climbed four flights of stairs to an editor's office. One of them was Will Owen, who was beginning his career as a black-and-white artist. The other was his friend, W. W. Jacobs. The artist was enthusiastically confident as to the ultimate success that would come to W. W. Jacobs, but the latter seemed very uncertain whether it was worth while writing the riverside sketches on which he had started. Chiefly because of Will Owen's enthusiasm, the editor accepted the first long story which W. W. Jacobs had completed. Hitherto his aim had been to compress a story into the limits of about 3,000 words—the length to which he has been loyal ever since. Very quickly the appreciation which the public gave to the story showed that Will Owen was more than justified in the view he took of his friend's ability. It was an instance of perfect combination of art with literature, this association of Will Owen with W. W. Jacobs. The one interprets the other, and it is almost impossible to imagine the average "Jacobs" character—captain, mate, watchman, or ship's boy—without recalling the humorous sketches of Will Owen. I fancy that any future illustrator of W. W. Jacobs' stories would be in as unenviable a position as the artist who follows Tenniel in illustrating *Alice in Wonderland*.

W. W. Jacobs was led to write of life on board river boats because from early boyhood he had been acquainted with it. His forefathers had been busy in this line of work, and it was natural that he should draw on this reservoir of memories. The curious thing is that foreigners—the Russians especially—should be just as much amused with the doings and sayings of these English river men as the Cockney reader who may have seen types of "Jacobs" characters. What is the secret? For one thing, the plot is always quite clear and simple. That may sound an ordinary compliment, but it is not. It requires genius to evolve a consistent story out of ordinary conditions, introducing not more than three or four persons, and concluding the story logically in about 3,000 words. The army of story-writers who fail will be the first to admit the consummate success of W. W. Jacobs in this achievement. Then there is fun in each of his stories. Primitive fun, I grant; the humour of a returned stranger being flattered and entertained; the mistaken consideration given to an old man supposed to be rich; the rivalry between two suitors for the same young lady's hand; the unexpected voyage of an unwilling traveller; and similar plots. Humour is evanescent and mostly topical. You can "date" it, and seldom it survives the period in which it was written. I am not sure whether people to-day would be as highly amused with *Three Men in a Boat* as some of us were twenty-five years ago. To-day Stephen Leacock is making readers in two continents laugh, but his style is too modern and his themes too "up to date" to survive the present moment. But with W. W. Jacobs there is something of the same subtle observation of human character as Dickens displayed, put up in tabloid form. I always think that he is particularly original in the sly "twist" that he can give to a sentence. In the sketch, "The Grey Parrot," an engineer asks his wife about his parrot.



Photo: Reginald Haines.

MR. W. W. JACOBS.

"Where is it?"

"Part of it is on the mantelpiece," said Mrs. Gannett, trying to speak calmly, "part of it is in a bonnet-box upstairs, some of it's in my pocket, and here is the remainder." She fumbled in her pocket and placed in his hand a cheap two-bladed clasp-knife.

"On the mantelpiece!" repeated the engineer, staring at the knife; "In a bonnet-box!"

"Those blue vases," said his wife.

Mr. Gannet put his hand to his head. If he had heard aright one parrot had changed into a pair of vases, a bonnet, and a knife. A magic bird, with a vengeance!

"I sold it," said Mrs. Gannett, suddenly.

The engineer's knees stiffened inhospitably, and his arm dropped from his wife's waist.

The story is fun told in shorthand, if one may use that expression. Not a word is wasted, and every word tells. That is W. W. Jacobs's secret of success.

GERMANY AND CIVILIZATION.

By the RT. HON. G. W. E. RUSSELL, Author of "Collections and Recollections," &c.

LAST week my paper fell under the "abhorred shears," and they closed on a peculiarly awkward place. By cutting off the last sentence they made me appear an admirer of the influence which Germany has exercised on England, and nothing on earth could be farther from the truth than this.

But, before I remedy this signal error, I must call attention to two or three other points which will show that the paper was not only curtailed, but, owing to postal dislocations, was also uncorrected by me.

1. "Civilisation." I wrote *Civilization*. After having written for the Press more or less regularly ever since I was thirteen, I am as far as ever from understanding why compositors insist on altering "z" into "s."* The Bible and Shakespeare write "baptize," and Macaulay writes "organize," but an author who endeavours to follow these authoritative examples has to be keenly on the watch against "baptise" and "organise." Last week my vigilance was evaded.

2. My paper dealt with the year 1857, when Queen Victoria was making arrangements for the marriage of her daughter the Princess Royal with the father of the present German Emperor, and I am made to say, within confidential brackets, that "Lord Beaconsfield was then British Ambassador at Berlin." There was no Lord Beaconsfield till 1876, and in 1857 Mr. Disraeli was Leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons. Lord Bloomfield was, I think, the Ambassador whom the Queen charged with the duty of telling the King of Prussia that, if his son wished to marry the Princess Royal of England, he must do it, not at Berlin, but in London.

3. "Here, for close upon three centuries, we have lived and prospered under a dynasty originally German." I cannot pretend to understand this computation. The House of Hanover inherited the Crown of England when Queen Anne died, and that was not "close upon three centuries ago," but rather more than two. King George I. ascended the throne in 1714; England has prospered under six of his direct descendants, and prays daily that under the seventh she may win her way to a conclusive victory and a world-wide peace.

And now I arrive at the point where the shears closed on my uncorrected article. I was speaking of Prince Albert's influence on England, and amidst its results I mentioned, as one wholly to the good, "the recognition of German literature as a main factor in modern civilization." The shears fell just where I was recording Mr. Gladstone's doubt whether the genius of Goethe had been ethically beneficial. The words were these: "I feel the immense, the over-mastering power of Goethe, but, with such limited knowledge as I have of his works, I am unable to answer the question whether he has or has not been an evil genius of humanity." Resuming my discourse at that point, I should say that Mr. Gladstone put the case too mildly when he expressed a doubt in the matter, and that, if he had said that Goethe did the moral harm which only misdirected genius can do, he would have been much nearer the mark.

In saying this I by no means unsay that "the recognition of German literature as a main factor in modern civilization" was wholly to the good. It is always good to face facts; and this, as regards Germany, our fathers were very unwilling to do. To them Germany seemed simply comic; and they were never tired of laughing at German mysticism, German ploddingness, and German appetite. They never realized that, mainly through the influence of Carlyle, Germanism was beginning to lay a strong hold on the intellect and affections of young England. This hold was manifested in several ways. Down to the reign of Queen Victoria only professional students troubled themselves about the German language. French had always been the common tongue of educated people, and Italian had always had its passionate devotees. By degrees German ousted Italian, in schools, in universities, and in general society, and the reign of Dante was succeeded by the reign of Goethe.

I have named the greatest name in German literature, but the evil effects of Germanism were not only or even principally conveyed through poetry. German philosophy, especially at Oxford, muddled the laws of thought into an inextricable confusion. German politics, speaking through such publicists as Stockmar, tried to make theories of absolutism flourish in English soil. German theology, made familiar to English divines by such interpreters as Bunsen, silently undermined the foundations of English religion. At my own University we yielded a doglike submission to German criticism. No assumption was too arbitrary, no theory too improbable, if only it came to us in a German name or spoke with a German accent. If the war does nothing else, I trust it will have delivered us from this intellectual thraldom.

Thus German literature was, indeed, "a main factor in modern civilization," more specially in England; and when Englishmen recognized that it was so they began to realize in it those evil elements of which during the last two years we have seen the full development—"the poisonous fruitage of the scarlet flower." When once the danger was perceived the alarm was sounded simultaneously from various quarters. At the Universities men revolted from the "useless and uncanny rubbish" of Hegelian metaphysics, and tried to recover a philosophical system in which Yes meant Yes and No, No. Gladstone detected and denounced the insidious taint of absolutism, which poisoned the historical writing of such politicians as Sir Theodore Martin. At Oxford a wise man warned the Heads of Houses "When you have done with Puseyism, you will have to deal with Germanism," and the event has proved him right. The incoming tide of Rationalistic thought, which swept over Germany in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, soon reached our shores. A rationalizing school, of which the only characteristic was the absolute rejection of a Divine revelation, dominated Prussia, and found some willing slaves in England. The unproved assertions of every lumbering pedant, so long as his name ended with *heim* or *schneider*, were embraced without demur or question by English theologians of the "Liberalizing" school. Speculations which would have horrified Luther were now accepted as "Evangelical" in Germany, and were welcomed here by Christian teachers, who, sometimes without knowing it, had relaxed their hold on the central verities. Thus Jowett denied the Atonement, the inspiration of the Bible, and the Personality of the Holy Spirit. Stanley denied nothing, but mystified everything by the joint working of a most inaccurate mind and a most fascinating style. Colenso, who was neither accurate nor fascinating, found the Pentateuch full of arithmetical blunders. Maurice explained away the eternity of Punishment. The writers of *Essays and Reviews*, a rough hash of heresies and platitudes, disturbed the faith of some, and were upheld by the Privy Council, which, through the mouth of its presiding officer, spoke of "the inferior Persons of the Trinity."

Such were some, and only some, of the results of German influence on English theology; but, wretched as they were, it was impossible not to suspect that worse remained behind. When, in the history of the Church, has an unsound belief been long associated with a sound morality? Faith and Life are closely inter-related. To-day we see the authorized teachers of German religion proclaiming an ethical system which is as nearly as possible the contradictory of that which the Divine Master taught. Truly, we must pray for our enemies; and our best prayer is that they may have the grace to return to the old Gospel and the old morality.

* Alas, they are neither Grecians nor Purists!—ED.

PRIVATE SMITH, INDIVIDUALIST.

A Character Sketch from Life, by a Private of the Lincolns.

THERE was nothing commonplace about Private Smith, except his name. In every other respect he was original in the extreme. So much so, that he was regarded in the regiment as an iconoclast, eccentric, and even obstinate. He was only willing to agree with the rules and ethics of the British Army just in so far as they appeared to accord with the interests of common-sense and true justice. Whether his ideas of these latter attributes were correct or not it remains for the reader to judge as the story proceeds.

Now, the Army teaches Collectivism in a very pronounced form. It must necessarily do so, since were individual soldiers permitted to live simply by their own standards of life and thought, good order and discipline could not be maintained. Thus the human element is reduced to a minimum. Indeed, to be a good soldier one must sink his personality, set aside his life teachings—at least, in so far as they fail to conform to the rules and red tape of the Service; in short, become submissive. This is precisely what my friend Smith could not do. Hence he was constantly in trouble from the day of his enlistment in the 3rd Blankshire Regiment.

Do not imagine that he was lacking in patriotism. It was merely that his scrupulous conscience was always at war with the dictates laid down in Army Orders, upon which all military methods are based. Certainly, anyone who is acquainted with that work will admit that it is not exactly a masterpiece as regards the interests of the private soldier. And the soldier of whom I write had a very clear idea as to where right and wrong should begin and end.

Considering that Smith's patriotism did not embody the crude requirement of training to become proficient in the art of killing his fellow-men, the reader may well ask why he enlisted at all. Well, there was method in the madness which caused this conscientious objector to exchange a home of luxury and refinement for life in the rank and file. For, while he realised that war is the climax of hatred, greed, envy and malice, he also grasped the significant fact that with the commencement of hostilities reason is dethroned, and brute force reigns supreme. Naturally, at the point of the bayonet the law of self-preservation must overrule the finer feelings. So, without inquiring too deeply as to why he was vested with reasoning power, he accepted Tennyson's dictum, "Theirs not to reason why," and hastened to the nearest recruiting office. At a time when men are enlisting from every walk of life Smith's reason for joining should carry with it a forceful appeal, especially to those to whom we are accustomed to refer as representing "the better class"—whatever that may mean—and who by reason of that doubtful distinction are more given to thoughtful deliberation before making so radical a change in their mode of life.

And now a few words as to the psychology of Smith's mind. "I should be more willing to fight," he used to say, "if I knew that war produced peace. It does not, for the reason that like begets like. The more a man drinks the more he wants to drink. Hence the more we fight the more we shall fight; except, of course, in so far as the exhaustion of warfare lessens our opportunity for doing so. Besides," he would continue, "the fact that this or that side wins is not evidence that the winning side was right in the principle for which it fought. Victory merely denotes superiority of arms, which to the logical mind suggests retrogression rather than progress."

He never suffered from the malady known as over-emphasis of nationality. He would even go so far as to say that a good German was as good as a good Englishman, and that a bad German was as bad as a bad Englishman—and no worse. Beyond saying that experience and extensive travel go to prove that human nature is the same the world over, I will not comment. For Smith spoke with authority, having been to school in Wiesbaden and in business among hyphenated Germans in the United States. Yes, he was a man of sounder education and wider experience in life than most of his superior officers. But, unfortunately, this was not recognised, for there is an unwritten rule of etiquette as between officer and private soldier that the former must assume to teach and refuse to be taught, lest his powers of leadership and authority should be depreciated. While this attitude may be found necessary in the Service, in civilian life it would denote the high-water mark of ignorance, since the more a man knows the more he should realise how little he knows in the vast sphere of knowledge.

Again, Smith recognised no man as his superior, except to the extent that superiority referred to abstract qualities, such as character, habits, disposition, and intellect. Rank he regarded as a material distinction, which too often merely involves having money enough to acquire it.

The reader may wonder why Smith did not apply for a commission. For the reason that he was not interested in the soldier's calling. He enlisted because it appeared necessary, "and what is necessary must be done," he would add, conclusively. He felt that it would be unfair that he should be in authority over men who were more interested in the service than he was. More than this—he was a Christian and a sociologist, and had he obtained a commission, the etiquette of the service would not have allowed him (he said) to practise love, human sympathy, and brotherhood among the rank and file. There was an exclusiveness about this rule which to his mind denoted vulgarity and opposed his ideas of liberty, fraternity, and equality.

A few instances will suffice to illustrate how these theories worked out in practice. One day Smith wrote to the Colonel regarding the quality of the meals. And, although his letter bore indisputable evidence of scholarship and good breeding—whatever that may imply—that dignitary merely attached an Army Form to the letter bearing the words, "What is the matter with this man?" and forwarded it to the Company Officer. "Are you not lacking in discipline?" asked the Captain, in trying the case. "No, Sir," replied the prisoner; "I was already disciplined long before I reached the Army, having been brought up in a good home." As sentence was about to be pronounced for insubordination, Smith observed that on principle he would not accept punishment for standing up for his rights, but that he would appeal if need be for a District and General Court-Martial, and failing in that would carry his case to the War Office. Seeing endless complications ahead, the Captain dismissed the case without further comment.

On another occasion he was cleaning his buttons at the close of the day, preparatory to meeting some civilian friends down town, when the Orderly Sergeant came in and selected him for some fatigue duty. Now, Army Orders say that you must obey an order first and complain afterwards. But Smith's sense of justice would not allow his friends to await disappointment on the Post Office steps, so he slipped away and met them, taking his "medicine" later.

One more instance will suffice: a drill-sergeant charged Smith with laughing in the ranks. Now it happened that he was not doing so. He informed the instructor that he had made a mistake. But the order is that you must not answer back to a superior officer, even though the latter be wrong. But to have remained silent would have been to admit by inference that he was laughing. And why should he do so when he was not? His conscience would not allow it.

One does not need to be a student of cause and effect to realise that all Smith's troubles arose out of the fact that this is not the "age of reason."

By this time he was a marked man in the regiment, and did not have a very pleasant time, though there were a few who understood his mental processes and sympathised with him. These latter regarded him as being "unlikely to become an efficient soldier," and often advocated his discharge on these grounds. For besides being an individualist he was also a conscientious objector to the idea of destroying human life. He used to discourse at times upon the inconsistency of the soldier's calling in view of the New Testament teachings, the laws of Nature, and common sense—that most uncommon attribute. In the physical

sense he was all right, but his mental attitude and force of character were actually a menace to the welfare of his fellow soldiers. For there was always a danger that his example might cause them to think. And the less a man thinks and knows, the more easily will he be able to take his place as a cog in the wheels of warfare.

In the trenches Smith still retained his individuality. While others rushed into the bayonet charges, full of hatred for the enemy, cursing and shouting with hideous expression, Smith retained a calm and thoughtful demeanour, full of sympathy for his individual antagonist, and firm in the belief that in the final day of reckoning he would not be held responsible to God for anything which force of circumstances might compel him to do. And who will say that his was not the right attitude in the face of the unseen and therefore the Eternal?

One day, after a heavy engagement, there was a call for volunteers to bring in a wounded officer. He happened to be the very captain who had so often had occasion to reprimand Smith for his individualistic views.

No sooner had the request been made than a figure was seen to climb the trench parapet and crawl over some fifty yards of open space upon this errand of mercy amid a veritable avalanche of bullets. His comrades shouted to him to return from what seemed certain death.

The daring rescuer took no heed of their warning. As he crawled on and on in full view of the enemy he could only hear the words, "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend." After a while, both wounded and rescuer had managed to return to the home trench. It seemed as if a miracle had been accomplished.

Private Smith had fulfilled his great desire, that it should be his lot to save rather than to destroy life. In doing so he had won the coveted Victoria Cross.

Such a man, then, was Private Smith, individualist, idealist, soldier, and gentleman. And thus ends my character-sketch of a man of character, who nevertheless was not a characteristic soldier.

ARE YOU FROM ADELAIDE?

MISS E. GARDENER, of 3, Murray-terrace, Flask-walk, Hampstead, N.W., sends us the following inquiry:—

I am writing to ask you if you could assist me in finding a soldier coming from Adelaide, South Australia. We have a dear brother there, sent from here two years ago by the doctor, for his health; he recovered, and has been out in Egypt as sergeant in the R.A.M.C. He was invalided back, after serving some months out there. He has so far recovered, and is now serving in the Army Pay Corps. He would like for us to meet someone from there, that if God spares them to return they can tell him of the old nome he has left. He is married, and they are caretakers of the British Medical Hall. We ourselves are only humble working people, but would make whoever comes welcome. We have heard of the good work done by the Y.M.C.A.; my dear brother has often spoken of it, as well as hearing others.

MR. EDGAR JONES EXPLAINS.

Splendid Work for Soldiers in the Dardanelles.

"MR. EDGAR JONES'S personal statement to-day, in answer to the base innuendo that he took up Y.M.C.A. work in the Eastern Mediterranean in order to escape military service, effectually disposed of his ungenerous critics. He showed that in the early months of the war he had undertaken to raise a battalion in his constituency (Merthyr Boroughs), in the hope of being able to accompany them into action; that his purpose was frustrated in the first instance by War Office delays, and finally by a peremptory order, at the instance of the Admiralty, forbidding the recruiting of more miners from the South Wales coalfield. Afterwards he gave his service without fee or reward to Y.M.C.A. organisation in France, then was employed at the Ministry of Munitions, and last November, having failed to pass the medical examination for combatant service, undertook a mission to the Island of Mudros on behalf of the Y.M.C.A. He hopes still to be able to take his place in the fighting line, recognising that where there is most peril there is most honour. The House was much struck by the sincerity and the manliness of this personal explanation. It warmly cheered Mr. Jones's statement of the reasons why he had declined a captaincy attached to the recruiting department, preferring to incur the risk of the unmerited reproach of being a slacker than to masquerade at home in honourable khaki which he did not believe he was entitled to wear. The recruiting posts might, he said, be given to the 'old crocks,' not to men of military age."

The above paragraph is taken from the Parliamentary report in the *Daily Chronicle* of Tuesday, January 25. The value of the work Mr. Edgar Jones accomplished for our men in the Eastern theatre may be estimated from the following account which he gave to a *Chronicle* representative, and which we quote as being unprejudiced:—

"The Y.M.C.A. had for some time been endeavouring to organise a system of providing comforts and supplementing food supplies for our troops on the Gallipoli Peninsula. Owing, however, to the difficulties of getting transport, little could be done beyond an arrangement made by Mr. Jessop (the able and energetic representative of the Y.M.C.A. in Cairo), with a Greek on the island of Imbros, to gather fruits and bake rolls of bread for the troops; a store established by the Australian Y.M.C.A. secretary in a dug-out in Anzac, and a Y.M.C.A. tent on the beach at Helles.

"Constant appeals were received by the Y.M.C.A. in London from commanding officers in Gallipoli, begging that something should be done to provide extras for men who were fighting in a most difficult country and a trying climate. In response to these appeals, a fund was opened by the Countess of Chesterfield, supplies to the value of £16,000 were purchased, and, through Lady Chesterfield's influence, free transit was provided by a liner which was taking briquettes to Greece.

"I was approached by the committee with a request to go out and deal with the situation as circumstances required. The work on which I had been engaged at the Ministry of Munitions having been completed, I acepted the invitation, and set out forthwith.

"Owing, I suppose, to the magic influence of the letters M.P., I reached Mudros only a couple of days after other Y.M.C.A. workers who had set out six weeks before me. Troops had found a cheerless welcome at this God-forsaken island, and Christmas Day must have been as dismal as any those war-worn men had ever known.

"After much worry and numerous difficulties, we got our stores ashore from the liner a few days after Christmas. A wooden marquee had been erected near the pier for the reception of the goods. It is impossible to describe the delight and enthusiasm of the soldiers as these commodities from England—cakes, biscuits, chocolate, tinned fruits, meat, and salmon—were being landed. All the goods were sold at London prices. The soldiers would have paid any price for them. It was marvellous to see the supplies disappearing. Some of the soldiers, half ashamed of their ravenous appetites, excused themselves by saying, 'For seven months we have had nothing decent to eat; can you wonder that we relish these delicacies?' Payment was offered in British Treasury £1 and 10s. notes bearing Turkish characters denoting their value.

"If Christmas Day at Mudros for the Anzac heroes was dismal, New Year's Day was a sheer delight. Thanks to a lavish distribution of candles, the camp was pleasingly iluminated, every tent cheerful with the glow. We built up a huge bonfire with our old packing-cases, and in one of the largest tents we had a fine concert, music being supplied by a Y.M.C.A. piano and an Australian band. Strains of mirth and shouts of glee rang from the camp. Never was the New Year welcomed in with more gusto and innocent merriment.

"The troops were overjoyed at being able to get from the Y.M.C.A. store appetising food—a pleasant change from the eternal bully-beef. The officers, for all their alert and martial air, bore signs of the strain of responsibility. In their solicitude for their men the officers forgot all about themselves, and came away without any impedimenta—their kits and pans all left behind.

"After the men had been supplied, the officers, rummaging our stores, enjoyed themselves like schoolboys. I remember well a brigadier-general's shout of triumph when he discovered some bottled fruit, which he carried off to share with his brother officers. In a few days' time we had erected tents containing chairs and tables for the men to have facilities for writing to their families.

"Cheap sneers are levelled at those who are engaged in Y.M.C.A. work among our soldiers. My answer to the critics is, 'Go and ask the soldiers and see how they appreciate this unpaid, unselfish work.' If some of the critics volunteered for humble service of this kind—by the way, there is urgent need for Y.M.C.A. workers in Salonica—they would realise that it has its trials and difficulties, and that it is intensely appreciated by our brave soldiers."

TRAINING SCHOOL NOTES.

QUITE a number of the men passing through the class recently have been destined for foreign service—two for Mesopotamia, others for Egypt, Malta, Salonika, and more still for France.

Mr. T. Savory has been quartered at Ewshott, after some preliminary service at Aldershot. He writes of his enjoyment of the work, and of the society of his colleagues there.

Mr. A. D. R. Jones is at Blackdown camp in most interesting surroundings. He has little time at present, however, for anything but his work, as they are full of business. His leader is Mr. F. W. Smith, a member of the first week's class last November.

BEYOND THE BOUNDS OF BLIGHTY.

BY THE REV. SPENCER ELLIOTT.



CANADIAN REMOUNTS AT SPORTS IN FRANCE.

II.—In the Zone of the Armies.

Y.M.C.A., B.A.P.O. 3, B.E.F.

IN many outward respects the Y.M.C.A. work at any of the base camps out here is similar to that at home. There are the orgapising secretary and the headquarters staff for the area; the hut leaders and their helpers; the concert parties and special speakers. The huts are of the familiar type, from the platform at one end to the refreshment bar at the other. The sleeping quarters of the workers are similar; there are the usual little hardships, and the inevitable mud. The motor-vans (here nicknamed the "meat-safes") run from hut to hut, or between the huts and headquarters, with the same indefatigable persistency. But, as Mr. Willis put it to me on my arrival at the above mystic address, the men amongst whom we work are quite differently circumstanced—they are no longer in training merely; they are "on the job," and we have to get in our little bit for them just when we can. The staff of Army chaplains is always hard at work, yet there is no fixed Sunday morning church parade as there is at home. Similarly, in a Y.M.C.A. hut provision may be made for an inrush of men, and yet a whole day may pass without a man having any opportunity to make use of the place. Conversely, the counter may have been closed for the night, and may suddenly have to be reopened to supply the needs of a thousand fired and hungry warriors. I reached one hut to keep an appointment to speak at a given hour, and found it literally empty; yet at the same hut on another occasion I found an unexpected congregation all ready to hand in the middle of the morning. Another feature of the work here is that within a given radius one is sure to come into touch with men of widely varying degrees of Army experience. There are the new arrivals from the training camps at home, resting under canvas for a few hours before going "up the line" to face for the first time the real tragedy of war. There are the men going to or returning from their six days' "leave." There are the Engineers and A.S.C. men attached to the base, who will probably not have to meet any more serious danger than there is here, beyond reach of the enemy's guns—men who have settled down to their particular jobs for the duration of the war, not widely different from the munition workers at home. There are the hospitals for men who suffer from severe wounds or from gas; and the convalescent camps for those whose injuries are less serious or who are on the road to recovery. Amongst men of every type, with all their varying needs, the Y.M.C.A. is ready with comforts and good cheer, and offers a counter force against the grave moral dangers that beset the unwar soldier. But this is not all. Up the line, within range of shell-fire, in some deserted hotel or in a straw-covered mud-hut, in an old dancing-hall, or in a great brown marquee, the Y.M.C.A. affords the brightest spot amidst scenes of havoc and desolation. When a Y.M.C.A. secretary penetrated to a celebrated British outpost, the general asked him if his workers were prepared to do what they could for the men in that shell-swept area. "We covet the opportunity," he replied; and proof was speedily given that the "Y.M." is ready to share not only the hardships, but also the dangers of "the real thing."

One particular piece of Y.M.C.A. work should have special mention—the reception of the relatives of dangerously wounded soldiers on their arrival in France. Burdened by anxiety, distracted amidst strange surroundings, wearied with travelling, these relatives set foot in a foreign land, apparently friendless. But the printed instructions issued to them by the War Office inform them that they will be met on arrival by a representative of the Y.M.C.A., and that they will be maintained free of charge during their stay abroad. It requires little effort of the imagination to realise what a kindly welcome and a cheering word means to those who thus benefit by what is somewhat confusedly called "the wounded relatives' department."

Needless to say, the Y.M.C.A. threw itself heart and soul into the provision of Christmas festivities for every soldier who was at liberty to accept it. In one hut, for instance, 800 presents were distributed from one Christmas-tree (or from the vicinity of the tree) within a few hours. For my own part, my impressions became almost kaleidoscopic as I was "meat-safed" round from one Christmas party to another. I do not know how many plum-puddings I tasted, nor how many concerts I applauded. The fun and glee were contributed by the soldiers no less than by the official entertainers, and there never were more good-humoured and appreciative audiences than those that twice encored every item and "lifted the roof" with every chorus. And besides all this, carols and hymns had their proper place; the scene at Bethlehem was vivid to the men's minds, and its meaning was not misunderstood. A slip of card told each man where he might receive his Holy Communion, and in our ministering of the Sacrament we found ourselves indeed one with those at home in keeping Christmas.



THE Service Medal given in our illustration is of silver, and is worn with a ribbon striped alternately black and white; it is given to those who have actively and efficiently served in the St. John Ambulance Brigade for not less than fifteen years. The reverse gives the Royal Arms and those of the Prince of Wales encircled by the motto, *Magnus Prioratus Ordinis Hospitalis Sancti Johannis Jerusalem in Anglia.*

The secretary has kindly forwarded at our request a summary of the work up to date, and the figures are so extraordinary and of such interest that we think our readers will like to have his report as it stands:—

Work of the Ambulance Department.

The present strength of the St. John Ambulance Brigade is approximately 35,000, of which some 25,000 are men. It has supplied the following personnel to the Naval and Military authorities:—

	Men.	Men.
Naval—		
R.N.A.S.B.R.	2,175	
R.N.D. (Medical Unit)	1,247	
		3,422
Military—		
M.H.H.R.	13,843	
R.A.M.C. (E.F.)	1,554	
		15,397
Miscellaneous—		
Private Hospitals and Joint Committee (Home)	160	
,, ,, ,, (Abroad)	481	
		641
Total		19,460

There are in all 316 Men's V.A.D.'s, with a total approximate strength of 9,000; but a large number of the members have joined the other Brigade Reserves, and are now serving at home and abroad.

There are 625 Women's Detachments, with a total approximate strength of 16,800.

Nursing.—761 V.A.D. members are serving in Military hospitals at home, and 660 in France, Malta, and Egypt, making a total of 1,421 now on service. There are over 1,000 accepted candidates waiting to be called up.

General Service.—136 members have been posted to Military hospitals as dispensers, clerks, and cooks.

A large number of the V.A.D.'s are rendering service in auxiliary Military hospitals and convalescent homes in this country.

There are 133 St. John auxiliary hospitals, with 6,251 beds, which are staffed by the Ambulance Department of the Order.

The work of the Brigade overseas continues to be satisfactory. Twenty-four members of the Brigade in the Transvaal, of the Park Division, served with General Botha's Expedition, which has recently conquered German S.W. Africa, and doubtless we shall hear of several of these as joining the Imperial Contingent for service with the British Expeditionary Force.

The St. John warehouse has sent out up to January 8, 1916, 325,133 garments and 521,505 various articles, making a total of 846,638.

During the year ended September 30, 1915, the St. John Ambulance Association has issued no less than 143,959 certificates, 12,217 labels, and 9,996 medallions.

The branches of the Association abroad are in an unprecedented condition of prosperity; so much so, in fact, that great difficulty has been experienced in keeping them fully provided with the stores they require. In Canada, particularly, first aid instruction is going ahead, and the Minister of Militia has caused all men undergoing military training to be instructed in its principles under the Canadian Branch of this Association. In Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, India, Ceylon, Malta, Gibraltar, Hong Kong, and Paris our branches are doing good work, and generously subscribing to Red Cross needs.

There remains only to add that it has been necessary to secure additional premises at the Gate, and to increase the staff in order to deal effectively with the mass of extra work caused by the war.

OUR FRENCH-ENGLISH PAGE, Conducted by Dr. CHARLES SAROLEA.

HYMNE A LA FRANCE.

(Concluded from page 41.)

Trônant au centre même du vieux Continent, dans un climat tempéré, sous des cieux ensoleillés, tous les antagonismes se réconcilient en toi, en toi tous les contrastes s'harmonisent, tous les extrêmes se tempèrent. Tempérance, modération, mesure, équilibre et harmonie sont les marques de ton génie, comme ils furent les marques du génie grec. En toi toutes les nations communient. Dans l'âge d'or de l'Eglise catholique, vingt mille étudiants affluaient dans les murs de tes antiques collèges, venus de tous les coins du vieux monde. Tes "docteurs angéliques" et tes "docteurs séraphiques" prêchaient la foi universelle. Et depuis ce temps le monde a toujours aimé venir s'asseoir aux pieds de tes maîtres. Depuis ce temps ta capitale a toujours été la métropole de la civilisation—*Urbs orbis.*

Tu es l'héritière de l'expérience de tous les âges, de la sagesse d'Athènes et de Rome. Ton esprit d'aventure, ta passion des audacieuses expériences politiques, ta soif de justice, ont conduit à croire que tu veux détruire le passé. Ta passion de la vérité a induit les critiques étrangers à penser que tu manques du sens du respect. Mais en nul autre pays le passé n'est plus vivant. En nul autre pays il n'y a plus de pieuse gratitude pour les œuvres des ancêtres. Nul culte n'est plus dévotement observé par ton peuple que le "culte des morts." Et n'est-ce pas un de tes plus grands penseurs qui nous a rappelé cette éternelle vérité: que si l'on veut peser l'héritage spirituel de l'humanité, il faut tenir plus de compte des morts que des vivants?

Entre tous ces héritages de ton merveilleux passé, ta langue est le plus merveilleux: simple, véridique, gracieuse comme ta propre image. Elle a succédé à l'universalité de la langue de la Rome impériale. Le plus grand des philosophes allemands et le plus grand des rois prussiens n'ont employé que ton langage. Le plus grand historien d'Angleterre le jugeait être le seul qui lui convint pour écrire son chef d'œuvre. Les traités solennels entre nations sont encore écrits en français. Dans ta luxuriante jeunesse, Brunetto Latino, le maître de Dante, louait ton parler comme le plus "délectable" de tous. Dans ta vigoureuse maturité, le génie de tes enfants, le génie de Montaigne, de Descartes, de Balzac, et de Victor Hugo, a ajouté ses perfections à ton parler et l'a rendu pour tous les âges à venir l'expression de la raison universelle.

Au fond des brumes du nord, dans une contrée celtique qui fut toujours ta loyale alliée, dans le pays de Marie Stuart, la malheureuse reine qui avait régné sur ton peuple, dans un des plus anciens sièges du savoir c'a été pendant vingt ans mon privilège et ma fierté de célébrer ton culte, moi qui ne suis que le moins digne de tes fidèles. Loin de tes vignobles souriants et de tes plaines ensoleillées, j'ai appris à d'autres à t'aimer tout comme je t'aime moi-même. J'ai essayé de dire à la jeune génération de l'Empire britannique tout ce que te doit le monde, et j'ai jeté le gant à ceux qui calomniaient ta belle renommée. J'ai essayé d'allumer dans de jeunes esprits le feu sacré de ton âme. J'ai essayé d'éveiller dans leurs esprits l'enthousiasme de ta grâce et de ta beauté.

Au temps jadis on disait de ton aimable terre de Gaule que c'était le plus beau royaume que Dieu eût créé après son propre royaume des cieux. Les chroniqueurs célébraient "les actes de Dieu accomplis par les Francs"—*Gesta Dei per Francos.* Car tes rois francs étaient des saints et tes vierges mêmes étaient des héros. Le monde a grandement changé depuis ces jours. Mais ton esprit, ô France, n'a pas changé. Tes palais modernes, non moins que tes anciennes cathédrales, révèlent toujours tes vertus. Le sanctuaire de Reims, détruit par les Barbares, a été le Parthénon de la Chrétienté. Comme aux jours de St. Louis, de Ste. Geneviève, de Jeanne d'Arc, la France accomplit encore "les actes de Dieu." Tu exécutes toujours le dessein

Enthroned in the very centre of the old Continent, in a temperate clime, under sunny skies, in thee all antagonisms are reconciled, in thee all contrasts are harmonised, all extremes are attempered. Temperance, moderation, measure, equipoise, and rhythm are the hall-marks of thy genius, as they were the hall-marks of the Greeks. In thee all nations commune. In the Golden Age of the Catholic Church twenty thousand scholars gathered within the walls of thy ancient colleges from all parts of the world. Thy "angelic doctors" and thy "seraphic doctors" preached the universal faith. And ever since the world has been willing to sit at the feet of thy teachers. Ever since, thy capital has been the metropolis of civilisation—*Urbs orbis!*

Thou art heir to the experience of all the ages, to the wisdom of Athens and Rome. Thy spirit of adventure, thy passion for daring political experiments, thy craving for justice, has misled people into thinking that thou art subversive of the past. Thy passion for truth has misled foreign critics into the belief that thou art lacking in reverence. But in no other country is the past more living. In no other country is there a more pious and grateful feeling for the achievements of her ancestors. No cult it more devoutly observed by thy people than the "Cult of the Dead." And has not one of the greatest of thy thinkers reminded us of the eternal truth that in appraising the spiritual legacy of humanity the dead must be counted more than the living?

Of all these legacies of thy wonderful past thy language is the most wonderful: simple, graceful, truthful as thy own image. It has succeeded to the universality of the language of Imperial Rome. The greatest of German philosophers and the greatest of Prussian kings used only thy language. The greatest historian of England deemed it the only fitting medium in which to write his masterpiece. The solemn covenants between nations are still written in French. In thy luxuriant youth, Brunetto Latino, the master of Dante, praised thy speech as the most "delectable" of all. In thy vigorous maturity the genius of thy children, the genius of Montaigne, of Descartes, of Balzac and Victor Hugo, have added their perfections to thy speech and made it for all ages to come the vehicle of universal reason.

Far away in the northern mists, in a Celtic land which was ever thy loyal ally, in the land of Mary Stuart, the hapless Queen who ruled over thy people, in an ancient seat of learning, it has been my privilege and pride for twenty years to worship at thy shrine, even I, the least worthy of thy worshippers. Far away from thy smiling vineyards and thy sunlit plains, I have taught others to love thee even as I love thee. I have tried to tell the young generation of the British Empire all that the world owes to thee, and I have challenged the slanderers of thy fair fame. I have tried to kindle in receptive young minds the sacred fire of thy soul. I have tried to awaken in their minds a passion for thy grace and for thy beauty.

In bygone days it was said of thy pleasant land of Gaul that it was the most beautiful kingdom God even created after his own Kingdom of Heaven. Chroniclers extolled the "deeds of God through the Franks"—*Gesta Dei per Francos.* For thy Frankish Kings were Saints, and even thy maidens were heroes. Greatly has the world changed since those days. But thy spirit, O France, has not changed. Thy modern palaces, even as thy ancient cathedrals, still reveal thy virtues. The sanctuary of Rheims, razed by the barbarians, was the Parthenon of Christendom. As in the days of St. Louise, of St. Geneviève and Joan of Arc, France is still doing the "deeds of God." Thou art still accomplishing the

providentiel dans l'humanité. Comme aux jours de la Pucelle d'Orléans, le Dieu qui t'a toujours protégée choisit encore les plus humbles et les plus pauvres parmi tes enfants pour manifester sa divine volonté.

Tu as été heureuse en tes enfants et en tes serviteurs. Tu les as élevés au-dessus d'eux-mêmes jusqu'au niveau de ton idéal. Il y a d'autres races qui n'ont pas été aussi fortunées. L'idéal des nations n'est pas toujours un idéal céleste. Ce n'est trop souvent qu'idole païenne ou divinité de tribu. Il est arrivé dans le passé, il arrive encore aujourd'hui, que toutes les vertus des hommes bons et braves qui sont parmi tes ennemis n'ont été employées qu'à perpétrer des crimes épouvantables au service de ces cruelles divinités de tribu.

Et quoique tes enfants t'aient bien servi, tu es bien plus grande que tes enfants. Ils peuvent s'écarter de ton chemin. Mais ta grandeur n'est pas diminuée par leurs erreurs. Ta pureté n'a pas été ternie par leur impureté ni ta douceur par leur violence.

Et c'est pourquoi, ô douce et généreuse France, en cette heure suprême de tes épreuves nous conservons une confiance inébranlable en ta victoire finale. Nous avons foi en ton triomphe simplement parceque nous croyons en la Divine Providence, simplement parce que nous ne pouvons admettre que le soleil et les étoiles cesseront de briller, et tomberont du haut des cieux. Nous sommes convaincus dans nos cœurs que tu sortiras de ton épreuve aussi radieuse que jamais. La devise de ta capitale, *fluctuat nec mergitur*, est gravée sur toutes les pages de tes annales tramées d'ombre et de lumière. La barque qui portait les fortunes de la France, comme la barque de Lutèce, a toujours "été ballottée sur les vagues, mais n'a jamais été submergée." Que de fois dans ton histoire passée tout a semblé perdu. Pourtant tu as gardé un cœur robuste et toujours tu as défié tes ennemis. Tu repousseras le Teuton comme la Pucelle d'Orleans a repoussé l'envahisseur. Tes hommes et tes femmes te sauveront encore des Huns modernes comme Sainte-Geneviève te sauva des Huns d'Attila. Tu écraseras le Prussien moderne dans les forêts de l'Argonne comme jadis tu écrasas le même Prussien sur les collines de Valmy. Et tu sortiras de tes épreuves, glorifiée par tes souffrances, justifiée par ta foi. Et ton peuple continuera de porter haut la torche de la Justice et de la Liberté, confiée par toi à leurs pères, toujours répandant la Joie et la Beauté, le Charme et la Lumière, toujours triomphant des Puissances des Ténèbres.

Divine purpose in humanity. As in the days of the Maid of Orleans, the God who ever protected thee is still choosing the humblest and the poorest amongst thy children to manifest His Divine will.

Thou hast been fortunate in thy children and in thy servants. Thou hast lifted them above themselves to the level of thy ideals. There are other races which have not been thus fortunate. The ideals of nations are not always divine ideals, they are only too often heathen idols and tribal gods. It has happened in the past, it is happening even now, that all the virtues of the good and brave men amongst thy enemies have only been used to perpetrate appalling crimes in the service of those cruel tribal gods.

Even though thy children have served thee well, thou art much greater than thy children. They may wander away from thy path. Nor is thy greatness affected by their shortcomings. Thy purity has not been tarnished by their impurity nor thy gentleness by their violence.

And that is why, O gentle and generous France, in this thy supreme hour of trial we maintain an unwavering and unshaken trust in thy final victory. We trust in thy triumph simply because we believe in Divine Providence, simply because we cannot admit that the moral order has suddenly been subverted. Sooner far would we believe that the sun and the stars will cease to shine, and will drop from the high heavens. We are convinced in our hearts that thou shalt emerge from thy tragic ordeal as radiant as ever. The motto of thy capital, *fluctuat nec mergitur*, is engraved on every page of thy chequered annals. The barque which carried the fortunes of France, like the barque of Lutetia, has been "ever tossed on the waves, but it has never been submerged." How often in thy past history did everything seem lost! Yet thou didst keep thy stout heart, and still thou didst challenge thine enemies. Thou shalt repel the Teuton as the Maid of Orleans repelled the invader. Thy men and women shall still save thee from the modern Hun as St. Geneviève saved thee from the Huns of Attila. Thou shalt crush the modern Prussian in the forests of Argonne as thou once didst crush the same Prussian on the hills of Valmy. And thou shalt emerge from thy trials glorified by thy sufferings, justified by thy faith. And thy people shall continue bearing aloft the torch of Justice and Liberty, entrusted by thee to their fathers, still diffusing Joy and Beauty, Sweetness and Light, still triumphant over the Powers of Darkness.

MEMORIAL TO MR J. E. W. WAKEFIELD.

Tablet Erected at Taunton.

A FINE memorial tablet to the late Mr. J. E. W. Wakefield, M.A., J.P., has been erected at the St. James's-street premises of the Taunton Association; it is in brass, engraved as follows (the wording being surmounted by the initials "Y.M.C.A." and the triangle):—"This tablet is erected in grateful memory of J. E. W. Wakefield, Esq., M.A., J.P., who was for 28 years (1889-1915) our beloved president, and who fell asleep October 17, 1915. In the midst of a life devoted to public good his efforts for the physical, mental, and spiritual welfare of young men were constant and untiring. His unselfish service and generous benefactions, including his munificent gift of the adjacent fully equipped gymnasium, have laid present and future members of this Association under lasting obligation."

The tablet was unveiled by Sir Matthew Dodsworth, Bart., the Bishop of Taunton presiding, and being supported by a large and distinguished company. The Bishop said that Mr. Wakefield's character appealed to everyone he met, and in meeting him one was conscious of being in the presence of what was usually called a good man. He was undoubtedly a good man, who was not only interested in the common weal of his fellows, but also a man who showed in his life that he really believed in his Saviour. His life was a consistent one in faith and service, and they thanked God for a life they had known and admired, a life that spoke and would speak for a long time to come for the Y.M.C.A. and other interests he had at heart.

The Bishop also referred to the intense satisfaction felt by Mr. Wakefield at the great national part which, since the outbreak of the war, the Y.M.C.A. had been able to play.

The Bishop of the diocese sent through the Bishop of Taunton, with an expression of regret at his inability to attend, the following letter:—

"MY DEAR BISHOP,—I understand that you are going to assist in the unveiling of a tablet which is to be erected in the Y.M.C.A. to the memory of our friend, now called to his rest, Mr. J. E. W. Wakefield—a man of remarkable ability, of devotion to duty, and who never spared himself in any way in striving to help people to live for God's glory and in loyal obedience to their conscientious convictions to live as earnest people. This was particularly the case with regard to the Y.M.C.A. I have a recollection of a stirring speech which he made in my presence in the building in which this tablet is to be unveiled—at least, I think it was in this same building. When I first knew him he was not to my knowledge a member of the Church of England, but when from conviction he joined us, it never caused him in the least degree to cease to do his utmost for an Association which strives to draw out the good in all who acknowledge our blessed Lord and Saviour, and to unite them with a strong sense of union, in spite of their denominational differences. The day, I hope, has passed away when we cease to recognise good in other Christian people because they do not share the convictions we individually hold in some particular respects. We all have done much to learn from each other, and Mr. Wakefield's influence always tended to increase that willingness to co-operate, which is so marked a feature now of the Y.M.C.A. I am sorry I cannot be with them myself on this occasion, and I am glad to think how wisely and well the Church of England will be represented by you.

"Yours most sincerely and affectionately,
"G. W. BATH AND WELLS."

Mr. T. S. Penny, chairman of the committee of the Taunton Y.M.C.A., gave an interesting review of the outstanding events during Mr. Wakefield's presidency, with a fine summary of Mr. Wakefield's great qualities and splendid service, and read a number of tributes that had been received.

The Mayor of Taunton also spoke, while Lieutenant Wakefield and Mr. Birkbeck Wakefield took part in the ceremony.

"A TWENTIETH CENTURY JOAN OF ARC."

Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, Miss Ellen Terry, and Father Bernard Vaughan on the Way to Win in the War.

WE congratulate Miss Lena Ashwell on the magnificent meeting held, by invitation of the Lord Mayor, at the Mansion House on Tuesday afternoon last in support of the fund for providing concerts at the front, which she has so splendidly administered. We were reminded of the reality of things by a group of wounded soldiers at the end of the great hall. The Lord Mayor presided, and an exceptionally brilliant group of speakers gave a crowded audience of their very best. Few will soon forget the spiritual passion and the tender humanness of the speech made by Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, or the swift invective of Father Bernard Vaughan.

The Lord Mayor said that he volunteered the use of the Mansion House because the work done by Miss Lena Ashwell's concert parties deserved not only to be made known, but more adequately financed and supported, so that the work might be extended to fresh areas, such as the training camps at home. He especially urged support for the next few months, those fateful and trying months which will bring us nearer to the close of the war—that final victory for the Allies for which we are all longing.

Sir Frederick Bridge said that he had one qualification for speaking at that meeting. For a good many years it had been his pleasure and privilege to provide music for the great memorial services for our national heroes. For forty years he had done this; but he was as proud, indeed prouder, to help provide music for the living rather than for the dead. He said he would not altogether like to be in the firing line, but he was willing to take charge of a band somewhere in the rear! However, he had not been asked! He was a Volunteer once and had had the honour of marching in a band before Queen Victoria. The band was not allowed to play, but it was a very good band; he played the second cornet!

These parties, he said, did not believe that "anything was good enough" for Tommy. "Who are the Tommies of to-day?" he asked. "Bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. People who had been brought up with us." He went on to tell how one of his own old choir boys out at the front had sent home an appeal for mouth organs; he had got the Royal Choral Society to take up a collection, which realised £12, and had sent out 120 mouth organs. His old pupil wrote back to say, "Many thanks indeed; we have a splendid band, and are arranging rehearsals in the trenches!"

Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, contributed a most eloquent and lofty speech.

"Think," she said, "of the tremendous strain and frightful exhaustion the men have to undergo during their period of active service in the trenches. Then comes the order, 'Relax!' They go back to the base. Some by sheer will power throw off the effect of their experience. Others suffer unspeakable reaction and nervous strain; time hangs heavily on their hands; then there sets in that home sickness and heart weariness which we can only faintly picture. We can scarcely imagine a finer relaxation than that afforded by music, a good bit of fun, or a fine recitation, all of which were included in Miss Lena Ashwell's programme.

"But," she continued, "we must go a little deeper and look at some of the graver aspects. We all know how any crisis in our own lives—the awakening of a new love, the birth of a child, or the death of our dearest—will bring us into an unknown kingdom and set free powers not hitherto realised. Perhaps some of us perceive for the first time the unseen world and the nature of Divine love. Take any such experience as these men inevitably have to face, and then realise the state of tension, I had almost said exaltation, in which they are bound to find themselves when they come out of the almost hourly impending death, peril, and pain. Nothing could equal then the soothing relaxation, the true re-creation, afforded by music."

She recalled an evening she had spent in the Queen Mary Y.M.C.A. Hut in France, where there were 500 or 600 men present. It was in no sense a special evening. Some of the men were enjoying a magic-lantern, others reading and writing, or taking refreshments. She sat talking with the Superintendent, and asked him what the men were. He said they were Army Service Corps men and dockers. "Are there no men from the front?" she asked. "No," he said. "I wish you could have seen some here; they are so wonderful." "How 'wonderful'?" she asked. "Wonderful," he said, "in what they have apprehended; they seem to have been touched by . . ." —and he was at a loss for a word. "Touched by Eternity?" she said. "Yes; that's what I meant to say," he replied. "This," said her Grace, "does not bear much enlarging upon, but its significance is plain."

The Duchess then went on to tell how she had recently been talking to the men who spoke of the desolate days in the Dardanelles, when hour by hour the danger and anguish increased beyond all telling. "They cannot find words for it," she said; "but presently one remarked, 'You know, we are so close to God.' I just bowed my head reverently, and made no comment. There is, however, a mode of utterance through music which gives expression to the feeling which is surging through their souls, and for which they have no words. They do like the best, since through the highest kind of music they find this power of expression. Mere distraction is not enough—it affords no guidance through this ordeal of nerve shock."

The Duchess then quoted from the poem *Christ in Flanders:*

You helped us pass the jest along the trenches—
Where, in cold blood, we waited in the trenches—
You touched its ribaldry and made it fine.
You stood beside us in our pain and weakness—
We're glad to think You understand our weakness—
Somehow it seems to help us not to whine.

Miss Ellen Terry began her speech with a most effective quotation from Shakespeare, which reminds us how the man that has no music in his soul is fit for treasons, plots, and all such evil things. "The British soldier," she said, "believes in music as a thing that keeps his spirits up. It is on record that at least one colonel, whose men were weary and dispirited, saved the situation by buying up toy drums and trumpets in a village shop, until the men, who seemed too tired to move, were marching gaily along to the music of his improvised toy symphony. It is a great thing that we have sent men comforts galore; but comfort for the mind is even more important than comfort for the body, and so the concert party sent out to cheer our soldiers should give the very best of its kind, whatever the kind may be—jolly songs, sad songs, or funny songs. Give what you can," said Miss Terry—"or, rather, give what you *can't*—to enable us to put this splendid weapon into the hands of our fighting men—the weapon that is fatal to a monotony which is the most deadly foe of the soldier."

Miss Lena Ashwell said that the initial idea concerning the whole scheme had come from the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Y.M.C.A., of which Princess Victoria is President; at any rate, the initial thought had come from Lady Rodney, who on her return from France had asked Miss Ashwell whether a concert party could not be sent out. Beginning with a single party, the work had gone on, until now two parties went out each month, each party giving at least three concerts a day. If she were to talk from then till the end of her life, it would be impossible to say how grateful and honoured she felt to be a small means of sending out artistes through this splendid Y.M.C.A. organisation. She wanted, she said, to be able to send parties, not simply to the base camps, but to the firing-line, and was eager to get permission for women to go. That morning a men's party had gone out, and would be the first to be sent up just behind the firing-line to carry good cheer to the men who had just come out of the trenches, and to help to fit them to go back again. This also had been accomplished through the Y.M.C.A. A party was going to Malta, and she hoped to get permission from the military authorities to send one still further East.

She had been in all sorts of camps—the base camps, the camps of the bakers and the menders of motors, the forage camps, but she wished specially to speak of the hospitals. Over here we see a few wounded men, and get hardened to the sight; but imagine 200, beaten and battered, just brought out of the firing line, carried into a concert. The first thought must, of course, be that they are too tired, too much in pain to hear anything or to realise where they are. Their tense faces seem to suggest they only wanted to forget it all, and to find rest. It was a great joy to see all that changed, to see the tense white faces gradually wrinkle up with laughter, and to find the men joining in the choruses. The men needed the best, and sometimes the common things are the best.

"You that are sitting here," she said, "you think you know what your brothers and fathers and sons are going through. You don't. You can turn aside to concerts and other means of recreation when you will. They have but a few concerts, which come to them as the absolute gift, the personal touch, of the people at home. Will you not really make some sacrifice for those who are making the great sacrifice for us?"

Father Bernard Vaughan, prefacing his speech by a humorous piece of self-deprecation, characterised himself as a corncrake among nightingales. He said: "We little know the music our men have to face. The most highly organised war machine that ever was made was 'made in Germany.' That's why we don't want it! We are up against a tremendous proposition. Germany seems to have taken everybody on, and is not conquered yet. If Prussianised Germany would play the game according to the rules, I think that she would command our admiration as well as our respect. But she has failed to play the game.

"Our business is to keep on killing Germans. Somebody has got to be killed. Do you think that it should be ourselves? Cer-

tainly not, with the motive which makes us fight. Therefore we have to kill enough Germans to enable us to dictate terms of peace. We are out to fight men who stop at nothing and use any means to accomplish their purpose. Not content with crucifying Canadians, killing priests, violating nuns, and mishandling women, they bayonet children; they torpedo peaceful passenger vessels. It may be said that the papers exaggerate in denouncing them, and that even Prussians could not do all that they are said to have done. Well, if they have not done what is charged against them, they are not acting down to their principles.

"Of course," said Father Vaughan, "I shall get to-morrow a pile of letters asking me whether I am a priest of God. I am. But the alternative before me is either, like St. George, to slay the dragon, or, like St. Jerome, to tame the tiger. As for peace—it shall be *pieces* till we can bring forth *our* terms of peace! What a terrible hell let loose all war is, and we are sending the splendid youth of the country to meet, tame, or destroy it. This is a subaltern's war, a Tommy's war. They have to face men who seem like demons bringing their own gas with them from below. Little wonder that a gunner should write home: 'If I stay here much longer I must either be blown to pieces or go out of my mind.' This is not human warfare, and no training could prepare a man to meet it.

"When men come from such music as this to find the music of home awaiting them after the scream of the shells, the thud of shrapnel, the cries of the wounded and dying, what could be more capable than such music of bringing them once more to themselves, and making them ready to go out and fight again till victory comes? They have a claim upon us for anything we can give them. Our sacrifice has not yet begun. Love, with them, has expressed itself in service, and service has gone forth with highest expression—self-sacrifice. If we live as they have died, loyal to God, king, and country, we shall meet our lost Captain, and pass with them where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. We shall understand the cry of the young French engineer who leaped up after he was shot, to gasp out the words 'Adieu? Jamais! Au revoir? Toujours!' Armaments shall fall, like Lucifer, never to rise again. For that consummation, for that great victory, we are fighting to-day, and our fighting men shall hear the music of our hearts across the water, through the music that we send by Miss Lena Ashwell's parties."

Lady Rodney said that it was supremely important to get the right quality of music, and so when the Y.M.C.A. were able to secure the help of Miss Ashwell they were persuaded that they should get the right spirit. Some people might think music a luxury and concert parties an indulgence not right for war-time. The Y.M.C.A., however, and all who worked with them in France among the men coming to and fro from the trenches, felt they would give up any side of their work rather than that of the concerts, because thereby they were helping to win the war, to form and support the *morale* of the men. "What," asked Lady Rodney, "have the Germans got behind their lines equivalent to the Y.M.C.A.—not only in the matter of the concerts, but as regards all that the Y.M.C.A. has been to the men and done for them on the spiritual plane?" Apparently the Germans had not the psychological insight to understand that we were not sending against them mere pressgangs, but the very flower of our citizens, and that as a people we are not what we were one hundred years ago, but very much further on. Germany was the most musical country in the world, but there were two sorts of music. There was the objective kind of music, which is a matter of the brain, and then there was the music of the heart. England might be an unmusical land, but she was touched to the heart by music none the less, and through these concerts we were ministering to the inmost needs of the heart among our men.

Maj.-Gen. Sir Alfred Turner, in a swashbuckling speech against the Kaiser and his hordes, paid a high tribute to the men of the British Army, quoting from a letter written from Egypt by the late Lord Wolseley in 1885. Sir Alfred Turner commended Miss Ashwell as "a real twentieth century Joan of Arc."

In addition to generous contributions made when the time came for the collection, many present expressed the desire to send a weekly subscription. All who wish to do this are asked to communicate with Miss Lena Ashwell, at 36, Grosvenor-street, W.C.



A Good Time on Sunday Afternoon at the Liverpool Central Y.M.C.A. (See also Cover.)

HOW OUR LADIES LIVE THE STRENUOUS LIFE.



Amateur—but adept—Cooks at the Little Theatre. *Photo: L.N.A.*



Following Queen Alexandra's Example: Amateur Waitresses at the Little Theatre. *Photo: L.N.A.*

Y. M.

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

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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.

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.

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LONDON CENTRAL Y.M.C.A.

New "Residents' Room."

ONE of the most successful functions ever held in connection with the hostel residents at the Central took place on Friday, January 14, to celebrate the opening of the new residents' room so kindly provided by the secretary to replace the old one, which it was found necessary to appropriate for official use. Considering the great numbers of the old residents who have been called to service for their country elsewhere, and the consequent large numbers of new ones now staying in the building, the enthusiasm shown by all in arranging for a dinner and concert was really splendid, and far exceeded all expectations.

The guests of the evening were Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Carter, and Mr. Ward Bateson, and no fewer than fifty-seven sat down to a charmingly decorated table and partook of a repast the excellence of which, as the chairman (Mr. Hallett) remarked, reflected great credit on the manager of the restaurant. At the conclusion of dinner the health of the King was proposed by the chairman and drunk with all due ceremony. Mr. Cossons very briefly proposed the toast of "The Work of the Y.M.C.A.'s—the London Central in particular," remarking that it was not until one lived in the building that one realised the great message and purpose of the Association. In replying, Mr. Chamberlain expressed his great pleasure at thus meeting the residents. He expressed his appreciation of the magnificent work Mr. Carter had done in making the work of this building a success in the trying period of war. No one could have shown greater enthusiasm and energy than Mr. Carter, although he would have preferred to labour in new fields on the Continent—on the battlegrounds of Europe. England, he said, was mobilised for the service of the nation, and it was the duty of each one to find his job in that national service, no matter what that job would be. Mr. Chamberlain urged on those present their great responsibilities as associates and members, and how that by welcoming strangers and youngsters, by encouraging the nervous ones, and by endeavouring to diffuse a spirit of fellowship, service, and unselfishness, they would, unknowingly, influence their own lives so as to make them thankful all their days.

The best life was the life as portrayed by our Lord Jesus Christ, and there was a great call to discipleship, to the battle against the forces of evil, in which battle laurels were waiting to be won, and the truest heroism and bravery could be shown. Finally, Mr. Chamberlain requested that those present should make themselves known to him whenever they met him again in the building by "butting into" him, and it would give him the greatest pleasure in getting to know them personally.

Mr. Carter first thanked Mr. Chamberlain for his appreciation, and said that his work had only been made possible by the wonderful pulling together of the members and residents—all filled with the spirit of the Association—full of life and vim—and he thanked all the fellows for gathering round him so well, and for their loyal co-operation. Mr. Carter then proposed the toast of the "Absentees," and expressed his great pleasure in doing so. In looking around the table he could not but recall the old faces, the old friends now serving in Flanders and the other parts of the battle front. These were men who had devoted their whole energy to the work of the Association—splendid fellows, good and true, and we ought to be grateful to God that He had so placed them in the building. He sincerely hoped to see them all back again well and strong, and he finally wished them all the best of health, long life, and prosperity, and asked of God a blessing for every one.

All adjourned to the new room, which Mr. Bateson opened, and in a few words showed how one ought to endeavour to create the homely feeling amongst the residents, and in this, their room, and he asked each one to remember the ten o'clock prayer meeting.

However successful may have been the dinner, the concert which followed was a far greater success.

Reflecting on the success of this social evening we are all unanimous that some proposal should be made to establish an annual dinner and concert, to take place on the date on which the new room was opened.

A. H. W.

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OUR OUTLOOK

H. G.

"THEY have found a secret. They couldn't put it into words. It cannot be expressed in a creed. But they are splendid. There is a wonderful atmosphere among them. And they want help." This was the impression gained by the Rev. Sidney Berry, of Carr's-lane Chapel, Birmingham, during the three months' service for us in France from which he has just returned. Mr. Berry has been at work from the base to the firing-line. He has preached to the men on parade, and addressed them in the huts; he has done his full share of the ordinary work of serving at the counter—and there is no part of his experience that he values more or considers to have afforded him a larger opportunity of fulfilling the mission for which his famous church spared him for a month, and from which he could not bring himself to return till he had been away three. So he may be considered to know the need. We quote him now, not because what he says is unusual, but because he happens to be the man we last encountered before sitting down to write this article. Precisely the same sort of thing was said by Mr. Berry's Manchester neighbour, the Dean, and by their newly-arrived comrade, Mr. R. J. Campbell. The story is told us every day by workers, both clerical and lay, as they come back from the several fighting fronts. They themselves have been rendering invaluable help. As they come home we fill their places as far as we can. But the need increases, and we are desperately in need of men.

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IT is not always that a body entrusted with a literally overwhelming task of vital importance can rejoice in its difficulties. We, however, cannot feel sorry about the dearth of suitable volunteers for our work, in so far as it implies that the men who would most naturally offer, the men whom we should most naturally hope to attract, are in the Army themselves. For, of course, these are the members of our associations, the fit, keen men from the Churches, and, as everyone knows, no body of young men, whether married or single, has sent such an immense majority of its *personnel* into his Majesty's Forces. We send no eligible man abroad, of course, unless he has either attested or been given official exemption on some ground other than that he is taking service with us. Clergy and ministers have rendered the greatest possible assistance, but, as in the case of those whose names we have already mentioned, they have responsibilities at home which will not allow of their being away for an indefinite period. Their congregations have been indeed generous in setting them free for so long, but if everything is allowed to go by the board at home we shall neither give the men at the front the support due to them nor prepare as we ought for their homecoming; moreover, in addition to the men serving as chaplains with the forces, there is an unsuspectedly large number upon whom the War Office has called for duty in hospitals at home.

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WHERE, then, are we to look for men who can assist us to render the help of which we have spoken, and which, while aiming supremely at moral uplift and support, involves also a very great deal of hard and cheerful manual effort in meeting the all-round needs of the soldiers in the field? Incidentally we should perhaps remark that, though we simply could never have got through thus far without the help the ladies have given us, and though they are now carrying through magnificently duties which both we and they would have considered, twelve months ago, men's tasks, there remain certain things which we must have men to do. It is the getting of men to fulfil these duties that constitutes for us an immediate and most pressing problem. Upon whom can we reasonably and hopefully call? Our appeals for workers have gone out very widely during the last few months, and have, as we indicated above, met with a fine response. It is perhaps less necessary, therefore, to state a general case than to suggest one or two individual types of men who, for one reason or another, have not realised what use we can make of them, or what a sphere of really strenuous and national service we can offer them.

***

THERE are men who, by reason of age or of some such physical defect as poor sight, are not eligible for military service, nor yet for the various other forms of service connected with the Army for which the War Office requires men. They, like all of us who cannot be in the ranks, desire a real equivalent for enlistment—something that cannot be suspected as make-believe, and that gives a man his chance of showing that he is willing to do absolutely anything he may be called upon to do, and to make any sacrifice of comfort or of present prospects that may benefit the State. These things he may find in plenty with us. We perhaps cannot offer him the chance of being shot, but these are days when the man of the Red Triangle may find himself under fire, and will certainly be able to "lay down his life by living." Obviously we cannot send out men too delicate or old to stand the ordinary stress and exposure of camp life and a fair measure of both hard work and anxiety. Any man in reasonable health, however, can do all that is required of him. Then, again, we do not,

as a few people appear to have supposed, impose a rigid religious test. We are a distinctively Christian Association. It is Christian work, and Christian work only, that we are out to do. We expect our staff everywhere to recognise this, and to order their conduct accordingly. But we give a very practical interpretation to the word. All that we ask is that the soldiers may have done for them in our huts in the spirit of Jesus Christ whatever humanity and brotherhood prompts. There are men on our staff who are able to deliver in speech the Christian message, to lead in Christian worship, and to answer out of their experience the questions which a soldier in these days is eager to have plainly dealt with. But "to every man his work"; we do not expect that every helper of ours should be able to repeat the same shibboleth or do the same type of work. No man will be called upon to speak or to conduct prayers if he is not conscious of the inner leading to do so. Nor if he is able and willing is he required to adopt a special line of thought or style of speech, provided only that he speaks simply and directly to men in recognition of the Lordship and power of Jesus Christ, remembering that "they want help." Indeed, it may be said that the practical and unaccustomed utterance of the "ordinary man" is likely to reach the men's need most, just as the minister is finding that the counter and other work he does is of infinite value in bringing him close to the men and delivering him, if and when the time comes for a set address, from the professionalism and technicalities or rhetorical flourishes which ruin his chances with the men.

***

WITH the increase in recruiting our task obviously grows in volume and urgency. For every fresh appeal that Lord Kitchener or Lord Derby makes for men we must of necessity make our call for recruits too. The two demands do not clash, as we have shown. We do not *want* men who ought to be serving with the colours. Indeed, we will not have them. But we do want more of those who would be serving if they could, or who regretfully suppose that they are too old to accompany "the boys." We can give the chance of their lives to more ordained men (of the right sort—willing to work like a barman on a Saturday night and to talk like a chum as occasion offers). We shall be profoundly grateful to those who can serve if they will offer their services, and to those already on our staff if they will suggest the idea of joining us to likely personal friends.

The Rev. Dr. M——, during a course of physical exercise in the Tottenham Court-road gymnasium, experienced great difficulty in walking the balancing beam, and, inquiring the reason, was told to "look up." He had been looking down hitherto, and immediately he "looked up" travelled safely across. "Of course," he remarked, "we must always look up if we wish to travel safely."

PRAYER FOR OUR ARMIES AT THE FRONT.

By Rev. Thomas Tiplady.

O LORD of Hosts, Whose mighty arm
In safety keeps 'mid war's alarm,
Protect our armies at the front,
Who bear of war the bitter brunt,
And in the hour of danger spread
Thy sheltering wing above each head.

In battle's harsh and dreadful hour
Make bare Thine arm of soverign power,
And fight for them who fight for Thee,
And give Thine own the victory.
O in the hour of danger spread
Thy sheltering wing above each head.

When pestilence at noonday wastes,
And death in triumph onward hastes,
O Saviour Christ remember Nain,
And give us back our sons again.
In every hour of danger spread
Thy sheltering wing above each head.

If by the way they wounded lie,
O listen to their plaintive cry,
And rest them on Thy loving breast,
O Thou on Whom the Cross was pressed,
And in the hour of danger shed
Thy glorious radiance on each head.

O Friend and Comforter Divine,
Who makest light at midnight shine,
Give consolation to the sad
Who in the days of peace were glad;
And in the hour of sorrow spread
Thy sheltering wing above each head.

(To be sung to "Melita"—"Eterna Father, strong to save.")

The Queen has selected Tuesday, March as the date for the matinée performance the Coliseum in aid of the Princess Victo of Schleswig-Holstein's Y.M.C.A. Auxilia Committee for providing funds for concer for the troops at the hospitals and recreati huts in England and France.

The Girl he left behind him
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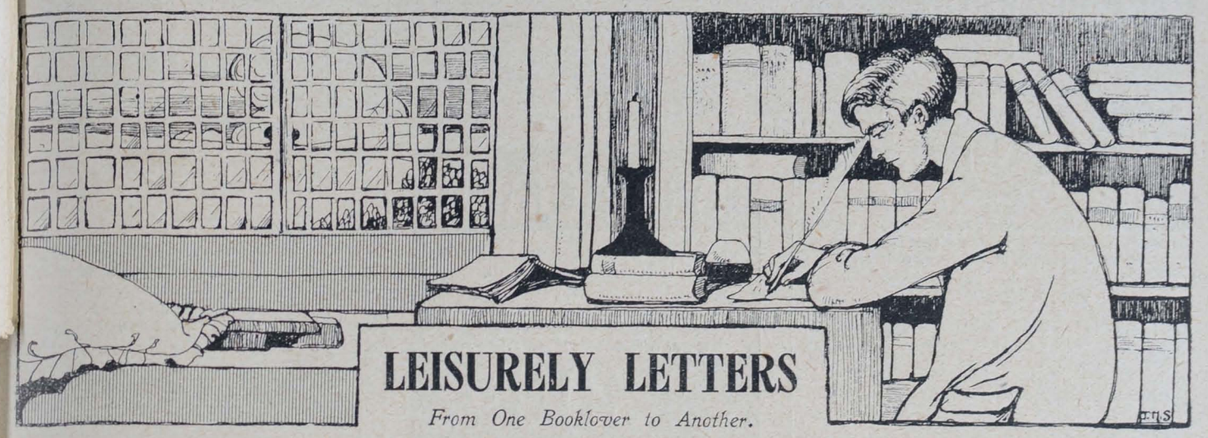

LEISURELY LETTERS

From One Booklover to Another.

MY DEAR A.,—In the sense of old Lord Salisbury's saying, "We are all Socialists now," I suppose we are all good friends of Russia these days. Perhaps most of us are a little uneasy about it. There may be a suspicion that it is rather *une camaraderie de convenance*. I fancy I can hear you, for one, saying, "Well, I suppose it's all right. Jolly good thing for us, of course. But one can't quite forget that the Russians have been the friends of the Turks so often. And then there's Poland, and Siberia, and the Jews, and the Knout, and the Pogroms, and all that sort of thing, don't you know?" Evidently you lack a reason for the faith that is in you. If I were a Russian, I should not have much faith in the length and breadth of *your* friendship for me after the war.

I know you don't care for the Russian novelists—Dostoievsky, Tolstoi, Turgeniev, or even Gorki, and you rather suspect people like Stephen Graham of a sort of sentimental mediævalism in their sympathy for the peasants of Russia, with their so poetic pilgrimages and what-not. You ask, "How the deuce is so hopelessly conservative a country as Russia ever going to help Europe forward, or keep from hindering the promise of progress in Asia?" You were glad when Japan defeated Russia—you know you were, even though you are, as usual, hopelessly inconsistent, and openly inclined to back up Australian or American prejudice against the Japanese.

Now, for the good of your soul, and, like an honest Englishman, who doesn't *really* desire that the light which is in him should be darkness, read *Europe's Debt to Russia*. It's a good three-and-sixpence-worth, net, from the Bodley Head. You make such excellent progress when you have your breath occasionally taken away that on top of the title I really must present you with something else, even a little more staggering (to you, at any rate). The author will, to quote his own quiet words, "have sufficiently attained his purpose if he has succeeded in removing some of the most glaring British misconceptions of *a wonderful people, whose fortunes are henceforth closely bound up with our own, and who are destined after this war to be the dominant influence in world politics.*"

There, now you've finished gasping, I'll tell you who says this, and who goes on to prophesy that in a quarter of a century we (or our boys) will be disciplining our young minds and stimulating our budding imaginations by the study of Russian instead of Latin and Greek. He's a friend of yours, for you have repeatedly told me that you haven't read a more sensible or more remarkably far-sighted book since the war broke out than *The Anglo-German Problem*.

Right, O sapient one. It *is* Dr. Charles Sarolea. So now you'll listen with the expectation of really learning something.

First, then, he would have you know that geography matters—that, indeed, it has much to do with the making of history. There is, he says, the simple fact of "the infinite plain" of Russia. There is the further fact that this plain is "black earth," where it is not forest or prairie. So you have a population of 175,000,000, whereof 120,000,000 are peasants, agriculturists. "In all times and everywhere the plain has invited the invader, and, in order to repel and expel that foreign invader, the inhabitants have had to submit to the protecting yoke of a master; they have had to accept a military and centralised monarchy." So, too, he argues, the mixture of races in Russia has rendered a strong Government a vital necessity. At the same time, bureaucracy has been the great disaster. "The Russian people are infinitely better than their bureaucracy, and the bureaucracy is not representative of the people." The mass of men in Russia are liberal and progressive in their ideals, therein differing from the Germans, who may be much better educated and organised for progress, but who have given themselves willingly, body and soul, to the blonde beast, the despot of their own deliberate choice. In Russia the most living things are the village communes, the zemstvos, or county councils, and the 20,000 co-operative agricultural societies which have sprung into being of late. And these are all "of the people, by the people, for the people." The people love liberty—the liberty of others as well as their own. They hated the Japanese war—and Russia lost. They believe in this one, and—well, it isn't lost yet! Above all, they have the seeds of progress in them, because they are incurably religious. "Formalism and ritualism may play an excessive part in the economy of religion, but the spirit is everywhere alive, and the ideals of Christianity continue to inspire the individual lives of the people. Nowhere is the 'Nietzschean' spirit so little prevalent. Nowhere is the Christian temper of meekness and humility, of charity and brotherhood, of self-surrender and self-sacrifice so common as in Russia." So your clear-headed observer finds the solution of the Russian problem in the deep religiousness of the Russian peasant, after all. Indeed, he frankly says: "More firmly than ever do I believe that salvation will come, not primarily through a centralised Parliament, superimposed upon a centralised bureaucracy, but through the releasing of new political forces, through the establishment of autonomous Provinces and independent Nationalities, *and especially through the releasing of the spiritual forces, through the creation of Independent Churches.* More firmly than ever do I believe that an unconditional concession of religious liberty, an honest application of the Edict of Toleration of 1905, must be the antecedent of political liberty." How he works this out, through loyalty to a strong Government, destruction of the bureaucracy, and development of a powerful middle-class with industrial ability, I leave you to see for yourself. He does not spare the Russians—whether among the rulers or the ruled—in the matter of Poland and the Jews. He ridicules an imitation of the British National Constitution, and recommends an Imperial Federation on the model of our relations with our self-governing colonies. He tends to mix up rather badly (as I think you will agree) "a strong Government" with "autocracy." But he makes you believe in the future of Russia, just as, by amazingly succinct and penetrating chapters on three of the four above-mentioned novelists, he shows you the soul of her people. And he cheerfully remarks that Russia can't be beaten, because her population increases at the rate of 3,000,000 each year! And she cannot be starved, because "the Russian black earth is one of the granaries of the world"!

I'm putting myself on a steady diet of books about Russia after this.

Can you get some sort of a little discussion club going in the hut, with this most stimulating book and a few others by, say, Stephen Graham and Maurice Baring, as the material to chew at? I could easily get a bundle of first-class books sent you, costing only from a shilling to half-a-crown per volume. The men will be most fascinated—or I've misread them. And I think both you and they will feel an altogether new and quite real friendship for Russia as a result. Anyhow, you'll know whether you ought or ought not, and won't shilly-shally any more.

Yours always,

B.

These books, or any others, may be purchased at our Book-room, Y.M.C.A., Tottenham Court Road, W.C., or will be sent by post on receipt of published price, plus postage.

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A 2d. packet makes 1½ pints of Rich Nourishing Soup.

Ox-tail, Mock Turtle, Pea, Green Pea, Mulligatawny, Lentil (Tomato 2½d.)

Easy to make—only water to add.

Send some in every parcel to your Soldier Boy.

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The best value in Luminous Wrist Watches ever offered. Strong Dustproof Nickel case. Pigskin or Suede adjustable strap. Keyless action. Enamel dial.

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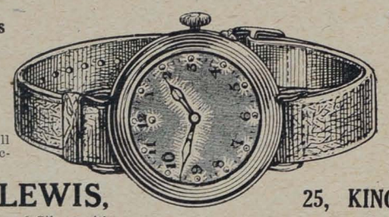

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SOLDIERS AS MILLINERS.

Amusing Y.M.C.A. Competition.

A NOVEL form of entertainment was provided for the soldiers who visited the Aberdeen Y.M.C.A. Hall the other night. The principal attraction was a hat-trimming competition, in which as many soldiers as cared to try their skill as milliners were each provided with a lady's hat and a selection of ribbons, flowers, and other materials with which to adorn it. There were three competitive classes—one for the most ornate and artistic production, another for the most attractive plain hat, and the third for the most grotesque creation. Ample time was given the men in which to construct the various models. The work of the khaki-clad "milliners" proceeded amidst much banter from their scores of fellow-soldiers who formed the audience. A committee of ladies acted as judges of the men's handiwork, and if they were confronted with a vast array of hats of the third and grotesque fashion, it was not entirely through the intention of a number of the competitors. The first prize "artistic" hat was declared by the ladies in all sincerity to be a beauty—a "dream," as one rapturous Miss described it. Certainly to the eye of mere man it was likely to be about as becoming as any other feminine headdress. But then so was the winning hat which was intended to be like no known creation of millinery. To most of the audience it might have been a well-executed copy of some thoroughly stylish Parisian fashion. The first prize "plain" hat was subjected to the criticism by the soldiers that there was not enough "sewin' in't." It was alleged—probably by a disappointed competitor in the making of simple beauty—that it had simply "got a dent an' a puckle gowans strung round it." But he was entirely wrong—the "gowans" were no gowans; in fact, they were representative of no known species of flora. The prizewinners had each to don their hats, and strange figures some of the kilted lads were as they pranced about with strange conglomerations of straw, felt, fur, feathers, and flowers upon their heads or well down over their ears. Writers describing scenes at the front have told us how weird the men look with their heads and faces covered by a recent type of respirator, but surely terror would have been struck into the hearts even of the Turks had they seen some of the fantastic head—and face and neck—coverings which the kilted "ladies" wore. A corporal was one of the winners, and he took upon himself the command of the others, forming them up two deep, putting them through various drill movements, and causing them to march several times around the hall. Pipes, cigars, and cigarettes were given as prizes by Mr. D. H. Brown, of the firm of Messrs. Player and Sons.

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE.

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For Breakfast & after Dinner

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



Use the Cleaner that Cleans

Some "cleaners" hide the dirt on Web Equipment all right. But that's not good enough for men who use Mills Equipment Cleaner—the original cleaner that gets the dirt out, restores the web to its correct colour, waterproofs it, and preserves it. Quite easy to use, not messy. Approved by the War Office. Cost negligible.

3d. per Packet at Canteens. Sample Packet sent for 4d. in stamps.

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AT THE SIGN OF THE RED TRIANGLE.

News and Notes Gathered from All Quarters.

We gratefully acknowledge the following contributions, received, among others, between January 17 and 22, 1916:—

	£
Kirby, Miss (collected)	420
Clowes, Mrs.	300
Life of Faith	300
Thompson, Misses	160
Carlton Steamship Company	150
Brown, Miss	125
Tebbutt, Lieut.-Colonel	100
Mather and Platt, Messrs.	100
Associated Submarine Telegraph Co.	100
Anglo-African Coaling Company	100
Carr and Co., Messrs.	53
Callender, Mr. T. O.	50
Child, Mrs.	50
Priestman, Mr. and Mrs.	50
Regimental Institute, A.S.C., Aldershot	50

Sir John Stirling-Maxwell's Opinion.

A fine tribute to the Association was paid by Sir John Stirling-Maxwell, Bart., at the opening of the new lounge in the Eglinton Toll, Glasgow, by Lady Stirling-Maxwell.

Before the war, he said, everyone recognised the Y.M.C.A. as a great and wide-reaching organisation, which was doing, or attempting to do, a work which was well worth doing; but he thought there must have been many people who felt, as he did, a certain measure of doubt as to whether the methods of work and procedure of the Y.M.C.A. were really such as appealed to the best and most manly of our young men. There were no doubts about that now. The organisation found itself suddenly confronted with the most severe test with which any organisation could be faced, and it was found that the young men trained in it had learned true lessons of patriotism, and were ready to stand up for their country. The Association, with great courage and wisdom, had stepped in and done a service for the Army and the Government which neither the Army nor the Government seemed able to do for themselves. One result of the action of the Y.M.C.A. would be that when the war was over the position of the Association in this country would be immensely stronger than it had ever been before.

The Dudley Canteen.

A new canteen has been opened at the big engineering works at Messrs. Harper, Son and Bean, Dudley. Lady Wolverton and the Earl of Clarendon took part in the ceremony, and this is the first munition Y.M.C.A. in the district.

An "L. F." Hut.

Our generous contemporary *The Life of Faith* has raised the money for a complete hut, and we gather that the fund opened in its columns is still making rapid progress. This is a fine lead to set to the Religious Press.



PRIVATE F. MINN,

6th Batt. Infantry, A.J.E. Force, at present acting as Hospital Orderly in Egypt. Twice wounded during the campaign. Late secretary to the Cullingworth Association.

At Westbere.

Our wholehearted friend, Colonel W. J. Adams, Senior Chaplain to the Forces in the Canterbury district, dedicated a new hut, which was opened by Lord Hythe, commanding the West Kent Regiment at Westbere, for the benefit of the West Kent Yeomanry. Lord Hythe said he was delighted to accept the hut for the use of the troops. Many organisations had been trying to look after the Tommy, but he had no hesitation in saying that the Y.M.C.A. topped them all. When the regiment was at Maresfield they had two huts, and he was not satisfied until he had persuaded Mr. Arthur Hayes to get them one at Westbere.

New Premises.

At Brockenhurst the Baptist Church Sunday School, which has been kindly lent for the purpose, has been opened as a Y.M.C.A. recreation room for the troops, and in Oswestry large premises have been opened in Bailey-street. At the latter place, in addition to three billiard tables, the attractions include a shooting-range with three targets.

The New Centre at Giza.

We have received from the Australian Overseas Base at Giza, Egypt, a programme of the opening ceremony in connection with the Y.M.C.A. recreation hut there, Lieut.-General Sir John G. Maxwell, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., C.V.O., D.S.O., General Officer Commanding in Chief the Forces in Egypt, performing the ceremony.

The programme of the musical part of the proceedings is set forth thus:—

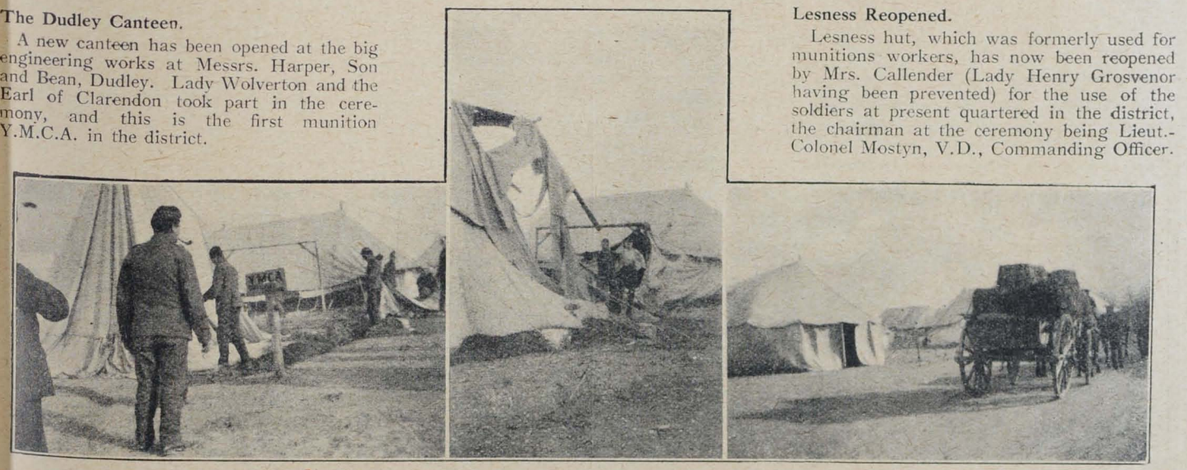
1. Gunner Mayer will reconnoitre.
2. Skirmish by Corporal Atkinson.
3. Lance-Corporal Jennings will open fire.
4. Sergeant Tonkin will operate from a higher plane.
5. Trooper Chandler will deceive the enemy.
6. Short engagement by Corporal Atkinson.
7. A burst from Private Monte.
8. Chandler and reinforcements.
9. Final, "God Save the King."

Beverley.

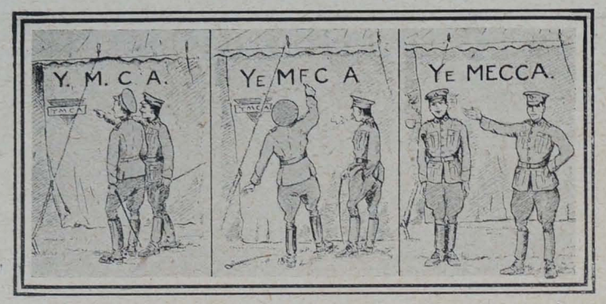
A new hut has been opened in Lord Roberts-road, Beverley, by the Mayoress of the Borough, Mrs. Harry Wray, Colonel Brooke of the Yorkshire Dragoons accepting the hut on behalf of the 2nd-1st Mounted Brigade.

Lesness Reopened.

Lesness hut, which was formerly used for munitions workers, has now been reopened by Mrs. Callender (Lady Henry Grosvenor having been prevented) for the use of the soldiers at present quartered in the district, the chairman at the ceremony being Lieut.-Colonel Mostyn, V.D., Commanding Officer.



THE RED TRIANGLE TENT TILL LATELY ON THE BEACH IN GALLIPOLI.



An appreciation of the excellence and good cheer provided by the Y.M.C.A. canteens by Thomas Atkins, formerly a Stock Exchange clerk, with memories of "Café au Lait" and dominoes after lunch in the City.

Our readers will not regret to see again the splendid little sketch which, by the courtesy of *The Tatler*, we were allowed to reproduce a fortnight ago.

By a printer's error the courtesy was then ascribed to the *Sketch*. We have also since received further information regarding the source of the drawing, which was the work of R. E. Goodwright, of the Nestlé Milk Company, from a sketch supplied by C. F. Simond, home trade manager.

Our readers will remember that we owe to the generosity of the company two of our huts for soldiers and one for munition workers.

How is Your Circulation?

We referred last week to the splendid increase in the circulation of *Y.M.* achieved by Mr. C. E. Watkins at Lady Howard hut, Burry Port, the Cory hut, and Llanelly Y.M.C.A. The ease with which the right man can accomplish the right thing is shown by a sentence in a letter from Mr. Walker, which says:—"I am sure you will be pleased to know that on Sunday evening last, at a sacred concert held here, at which there were, roughly, 500 men of all classes present, I made a special appeal on behalf of our magazine, and in half-an-hour sold 150 copies." Mr. Watkins' weekly order is now 234 copies. Any offers from anywhere in advance of this? The Editor will be glad to know who has gone one better!

A Charming Gift.

Men of the Royal Small Arms Factory at Enfield have appreciated very warmly the unsparing and efficient service rendered to them by the band of lady workers who, headed by Mrs. Winston Churchill, have waited upon them and cared for their comfort in so many ways since the Y.M.C.A. was established there. Their gratitude took shape in a very dainty gift made by them to each of the ladies recently. The happy idea occurred to Mr. A. Arthurton, and his fellow-members of the Red Triangle "Hostel" responded eagerly to the suggestion. The design of a brooch was prepared by Mr. W. Lear, of 41, Burgoyne-road, Harringay, who at present, instead of making medals and badges, is making small arms. His model proved so satisfactory that he was commissioned to



make sufficient to present one to each lady—112 in all. Each brooch was then enclosed in an envelope, with a card bearing the following inscription:—

ENFIELD LOCK MUNITION WORKERS' Y.M.C.A.

The residents and non-residents of the above ask you to accept this small gift with hearty Christmas greetings as a token of sincere appreciation of the help you are rendering them in their work.

A. W. ARTHURTON,
Hon. Sec. Voluntary Ladies' Fund.

By the kindness of Mr. Arthurton we are able to reproduce the design of the brooch, and our readers will understand the delight of the ladies when they opened the envelopes containing these pretty and serviceable souvenirs.

At D'nam Hut.

At Dinam hut, Winnal Down, Winchester, a fine variety concert, organised by Miss Woolridge, assisted by Mr. Montague Charman (of the staff), was held on Tuesday evening of last week. The Rev. T. Prothero (leader), who presided pending the arrival of Major Marks (officer commanding 3/24th London Regiment—the Queen's) called for and elicited cheers for Mrs. Lockyer of Winchester, who had generously given a billiard table. It was plain that the kindness of the ladies, who came from Winchester, was fully appreciated in the cheers which were raised for their benefit. Hearty cheers were given also for Major Marks, who brought a large number of officers with him. It is hoped that, with the introduction of Mr. Bevan and Mr. Prothero into the staff of the hut, this will be a forerunner of a series of concerts to be held at the "Dinam."

A Generous Concert Party.

A fine concert party, including Madame Edith Gunter, Madame Griffiths Jones, Mr. A. E. Bayton, and Miss Frenchard, has recently made a tour of Y.M.C.A. huts in Pembrokeshire, and their services were highly appreciated by the men. The singers spoke in glowing terms of the kindness shown them, but this was a fitting response to their own generosity in sacrificing their holidays to help brighten the dull moments of the troops in the lonely parts of Pembrokeshire.

Christ in Flanders.

Hut leaders who have in stock any copies of the booklet by Mr. Yapp entitled "Christ in Flanders" are asked to return these to headquarters immediately. The booklet is being reprinted, and a further supply will be available within a week or so.

SERBIA'S NEED.

TO avoid any possibility of confusion in the administration of contributions intended for the benefit of the distressed Serbian population, the Serbian Legation requests that subscriptions intended for the Serbian Relief Fund, of which H.M. the Queen is patroness, should be sent to the Earl of Desart, K.C.B., at the offices of the fund, 5, Cromwell-road, South Kensington, S.W.

The Serbian Legation will continue to receive subscriptions for the following Serbian funds:—

1. The Archbishop of Belgrade's Fund for the families of the killed and wounded soldiers.
2. The Society of the Serbian Red Cross.
3. The Parliamentary Commission for the Refugees.
4. The Society of St. Helena for the orphans whose parents have been killed in the war.

All contributions addressed to the Serbian Legation (195, Queen's Gate, London, S.W.) for these funds will be gratefully received and acknowledged.

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SNAPSHOTS from HOME



NEWS & NOTES.

SECRETARY THORN wishes to thank our leaders who have responded so generously to his recent letter regarding applications for shapshots from home.

Their efforts have resulted in a marked increase in the number of applications received at headquarters, and all concerned may rest assured that no pains will be spared to deal satisfactorily with these and all others which may be sent in.

A little indulgence on the part of applicants is still called for, as continued unsettled weather conditions make delays difficult to avoid; but indications of reviving interest on the part of workers are not wanting, and we have every hope of being able to cope with much larger demands shortly.

Leaders would greatly assist by noting and passing on to headquarters any complaints of undue delay or non-receipt of snapshots which may be brought to their notice by applicants.

We are at all times glad to receive details of such complaints, and will always take up every individual case carefully. Such investigation enables us the better to keep in touch with representatives and workers, and to "tighten up" any looseness which may creep into our very widespread organisation here and there.

Please let us know if you receive any complaints—and when reporting them give *full details*, with the name and *home* address of the person to be photographed. Without this information we cannot trace applications, *as these are filed under the districts in which the photographs are to be taken*, and the name and address of the *applicant only* does not help us at all.

***

We are particularly glad to note the readiness with which leaders have adopted the little slip sent out for use when forwarding batches of applications to headquarters. Their ready response in this connection has proved most helpful, and it is hoped that all will continue to employ this slip, which saves time and trouble for everybody concerned.

***

It has been suggested to us that the "Strangers' Teas," which are now becoming such a feature of the day's doings in our huts, offer an exceptionally good opportunity for making more widely known the aims and objects of the Snapshots from Home League. A few minutes' talk by the leader, possibly while tea is being taken, would serve, not only to make known the advantages which the League offers to the men themselves (and so help to obtain applications), but also to interest some at least among the assembled guests to the point of becoming active workers on our behalf.

If leaders would bear this in mind, and take the opportunity offered by these "Strangers' Teas" to introduce the subject of Snapshots from Home in a few well-chosen words, supported, when possible, by demonstration or exhibition of actual snapshots, they would materially assist us in carrying out our work, and earn the sincere appreciation and gratitude of League Secretary Thorn.

***

Writing of exhibitions reminds us of another direction in which leaders can help us (and themselves) to no inconsiderable extent.

There must be few huts indeed in which there are not men who have by now received snapshots from home, and although we know that our leaders' flocks are nomadic and the "populations" of most huts floating ones, it should be possible in most cases at a given time to find quite a number of men who have in their possession actual snapshots received by them as a result of our efforts.

Our suggestion is that these pictures should be collected and affixed to a board, or in some other simple way prepared for exhibition, and thus used as a concrete argument when "talking up" Snapshots from Home to those men who have either not yet applied, or who, for some reason or another, have not yet received the pictures for which they have asked.

There is no doubt that quite a number of men still believe that the offer we make is "too good to be true." Others, again, may be feeling some disappointment at delay which has unavoidably taken place in the delivery of their pictures—the execrable weather of the past two months has inevitably "held up" quite a deal of work which otherwise would have been put through more expeditiously.

To both classes such an exhibit as we now suggest would offer incontrovertible evidence of both our intention and ability to fulfil the promise we make, and would undoubtedly result in increased interest and a correspondingly larger number of applications being filled in.

We offer the suggestion in the hope that our friends the leaders will recognise its advantages, and adopt it wherever it may be possible to do so.

***

By the way, a limited number of copies of the League's monthly record, *Snapshots*, is now available, and leaders who would like to be placed on our "mailing list" for this little paper would greatly oblige by sending in the names and addresses to Mr. Thorn. A postcard is all that is required to ensure regular delivery.

Nos. 1 and 2 of *Snapshots* have now been issued, and though No. 1 is now practically O.P., a few copies of No. 2 are at the disposal of leaders or others interested who would like to receive it.

We may say, without risk of appearing conceited, that *Snapshots* has been well received wherever it has gone, and that we are indebted to many "real" Editors all over the country for some very gratifying *critiques* of our unassuming little "newspaper."

THE RELIGIOUS WORK AT CROWBOROUGH.

THE following paragraph is taken from the Press:—

"Records of the secular and social side of the work connected with the various activities of the Y.M.C.A. Military Hut, Crowborough Camp, have appeared from time to time in these pages. But the work of the hut has from the very commencement been of a twofold character, and its prominent feature has been, and is, the organisation and carrying on of the spiritual needs of all ranks located in the camp. Could the average civilian resident of Crowborough have the privilege—as the writer has enjoyed—of spending a Sunday in the Y.M.C.A. hut, he would be tremendously impressed by the religious activity in evidence. Within the building are held every Sunday morning no fewer than five great services, four of them compulsory in character, yet so hearty, devout, and enthusiastic that it becomes manifest to anyone and everyone that officers, N.C.O.'s, and men each and all participate in them in the proper spirit. But perhaps the most spontaneous and impressive service of the day is that conducted in the evening, and popularly known as the 'Song Service.' On this occasion attendance is entirely voluntary, and it is usually held in an interval of the men's engagement in reading and writing. The troops readily join in the singing, and love to render their favourite hymns, while due reverence is observed in the reciting of the prayers, and earnest attention paid to the words of the speaker. Such a service was conducted on Sunday evening by Mr. W. J. North, and the speaker was the Rev. W. H. Tame, pastor of the Penrith Congregational Church, who for several months past has been in charge of one of the Y.M.C.A. huts established near the firing-line 'somewhere in France.'"

A member of the Ludlow Association writes from a general hospital, where he is working in the R.A.M.C., saying that they have a very fine hut there, and it is impossible to exaggerate the splendid work that is being done. He says "It will be a great day when we can all meet together again at No. 17, Bull Ring, but while the war lasts, I would be anywhere rather than at home in civilian clothes."

THE LATE LIEUT. LESLIE KINLOCH TWEEDIE.

MRS. ALEC-TWEEDIE has friends all over the world, but none warmer than within the circle of the Y.M.C.A.

The most widespread regret will be felt in every one of our huts at the news of the death of Second Lieutenant Leslie Kinloch Tweedie, B.A., C Battalion, 72nd Brigade, 15th Division, R.F.A., Mrs. Tweedie's younger son, who was killed in action in France on January 17. Both on his late father's side, as well as on his mother's, Lieutenant Tweedie had distinguished ancestors in the naval and military services, some of them having served during the wars of Napoleon.

He himself was at Harrow and at Cambridge, where he took a good degree in 1912. He was a particularly fine French and German scholar. A student at the London Hospital with brilliant prospects, he went with a Red Cross staff, consisting of ten doctors, ten dressers, and 100 nurses, to Brussels as a dresser a week after the declaration of war. When the Germans came, two days later, the detachment were taken prisoners, he and his party attending wounded Germans from the Marne and Aisne. After nine weeks' service to the Germans, the party was sent, under military escort, to Copenhagen, five days' journey by rail, and ultimately reached England. Mr. Tweedie then took a commission in the R.F.A. He was a man of great popularity, being a fine athlete as well as a good officer. At school and in his university he had a fine record at cricket and football.



Portrait by Thos. Fall.

When he entered the London Hospital he won the Golf Challenge Cup in 1914, and at the Bath Club he was one of the show divers and swimmers on Royalty nights.

The following extract from a letter sent to Mrs. Alec-Tweedie by the late Lieutenant Tweedie's colonel must bring her very great satisfaction:—

"Personally I had learned to value your son very highly; his uniform cheerfulness, his intelligent grasp of a subject, and his coolness under fire combined to make him a most useful officer, and I know the great sacrifice he made, from a professional point of view, to serve his King and country as a soldier."

Among those who have made sacrifice without stint for the country, Mrs. Alec-Tweedie must be numbered, since her elder son is a member of the Royal Flying Corps, and also on active service. He has just returned to France.

NOTES ON DAILY READINGS.

For the Junior Department Branch of the Scripture Union.

By SIR MATTHEW DODSWORTH, Bart

Saturday, 29th.—Ps. xlv. 1-17. *"I speak of things . . . touching the king"* (verse 1). This Psalm contains a wonderful description of Christ the King, and of His union with the Church (*the Queen*). In these days we are disposed to think and talk a good deal about the rulers of the various States within the area of the present war, and there is no small interest in watching their actions. Yet what is their importance compared to that of the King, the King of Kings, and His great policy of extending His Kingdom throughout the whole world, not by force of arms, but by the force of His redeeming love, which He is seeking to express through the great company of those who are His followers here on earth.

Sunday, 30th.—Ps. xlvi. 1-11. *"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble"* (verse 1). This Psalm was Martin Luther's anchor amid the storms which broke upon him and his companions in those days which we associate with the Reformation. Many a time he must have felt that all human aid had failed, and that his endeavour to proclaim God's truth would be swept aside and be overwhelmed in failure. At such moments he turned his eyes from the storms around him up to God, and as he realised Christ's sovereignty he once more rose superior to his fears, and finally won for us the victory which we enjoy to-day.

Monday, 31st.—Ps. xlvii. 1-9. *"Shout unto God with the voice of triumph"* (verse 1). In the present war we have not secured as yet any sufficient success, and yet we face the enemy in a spirit of confidence, and, in spite of the well-known difficulties, there is a *"voice of triumph"* in men's hearts. Yet how many followers of Christ, the King of the whole earth, fail to have any such spirit of expectation in the Christian life and cause? There is no *voice of triumph* when they pray, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." That this should ever be is dishonouring to God. It would be excusable if the result depended upon ourselves, but, happily, the ground of our confidence is the greatness of our God.

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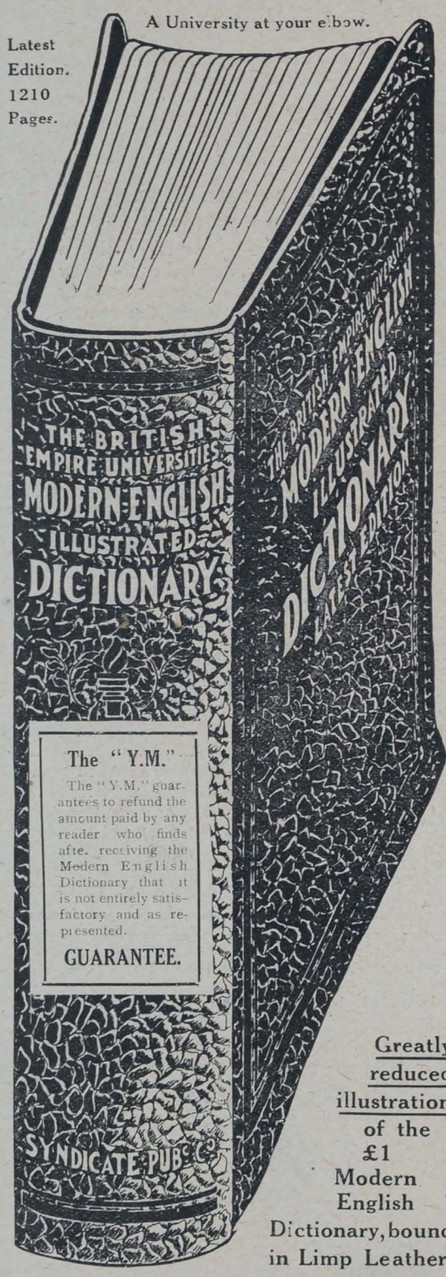

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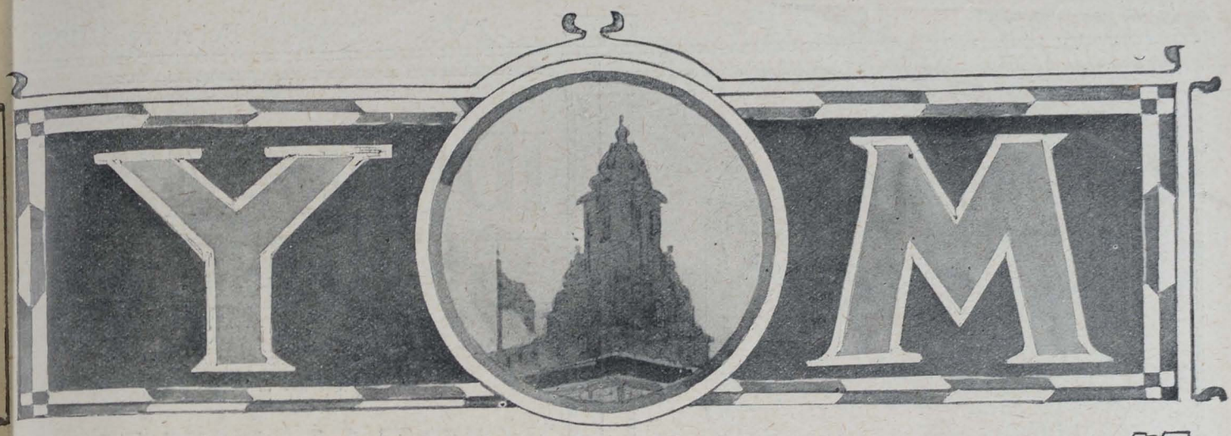

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No. 56. Vol. 2. FEBRUARY 4, 1916. PRICE 1d.

RT. HON. ARTHUR HENDERSON, MINISTER OF EDUCATION.

IF anyone had prophesied that Arthur Henderson, the young apprentice moulder in Messrs. Robert Stephenson's works at Newcastle-on-Tyne, would one day be seated on the Treasury Bench in the House of Commons, it would have been regarded as a fantastic and absurd idea. And yet it has come to pass. Not only so, but Mr. Arthur Henderson has been applauded by all sections of the House, and has been openly patted on the back by the Prime Minister amid the approval of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Bonar Law for an eloquent speech defending the Bill for compulsory service! Who, in his wildest dreams, could have foreseen such an event? For twelve years the House, which is a shrewd judge of character, has watched Mr. Henderson's steady progress, and to-day his position in the Coalition Ministry and the honour of a Privy Councillorship testify to the appreciation which sterling qualities win in Parliament.

Not long ago I heard Mr. Henderson say regretfully that he was no longer able to preach as often as had been his habit for the last twenty-five years. Once he was speaking on gambling and its fatal fascination for some men. He said: "It is not many men that have given up betting and gambling because they won, but I met the other day a gentleman who told me an incident which answered to my own experience. He said that when he was an apprentice the foreman came to him and said, 'I have a good tip for the Derby, and if you can give me a few shillings I can bring you back pounds.' He gave him five shillings, and after the race was over he brought him back £3 10s. The lad was away from home during the week, and as soon as he got home he said to his father and mother, 'Plenty of money to-night,' and began to jingle the sovereigns. His father said to him—and he could see the tears coming—'I would have given all I have rather than this should have occurred. It will be your ruin if you go on.' The lad determined straightway that he would never bet again in his life. My experience," continued Mr. Henderson, "was pretty much the same, and the thoughts then started determined me to follow Christ. I have been doing so ever since, and any position of usefulness that I have been able to fill for my fellow-countrymen I attribute to that decision. I am not ashamed of it. I glory in it."

There is a fine ring of sincerity in those words, "I am not ashamed of it. I glory in it." As a workman, Arthur Henderson began by winning the confidence of his comrades, and was led into official work in his trade union. Then he was elected a City Councillor, and later on, having removed to Darlington, he was chosen for the office of Mayor. Twenty-one years he had the chance of standing for Parliament as colleague of Mr. (now Viscount) Morley, but it was not until 1903 that the miners of the Barnard Castle Division of Durham elected him as their M.P. When war broke out, Mr. Henderson, who had been Chief Whip of the Labour party, was chosen as Chairman. He threw all his energies into the work of gaining recruits, his own son enlisting. His sturdy constitution has undergone a tremendous strain, especially since last May, when he joined the Cabinet. To the utmost of his ability he fulfilled his duties as President of the National Federation of Brotherhoods, speaking all over the country on Sunday afternoons after a heavy week's work in Parliament. There is a fine appropriateness about Mr. Henderson, a son of the people, being Minister of Education, for he knows full well the value of education. In time of peace he would have revelled in aiding and extending our system of national education, but war has, of course, limited these possibilities. As to his Parliamentary future, if he should have to retire from the Ministry as a direct representative of Labour, one does not doubt that he would return to it later on in a more independent position. Such a sane, clear mind ought to inspire the confidence of all who appreciate courage and conviction.

Labour will have much to say concerning social reconstruction after the war. The possession of leaders like Mr. Henderson will win the ear of the country for proposals made by the Labour party, because of his wise judgment and his splendid loyalty



THE RT. HON. ARTHUR HENDERSON.
Photo: Elliott and Fry.

SUPERSTITION.

By the RT. HON. G. W. E. RUSSELL, Author of "Collections and Recollections," &c.

LAST week I was writing about the deleterious effect produced by German theology on English religion. To-day I take up my parable concerning superstition, to which, time out of mind, the human spirit has betaken itself as soon as it parted company with faith. "Superstition and infidelity usually go together. Professed atheists have trafficked in augury, and men who do not believe in God will believe in ghosts." I once asked a lady, who, in her earlier life, had lived in the very heart of cultivated society, and who returned to it after a long absence, what was the change that struck her most forcibly. She promptly replied, "The growth of superstition. I hear people seriously discussing ghosts. In my day people who talked in that way would have been put in Bedlam; their relations would have required no other proof that they were mad." My own experience entirely confirms this testimony as to the development of superstition, and I have had some peculiarly favourable opportunities of observing its moral effect upon its votaries.

The only superstition tolerated in my youth was table-turning, and that was always treated as more than half a joke. To sit in a darkened room round a tea-table, secretly join hands under the mahogany, and "communicate a revolving motion" to it (as Mr. Pickwick to his fists) was not bad fun, when the company was mainly young and larky, but contained one or two serious people who desired to probe the mystery to its depths. Or, perhaps, our psychic force would cause the respectable piece of furniture to rear itself upon one leg, and deal out with a ponderous foot mysterious raps, which the serious people interpreted with their own admirable solemnity. I well remember a massive gentleman with an appalling stammer who proclaimed that some lost document which we had asked the table to discover would be found in the Vatican Library, "wrapped in a ragged palimpsest of Tertullian"; and the quaintness of the utterance dissolved the table, or, at least, the table-turners, in laughter. This particular form of superstition became discredited among respectable people when sharpers got hold of it and used it as an engine for robbing the weak-minded. It died, poor thing, of exposure, and its epitaph was written by Browning in "Mr. Sludge, the Medium." It was the same with ghost-stories. People told them, partly to fill gaps when reasonable conversation failed, and partly for the fun of making credulous hearers stare and gasp. But no one, except ladies as weak-minded as Byng's Half-Aunt in "Happy Thoughts," ever thought of taking them seriously. Bishop Wilberforce invented a splendid story about a priest and a sliding panel and a concealed confession; and I believe that he habitually used it as a fool-ometer, to test the mental capacity of new acquaintances. The Bishop belonged to that older generation which despised superstition; but during the last few years twaddle of this kind has risen to the dignity of a pseudo-science. Necromancy is a favourite substitute for religion. It supplies the element of mystery without which the human spirit cannot long subsist; and as it does not require its adherents to practise self-denial, or get up early on Sunday, or subscribe to charities, or spend their leisure in evil-smelling slums, it is a cult particularly well adapted to a self-indulgent society. I vividly remember a scene which occurred just before King Edward's Coronation. A luxurious luncheon had been prolonged, by the aid of coffee, kümmel, and cigarettes, till four o'clock; and the necromancers—surfeited, flushed, and a little maudlin—were lolling round the drawing-room fire. A whispered colloquy in a corner was heard through the surrounding chatter, and the hostess saw her opportunity—"Dear Lady De Spook, do let us hear. I know you are such a wonderful medium."

Lady De Spook: "Really, it was nothing at all out of the common. I had come home dead tired from the Opera, and just as I was going to bed I heard that rap—you know what I mean?"

Mr. Sludge (enthusiastically): "Oh, yes, indeed I do! No one who has ever heard it can ever forget it."

Lady De Spook (resuming): "Well, and do you know, it turned out to be poor, dear Lord De Spook. It was wonderful how energetically he rapped, for, you know, he was quite paralysed years before he died; and the curious thing was that I couldn't make out what he said. It seemed to be, 'Don't buy. Sarah. Search.' I was too tired to go on talking to him, so I went to bed; but next day, do you know, my maid found the coronet which his first wife, whose name was Sarah, had worn at Queen Victoria's Coronation. I was just going to order a new one. Wasn't it a wonderful interposition! Such a saving!"

Chorus (sentimentally): "Ah, wonderful indeed! Our dear ones are never really lost to us."

Closely connected with necromancy is clairvoyance. A man whom I knew well was taken suddenly and seriously ill, and his relations, who were enthusiastic spookists, telegraphed for the celebrated clairvoyante, Mrs. Endor. She duly arrived, threw herself into a trance, declared that the patient would die, came to, and declared that there was nothing much the matter and that he would be about again in two or three days. Then, having pocketed her cheque, she returned to London. The patient grew rapidly worse, and died; and his relations, though I am sure they sincerely mourned him, were much sustained in the hour of bereavement by remembering that the opinion which Mrs. Endor had given in her trance had proved to be the right one, and that spiritual science was justified by the result.

Of course, such minor superstitions as I have described are mainly ridiculous, and to get up moral indignation over them would be a waste of force. But one cannot speak so lightly of some of the practices which are grouped together under the name of Spiritualism. I have known a "Spiritual Wife," who was highly commended in spookish circles because she left her husband, family, and home in one continent and crossed the world to find her "Affinity" in another. I have known a most promising boy whose health was destroyed and his career ruined by a hypnotic experiment performed on him without his parents' knowledge. I have known a mesmeric clergyman who cozened the women of his congregation out of money, character, and in some cases reason.

Two or three years ago there arrived from a distant dependency an ingenious woman who seemed bent on plumbing the depths of English gullibility. She professed to place her clients in direct communication with the dead, and the medium was an instrument not unlike a speaking-trumpet. The enquirer put his ear to the mouth of the trumpet, and the voice of the lost friend was supposed to reach him through the tube. An eminent believer in spookery made the experiment, and professed himself abundantly rewarded (as also was the proprietress of the trumpet, to whom he paid ten guineas). He was quite satisfied that he had heard the voice which he wished to hear; and, though it had not told him anything that was worth hearing, he was convinced that the communication was a reality. But the question instantly presented itself to the minds of his friends—"Does Credulus really believe in this humbug? or is he only ashamed of admitting that he has been duped?" If he really believed that, by the simple method of listening down a tube and paying a fee, he could hold direct communication with what he had loved and lost, why did he let the mediatrix go back, when she had made her pile, to the Antipodes? Surely it would have been worth while to keep her here and enjoy the privilege every day—and, if that were too costly an experiment for the individual purse, a spookical syndicate could surely have been formed.

I might go on endlessly multiplying instances of these fashionable superstitions; but perhaps I have said enough to convey the scorn, both moral and intellectual, with which I regard such performances. Where occultism enters, veracity and self-respect vanish. Whoso is wise will ponder these things, and will give occultists, male and female, an uncommonly wide berth.

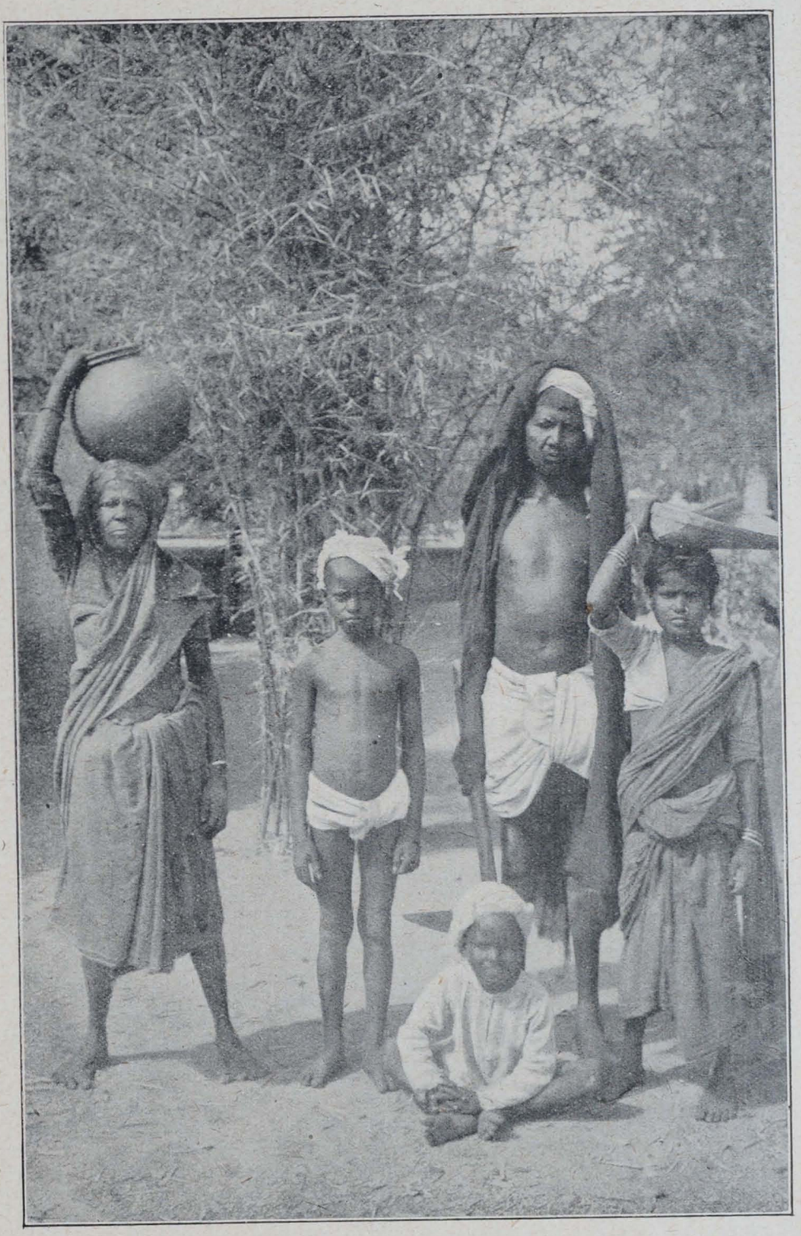
INDIA'S GREAT SOCIAL PROBLEM.

By GODFREY PHILLIPS, B.A., Bangalore, Author of "The Outcaste's Hope," &c.

The First of a Series of Articles on India by Authoritative Writers.

IT is by no means the least of the blessings which have come out of so great a calamity as this war, that it has made Englishman and Indian more brotherly than ever before in their feelings towards each other. In a startling way the war has mixed English and Indian together. Two years ago who would have thought of Brighton's chief attraction being wounded Indian soldiers? And of the Territorials who are forming the garrisons in Indian cantonments how many are there who two years ago knew nothing of India, save that our King is its Emperor, or of its people, save that their skins are dark? The strange confluence of events which has sent many thousands of Indians into England and many thousands of English people into India is fraught with glorious possibilities. The Indian who has lost some blood in Flanders, and found himself surrounded by every kindness in London, is an asset for the Empire greater than he could be before the war, not because he then was disloyal, but because Britain was vague and far-distant. The English farm-hand from a West-country village, who is garrisoning Delhi or Bangalore to-day, if he is using, as many are doing, the opportunities which the Y.M.C.A. and other organisations are offering him of learning something of India and seeing its life at first-hand—he, too, will come home as the right kind of imperialist, not simply bragging that we hold India, but keenly interested in everything that makes for the real welfare of the country.

There is, of course, a possibility, only too real, of the result being just the reverse. There are corrupting sides of English life which can make a prey of the visiting Indian and send him home, to put it mildly, with no respect for England. And if the Territorial in India yields to certain temptations to vice which it is difficult to keep away from him, it would have been better for the Empire, as well as for himself, had he stayed at home. But on the whole there is good reason to anticipate the best results from the newly-established intercourse. One thing is certain, that it is becoming a matter of conscience with thousands of Englishmen who never troubled themselves about it before, and not least with the Englishmen who are in uniform to-day, that we must try to understand something of India. It is too cheap to talk about "the inscrutable East"—talk which Indians dislike—and be content to hold a share in governing three hundred millions of people without knowing what sort of people they are. This short article, one of a series on Indian problems, deals with India's great social problem, without knowing a little of which no one can understand India at all. It is the problem of the "untouchables." In Hindu society a larger number of people than form the whole population of the British Isles—men, women, and children—are regarded by the rest of society as defiling others by their very contact. Most of them are out-castes, *i.e.*, outside the caste system altogether. Others belong to the lowest castes, and have among themselves rules exactly similar to those which are kept by the higher castes. But all alike are born, and live, and die under this stigma of being persons whose contact, whose very shadow even, defiles respectable people. Have we enough sympathetic imagination to realise in any degree the penetrating influence for evil which would have been exercised over every part of our lives if respectable society at large had refused



AN "UNTOUCHABLE FAMILY," WITH ALL THEIR POSSESSIONS! *Photo: L.M.S.*

ever to touch us, unless in circumstances in which a bath could immediately follow the contact? That influence is a smothering dead weight upon the existence of more people in India than the whole population of Great Britain. In some parts of the country one of those people, meeting a high-caste man along the road, must not only get far out of his way; he must get off the road altogether. Post offices are public buildings, open by Government regulations to all alike, yet, in thousands of villages, woe betide the pariah who tries to enter one.

There is no space here to describe the working out of this social system in the life of the untouchables. But we can say that, similarly, although they do the bulk of the manual work, millions of them commonly have only one meal a day. They are practically slaves to the land-owners, who have lent to them small sums at perhaps a hundred and fifty per cent. per annum. Whatever they do, there will always remain a considerable balance against them which they and their children are to pay off in labour, the land-owner kindly providing them with a minimum of food, all their wages going to reduce the account, though the rate of interest is such that an effective reduction is impossible. Except those pariahs who have become Christians, not one in two hundred can read or write. Morally, they are pretty much what you would expect people to be who have been treated like dogs for at least a thousand years. Here and there, in some miraculous way, arises an individual who has power of initiative and belief that he and his people can by striving attain to better things. But speaking of the community at large we may say that the hope, even the desire, of better things, and the power to make any effort after them, have long since been crushed out.

It is surely plain that India can make no great steps forward while the present condition of these people hangs as a dead weight about her neck. This is clearly understood by all the greatest Indian statesmen, and in recent years the subject of the elevation of these depressed classes has been perhaps the most-discussed topic in Indian journals. The best Indians to-day feel the condition of the masses as a heavy weight upon their conscience. They are longing, more than they ever longed even before the war, for India to take a place of honour in the counsels of the Empire, but they know that it may not be while fifty millions of their countrymen are in a position little removed from that of the beasts. There is even in existence a large "Depressed Classes Mission" supported by all classes of Hindus, carrying on a useful work in several centres. But it is significant that it is called a "Mission." Our Hindu friends are frankly taking a leaf out of the missionaries' book. They know well, and most of them are willing to state it quite strongly, that the most remarkable thing in the history of the depressed classes in India for centuries past has taken place during the last generation, and that is the movement of masses of these people towards Christianity. Somehow or other, contact with Christian missions has put into these depressed people a new hope and ambition, and a feeling that things would be better for them if the religion of Christ prevailed in their country. Most of them have not the will-power to be able to change their religion by themselves, so they have come in whole communities and asked the missionaries to instruct them. That same instruction is usually a difficult process for all concerned, and their persistence in receiving instruction forms a useful test whereby the missionary can know whether they are or are not really in earnest. If they satisfactorily pass the test, they are baptised. This does not mean that they are what we mean by "converted men." It is a real infant baptism, for they are infants in soul, and it means, like the infant baptism, that they are to be brought up in Christian surroundings, the mission being, as it were, their sponsor. Once they are baptised, the mission sets to work to get their children into schools and their young men into night-schools, to arrange daily prayers and continual moral and religious instruction for all, to wean them from all degrading practices, and in every way to fit them to occupy a man's or a woman's place in society. It is a stupendous task, but not too great for those who are inspired by the spirit of Christ. The measure of success which Christian missions have already attained has astonished many non-Christians, and is becoming one of the stock arguments for Christianity in India. Every year tens of thousands of the depressed classes are being baptised, and in an immense number of cases this baptism marks the beginning of a new and higher life than they have ever known before. Missions are saving them from being mere human wastage, and making them into men and women, thus rendering to India and the Empire an incalculably valuable service. This article can best be closed by a quotation from an official census report written by a distinguished Brahmin gentleman in 1901. "But for these missionaries, these humble orders of Hindu society will for ever remain unraised. . . . This action of the missionary was not a mere improvement upon ancient history, a kind of polishing and refining of an existing model, but an entirely original idea, conceived and carried out with commendable zeal, and oftentimes in the teeth of opposition and persecution. . . . The heroism of raising the low from the slough of degradation and debasement was an element of civilisation unknown to ancient India."

THE SPIRIT OF INDIA.

By FRANK SIMMONS, A.B.

A SAILOR had just come on deck of a vessel ploughing her way through the seas in the early morning. Just after taking over the watch he saw a speck in the far distance.

The speck became multiplied as time passed, until, to his surprise, a whole fleet appeared, gradually creeping over the horizon. The captain wore a puzzled look when it was reported to him, and continually kept his glass to his eye.

When near enough to be made out, the great fleet was seen to consist of a large number of transports and liners, crammed with dark-skinned natives, and, acting as escort, were some cruisers flying the British ensign.

Whither bound? Ah, whither bound?

These were Indians coming over to fight shoulder to shoulder with Britishers for their King Emperor against tyranny and injustice.

"Here and here has England helped me:
How can I help England?"—say.

With this as their motto many of them, never having even set eyes on the sea before, trusted themselves on its wide bosom, and responded to the call for King and Empire.

. . . . . .

One day soon after the arrival in England of the brave Indians, the writer witnessed a scene of great enthusiasm at the Crystal Palace, now used as a naval depot.

Three Indian officers but lately from their mother country, were paying a visit, and they were very quickly recognised and cheered at every step. They could hardly move along for the crowd of bluejackets eager to shake them by the hand, and even pat them on the back. After making some purchases at the Y.M.C.A. counter they were escorted to the music room, where they mounted the platform, and someone sat down at the piano and played "God Save the King."

The impressiveness of the scene can be better imagined than described. For a moment silence reigned, then everyone stood and joined lustily in the grand old National Anthem. Whether they were officers or men mattered little to these bluejackets. They only saw their splendid patriotism, and welcomed them as brothers in arms.

. . . . . .

What is the explanation of India's attitude in the present crisis? Why has she not struck out for Home Rule and freedom from Imperial Government, along with Britain's other colonies, as predicted by Von Bernhardi?

The reason seems to be largely owing to the just and Christian rulers that India has been blessed with. Such men as Clive, Lawrence, Fraser, and Morley are but a few of India's rulers who have combined tact and wisdom with justice and mercy.

Also their attitude is traceable to the quiet but very effective influence of missionary enterprise. Is this not an argument on the side of Christian missions? If missionary zeal is but one of the factors that produce such a magnificent self-sacrificing spirit as that which has been lately shown by the sons of India, then, I say, let us support our missionaries with all our heart and with all our soul.

Next Week: Our Special Scottish Number.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AT WORK.

Some Big Debates.

By One of "THE FOURTH ESTATE."

"CONSIDERABLE liveliness," to quote the words of the war bulletins, has marked the business of the House of Commons since I last described "war time conditions" in the National Assembly. The pitched battle which was inevitable, sooner or later, around the thorny question of whether the single men who have not joined the Army or the Navy voluntarily should be "fetched" has been fought out and settled. For several days we seemed to be living on the edge of a volcano, but, happily, the danger is now over, and another chapter has been opened in the history of this terrible war.

A good many people, I find, believe that even the toughest struggles in Parliament are in the nature of sham fights arranged to amuse the country, and as the result of all the excitement is generally what level-headed people expected from the first, this impression becomes strengthened.

My effort will be to describe what goes on in the House of Commons when a big debate is in progress, and to show the difficulties and dangers which a Prime Minister, like a general conducting an important advance through a new country, has to contend with. Very little of the real drama which takes place in Parliament from time to time becomes generally known outside the walls of Westminster.

The struggle over the Compulsory Service Bill has been a real one. This is not the place to express an opinion as to which side was in the right. But feelings ran high. At one time it seemed as though this Parliament would crumble under the strain and a General Election might be necessary. You had M.P.'s who found some of their most cherished convictions suddenly overthrown, at a time when the war had reached a crisis and Parliament could not afford to come to a wrong decision. On the other hand, there were members who believed passionately that the time had come when, if the war was to be won, this country should once more use its old power to compel its young men, if necessary, to fight for its honour and liberties.

No one who was present in that crowded and eager Assembly is likely to forget the scene when Mr. Asquith rose to ask leave to bring in the Military Service Bill. The Chamber was packed from floor to ceiling by anxious listeners. Not another man could have been squeezed into any part of the House or the galleries.

So many members were in khaki or naval officers' uniform that one might have thought that a military court had been assembled. These officers had been recalled in hot haste from their regiments in Flanders. Some of them told me that they had been in the trenches overnight, yet they appeared, keen and alert, at Westminster on this particular afternoon thronging the House of Commons, and reluctantly taking up their old Parliamentary duties for a brief space in order to "back up" the Government in the new step that was proposed for carrying on the war, and save it, perhaps, from a tight corner. How they grudged the time they had to spend in the lobbies! The call of the trenches—that subtle fascination of active service—was in their thoughts! They fretted and fumed to get back "to work." So great was their impatience that they formed a deputation to the Prime Minister, and urged him to press on with the Bill as quickly as possible so that they might return to their "dug-outs."

At last the eagerly expected moment arrived when Mr. Asquith stepped forward, amid a salvo of cheers, to unfold the momentous scheme about which gossip had been busy for weeks. The Prime Minister's task was one of extraordinary difficulty. He stood in the position of a general advancing through mountainous country, who knew that a hot resistance would be offered, but could not find out the real strength of the opposition which threatened him.

Up in the Peers' Gallery sat Lord Derby to hear the Prime Minister's description of the great campaign which he had carried out. There, too, was his Majesty's Private Secretary, Lord Stamfordham, and close by Sir George Reid, the High Commissioner of Australia, a country in which such a law as Mr. Asquith proposed had long been in force. Sir George is now a member of Parliament himself.

The Prime Minister knew that he had to steer between Scylla and Charybdis. If he went a little too far in his speech he would bring one set of opponents down upon him; if he fell short, another group might prove still more dangerous. Like a wise commander in a storm he nailed his flag to the mast, and strengthened his position very much by letting it be known that if the House went against his Bill he would no longer be Prime Minister. He made it a personal matter. He had given the pledge to Lord Derby that the unmarried men should go first, he said, and he meant to keep it.

Every member knew that before Mr. Asquith could stand up and make that speech there had been a severe struggle in the Cabinet, which had threatened the Ministry at one time with shipwreck. He had lost one of his Ministers. The Home Secretary, Sir John Simon, no longer sat on the Front Bench. He had retired from the Government—thrown up his commission, as a soldier would say, and gone back to the ranks—rather than agree to the Bill.

But the Prime Minister had a still more serious difficulty. Two other Ministers, both of them of the highest standing, were understood to be on the point of resigning. Happily that danger is now averted, thanks in no small degree to Mr. Asquith's tact and conciliatory manner.

Mr. Asquith made a very clear and able speech explaining exactly what the Government proposed. He showed that it was a very small scheme: yet it carried out his pledge. Perhaps the majority of members were disappointed because it represented such a little step forward; but a large number of others were won over who would not have supported a bigger scheme, and that, of course, was the Prime Minister's object.

To a soldier used to going ahead with anything in hand the "dangers" which belong to the realm of politics may seem very artificial. Yet had Mr. Asquith tripped, or miscalculated the forces against him, nothing could have saved his Bill, and his Government would have been lost in the general turmoil. Among all the Allies, Mr. Asquith, I believe, is the only Prime Minister who has succeeded in remaining at the head of his Government throughout the war. Nothing tests the mettle of a man more thoroughly than a long campaign.

The two great problems that Mr. Asquith had to keep in view, as he asked the House of Commons to pass the Military Service Bill, were: First, would the Irish members vote against him, and how hard would they fight; and, secondly, would the Labour members also resist the Bill to the end? Together these two parties could muster eighty votes or more, and so they were formidable. All the interest centred in the Prime Minister's attempts to win over these groups. If he could not get them definitely on his side he wanted them to be neutral, and in the end he succeeded fairly well.

It is now a matter of history how the Prime Minister overcame all the dangers which at one time made the outlook of the Government so black. The Irish members voted against the Bill the first time, but on the second occasion they decided to stand neutral. This was easy for them, because Ireland had been left out of the Bill in order to avoid trouble among the people.

The Labour and Trade Union members proved a much greater difficulty. A good many of them were anxious to agree to the Military Service Bill, but some of the workers in the country were afraid that it might create new difficulties for them in the factories and workshops. In this dilemma a big conference of all the trade union officials was called, and this meeting voted in overwhelming strength

against the Bill. That was a great disappointment to the Government, but the Labour Minister in the Cabinet, Mr. Arthur Henderson, stood staunchly by the Government, and thereby helped to save the situation, and eventually the majority of the Labour members decided not to oppose the proposal.

On the first trial of strength the number of members who voted against the Bill was 105, as compared with 403 who voted for it. The Bill was safe, and the danger of a split in the Government passed away.

From that time onwards the position steadily improved for the Government, and for the Bill. So eager is the House of Commons at heart to press on with the war, that instead of trying to create difficulties, everyone was anxious to find a way out. A certain number of members found it against their conscience to agree to compulsory service, but they recognised that the majority must prevail.

Some of the finest speeches were made, as might be expected, by our soldier M.P.'s, who had come back with the stirring realities of the war fresh in their minds. A couple of instances may be given. Brigadier-General Seely, who a couple of years ago was Minister for War, turned the whole course of the debate which had been running against the Bill one night by an eloquent speech, describing in feeling terms the sacrifices made by the French and the Russians, and declaring that if the House of Commons rose to the occasion and passed this Bill, it would be a sign to our Allies that we, too, were determined to make every possible sacrifice in order to win the war. Another fine, stalwart speaker was Colonel Ward, the Labour member for Stoke. He went into khaki early in the war, and has organised the Navvies' Battalion. Several other officers brought back messages from the trenches, and helped the Bill through some of its difficult periods.

This is broadly the story of how the British Parliament came to agree to the introduction of a small measure of compulsion in the midst of the great war, and only for the duration of that war. I have tried to show the difficulty of getting a large body of members, who have strong convictions, to combine upon a measure of this character, and to show that while each man's point of view is worthy of respect, some overmastering necessity may arise which will lead all to act together for the single end of supporting our armies in the field. Since the day that war was declared no great question has proved more difficult for our public men to solve than whether compulsory service should be introduced, and many will heave a sigh of relief now that the matter has been settled. ALFRED P. MOYES.

THE SHIRKED SALUTE.

"WHAT HAPPENS THEN?"

"THIS saluting business," said second Lieutenant Hargreaves (probationary) "is the devil." We had just assumed our new uniforms, and were feeling extraordinarily self-conscious and ill at ease. "It isn't so much the Tommies I mind, though. To go down the High Street just after parade and have to hold up a finger in a sort of Papal benediction to the flourishing salutes of three or four colour-sergeants of twelve years' service apiece, and all old enough to be my father, does make me feel pretty silly, especially when I know that they've noticed that the nap is still fresh on my khaki, and that this Sam Browne belt is bright yellow, and squeaks. And I don't so much mind the policeman at the cross roads, though to be suddenly saluted by a man of whom I have been terrified all my life, just because I am rigged up with regimental buttons and a sword frog—well, I feel almost as if I were acting under false pretences."

"But it's the saluting we have to do ourselves that worries. I know that on parade you have to salute any officer that comes up to you or that you come up to, even if he's another subaltern only two minutes your senior; but off duty what happens then?"

"Oh," I answered, vaguely, "you only salute field officers, whatever that means, and colonels and things, but even then I hardly think you swing your elbow flush with the shoulder, but just——"

"Good heavens! Here comes G Company bathing parade, and under an N.C.O.! What on earth do we do now if he gives us 'eyes right'?"

Hargreaves touched my arm. "Peter, old son," he said, "the turning we have just passed was called, let me see, 'Peace Street,' and just remember we have an appointment right at the other end of it. The company will retire. About turn! Left wheel!"

We made the turn in time, and were just congratulating ourselves on our smartness, when a little dapper civilian who had followed us, with a bag of golf-clubs slung over his shoulder, jumped off his bicycle, and wheeled it towards us. "Ah! Johnstone and Hargreaves," he said. "And how do you like your new regiment?"

I didn't know the old gentleman from Adam, but murmured that I liked it very much.

"And where are you off to down this street?" he pursued. "You turned round very sharply."

I lied boldly. "We have just remembered an appointment," I said, "down in that far building with the big gates." A smile fluttered across his face. "Oh, I *quite* understand," he said, with a note of apology.

At this moment up swung a company just returning from a route march. A captain at its head gave the order "Eyes right!" as he passed us, and saluted. We were completely flabbergasted, and Hargreaves goes so far as to say that I was so completely demoralised as to revert to civilian manners and attempt to lift my hat. . . .

* * * *

In Orderly Room next morning we reported ourselves in due course as uniformed and fit for duty, and inevitably, of course, recognised the cheery little civilian of yesterday as the august commander of our regiment.

And that was not all. A route march that afternoon took us past a big building with large gates, whereon an inscription in large letters showed us that our appointment had been fixed in an asylum for the criminally insane. "And that just about hits us off!" said Hargreaves.

R. R. G.

A CROWDED MONTH AT WAREHAM.

CHRISTMAS began it. On the day itself a party of between 1,200 and 1,300 were entertained in two parties at the camp cinema, and in the same way 800 men enjoyed a proper Christmas tea, provided by the kindness of Mrs. McDougall and many other friends. Nearly every night an entertainment, lecture, or band concert has been provided.

The New Year's rally continued it. "The Passing Show" was kept in lighter and also a more serious way. Patriotic songs and selections by the band of the 11th Devons provided the first, and four "watch words for watch night" the second part. The watch words were comrades, duty, no surrender, forward. Five minute talks were given on each by the chaplain and hut secretary, Mr. T. D. Johnston. The concluding prayers formed a solemn close to a great evening.

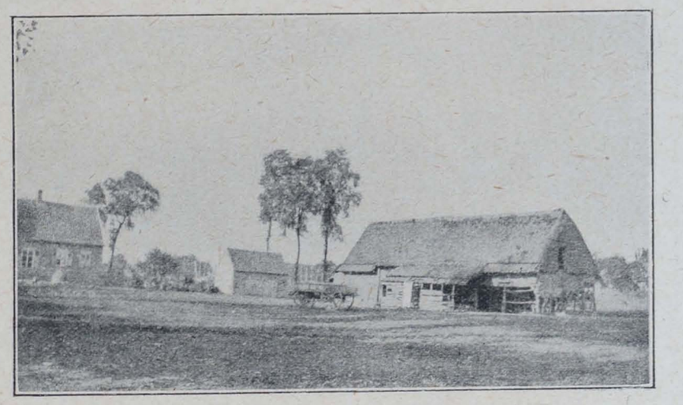
We thought we could not crowd many more men in than when the band of the 10th East Lancs provided the entertainment, but the cap was fairly put on everything by the memorable visit of the Bishop of London on January 18. He talked to the men in that style which is quite his own; his camp experiences and tales at once put him in touch with the audience, and a remarkable address, with a gradual crescendo of earnestness and spiritual appeal, was listened to with rapt attention. The right and wrong way of grousing, the true nature and meaning of the war and wearing khaki, the need of men who were both soldiers and priests in their work were the subjects on which he spoke. He had a Wareham welcome. Two unusual hymns were sung and printed on the special memento card printed for his visit; first, the Battle Hymn of the Republic ("Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord"), and Kipling's Recessional, with its refrain, "Lest we forget—Lest we forget."

We are promised a visit from Mr. Dan Godfrey's band on Friday, February 4. The new blood has arrived, and the recruits are at once taking a welcome place in the life of the Y.M.C.A. hut.

N. W. A. EDWARDS, C.F.

BEYOND THE BOUNDS OF BLIGHTY.

BY THE REV. SPENCER ELLIOTT.



WITHIN THE ZONE.

III.—The Soldiers' Religion.

AS the New Year drew closer the tone of the Mission deepened. "You can't help thinking about your sins when you are in the trenches," began one penitent. And for many, alas! the old year had been in some degree sullied by some act or habit due largely to the moral dangers of life on a foreign soil. "I'm not as white as you think I am," began another; and, most touching of all, was the phrase used by more than one, "I wouldn't have my mother grieved for all the world." The sweet humility of these utterances made one long for the same spirit amongst the people at home. How is it that the idea of national repentance meets with so much opposition, as though it were an unpatriotic thing, while by the most patriotic lads of all penitence is readily acknowledged as a true condition of service?

We observed the National Day of Intercession as the climax of the Mission. After the early morning celebration of Holy Communion a devotional service was held for the Y.M.C.A. workers from the neighbouring camps, and we were privileged in having Dr. Percy Dearmer with us to conduct the Intercessions. Special sermons followed at various points, including one from the Bishop of Oxford, who was now on his way back from "up the line." Then came a twenty-two-mile motor run, with a splendid soldiers' Bible-class waiting for us at the other end, and then hymn-singing after tea. Then an adventure in a motor van, which stopped dead, so that we had to grope along on foot to the evening service in the huge cinema hut. It was a full day, and we had reason to think it a fruitful one.

There was nothing out there that was conventional or respectable, but there was an awakening. There was a spirit of something abroad that one could not define, except to say that God was speaking. When once we got away from the security of our island shores there was a sense, as some men said, that a great deal of supernatural power was knocking about somewhere. There was a power that was being realised through suffering, and sympathy was the power that released it. I do not say that all the soldiers in France were living like saints, for the temptations in France were very great—greater than in England. But men who knew they had fallen, men who had allowed themselves to forget their mother's good-bye, became very ready to try and find out from anybody who would give it a message of the Saviour and of forgiveness of sins. It was a wonderful experience to tell the story of the Prodigal Son to a lad who had never heard it before. It made one almost wish that people at home, who had heard the story often, and never known the meaning of it, could forget they had heard it, and hear it all over again as something fresh. At home we form our own conventional ideas about religion. To many men it is a kind of respectability, a Sunday clothes affair; but that does not work when a man is up to the waist in water and mud. There is no Sunday clothes religion then. When it is a case of being ready to meet the Almighty Father at a moment's notice a man wants a real religion, a religion that saves the soul.

At home we lay a great deal of stress on the number of services people ought to attend, the number of prayers they should say, the number of sermons and addresses they should hear. And the services are apt to be rather complicated, rather long, and rather dull. In France there was no time available for many or long services. But the soldiers saw to it that the short service they could attend was a hearty and real act of religion. They did not mind having a service on a week-night; they entered into it and made it live. There was no organ or choir; there were no chants, and settings, and anthems; but the hymns were sung as though they meant every word they said. The prayers were short and simple, and the men said "Amen" very quietly as they stood bare-headed, and they joined in the Lord's Prayer with natural, ordinary voice, like children speaking to their Heavenly Father. As for the preaching, eloquence was no good; clever or scholarly sermons did not help. The men wanted a simple Gospel message that would enable them to go and face death.

The soldiers hate shams in religion, and will have the real thing or none at all. They judge a real religion to be revealed by a following of Christ in practical life, being ready for sacrifice, putting self last—being willing, for instance, to lose a night's sleep in order to relieve another man. At home we respect a man if he avoids the more heinous sins, and goes to church regularly, but we do not stop to ask whether he is selfish, unkind, or thoughtless towards those with whom he live and works. But when such a man goes into camp life he is found out. His fellows do not care a button for his respectability if he is going to be selfish, mean, and discontented, and to make other people miserable. They want a man whose ministry is to serve, to sacrifice, to devote himself to relieving others. They abhor sins of selfishness, of self-seeking, sins that have to do with seeking an advantage for one's self at the disadvantage of others. In brief, they want men who show the spirit of Christ. They ask, "What is your religion worth? What is your life like? What sort of person are you to live with? What sort of a comrade are you?"

God is indeed speaking to us through these men, sinful though many of them are. God is saying: "I want your religion to be more real. I want you to give up everything that is a sham, and not to be content with being merely respectable. I want you to be filled with that spirit of self-sacrifice, that sweet humility, that true repentance, that desire for service, which inspires the soldiers abroad."

I think of this as I hear the echoes of the soldiers' voices singing—

"Keep the home fires burning
Till the boys come home."

OUR FRENCH-ENGLISH PAGE, Conducted by Dr. CHARLES SAROLEA.

PENSEES SUR LA RELIGION.

JE suis enclin à croire que nous sommes à la veille d'un changement critique, d'un élargissement et d'un approfondissement de nos conceptions religieuses. Jusqu'ici nous avons regardé la religion comme une matière de controverse comme un problème intellectuel et dogmatique, ou comme un problème moral et politique. Le philosophe de l'avenir verra dans la religion une disposition de l'esprit, un phénomène psychologique, le phénomène psychologique par excellence. L'apologiste de la religion cherchera ses arguments non dans la métaphysique, non dans l'archeologie, non dans la philologie, mais dans les profondeurs de l'âme humaine. Sans doute il acceptera les éléments intellectuels, moraux, politiques et esthétiques de la religion ; mais il découvrira que ces dogmes intellectuels, les jugements éthiques, les institutions politiques, les rites et les symboles esthétiques correspondent à certaines conditions spirituelles et à certains besoins, à certains désirs, et que ces besoins et ces désirs varient suivant la race, le climate et le milieu, qu'ils varient suivant l'individu et même chez chaque individu, suivant l'atmosphère où il se trouve à un moment donné. En d'autres termes, il y a dans l'humanité des tempéraments naturellement chrétiens ou mahométans ou bouddhistes, et parmi les chrétiens il y a des tempéraments naturellement catholiques ou protestants ou sceptiques. Par exemple, pourquoi le peuple français et généralement les peuples Latins, ont-ils été si étrangement réfractaires au protestantisme? Pourquoi le protestantisme pendant trois siècles n'a-t-il fait aucun progrès dans le midi de l'Europe? Au contraire, pourquoi les nations germaniques en général et les nations scandinaves en particulier ont-elles été réfractaires au Catholicisme? Par exemple, pourquoi le Catholicisme a-t-il en fait disparu en Norvége ou en Suède?

Ou encore pourquoi le Bouddhisme a-t-il converti des centaines de millions d'asiatiques tandis que les Christianisme malgré l'apostolat héroique de milliers de missionnaires n'a t-il pas fait un pas en avant? Pourquoi en Afrique est ce plutot le Mahométisme qui a conquis les tribus sauvages du Continent Noir, non pas, remarquons-le, par l'épée, mais par la persuasion? Ou encore pourquoi dans les Etats Unis les négres sont-ils généralement rebelles à l'Anglicanisme ou au Catholicisme Romain? Et pourquoi sont-ils attirés par le Méthodisme? La distribution géographique de la religion nous présente une collection nettement définie de faits que l'on ne peut ignorer et qu'il faut expliquer. Et las seule explication n'est-elle pas que entre des nations déterminées et des religions déterminées il y a des affinités électives?

Le croyant objectera tout de suite que mon explication est l'explication du sceptique ou du fataliste ou de l'indifférent, mais l'objection ne tient pas debout parce que notre explication n'exclut pas l'explication du croyant. Car même pour le croyant à moins qu'il ne ferme ses yeux à la lumière, il doit y avoir des degrés dans l'échelle de la vérité. Il doit y avoir des différences qualitatives. Il y a des religions plus ou moins fausses, il y a une apprehension plus ou moins imparfaite de la seule vérité révélée. Sans doute le croyant s' en tiendra à cette seule vérité absolue, objective, dogmatique ; mais à côté de cette vérité et de cet idéal absolus il y a une vérité relative et psychologique, à côté d'elle, ill doit y avoir une explication humaine, historique des perceptions différentes de la vérité, et l'explication proposée la voici : le Catholicisme et le Protestantisme, le Mahométisme et le Bouddhisme réussissent et se répandent parcequ'ils sont adaptés, et dans l'exacte proportion où ils sont adaptés, aux besoins et aux désirs de personnalités déterminées et de nations déterminées.

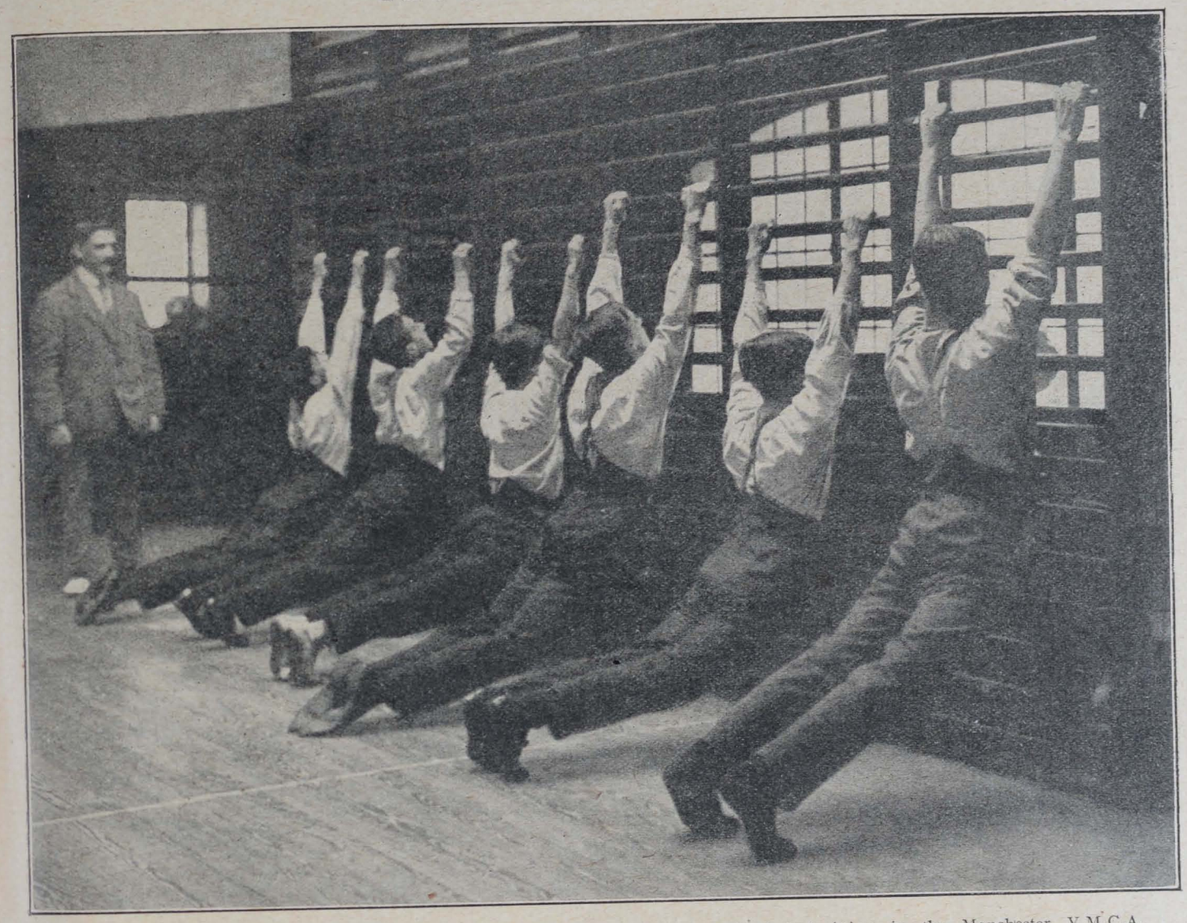
I AM inclined to think that we are on the eve of an epoch-making change, a widening and deepening of our conceptions of religion. Hitherto we have looked upon religion as a matter of controversy, as an intellectual and dogmatic problem, or as a moral and political problem. The philosopher of the future will see in religion a disposition of the mind, a psychological phenomenon, *the* psychological phenomenon. The apologist of religion will seek his arguments, not in metaphysics, nor in archæology, nor in philology, but in the depths of the human soul. No doubt he will accept the intellectual, moral, political, and æsthetic elements of religion, but he will discover that intellectual dogmas, ethical judgments, political institutions, æsthetic rites and symbols correspond to certain spiritual conditions, to certain needs, to certain desires, and that those needs and desires vary according to race and climate and surroundings, that they vary with the individual, and even in the same individual according to the atmosphere he finds himself in for the time being. In other words, there exist in mankind temperaments naturally Christian or Mohammedan or Buddhist ; and amongst Christians there are temperaments naturally Catholic or Protestant or sceptical. For instance, why have the French people, and Latin nations generally, been so strangely non-receptive to Protestantism? Why has Protestantism for three centuries made no progress in the south of Europe? On the contrary, why have the Teutonic nations generally, and especially the Scandinavian people, been non-receptive to Catholicism? For instance, why is Catholicism practically extinct in Norway and in Sweden?

Or, again, why has Buddhism converted hundreds of millions of Asiatics, whilst Christianity, notwithstanding the heroic apostolate of thousands of missionaries, has not moved one step forward? Why in Africa is it rather Mohammedanism that has conquered the savage tribes of the dark continent—not, be it remembered, by the sword, but by persuasion? * Or again, why in the United States are negroes generally repelled by Anglicanism and Roman Catholicism, and why are they attracted by Methodism? The geographical distribution of religion presents us with a definite collection of facts which cannot be ignored and which must be explained. And is not the only explanation that between certain nations and certain religions there are elective affinities?

The believer will at once object that this is the explanation of a sceptic or a fatalist or an indifferentist, but the objection does not hold, because our explanation does not exclude the explanation of the believer. Even to the believer, unless he shuts his eyes to the light, there must be degrees in the scale of truth, there must be qualitative differences : there are religions more or less false, there is a more or less imperfect apprehension of the one revealed truth. No doubt the believer holds by this one absolute, objective, dogmatic truth, but alongside of this absolute truth and standard there is a relative, psychological truth ; there must be a human, historical explanation of the different perceptions of truth. And the explanation is this : Catholicism and Protestantism, Mohammedanism and Buddhism, succeed and spread because they are adapted, and in proportion as they are adapted, to the needs and desires of definite individuals and definite nations.*

* *To these statements we do not subscribe, but Dr. Sarolea sets forth a point of view shared by others, and we invite correspondence on such vital questions.*—EDITOR.

GROWING A CHEST.



77,000 men have enlisted in Manchester : 7,000 "rejects" have received free physical training in the Manchester Y.M.C.A. gymnasium, with a view to re-examination and ultimate acceptance. *Photo : J. Shaw.*

A GLIMPSE OF Y.M.C.A. WORK IN CHINA.

What Led to Our Student Volunteer Band in Chefoo.

DURING last spring I was teaching English-speaking students in the Methodist college at Ningpo, S.E. China. Since leaving, some eight of the young men there have corresponded with me. From several of them I had accounts of a mission conducted in the summer by Pastor Ding Li Mei at that college, and its good results.

At the beginning of September I started teaching at the English school for young Chinamen carried on by the American Presbyterian Mission at Chefoo, the famous port of N. China. And as soon as the term was fairly started Pastor Ding Li Mei was invited to conduct a mission here.

During the previous week the Christian boys of the school held a brief prayer meeting each evening to pray for its success, and the school Y.M.C.A. arranged a reception on his arrival.

Ding Li Mei's native Province is Shantung, so in coming to Chefoo, after an absence of six years, he was coming back to his own people. The largest church was requisitioned for the Sunday morning service, and all the missions sending their quota to the congregation, its resources were taxed to the full. Three meetings daily were held from Monday to Wednesday, and as a result thirteen young Chinese men publicly indicated their faith in Christ.

Pastor Ding became a Christian at the age of eleven, graduated from the American Presbyterian School, and taught for two years in Tengchow, and then came to Chefoo, where he studied for the ministry under the pastors of the American Presbyterian Mission two years, putting in a third year at Wei-hsin. For the next ten years he worked as a pastor at several places. While at Laichowfu the Boxer outbreak occurred, and he was arrested while at his evening prayer, and thrown into prison for being a Christian. Dr. Liu, a graduate of the medical class, who was in business for himself as a physician at Taichowfu, and whose house was a centre for Christians going and coming in the city, was also thrown into prison. Their captors tried to get them to recant, but in vain, and in the providence of God they were presently set free.

In one of his meetings recently Pastor Ding related how, when Mrs. Mateer (a pioneer missionary in China) lay dying, she called him to her bedside, and said that she hoped and believed he would lead very many of his countrymen to Christ, and that she would be waiting in heaven to welcome him with the converts he might win. Under God's leadership he became an evangelist, and has been greatly used in missions which he has held in different parts of China. He is now engaged by the Y.M.C.A. of China to work especially among college students and to exhort Christian graduates to offer for the ministry. FRANCES M. BOYCE.

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SPORTS MEETINGS FOR SOLDIERS.

By HERBERT E. NAYLOR, the Physical Director of London Central Y.M.C.A.

I.

OF the many new channels for service which the war has opened up for the Association the arrangement of sports meetings in camps is one which has great possibilities.

Last year it was attempted in several camps, and the success achieved leads one to urge the promotion of such meetings on a much larger scale.

To secretaries and camp leaders the suggestion of sports days under the auspices of the Association presents a big problem, owing to their existing duties being already extremely heavy, and yet the organisation of sports need not involve a tremendous amount of work. It may, indeed, mean quite a minor effort, compared with the results which accrue.

Those who have had experience in conducting sports meetings for civilians will perhaps conjure up two or three months of preparation, together with many other difficulties, and be inclined to think it absurd were it stated that two weeks is all-sufficient to carry the whole programme through.

Actual facts, however, prove that it is possible to complete the arrangements and run the meeting off in even less than a fortnight, *if it be confined to soldiers in camp*—as intended in the present circumstances. One would not suggest it as practicable except under the special conditions shown in italics. Details of such an event and its organisation will be far more interesting and convincing than mere general statements, and so it is proposed to take as an illustration—not by any means an exceptional one—the meet at Campsworth. (Names are fictitious throughout.)

A chance chat one day with Mr. Ontop, the leader at the place named, led to a visit to Campsworth with a view to surveying the situation, which is briefly summed up as follows:—Total number of men in camp, about 10,000; Brigadier-General very sympathetic to Y.M.C.A.; only piece of flat ground at all suitable, Naughtiboys School. It is useless, of course, to try to arrange sports without a ground, and so before doing anything further the head master had to be approached. He very willingly agreed to a meeting being held in the school ground. The Brigadier-General came next, as his permission is vital before attempting anything further than selecting a possible site. He very cordially agreed to the proposal, and opened a way for the formation of a committee representing officers, N.C.O.'s, and men from each battalion.

As there was a possibility of an early removal of the brigade, it was essential that the sports should take place without delay, and so it was arranged for the committee to be called together for the first time on Friday, September 10. The first gathering usually decides the success or otherwise of the whole affair, as the Association convener must put forward a programme which will appeal to all present, and ensure their support. In the case under notice it was on the following lines:—

Agenda.

1. Proposed sports meeting (opening statement by secretary).
2. Election of chairman for committee.
3. Venue and date of sports.
4. Events.
5. Prizes.
6. Entries.
7. Admission to ground.
8. Posters and handbills.
9. Estimated receipts and expenses.
10. Other business.
11. Date of next meeting of committee.

These items were all of vital importance, and provided ample discussion for the first meeting, but, being mostly "cut and dried," ready for the committee, they were dealt with more expeditiously than if they had been left entirely in the hands of that worthy body. A brief report of the proceedings will show how the business was disposed of.

1. The secretary mentioned that the Brigadier had given his sanction to the holding of a sports meeting, and had kindly called the committee together to work out the details. He further intimated that he had prepared a scheme which might be used as a basis for running the sports, and if the committee would appoint a chairman, he would outline his proposals straightaway.

2. Mr. Ontop, the Y.M.C.A. camp leader, was then elected to the chair.

3. Mr. Longcane, of Naughtiboys School, having generously offered the use of the school ground for the sports, and it being probable that the brigade would shortly be moving from Campsworth, it was agreed to hold the meeting on the ground named on Saturday, September 18.

4. A list of events as appended below (prepared in advance) was passed *en bloc*, after brief discussion:—

Programme of Events.

1. 100 yards flat.
2. Pillow fight.
3. 220 yards flat.
4. Tug-of-war (teams of ten). (Maximum team weight 110 st.)
5. Six miles race.
6. 220 yards flat.
7. 440 yards flat.
8. Officers' race, 100 yards handicap. (Half yard start for each year over 21.)
9. Two miles walk.
10. High jump.
11. 880 yards flat.
12. Veterans' race, 100 yards handicap (age minimum, 35).
13. Sack race.
14. One mile flat.
15. Obstacle race.

5. In view of the possible receipts and expenses, it was suggested that three prizes be given for each of the events except "Tug-of-war," which was to consist of ten prizes at 5s. each for winning team; pillow fight, high jump, and sack race, one at 10s. and one at 5s. for each event. No competitor to take more than two prizes. Some discussion arose as to whether *money* or *articles* should be given as prizes, and it was decided in favour of the latter. The prizes to be on show by Tuesday, September 14.

6. In order to work up the entries, it was proposed that each officer on the committee should make himself responsible for the entries and fees of his battalion, the fee to be 3d. each event, tug-of-war team 2s. 6d. The list of entries, together with fees, to be handed in to the hon. secretary by Thursday evening, September 16.

7. Agreed that the admission to ground be free to all officers and men in uniform. Friends accompanying soldiers 3d. each. Civilians 6d. each.

8. As to printing, it was decided to obtain fifty posters and 2,000 handbills for display and distribution in camp and neighbouring town, also railway station.

9. A statement of estimated receipts and expenses as follows was then submitted:—

Estimated Receipts.	£ s. d.	Estimated Expenses.	£ s. d.
Entries	8 0 0	Prizes	15 0 0
Chairs	2 10 0	Printing and stationery ..	2 10 0
Gate	7 0 0	Preparation of ground	4 0 0
Programmes .	1 10 0	Stewards' badges	0 10 0
Deficit	10 0 0	Hire charges .	2 0 0
		Sundries	5 0 0
	£29 0 0		£29 0 0

In order to meet the deficit it was decided to ask each battalion to subscribe the sum of £1 towards the funds. Lieutenant Cash was appointed to act as treasurer and secure the amount named.

10. Under other business several minor questions were raised, but as the meeting had lasted one hour and a-half, all matters of importance were noted for the

11. Next meeting, which was called for the following Tuesday, at 3.30 p.m.

(In the next issue it is proposed to show the work entailed after this meeting and prior to the next; also proceedings of second meeting.)

A SPOT WITHOUT A NAME.

But Very Jolly.

BLANDFORD, January, 1916.

DEAR *Y.M.*,—"God save Ireland!" She was a clever, pretty Jewess who made this exclamation, and it has caught on with me ever since, and I said it when I came here. Just think of it; thought I was fixed up for good in that splendid palace of Y.M.C.A.'s in Westminster, and then all of a sudden am shot across the country to this benighted spot without a name, somewhere near Blandford—four miles from the town; you can walk it or pay 2s. to ride! One has no time to walk, nor any desire to waste 2s. in war-time. Yet there is always the one great attraction to earnest workers in all Y.M.C.A.'s—viz., the khaki boys. I simply love to be amongst them; in fact, I feel towards them just the same as I do towards my own boys at home. They all have their fathers, who think lots of them, and wish them well wherever they go. One can't take the father's place, but can nearly imagine you do when many of the boys call you dad. It stirs me to be so addressed, and I say to myself, "Yes, sonnies, I'll do what I can as your own dad would, in every possible way, to make you happy and comfortable." If the country round here is just a bit dull, there is no dulness in this hut; we are a busy hive of workers—plenty to do, and we are getting on with it. Last night we had about 600 boys entertained with an excellent cinema show. On Wednesday we are having a grand concert, with more to follow. Sunday we had three services, attended by over 1,000 men, who seemed to take much interest there. We have about 10,000 men in camp, and more expected. The men are a happy, jolly lot of fellows, and it is a real pleasure to live amongst them and do your bit.

J. J. A.



MORE BOYS FROM BIRKENHEAD WHO HAVE MADE THE GREAT SACRIFICE.

BUGLER R. DEAN. H.M.S. Collingwood.
Killed in the Dardanelles.

CORPORAL THOS. PARROTT. 4th Cheshire Regiment.
Killed in the Dardanelles.

PRIVATE R. SIDEBOTHAM. 4th Cheshire Regiment.
Killed in the Dardanelles.

PRIVATE GEO. VEITCH. Liverpool Scottish.
Killed in France.



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Y. M.

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THE EDITORIAL OFFICES of "Y.M." are at the CENTRAL Y.M.C.A., TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, 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.

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 the Rev. A. J. COSTAIN, M.A., Headmaster of Rydal Mount School.
Author of *Arthur Jackson, The Daybreak Call*, &c.

Saturday, 5th.—1 John iii. 13-34. Do you love God? It is very hard to say, isn't it? A boy friend of mine said the other day: "I could not honestly say that I love God more than I love Brownie" (his dog). He said that seriously, and was troubled because it only expressed the truth. But, in reality, loving his dog was a step in the right direction.

Sunday, 6th.—1 John iv. 1-10. What did Saturday's note mean? Could you see any sense in it? Well, all real love is good, for it is of God. When we begin to love we are learning God's lesson. From loving a dog we can go on to love people, and from loving our fellows to love God. "He that loveth not knoweth not God." Do you love anyone in the world more than you love yourself? Do you creep quietly out of the house after breakfast in the holidays for fear your mother should want you to go a message? Do you wait till you are alone before you bring out your orange? Or, worse still, do you eat it in front of boys and keep it all to yourself? Does your fun chiefly consist in making fun of other boys—not honest, good-natured fun, but the cruelty that would not spare even a boy's lameness, or would emphasise the scarcity of his pocket-money?

Monday, 7th.—1 John iv. 11-21. The Apostle is still talking about love. Over and over again he comes back to the subject. Does he ever really leave it? Don't forget to read verse 18: "Perfect love casteth out fear." Have you ever thought of love as a means of getting courage? A small boy was once asked what he would do if he were with his mother and met a mad bull. "I'd push her into the hedge, and stand in front of her and kick out." Not a bad answer. He would show his heels if he were alone, but he would use his toes if he were with his mother. Love really does make us brave. Isn't it love rather than hate that gives our soldiers courage?

Tuesday, 8th.—1 John v. 1-12. There can be no love where there is no willingness to serve him whom we love. It is idle to say we love God unless we do His will. That is really the test that we can apply to our lives when we want to find out whether we do indeed love God. Do we keep His commandments? (verse 3). They are not grievous, that is, not burdensome and vexatious. His laws are for our good. The rules of football are not meant to stop your enjoyment of the game; they are designed to give you a chance of enjoying a decent game. Obey them and all goes well.

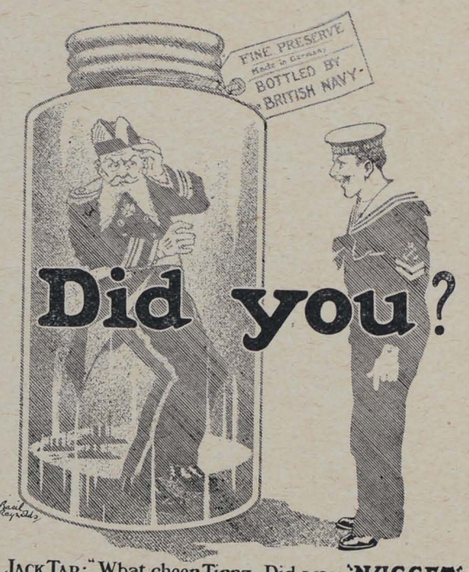
Wednesday, 9th.—1 John v. 13-21. The thirteenth verse tells us quite plainly the purpose for which the whole letter was written. Life issues from belief in Jesus Christ. To know Him is to live. You not only "see life," you live.

I wonder what are the "idols" (last verse) from which you have to guard yourself. Can you think what they are?

Thursday, 10th.—2 John 1-13. "I would not write them with paper and ink; but I hope to come unto you and to speak face to face." Paper and ink are poor tools at the best, compared with the living voice. If it is hard to set down helpful things on paper, it is strangely easy to set down things that hurt. There would be fewer broken friendships in the world if everyone would make up his mind that, when unpleasant things have to be said to a friend, they should be spoken, and not written. When you wish still to be friends, there are many ways of softening your words as you speak them, but in black-and-white they look—and are—deadly.

Friday, 11th.—3 John 1-14. What a bitter thing it would be to say to some people what the Apostle says to Gaius: "I pray that thou mayest prosper even as thy soul prospereth"! Some of us would never grow rich along these lines. And yet "the soul of all prosperity is the prosperity of the soul."

"Imitate not that which is evil, but that which is good." We live and learn by imitation, and how often we choose to copy what is worst in those whom we imitate! When a boy copies a man, and wants to prove himself a man, how does he do it? By imitating a man's vices, all too often.



JACK TAR: "What cheer, Tirpz. Did you 'NUGGET' your boots this morning?"

"NUGGET" BOOT POLISH, in 1d., 2d., and 4½d. Tins.



H. G.

A Soldier Must Love his Enemies as they are his Enemies, and Hate them as they are God's Enemies.—Cromwell's Bible.

OF all things, it is most vital to England now that her soldiers should be good enemies. This requires a certain greatness of heart. In fact, it demands Christian men. To this end a great effort is essential. How that effort may be put forth we propose to suggest in our next issue. Meantime, we recall Cromwell's words. Shakespeare will inspire us anew, and quicken afresh in us the sturdy manhood that marked the great Elizabethan age as we read him and speak of him in this tercentenary year. But nothing in Shakespeare or Shakespeare's England comes quite so close home to us as a few passages from Milton and Cromwell do.

***

WE are glad to have a reprint of Cromwell's Bible at such a moment as this. The grim old captain chose for his Ironsides "The Soldier's Pocket Bible, containing the most (if not all) of those places contained in Holy Scripture which do show the qualifications of his inner man that is a fit soldier to fight the Lord's battle, both before the fight, in the fight, and after the fight; which Scriptures are reduced to several heads, and fitly applied to the soldier's several occasions. And may be also useful for any Christian to meditate upon now in this miserable time of war." In 1643 he gave every man in his army a copy. Now we have it in some dozen small pages, the quotations from the Lutheran text, and the wonderful headings, of which these words about the art of being a good enemy form one.

***

AS might be expected, the citations are nearly all from the historical books of the Old Testament—from the splendid stories of those old Jewish soldiers and sovereigns. There are exactly four passages from the New Testament, and that is all. The amazing thing is that there are no verses from the Imprecatory Psalms. There is nothing of the positive paganism which leaps out in some of the Old Testament heroes, and which the Kaiser quotes with so much unction . . . and unconscious aptness. There is a supreme sense of God, evoking a salutary humility, among those who have taken up arms at His call. Their one claim to victory is that of bringing success to His banner. Directly the army of dedicated spirits loses its passionate purity it may look for defeat, since it has really taken sides with the enemy.

***

NOW this is not pietism. It is the strong meat of moral conviction, and the deep enthusiasm of humanity which created not simply a model army, but a new nation. By it these austere men cast down tyranny and cleansed the social and political life of their day from softness and vice. It was not simply the magnitude of their task that transformed them, as they toiled at it, into giants, but the glorious spirit in which they worked at it. Not Puritanism, but a flaming passion for a purer manhood saved England, and that passion was not all on one side.

***

FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN has aroused considerable controversy by declaring that it is our business to go on killing Germans till we have won the right to dictate terms of peace. The fact remains that we have set some three millions of men doing it. Are we helping them to be good enemies? Is there the spirit in the country that runs through that old number of the *Times* which announces the glorious victory of Trafalgar. Somebody has said that the only victory with which we ought to be satisfied is a victory that leaves us without enemies.

***

FORTUNATELY, we do not hear on the lips of fighting men the foolish and fanatical things that civilians sometimes say. Sailors and soldiers care for far more than the immediate fruits of sacrifice. Success is not worth while to them unless it secures the future. How their thoughts move—or, at any rate, the thoughts of those among them who are good enemies, and to whose level we want every sailor, soldier, and citizen to rise—is indicated by the words of Admiral Beatty's letter last week:—"Surely the Almighty God does not intend this war to be just a hideous fraças, a bloody, drunken orgy. There must be purpose in it all; improvement must be born out of it. In what direction, France has already shown us the way. She has risen out of her ruined cities with her revived religion, which is most wonderful. Russia has been welded into a whole, and religion plays a greater part. England still remains to be taken out of the stupor of self-satisfaction and complacency in which her great and flourishing condition has steeped her, and until she can be stirred out of this condition, and until religious revival takes place at home, just so long will the war continue. When she can look out on the future with humbler eyes and a prayer on her lips, then we can begin to count the days towards the end."

AT THE SIGN OF THE RED TRIANGLE.

News and Notes Gathered from All Quarters.

We beg to acknowledge the following among other generous contributions received January 24 to 29, 1916 :—

	£
Dow, Miss Jessie	600
How, Mr. A. B. (Exeter College Hut)	500
Leckie, Mr. W. Graham	450
Harrop, Mr. E. G.	450
Douty, Mrs.	450
Harold Chapin Hut	240
London General Omnibus Co. (Upkeep of T.O.T. Hut)	221
Davies, Mr. E. Francis	213
Carver Brothers, Messrs.	200
Miller, Sir J. O. (Second Donation)	150
Hythe, Lord	120
Hazeley Down Hut Extension	106
Clarke, Nickolls and Co., Messrs.	105
Polhill, Mr. C.	100
Swire, Mrs.	100
Walsall Hut (On Account)	100
Ironmongers' Company	53
Druce, Miss	50
Leonard, Mr. R.	50
Miller, Mr. and Mrs.	50
Black, Mrs.	50

A Lead from Luton.

In quite a number of towns special local efforts are being made to raise definite sums of money for the building and equipment of huts. At Luton the Mayor took the initiative and secured the help of influential county ladies living near; he also appointed a small committee, including himself, the town clerk, and other public officials. The Mayor saw a number of local firms, inviting them to contribute £100 each; the result was that at the close of the meeting they had secured £1,300.

They are supplementing this effort with a flag day on Saturday, a penny collection amongst the factory girls, and in the principal works amongst the employees, &c.

The Mayor tells us that he has never touched anything that met with such a ready response; no one refused him. He has guaranteed the £1,500 needed to pay for the equipment of three huts for the Canadians, and also to defray the cost of furnishing them. He expects to get well over £2,000.

A Good Sample of Practical Christianity.

In sending a cheque for £5 5s., Mr. David M. George, of Dumfries, writes :—

"I have a number of employees in the Army, and one of my own boys; I have also come in contact with a good many men since the war started, and I have been particularly struck with the good work done by the Y.M.C.A. in this direction. I have been told by many of them it is really the one comfortable place they can go to. To my mind, the work done by this society has been a right good sample of practical Christianity."

"This New Power."

Mr. R. J. Whitwell sends us the following extract from a letter received from a colonel in the R.A.M.C. :—

"Oh! these Y.M.C.A. workers—whatever should we do without them here? Wherever we go we find our needs provided for, not only materially, but spiritually. It is a work beyond description, and simply invaluable to all our soldiers. May this new power which has come to it last into the days of peace."

A Great Campaign.

The other morning there came into our office a big, burly man, bearing a correspondingly big paper parcel. The man was Mr. J. W. Moodie, the soldier-evangelist, and the parcel contained no fewer than 800 decision cards, which had been handed to him in the course of four weeks spent among our huts. During the month of January he has spoken to 11,250 men in Yorkshire and the Midland Division.

Since the outbreak of the war he has spent 545 days with the troops in 202 camps. He has spoken to over 750,000 men, and travelled 10,000 miles through 21 counties, namely :—

Ross-shire.	Bedfordshire
Aberdeenshire	Essex
Fifeshire	Kent
Stirlingshire	Surrey
Lanarkshire	Middlesex
Yorkshire	Sussex
Lincolnshire	Worcester
Shropshire	Gloucestershire
Flintshire	Wilts
Staffordshire	Hampshire
Warwickshire	

A Small Boy's Letter.

Mr. F. H. Singer writes from Bulford :—

An M.T.A.S.C. man coming back from leave brought the enclosed letter which his family found a younger brother writing, and, thinking it might interest us, handed it over the postal counter :—

43, Balfour-road,
Preston,
Jan. 6.

DEAR MASTER OF THE Y.M.C.A.,—I should like to do somethink to get you some money for being so kind to the soldiers for I have a brother one, and it made use fell very sory when he was going away but we are glad now when we hear that he is so coffortable in you warm rooms and reading books and writing letters when he wants. If you will send me a box to collect money and I will do my best to get as much as I can and send it to you and I hope it will do a good for the soldiers that have left home like our Herbert has so will you pleas tell my brother Herbert Houlding what I must do is number is 152087 MT.ASC. c/o Y.M.C.A. B. lines Bulford camp Salisbury Plain.

I remain,
Yours sincerely,
NORMAN HOULDING.

New Huts.

A hut for the Prison Guard at Dorchester has recently been opened, and the new hut at Wimbledon Camp solemnly dedicated, while after many weeks of useful work that at Bettisfield Park Camp has been formally opened by Lady Hanmer.

By the liberality of some residents of Hadham and the vicinity, a fine hut has been erected in Moor Hall Park.

A Diminution of Military Crime.

In the course of the opening ceremony at Dorchester Major Hitchins, who declared the hut open, said that it gave him pleasure to acknowledge publicly on that occasion the benefit which the members of the Prison Guard had received from the attentions of the Y.M.C.A. since they started their work; the benefit was enormous. There had been a diminution of military crime—*i.e.*, of cases coming before the commanding officer—and that was of great benefit, not only to the men themselves, but also to the officers and to everybody connected with the camp, making things run more smoothly.

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. PER 4d. TAB.
Order from your Chemist Now. IN METAL BOX.

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The Y.M.C.A. and the Jewish Public.

We greatly appreciate the following paragraph, which appeared in the *Jewish Chronicle* for January 21 :—

"With the sincerest pleasure we take the opportunity of drawing attention to the appeal which the Young Men's Christian Association makes to our readers through our advertisement pages this week. The Association, as must be generally known, is doing a blessed work among our soldiers—work not of a religious character in the sectional sense of the term, but religious in the highest meaning of the word, work of a kind which cheers the war-worn fighting man, brings comfort and comradeship into his storm-tossed life, and helps him to feel 'at home,' if only for a little while. In that work the one thing that is sternly tabooed is proselytism of any kind. The soldier's conscience is left free—only the tired mind and body are tended in a broad, sympathetic spirit. How well and honourably the Y.M.C.A. has served our own Jewish soldiers has been generously testified to by the Jewish chaplain, and the appeal which is now made can be answered by Jews with a double grace. The Association has more than 1,000 centres in existence. But to maintain and extend this chain of noble practical service a sum of £250,000 is asked for. There are great camps at home and at the front which have no Y.M.C.A. hut, or centre; and, as the appeal reminds us, the worst of the winter is yet before us. Will not some of our wealthier brethren, if only as a recognition of how a public work can be conducted with broad thought and religious outlook, provide a few huts to help complete the chain? Each of these buildings costs only £400.

"But every Jew who helps to supply it offers a symbol of Jewish gratitude and a stimulus to the highest conception of patriotism and civic brotherhood. Who will, nay, who will not, help?"

From Somewhere in France.

. . . The last concert given in the big municipal theatre was a gigantic success. The house was packed—even to people standing and choking the alley-ways. It was "New Year's Nicht," and I got tartan ribbons to adorn the bouquets which were presented to the lady artistes. One of the small boys from our headquarters presented the first, and a smart "Tommy" in khaki gave the second; but the "house" was brought down by a fine upstanding "Poilu," walking on from the wings in his light blue uniform, who, with grace and gusto, handed over the third, and then, facing about, smartly saluted the audience. We had several Scottish items sung by a Miss Mary Mackie, a soprano from Aberdeen, which went down well. But what touched me, came near the end. Before "La Marseillaise" and "God Save the King" was the final item "Good Evening," a quartette, but I had it changed to "Auld Lang Syne," by the same four singers. Two verses had been sung, and half-way through the third, with its quickened time "Something Struck the Scottish Heart," and from a stage box I saw two men (one in the pit and another in the balcony) simultaneously rise up and stand; knots round them formed instantly; the movement spread rapidly, and within ten seconds the entire theatre, with its four galleries of congested khaki, was on its feet! There was nothing to compel it—nothing arbitrary, nothing conventional—just the inward prompting of the Scot who recognised in the "atmosphere" of the occasion sufficient "local colour" to bring to him the breath of the heather. It was remarkable!

Barnardo's Boys and Y.M.C.A.

Mr. Alfred B. Owen, Canadian superintendent of Dr. Barnardo's Homes, writes in the December number of *Ups and Downs* :—

"There are certainly not less than 2,000 of Dr. Barnardo's boys amongst the Canadian overseas forces, and every day is adding to the total. A large portion of our daily correspondence is now with our young soldiers either in France or in England or in the training camps in Canada. The Y.M.C.A. letter heading has become a very, very familiar one, showing the extent to which our boys make use of the institution, and we cannot see it too often."

Telegraph Privileges.

In New Zealand the Y.M.C.A. is granted special privileges by the telegraph department in the efforts it makes on behalf of parents and others concerning the whereabouts and condition of wounded soldiers.

5,135 Sleeper.

In the course of six days no fewer than 5,135 men of H.M. forces have slept in our eight "Ever-Open" centres near the London termini. The number for the preceding seven was 5,669.

INQUIRIES ABOUT MISSING SOLDIERS

PTE. JAMES WRIGHT, 1815,
7th Batt. the King's Liverpool Regt., B.E.F., France.
Missing since charge at Festubert, May 16.
Inquirer : Mrs. James Wright, Liverpool-road, Formby, Liverpool.

PTE. T. A. GOLDING, 5230,
C Company, 2nd Batt. Buffs, B.E.F.
Reported "missing." Last seen on September 28 in the fighting round Vermelle.
Inquirer : Miss Scarth, Bearsted, Kent.

A GOOD TIP!

Take the advice of seasoned soldiers. They will tell you that the secret of keeping fit and fresh on the march is—an occasional piece of Wrigley's SPEARMINT Chewing Gum. A soldier can carry no more wholesome or beneficial confection—it's an "Extra ration" in itself—the ration that sustains and invigorates you.



WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT
CHEWING GUM

"The Confection that keeps you fit."

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WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT Chewing Gum,

5 bars 2½d.
40 bars 1/6

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years' wear 2/6
7 ,, ,, 3/6
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Send your pals "out yonder" some tins of
HARRISON'S NURSERY POMADE
—they'll be very acceptable. When you haven't time to wash there's a big chance you'll have "companions." A little HARRISON'S POMADE KILLS EVERY INSECT on hair and body. Insist on having HARRISON'S POMADE. "Tins of Comfort," at 4½d. and 9d. Sold by all Chemists—or by post from HARRISON, Chemist, Reading.



You can have **Real Turtle** for dinner this evening. Instruct your cook to get a 1/- Carton, containing six tablets, from your Grocer, or send P.O. direct to—

Real Turtle

No other soup you can make or buy is half so nourishing and delicious as Real Turtle Soup made from the **pure meat of West Indian Turtles.** This King of Soups can now be obtained in compressed tablets, sufficient to make a cupful of that rich flavoured consommé once limited to the tables of the mighty.

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GIVES STRENGTH TO WIN.

MRS. ALEC-TWEEDIE'S HUT SCHEME.

A Hut for the Navy.

MRS. ALEC-TWEEDIE has received such a warm response from the Navy through sums collected from officers and men and canteens generally that it is proposed to put up a Y.M.C.A. hut, to be called "The Navy," and if sufficient funds come in for a second hut, or even a third, they shall be so utilised. It must not be supposed that the Y.M.C.A. only caters for the Army; every man in uniform is ever welcome, and the Navy have never made more use of it than they do now, whether in the North Sea, the Channel, or distant lands.

Cheques crossed London County and Westminster Bank and sent to Mrs. Alec-Tweedie at 30, York-terrace, have been received from the following ships:—

H.M.S. *Dolphin*, H.M.S. *Halcyon*, H.M.S. *Royalist*, H.M.S. *Myngs*, H.M.S. *Bellerophon*, H.M.S. *Falmouth*, H.M.S. *Temeraire*, H.M.S. *Thunderer*, H.M.S. *Forth*, and the Sailors' Home at Harwich.

As there is a particular want for a very large-sized hut costing many hundred pounds at a particular spot on our coast at this particular moment, it is hoped that the canteens of our ships will make a special effort, especially when they know that this scheme has the patronage of Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, &c.

Anyone can send a cheque earmarked "The Navy" to this lady, who is working so hard for the cause, and many will doubtless welcome the opportunity to do so, knowing it is to the Navy we owe so much of our safety.

As the big shipping companies have made so much money out of the war, it would be a generous return for them to make grants, as some of them have already done, including the Atlantic Transport Company, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, &c.

Nurses and the Y.M.C.A.

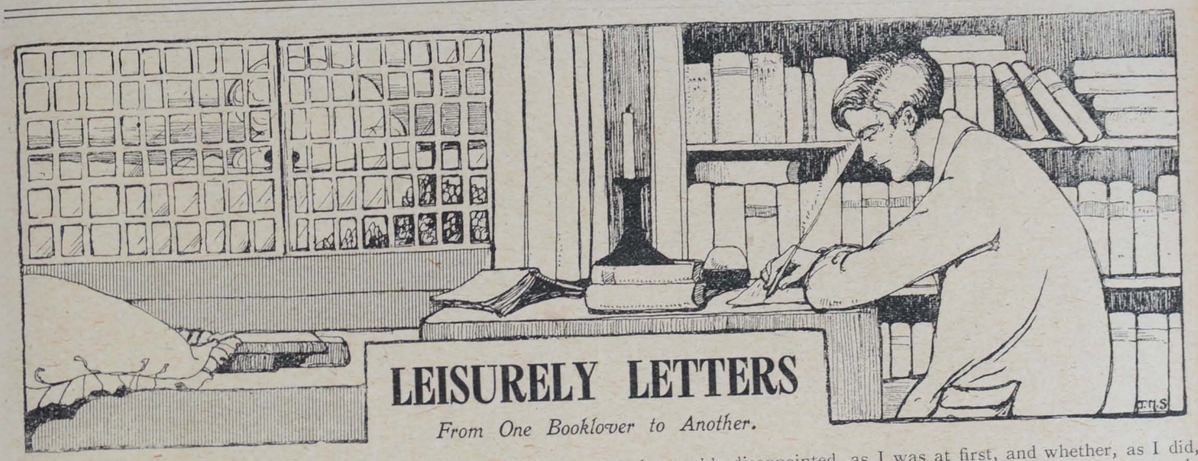
Alas! many of our sailors and soldiers have serious cause to be grateful to their nurses, serious because their wounds have often been of a terrible nature, and grateful because these good women have nursed them back to life.

Mrs. Alec-Tweedie's hut scheme grows apace. She has received various contributions from nurses, and now suggests that if nurses in hospitals and institutions will each subscribe 1d. and send her the result to 30, York-terrace, Harley-street, W., cheques crossed London County and Westminster Bank, marked "Nurses' Fund," that she thinks it would be a very good idea when sufficient money had been collected to put up a hut for our fighting men and call it "The Nurse."

So many more huts are still required that it would be possible to name some after particular towns, fallen soldiers, or groups of workers like the farmers, the Navy, the nurses, the boilermakers, or the leather workers.

Farmers and the Y.M.C.A.

Mrs. Alec-Tweedie has had quite a good response from the farmers of Great Britain for her Y.M.C.A. hut scheme, and who should be more generous at the moment than the farmers, because they are among the people who are making money? She thinks it would be a very good idea if people would send her cheques to 30, York-terrace, W., crossed London County and Westminster Bank, earmarked "Farmers," and as soon as sufficient money has been collected for this purpose that a hut should be put up, to be called "The Farmer."



LEISURELY LETTERS

From One Booklover to Another.

MY DEAR A.,—Why should I be ashamed? Frivolity pays—even from a strictly patriotic point of view—at times like these. Of course, I mean the kind of frivolity that keeps a man human, not the sort that stamps him as inane. There are some sides of life that cannot be seen in a hard light, and if ever we needed to see life steadily and see it whole, why—"Now's the time." The deadly sin of a stupid seriousness has resulted, for poor brother Fritz, in a particularly horrid kind of suicidal mania. So enamoured has he become of the super-soldier that he is bent on killing in himself that spirit of the comic which alone, as Meredith insists, can keep a man from becoming ludicrous as well as a dangerous egotist. He has forgotten what the Fatherland really means to him in his enthusiasm for the figure that he cuts in jackboots and a pickelhaube. Wherefore, warned by his awful example, I seek salvation from the fatal vice, which threatens every nation in arms, by reading at regular intervals a new book of humorous short stories on subjects as remote from the war as possible. Why not?

You say you can't afford four and sixpence for A. Neil Lyons' last book—*Moby Lane and Thereabouts*. Mr. John Lane will doubtless enable you to buy it for a shilling before your group is called up, and you have to scrape together your spare pennies and deny yourself sixty woodbines to purchase even a cheap edition. But you can't afford to wait till then. For here is the heart of our English country life revealed in a handful of humorous sketches which plant Neil Lyons securely among such Olympians as Pett Ridge and W. W. Jacobs.

Seldom does a man deal equally successfully with the characteristics of Cockneys, Sussex villagers, and Tommies of all sorts. Neil Lyons has in his several books proved his power to do it, and this one, with its "memories and portraits" from what is evidently his favourite nook among slow-going, shrewd South Countrymen will only strengthen the reputation he created by *Arthur's*, *Kitchener Chaps*, and the rest. Once or twice he is crude (as in "Young Crispin," and in the particular "illusion" which he attributes to the patient in "Outside"). But this is only partly a defect of craftsmanship. It springs even more from a certain defect of both experience and sympathy. This is so evident that you will forgive him, remembering that he will doubtless free himself from such limitations in the future just because he has so much breadth and depth already. I know you'll fall in love with the little girl who cannot understand why everybody does not go to "Barclay's Shop" and get money by handing in bits of pink paper with words "drawed on." Mr. Mutton, with his happy thought of "Befriending Her Ladyship," is, you will agree, a most successful employer of the retort courteous to the exalted and patronising snob, while in "The Bed o' Pattikews" Mr. Lyons draws a picture only the more poignantly pathetic because so subtly humorous, of the tragedy that always threatens your poor man in the country. To characterise the book in a few sentences is impossible, since every story touches a fresh point in this human motley of grave and gay. When you have read them through, and gone back to the quite irresistible ones here and there, you will ask, as I did, "Well, what are we going to do about it all after the war?"

Perhaps a book of travel may not appear to your sophisticated mind so strange a volume to command success in these war-dominated days as a book of short stories that say nothing about soldiers. In *A Woman in the Wilderness*, however, Miss Winifred James, performs as effectually, and even more deliberately, the feat of "looking the other way." *Letters to My Son* and *More Letters to My Son* you devoured as eagerly as I did. I am perfectly impatient to know how these letters from Panama will strike you. It will be interesting to hear whether you are thoroughly disappointed, as I was at first, and whether, as I did, you get beyond that stage to the realisation that here is not only a new stage, but an altogether different type.

I suppose life on a banana plantation, in the midst of a South American swamp, with a handful of very indifferent white people and a few hundred Jamaican negroes, half-castes, and general human oddments as society, is scarcely calculated to bring out the singularly beautiful traits that belong, as the author's other letters show, to incipient and early motherhood. This may be all the more so if the woman, being British, is married to an American who apparently possesses none of the finer, and all of the harsher and more unattractive, characteristics of the conventional Chicago business man. There is much more of the woman of the world about these letters than one would have anticipated from the author. But the important fact is that she paints unforgettable pictures. She shows us one of those queer corners of the world where extraordinary courage and cheerfulness are displayed in that strange conflict with Nature in her less kindly moods which is the price other people pay for the common things by which we live. Exile to the Tropics would attract some of us. Life on a clay dump, with a climate constituting a perpetual Turkish bath, and a variety of insect pests that compare only with an Egyptian plague, is a very different thing—but it is the truth in the Panama lagoons. And it takes a good deal to appreciate there the humorous aspect of the negro character and the advantages of the simple life. Even a passage on the first vessel that actually sailed from the Atlantic into the Pacific through the newly opened Canal, passing from the Old World to the New, and crowning with an American success 300 years of European dreams, devotion, and despair, may impart but a very faint thrill. None the less, Miss James holds us from the first page to the last, because the whole thing is so full of a forceful simplicity. I hope she doesn't think that to end a letter, as she does No. IX., in relation to the eternal servant problem, is to be forcibly simple. It is merely vulgar—poor style, anyhow.

"Looking the other way"? Yes, but only because she cares so much about what is happening in, and because of, the great struggle, and can get so little news. For that reason she is so full of thought about what it may mean for the future.

"To look forward at all is wrong when it leads to fear. And that is why more often than not since the war began I have written to you of trivial things that are going on around us rather than of stupendous things that are happening elsewhere. I cannot help the future by opening the door and peering in till I frighten myself. I may be able to help it by looking into it, closing the door resolutely, and seeing forward no further than to-day, hoping that if my time should come to do, I should not be wanting. To train oneself not to look at things is, for some of us, wiser and more necessary than to do the other thing."

Perhaps so, if you are exiled so far away, and your heart is torn for the people you know in the Old Country, especially the women, whose lives will be wrecked by the war. But, on the other hand, we are saved by hope—a doctrine which our letter-writer, in her independence of religion, has undervalued.

There are some delightful portraits of people whom Miss James persists in calling "niggers"—a bad habit acquired from contact with the bad manners of certain Americans. But she does not fail to refute certain current falsehoods about coloured folk, and tells one or two fine stories about their naïve loyalty to the Empire. You will relish her shrewd sayings upon such subjects as Woman Suffrage. Moreover, being a dog-lover, you will be happy to make the acquaintance of Snuppy, Duke, and some others. Chapman and Hall publish the book at 7s. 6d.

Yours ever,

B.

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SNAPSHOTS FROM HOME.

SOME EXPERIENCES.

By WALTER BENINGTON.









PHOTOGRAPHING snapshots for the lads at the front is a most admirable tonic, at least so I have found it. Mine is a difficult district to tackle: there are so few who want snaps, and they are so far apart, distances are great, and I have no bicycle; consequently I can only get through one or two on a journey, and it is also a little difficult to make an appointment for exact time—but the dear souls who are waiting to be "took" are very good, willingly agreeing to such an arrangement as "between twelve and one."

At one house where this was done, and it proved to be nearer one than twelve, I was greeted by, "Oh, we thought you were *never* coming," and such a scurrying and running about, it was very evident the visit was a great event.

At another house I found a charming young girl who had been described on the soldier's application as his "friend." Now when one's housemaid speaks of her "friend," one usually understands her to mean her young man, and I naturally expected that this nice young girl was Tommy's sweetheart.

I was rather shocked to be told by her mother that she had never seen the young man, my sensation giving place to wonder when I gathered further that neither had the girl! The position became clear when they explained that he was one of the newspaper's "lonely soldiers."

The girl's father is a policeman, and I suppose his entire house would go on a patch 20 feet by 15, and his income (well, what does a Bobby get? I don't know); but here are his wife and daughter sending out cakes and sweets, mufflers and smokes, and better still, home letters to this lonely lad. They showed me a letter from him of which they are justly proud, thanking them for a parcel of such things. I honestly felt that the little bit I was able to do was a poor showing in comparison with theirs.

One outing was very interesting—all the subjects were married women with babies, increasing in arithmetical progression as I went on. The first had one, the second three, the third five, the fourth seven. I was pleased I had no more on that day, as I should have wanted a wide-angle lens for the next.

The husband of the mother of seven was an army baker at Rouen. On my arrival mother was not quite ready for me, so showed me into the front room, about eight feet square. In an armchair sat a boy of about ten, looking very unhappy, and in the window, each on another chair, sat a pair of twins of nearly two. Two other girls were fussing round, one with the twins and the other with the baby. One was sent out for the eldest girl, who was working for a local doctor. She had absolutely refused to be photographed, but mother had just as positively insisted, and I should think mother had a heavy hand on occasion.

When Millie was fetched from the doctor's she had to get ready. While we waited mother explained that Arthur had a bad sick-headache. "'E do suffer so with 'is 'ed, pore boy." I recommended a diet of hot water for a day; he certainly looked very green, with purple rings round his eyes, but wanted to be included in the group.

At last all the children were ready, dressed in their best ribbons, overalls stripped off, and the only thing left was to find a place to display them. I felt like the showman's elk in the story.

Absolutely the only place was the back yard—it often is so in this kind of work; so here mother was put on a chair with the baby, the two eldest girls took each a twin, and the rest crowded in where they could find a space. The camera was set up on a tripod—I always take a tripod, it is often advisable even with a 2 B lens on a reflex—and the group was finally taken with critical neighbours as onlookers.

But the cream of the whole business is afterwards, when Tommy sends his leters of appreciation; they are worth having, and amply repay for any amount of trouble, and that generally is not much.

Mr. Benington is one of the leaders in pictorial photography, "Another of the high-priests of the Photographic Art, with a big A." The interest taken by such men in "Snapshots from Home" is a great encouragement. We are indebted to the Editor of "The Amateur Photographer and Photographic News" for permission to reprint the article and reproduce the Snapshots.

LOURDES TO-DAY.

THE following comes from Mr. W. H. Wickham, of the Naval Institute Y.M.C.A., Harwich :—

Lourdes is a comparatively small town, situated almost in the heart of the lovely Pyrennees Mountains, away from the noise and glamour of war.

Some readers of the *Y.M.* who may have visited this part of France in peace time will no doubt remember the famous Grotto at



Lourdes. The pilgrimages to this Grotto were an annual event, and many are the relics left behind by the pilgrims who claim to have recovered the use of their limbs.

To-day it is "L'Hôpital des Sœurs Bleues," which is the central point of interest. My sister writes from the hospital, where she has been engaged in nursing the soldiers of our French Allies for some months past :—"December 24 was a busy day for us, as we quite suddenly received word that we were to prepare beds for fifty new patients. As the day wore on we could see the train bearing its sad burden steaming slowly through the valley.

"It was a big train-load of our poor French soldiers who had been terribly wounded in Champagne. After the fifty had been left with us, the rest were to be taken on to be properly cared for in other hospitals.

"After the wounds of our poor French Tommies had been carefully dressed, they were tired nurses who were afterwards asked to decorate the Salle de Jeu and dining hall for Christmas.

"On Christmas Day everything was done for the happiness and enjoyment of all. Dinner was served in the dining hall, all the soldiers who could be moved sitting down together, but instead of the "time honoured" plum pudding, a delicious creamy sponge pudding was served.

"During the evening, in the Salle de Jeu, an excellent concert was much appreciated by all. One or two played the violin very well, whilst others sang and recited. All joined very heartily in the chorus, 'It's a long, long way to Tipperary.' After the National Anthems of all our dear Allies had been sung, a very enjoyable Christmas Day was brought to a close."

The photograph is one of Mr. Wickham's concert party. He says :—"We have had some very good times at New Hall Farm, and though some of the men have recently been split up and a few are now with Mr. Breeze at Gravel Hill, we are trying to keep together, and look for some great times in the near future."



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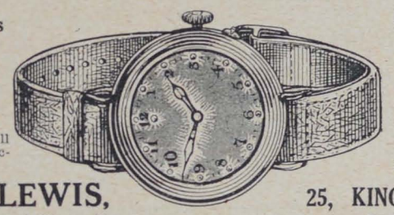

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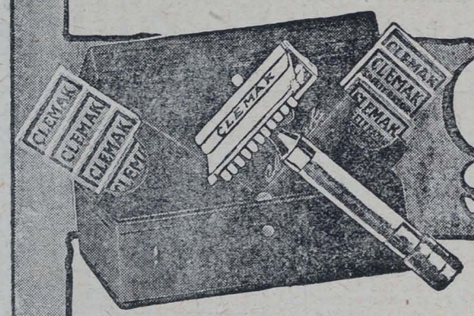

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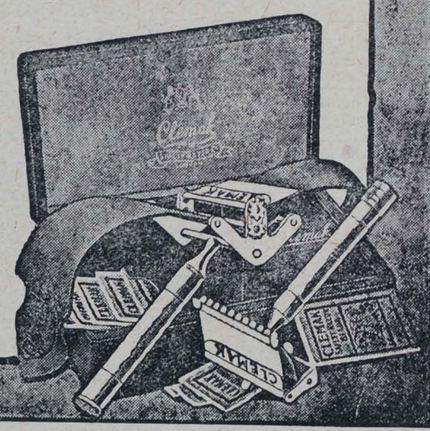

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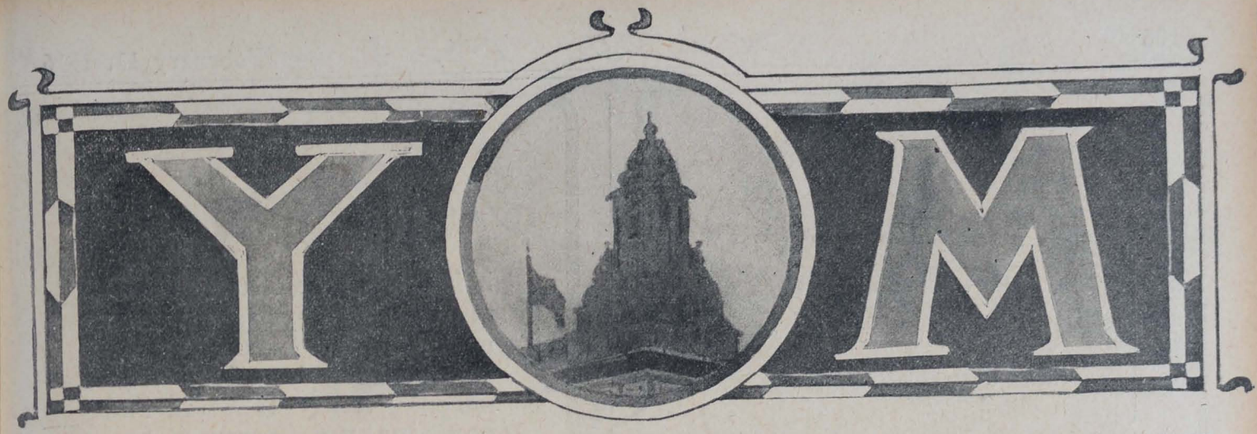

No. 57. Vol. 2. FEBRUARY 11, 1916. [Registered as a Newspaper.] Price 1d.

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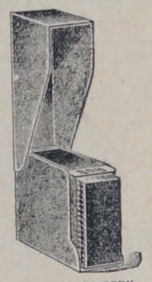

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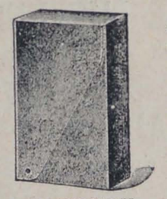

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OUR SCOTTISH NUMBER

THERE ARE SCOTSMEN EVERYWHERE!

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KEEPS THE LEATHER SUPPLE & WATERPROOF AND IS A DUBBIN THAT WILL LAST ON THE BOOT.

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is from the milk of cows fed on the celebrated high Norwegian mountain pastures, and is guaranteed absolutely pure. Warranted correctly labelled and **contains no preservatives.**

Delicious with all kinds of fresh, stewed, bottled, dried, or tinned fruits.

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MILKMAID CREAM

is packed in neat sterilized, solderless tins of various sizes, and is prepared by a firm with 50 years' reputation for purity and excellence.

Sold by all Grocers & Stores.

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Wafers filled with rich cream icing, and covered with chocolate.

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Neat moulded cakes of finest Scotch Shortbread.

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Old favourites, and increasingly popular.

Ask for them at your Canteen.

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

No. 57. Vol. 2. FEBRUARY 11, 1916. PRICE 1d.

ARNOLD BENNETT.

AN interesting article could be written on "Journals that ought not to have died." In my collection of hundreds of "first numbers" there are at least a dozen which perished prematurely. For instance, there was that amusing weekly paper *Ariel*, edited by Mr. Zangwill with a light-hearted brilliance that should have commended itself to a larger circle of readers. There was *The Butterfly*, which imitated its title in the comparative brevity of its existence, notwithstanding the fine work of L. Raven-Hill—now on "Mr. Punch's" staff—and other artists who have since "arrived." And there was *V.C.*, an admirable paper which is associated with Harold Begbie's fledging flights that soon enabled him to ascend higher and more surely. And, once again, there was *Woman*, a weekly paper in a curious brown cover, which was full of bright and interesting writing. Its editor was Arnold Bennett, and that is why I mention it, for I think his editorship prepared him for the writing of that series of novels in which, with almost uncanny subtlety, he has analysed the lives of men and women. For four years he was the hard-working editor of this weekly paper, and then he turned definitely aside to novel-writing, with the result that to-day he is one of the best-known authors in the realm of fiction. His vogue in the United States is probably more noteworthy than that of any other British novelist.



MR. ARNOLD BENNETT.
Photo: E. O. Hoppé.

Arnold Bennett is forty-eight years old, and was born in Staffordshire, the county which he has pourtrayed with such remarkable thoroughness and skill in most of his stories. First of all, it was his aspiration to be a lawyer, but journalism caught him in her toils, quite legitimately, for he has the flair of a journalist, and can never lose it. Coming to London, he thought himself lucky, at the age of twenty-six, to become assistant editor of the brown-covered paper which I have mentioned. It was just beginning to be the idea to cater for the army of women who were earning their living, and *Woman* was a very lively little paper on which Arnold Bennett worked with zeal and pertinacity. However, the drudgery of the task wearied him at last, and the call of fiction led him to write *The Grand Babylon Hotel*, which I always think is one of the best pictures of a great hotel that exists in literature. The story is more lurid than most of Arnold Bennett's later works, but the demand for it, after so many years, shows its vitality. Then came *Anna of the Five Towns*, introducing us to the scene of several other novels dealing with life in Staffordshire. Mr. Bennett etches his portrait with an acid that "bites," and one does not forget the wonderful group of characters that figure in these studies of country towns, with their humour, pathos, and sometimes sordid monotony. Of all his books, I like *The Card* best. Its biography of a go-ahead young man is full of humour and truth. Many readers say after reading the book, "Why, it is just like young So-and-So's career," which is a tribute to its plausibility. Of the cycle of novels beginning with *Clayhanger* it is unnecessary to write, because it is Mr. Bennett's chief achievement. He set himself the fascinating, but difficult, task of pursuing the same characters through a succession of years, instead of dismissing them, as the fashion of novelists is, at marriage or death. How far he has succeeded in carrying out this project must be left to readers of the series to decide for themselves. Personally, I was glad to have *The Regent* interposed before tackling the latest of the *Clayhanger* stories. Latterly Mr. Bennett has had his eye fixed on the stage, and that has affected his writing, for "curtains" have to be arranged, sometimes regardless of the demands of the reader.

Sending the other day a motto, Mr. Bennett wrote: "It is easier to go down a hill than up. But the view is from the top." His own ascent of Mount Parnassus has not been easy, but he must find to-day the "view from the top" is very satisfactory. One is glad to learn that his health is much better than the paragraphists would allow us to imagine. So the future may hold still more lasting successes than those he has already gained as a novelist.

OUR FRENCH-ENGLISH PAGE, Conducted by Dr. CHARLES SAROLEA.

LA SOLIDARITE INTERNATIONALE COMME LA LOI DU PROGRES.

C'EST devenu un truism de dire que les nations, pas plus que les individus, ne sont des entités indépendantes et solitaires, mais des parties dépendantes et solidaires d'un ensemble plus vaste qui les comprend et les dépasse. Aucune nation n'a produit une culture absolument originale et autochtone. Chaque nation contribue à cette large et riche symphonie qu'on appelle la civilisation de l'humanité.

Cela est évident pour la vie matérielle et économique. Dès qu'il a dépassé la période nomade et pastorale, aucun peuple n'a pu se suffire à lui-même et n'a pu vivre exclusivement de son propre fonds. Si loin que l'on remonte dans le passé, nous trouvons l'échange comme l'un des facteurs essentiels de l'évolution. Grâce à la révolution scientifique, grâce à la facilité croissante des communications, grâce au libre-échange, l'expansion de ce commerce et l'extension de cette solidarité internationale sont devenues les grandes caractéristiques de la civilisation moderne. Désormais, le monde entier est compris dans un réseau économique. Qu'une récolte soit mauvaise dans un pays, et la vie économique et sociale en est bouleversée aux antipodes. Que la guerre de Sécession éclate en Amérique, et les tisserands du Lancashire sont plongés dans la misère.

Et ce qui est vrai pour la vie matérielle ne l'est pas moins pour la vie intellectuelle et morale. Il n'y a pas seulement entre les nations un commerce des choses, il y a encore, et surtout, un commerce des idées et des sentiments. Au fond, ces deux phénomènes sont dans une dépendance intime. Presque toujours, ce sont les rapports commerciaux qui ont produit les rapports intellectuels. Presque toujours, ce sont les mêmes intermédiaires : Phéniciens, Grecs, Arabes, Lombards et Juifs errants qui ont fait à la fois le colportage des marchandises et le colportage des idées. Au moyen âge, c'est par les grandes routes commerciales, et c'est à la suite des commerçants, que sont entrées les hérésies, les inventions, les arts et les idées; et c'est en partie parce que Bruges et Anvers, Florence et Venise, les villes hanséatiques et les républiques italiennes ont détenu le monopole du commerce, qu'elles ont tenu la tête de la civilisation médiévale.

Et ce commerce international des idées est une condition *sine quâ non* du progrès national. Sans cet influx incessant d'idées étrangères, une civilisation serait bien vite épuisée. Une race qui ne se rajeunirait pas par l'infusion d'un sang nouveau, une civilisation qui ne se renouvellerait pas par l'introduction d'idées étrangères, seraient aussi irrémédiablement vouées à la décadence qu'une famille qui ne voudrait se perpétuer que par des mariages consanguins.

Voyez la civilisation grecque, que l'on a crue si longtemps autochtone ! (Croyance absurde, *a priori,* pour un peuple aussi commercial et aussi colonisateur que les Hellènes.) N'a-t-elle point été le point de rencontre des influences orientales, phéniciennes et égyptiennes? Et la civilisation romaine, qu'est-elle, sinon le produit d'une fécondation croisée entre le génie grec et le génie latin—et, à son apogée, la plus syncrétique qui fut jamais.

Qu'est-ce que la civilisation chrétienne, sinon le croisement de l'hellénisme, du judaïsme et du romanisme? Qu'est-ce que la civilisation catholique du moyen âge? Une synthèse vraiment *catholique* vraiment universelle du Nord et du Midi, de l'Occident et de l'Orient !

Et dans les temps modernes, considérez la Renaissance italienne, qui a été, sinon essentiellement, du moins en partie, une renaissance de l'antiquité classique. Considérez la formation de l'unité allemande, qui a été le résultat d'influences françaises, l'œuvre de Frédéric II., imbu de la tradition latine. Et surtout, considérez l'évolution intellectuelle de la France elle-même, qui semble si spontanée et si originale. Toujours la France a été ouverte aux idées étrangères. Au XVIe siècle, c'est l'Italie et l'antiquité. Au XVIIe siècle, c'est l'Espagne. Au XVIIIe siècle c'est l'Angleterre. Au XIXe siècle c'est le monde, c'est l'invasion du cosmopolitisme.

IT has become a truism to say that nations, like individuals, are not independent and solitary units, but integral parts dependent on a wider whole which includes them and reaches beyond them. No single nation has produced an absolutely riginal and indigenous culture. Each nation contributes to that larger and richer symphony which is called "the civilisation of mankind."

This applies obviously to material and economic life. As soon as it has passed the nomadic and pastoral period, no nation has been able to suffice itself or has been able to live exclusively on its own substance. As far back as we can go into the past we find interchange, as one of the essential factors of development. Owing to the scientific revolution, owing to the increasing facilities of intercourse, owing to Free-trade, the expansion of that international intercourse and the extension of that solidarity have become the great characteristics of modern civilisation. Henceforth the whole world is included in an economic network. Let there be a bad harvest in any one country, and the economic and social life is subverted at the Antipodes. Let the War of Secession break out in America, and the weavers of Lancashire are plunged into destitution.

And what is true of intellectual and moral life is no less true of intellectual *and* moral life. There is not only between nations a commerce of material things. There is also and mainly an interchange of ideas and feelings. Those two phenomena are in the closest interdependence. Nearly always it is the commercial relationship which have brought about the intellectual relationship. Nearly always it is the same Middlemen, Phœnicians, Greeks, Arabs, Lombards, and wandering Jews who have traded both in merchandise and in ideas. In the Middle Ages it is through the great trade routes and in the wake of the merchants that heresies, inventions, arts, and ideas have entered. And it is partly because Bruges and Antwerp, Florence and Venice, the Hanseatic towns and the Italian Republics have held the monopoly of commerce that they have also been at the head of mediæval civilisation.

And this international interchange of ideas is a condition *sine quâ non* of national progress. Without an incessant influx of foreign ideas, any national civilisation would soon be exhausted. A race which would not rejuvenate itself by the infusion of new blood, a civilisation which would not renew itself by the introduction of foreign ideas, would be as fatally predestined to decay as a family which would only perpetuate itself through consanguine marriages.

Look at Greek civilisation, which has been held for so long to be autochthonous—an absurd assumption for so commercial and colonising a nation as the Hellenes. Has it not been the meeting-point of Oriental, Phœnician, and Egyptian influences? And Roman civilisation itself, what is it but the product of the cross-fertilisation between the Greek and the Latin genius, and at its height the most comprehensive which ever existed?

And what is Christian civilisation but the crossing of Hellenism, Judaism, and Romanism? And is not the civilisation of the Middle Ages a truly Catholic synthesis of North and South, of East and West?

And in modern times consider the Italian Renascence which has been, if not essentially, at least partially a renascence of classical antiquity. Consider the formation of German unity, which has been the result of French influences, the work of Frederick the Great imbued with the Latin tradition. And especially consider the intellectual evolution of France herself, which seems so spontaneous and so original. As a matter of fact, France has ever been open to foreign ideas. In the sixteenth century it is Italy and antiquity. In the seventeenth century it is Spain. In the eighteenth century it is England. And in the nineteenth century it is the whole world; it is the invasion of cosmopolitanism.

DESTINY.

By the RT. HON. G. W. E. RUSSELL, Author of "Collections and Recollections," &c.

"SIR GAWAIN said, 'Methinketh this shall betide; but God may well fordo Destiny.'" This Arthurian quotation supplies me with the word I need, for I had found it difficult to choose a heading for this paper. If I had called it, more amply, Predestination, I should at once have run on the "rocky dangers" of controversial theology. If I had called it Determinism, I should have frightened away everyone except the professors and the learned ladies. "Necessity" introduces flippant associations, and the memory of the Scottish judge, Lord Cringletie, concerning whom a disappointed rival at the Bar wrote:—

Necessity and Cringletie
They balance to a tittle—
Necessity knows no law,
And Cringletie as little.

But the word "Destiny" covers wider ground. It represents a factor in human thought which is by no means abstract, but has had a most practical and definite effect on human life. Ten thousand are the pleas which an uneasy conscience invents for shifting its responsibilities on to something else than the conscious and guilty self; and nothing is easier than to charge one's shortcomings or wrongdoings on Destiny. In ages less materialistic than our own, the conception of a spiritual destiny was made to justify the most ghastly crimes. Man was pre-ordained to do certain acts; and, when he did them, he was merely obeying an irresistible decree, and in no sense amenable to moral censure. Sir Walter Scott, one of whose most entrancing gifts was the power of weaving thought into narrative, made fine use of this sinister belief in the case of the intending murderer, whose purpose was defeated, and who himself was killed. As he lies stricken with his mortal wound, Dryfesdale murmurs in his agony:

"Strange turns of fate! I designed what I could not do, and he has done what he did not perchance design. Wondrous, that our will should ever oppose itself to the strong and uncontroulable tide of destiny—that we should strive against the stream when we might drift with the current."

And Douglas, as he bends over the dead body, says to him who actually dealt the fatal blow:

"I blame thee not, though I lament the chance. There is an overruling destiny above us, though not in the sense of that wretched man who, beguiled by some foreign mystagogues, used the awful word as the ready apology for whatever he chose to do."

The "foreign mystagogues" might, indeed, had they thought it worth while, have justified themselves by high, though perverted, authority. "It is scarcely fair to charge upon Calvin, or upon his perhaps too zealous followers, the sole responsibility for the doctrine of Predestination. Unhappily, he was a too diligent student of St. Augustine, and, possibly, a too faithful Paulinist." But whether we lay the blame on Paul, or Augustine, or Calvin, the belief in Destiny was made to justify hideous crimes; and its effects in destroying mental peace were scarcely less deplorable. I suppose that it reached its consummation of logical and ordered horror in the theology of New England, and in the spiritual influence exercised by such men as Edwards and Hopkins and Brainerd. "The mother clasped her babe to her bosom, and believed, with an awful shuddering, that, long before it had a separate existence, its ultimate destiny had been irrevocably fixed, and that, in the huge majority of instances, that destiny was doom. In no other time or place of Christendom have so fearful issues been presented to the mind. Some Church interposed its protecting shield; the Christian-born and baptized child was supposed in some wise rescued from the curse of the Fall, and related to the great redemption. Augustine silenced the dread anxieties of trembling love by prayers offered for the dead, in times when the Church above and on earth presented itself to the eye of the mourners as a great assembly, with one accord lifting interceding hands for the parted soul. But the clear logic and intense individualism of New England deepened the problems of the Augustinian faith, while they swept away all those softening provisions so earnestly clasped to the throbbing heart of that great poet of theology."

It was the allusion to St. Augustine that induced me to venture on this quotation from—what I generally detest—a theological novel. *The Minister's Wooing*, by Mrs. Beecher Stowe, herself a New Englander, presents with rare force and fidelity the struggle between predestinarian theology and human love; and love carries the day, in spite of Calvin and all his gloomy crew.

When Calvinism was desolating hearts and homes in the New World, it was beginning to lose its hold on England. It was in 1770 that the Methodist Conference made its memorable decision, and, in spite of the enormous force wielded by George Whitefield and his friends, declared for universal redemption. Calvinism drove Cowper mad, and so wrecked one of the most beautiful of human spirits. I will not lay the blame on this teacher or on that; but against the theory that God has predestined some of His creatures to eternal misery I will set the Church's faith that God has created all His creatures for eternal happiness, and has left them a free choice to accept or reject the boon. It was a theologian pre-eminent for orthodoxy who wrote: "Hell may be, after all, only the last awful prerogative of the human will."*

But all these considerations belong, more or less closely, to the realm of theology, and, as such, will by some readers be dismissed with proper contempt. Let me turn, therefore, to another quarter, not at all theological, where the doctrine of Destiny has had disastrous effects. In this quarter the fetish is called Heredity, and it is made to bear all those moral reproaches which aforetime were heaped on the head of Predestination; and Heredity is reinforced by a convenient ally, called Environment. A perverted spiritualism produced reaction, and the reaction took a materialistic form. Charles Kingsley was one of the earliest of our religious teachers to give the body its due place, and the things of the body their real importance, in the formation of human character; but it was his nature to over-state every truth which he held. Thus he put the language of the reaction into the mouth of Sandy MacKaye:

"Say how ye saw the mouth o' Hell and the twa pillars thereof at the entry—the pawnbroker's shop o' the one side and the gin-palace at the other—twa monstrous deevils, eating up men and women and bairns, body and soul. Look at that boy gaun out o' the pawnshop, where he's been pledging the handkerchief he stole the morning, into the ginshop! Look at that girl that when in wi' a shawl on her back and cam out wi'out ane! Drunkards frae the breast! harlots frae the cradle! damned before they're born! John Calvin had an inkling o' the truth there, I'm a'most driven to think, wi' his Reprobation deevils' doctrines!"

Another prophet of the reaction was Oliver Wendell Holmes, who, in his eager revolt against the Calvinism in which he had been reared, cast the blame for moral aberrations on Heredity—a pre-natal inoculation with the poison of the rattlesnake, or a drop of Red Indian blood unwittingly introduced into the straitest sect of New England Puritanism. And so increasingly for fifty years the doctrine of Heredity strengthened its hold, until some of our teachers laid it down that sin was merely a disease, and that we may be exonerated from the guilt of the most abominable crimes if only we can prove that our great-grandmother drank, or that our grandfather, when he beat his father, was repeating what the victim had himself done sixty years before.

Of more recent years, science has come to the rescue of common-sense and morality; and now we are taught the obvious truth that each of us has an infinite number of ancestors, and that, while they have bequeathed to us an equal number of contending influences, it is our business to decide which of those influences shall prevail. So Conscience and Will have once again resumed their kingdom, and we have learned what our Arthurian forerunners meant when they said that "God may well fordo Destiny."

* J. R. Illingworth.

SCOTLAND—A SURVEY.

By H. LIGHTBODY, J.P., Vice-Chairman of the Scottish National Council.

THE Association has refused no call in Scotland, and there are but few doors that remain closed to it to-day, so that almost everywhere throughout the country one is within hailing distance of the red triangle. It is to be found among the storm-washed islands of the Northern seas, where the grey ships steal in for respite from the strain of the weary vigil they keep, down to the green howes and haughs of the old reiving country of the Borders, where decent home-loving men these drear winter months are guarding the few thousands of the enemy snugly enclosed in walls of barbed wire. We have not ceased to wonder at the romance of it ourselves. The impossible has been achieved many times over, until now the most undreamt of things are taken as a matter of course. We used to feel the strain of keeping four or five summer camps going simultaneously; with ten times that number we are now every week starting other ventures and launching forth in new directions.

Scotland's climate and a few other geographical idiosyncrasies have denied her the privilege of entertaining and training all her soldier sons as she would have liked. The Scotsman who thought his country might compare favourably in dimensions with England if it were flattened out voiced what must have been often in the minds of military people these eighteen months, and this has led to some unheard of places in England having become known throughout the towns and villages of Scotland as familiarly as Edinburgh or Glasgow or the redoubtable Stobs itself. We speak of Aldershot and Ripon—and in earlier days of Bedford—as if they were our own. And these great camps, almost as much as our straggling line of huts throughout the country, have made the triangle famous among our folk. For the boys write frequent, if wondrously incommunicative, epistles on our hut notepaper to their people, and the letters are treasured and laid carefully by against another day.

But it is good to know that, except for one or two points where the Association is by no means to blame, wherever there are men in the King's uniform, there the Association is, with its ministry of comfort and welfare. We have been in not a few queer places. Most picturesque to my mind is the sight of an attractive Institute in a farmer's barn in an outlying spot, the threshing going on in the yard while soldiers sat at the tables and our workers served behind a counter erected at one end. Another Institute shared with the soldiers and the rats the pungent atmosphere of an old distillery. A German seamen's bethel makes a good Institute. A large motor showroom in the busy city of Glasgow makes one of the most ideal "Rests" there are. A hut fits naturally into the quadrangle of the town buildings in an old Royal Burgh. In some others the Town Hall is an Association Institute. We have invaded the sacred precincts of the Crown Trustees at the National Galleries in Scotland's capital, where alongside the Grecian pile which houses unestimated art treasures there now nestles an attractive and charming rest hut.

Our local Associations are busy wherever there are soldiers. At one junction the Association is running a free canteen for the soldiers travelling by the midnight South-going express, while they meet the late trains from the South and entertain soldiers for the night who are stranded till the early morning hours. At a large city Association the building is entirely used for soldiers, and day and night it is full of them. Among these Associations Glasgow, with its brilliant "Rest" work, and Aberdeen, with the work in its own building, stand out conspicuously. Edinburgh, with its building in course of erection, has done good work at the King's Park and Duddingston. Dundee has interested itself in a tea canteen. Kirkcaldy has made full use of its opportunities, and has done special service in the provision of baths at a low charge to soldiers in its midst. Inverness is giving the facilities of its recently renovated and embellished rooms to troops. Stirling is successfully managing an Institute in one of the church halls, and Alloa has been active and untiring in a similar direction, while its secretary, Mr. Arnott, has taken a leading part in some of the camps. Dunoon runs one of the homeliest tea-rooms I have seen.

We have been happy in seeing most of the work housed well. We have huts that are more like palaces in their comfort and attractiveness. Friends have been generous in their gifts, and the Scottish Command has not stinted us in providing adequately for our work. Our main difficulty now, and always has been, is to get men to lead in our huts, and we are grateful to those who have given us such splendid help during the last year and a-half. Now we are depending very largely upon ladies for most of the help we need. Our experience of such help has been fortunate, and one cannot put into words any adequate expression of the admiration and gratitude we feel. Some of our huts were never so well conducted as under a lady manager. In the far North at lonely Nigg the ladies of Edinburgh U.F. St. George's Church have rendered very special service in taking upon themselves almost the whole work of two of our largest huts. At Fort Matilda Miss Matheson has proved herself the best of all our managers, and has done a work for the men which is one of the outstanding things of this period.

We have had our difficulties, of course. Character, vision, tact, and business acumen are not always combined in one personality, and a camp leader needs all these if he is to fill his position with satisfaction to himself and to us. Conferences with our workers have revealed, however, the earnest desire to make the most of our unparalleled opportunities, and despite mistakes and muddlement we have to acknowledge that splendid work has been done. From what I have seen and heard I do not hesitate to say that the religious value of the service of this year and a-half is far beyond the reach of any man's estimate. The men have been responsive to the atmosphere of the huts, and our distinctly religious services have been appreciated.

Our work for the Navy has a special interest for us in Scotland, since the senior Service has during the war been concentrated near our Scottish coasts. When the war came upon us we had one Institute in operation in the old town of ———, where an old factory had been put through a transforming process. To-day we have other four Institutes going, one of them a beautiful hostel equipment which cost us over £5,000. The work differs from that of our camp Institutes in some respects. It is intermittent according to Jack's leave to come ashore. And when he comes amongst us we find that he wants more than a hot or cool drink and a bun. He loves to sit down to a square meal whatever the time of day or night. And often he needs a bed for a night. In these respects the work needs much more equipment and space, a larger permanent staff, and greater foresight and preparation. But Jack is a delightful man to serve and help. He is easily influenced, and our workers have interesting stories to tell of long-lost prodigals coming home at last. We have found strong support and much-needed help among the ships' crews themselves, and many of our religious services are conducted by little bands of men who are active and intelligent Christian workers.

Munition work has taken more time to grip us here in Scotland, but signs are not wanting that it is now on the eve of important developments. ——— has successfully demonstrated the need and value of such work among the industrial soldiers in our present conflict, and soon there will be other huts and hostels placed at strategic points in our munition areas. Here, again, we are meeting with new conditions, for what is fitted for the soldier and sailor is not just the exact thing that appeals to the munition worker. But we have learned to be adaptable in these days, and are finding out the lines along which we can travel. Besides meeting an urgent emergency want by this provision for munition workers, we have come to see that we are laying the foundations of a great industrial development in Y.M.C.A. work in the years to come.

AT A NORTHERN NAVAL BASE.

A Successful Enterprise—Work Amongst Men of the Fleet.

TO create a home for those from home is a worthy and commendable idea, but one extremely difficult to accomplish. When the field of labour is Scotland's chief naval base in war-time, the obstacles in the way are abnormally increased. Add to the ever-changing population of workers, with their wives and families, resident for a comparatively short period only in the district, and more or less accustomed to a life of continuous movement from one public works to another, all the men of H.M. Fleet stationed in the immediate neighbourhood of this temporary domicile, and a problem of their social and moral welfare is at once presented which requires unusual experience, knowledge, and skill to grapple with and solve. Understand, in addition, that the sailors are subject to war conditions, uncertain of their movements, often for weeks exposed to all the dangers of the North Sea, suffering the extraordinary physical and mental strain entailed in what Sir David Beatty described as "boosting" and "barging" about that expanse of water; realise to what temptations the men are open, when, for a few brief hours, they gain an all too short respite from the monotony of their daily existence; recall to mind Jack's proverbial buoyancy of spirits, coupled with a temporary superfluity of ready money, his disgust and disappointment when he is compelled, through force of circumstances, to spend his hours of freedom punting a football about a field or marching a few miles along country roads, and a slight idea will be gained of the difficulties confronting those who attempt to relieve the irksome sameness of that life and provide a counter-attraction to the dangerous state of idleness. The joy and gratitude which such efforts in the right direction would call forth can be imagined.

With this object in view, and braving all those difficulties, the Scottish Council of the Y.M.C.A. secured a site at the base eminently suitable for their purposes. The urgency of the needs of the locality precluded any attempt to erect a building which would be permanent in character, and, in consequence, plans were compiled and passed for a temporary institute, which, like the other buildings around it, forming that curious mushroom village, the Bungalow "City," is composed of wood and iron. Measuring 186 feet by 30 feet, the building is substantially built and artistically designed. Without any pretentions to lavish finishing, the institute is, nevertheless, tastefully decorated and comfortable. Most of the space of the existing building is absorbed by a large recreation hall, in which billiards, bowls, draughts, chess, and like games are provided. At one end of the hall is a splendidly appointed stage suitable for quite elaborate productions, while the other end takes the form of a buffet bar, where anything from a bowl of soup to a bottle of lemonade can be provided. No alcoholic liquors are stocked. In addition, there is a kitchen fitted with every modern appliance, a number of hot and cold water baths, which are much taken advantage of, and quarters for the manager and staff. The institute cost £1,400 to build, and was formally opened last September by Lady Beatty, wife of the hero of the *Blucher* fight. Sir David, at the opening function, presented the point of view and position of the men of the Fleet, and in so doing brought forward a strong case for such an institute. He said that everything lay to the hands of the men, but they might as well be as far away as Flanders or the Dardanelles. They could see constantly passing them trains containing their relatives and friends, and yet those relatives and friends might as well be 10,000 miles away. He declared that those engaged in making life as pleasant as possible for the sailors were doing a national work.

From the very beginning of the enterprise it was evident that the Y.M.C.A. here was destined to be a success, and the large number of men, sailors, soldiers, and dockyard workers who now frequent the institute is a tribute to its excellent management and attractiveness, and an indication that it has provided a much-felt want in that area. Two days in the week are set apart for the holding of special entertainments—Wednesday and Friday. In the afternoon the audience is wholly composed of sailors, who often provide their own concert parties, and have already produced several clever and amusing



LADIES OF THE FLEET—LADY BEATTY, MRS. HOOD AND OTHERS—WHO WAIT ON THE MEN. *Photo: Ian Smith.*



"ROBINSKI CRUSOV" BY SAILOR MEN AT CHRISTMAS. *Photo: Ian Smith.*

plays and pantomimes. At night the entertainment is open to the public. A committee, organised by Lord Provost Sir Robert Inches, Edinburgh, provides each week a high-class concert party. At Christmas-time 400 sailors were entertained to seasonable fare.

There is no lack of voluntary assistance in the work. Lady Beatty, who has accepted charge of the district, is a frequent practical helper, and her example of self-sacrifice has been followed by the wives and daughters of many of the best-known officers in the premier service. Every department of the building has been taken advantage of, and abundance of evidence displayed that its benefits and privileges are appreciated. No fewer than 1,000 letters per week are penned in the building by the sailors, and the commissariat is one of the most successful sections. From early morning until quite a late hour at night there is no idleness on the part of a willing and courteous staff.

While looking after the physical comforts of the men, their spiritual and moral needs are not neglected. A choir, composed of girls and young men (including soldiers and sailors) residing or stationed in the vicinity, has been formed, while another departure is in the nature of a Bible-class. In addition, the superintendent of the institute, Mr. John Kerr, has organised and personally conducts Gospel meetings each Sunday evening. These meetings are most enthusiastic gatherings, attended by a mixed audience, averaging 400 persons every Sunday, and there can be no doubt that splendid work is being accomplished. Not everything can be done at the beginning. It is wise, and, indeed, necessary, to develop the work as time advances, and this course has been followed. The young lads in the village are flocking to the institute, and it is contemplated that in the near future a boys' section will be commenced. The plans in this connection are somewhat ambitious. In addition to providing games and entertainments, it is proposed to teach the boys basket-making, ropework, and trades of a nature which in the present will employ their thoughts, and in the future be useful accomplishments.

It has been very soon realised that the present building is far too small for the amount of work which calls for attention. Indeed, from the very beginning Lady Beatty has been amassing an "Extension Fund," and a handsome addition to the original building is nearing completion. A new departure will be made in that section. It is proposed to provide three meals a day for men, and there will be table accommodation for 170 persons. Additional bathrooms will also be provided. The establishment of a dining hall will prove a boon and a blessing to many young men, apart altogether from members of the Navy. The base is by no means completed. Thousands of artisans will be brought to the contract by the Admiralty shortly, and the unmarried workers, probably unaccustomed to lodgings of the type available, will welcome the restful quiet and wholesome food to be found at the Y.M.C.A. There are encouraging indications that this is the case already. The sailors will also take full advantage of the new dining hall. Concerts may be very entertaining, but when a sailor or any man is practically forced to attend one every time he comes ashore, he begins to be restless and dissatisfied. He will enjoy infinitely more a talk with his fellows across a table at meal-times, with the concert as a more occasional break in the monotony. It is also probable that the present forms of relaxation will be added to. Jack would enjoy, for instance, a dance with his mates around the hall to the music of his ship's band.

There is, indeed, a great future before the base, and, as a consequence, in front of the Y.M.C.A. In a few months the temporary institute has become the most important branch of the Association's work in Scotland. In a few years, with the development of the dockyard the work to be accomplished will be far in advance even of the present labours. It behoves the Association now to see that the foundation-stone is well and truly laid, so that in the future it will not be found that the superstructure has been built upon sand. There is presented at this time an unparalleled opportunity to do a great work in a community which as yet is scarcely born.

A SCOTCH-AMERICAN'S APPRECIATION.

IN these times I suppose it is only fitting that a soldier should be asked to give a glimpse into the work of the Aberdeen Y.M.C.A.

A visitor to that hive of social industry would see at a glance that Thomas Atkins now monopolises its attention. I am familiar with the Association's work in nearly all the large cities of America, and I know something of the Associations in London and other British cities. I have seen more sumptuous buildings, though the equipment here is adequate for its needs; but the thing that struck me about the Aberdeen Association (and I was a lonely soldier in a strange land) was the homelike spirit that pervades everything and everybody. The secretaries and workers keep in sympathetic touch with more men than I have seen anywhere, and it is personal contact, after all, that gives the thrill of life to one's best endeavours. Truly "the gift without the giver is bare."

There is plenty of literature in the well-lighted reading room, a convenient post and laundry office, correspondence room, and up-to-date shooting gallery.

I sometimes wonder where they discover all the fine talent to keep up the steady run of concerts. I have never seen such an excellent variety of entertainment anywhere; and, what is more, they are of the jolly heart-to-heart sort that "get" Tommy and Jack every time. The Aberdeen singer always lets the audience in on the chorus, and in the lilt of a popular air the music-hall, the "movies" and gilded "pubs" are quite forgotten.

It is a "continuous performance" establishment. When there isn't a concert on there are games, dummy boxing, &c., with which to while away the evening.

The commissariat department is presided over by kind, gentle women, and their rations are of the best. Although I read of soaring food prices, you would never suspect such a thing from their tariff. You can get a perfect gorge for about 3½d., and when you come to pay your bill they seem to hate to take the money. These ladies know the short cut to a man's affections, but they do more than cater for the physical. Those sympathetic tablé chats work wonders in smoothing the thorny path of the recruit and curing that home-longing which the stoutest hearts will sometimes feel.

When you see the sign "House Full" you know there is something good going on inside. Well, that is what you will see any Sunday night at the Aberdeen Association, where soldiers and townsfolk flock to the auditorium for a sacred sing-song and listen to some inspiring preacher—and they always get the best. There are special singers and instrumentalists. The service is vibrant with that Higher Power, and in the uplift of united song faith is renewed and the soul refreshed.

A visit to the Aberdeen Association is a sure cure for "barrackitis."

They don't give the V.C. to these Y.M.C.A. workers; but I know some modest soldiers of the Cross whom the Master of the Kingdom will one day honour with His "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

MAC.

Mr. C. E. Watkins writes from Burry Port:—The work here is very encouraging. To-night a man came up and said though he had been in this district since before Christmas, he had been so busy that the opportunity had not presented itself for him to come in, and although he was only a working man, he was so impressed with the work, that he asked me to accept 2s. towards the expenses.



MRS. DRUMMOND, WIFE OF CAPT. DRUMMOND, "MAKING CHRISTMAS." *Photo: Ian Smith.*

THE ROTTER.

By W. P. NAIRNE, Author of "Greatheart of Papua," &c.

"ONCE a 'rotter' always a 'rotter,' whether he hails from Poplar or Park Lane."

We glanced at Maxwell, the big-boned Scotsman, slow of speech, but quick of understanding. He went on filling his pipe with methodical slowness.

"Man, Clifford," he said, raising his head, and looking keenly at the youth who had made the assertion, "your knowledge of human nature is as limited as your geography. You're haverin'—as we would say north of the Tweed—clean haverin'. I'll take a light from one of you chaps."

"My knowledge of human nature——" began Clifford, while the Scotsman lighted his pipe.

"Was gained at Oxford and sundry places in the British Isles," broke in Maxwell, as he threw the burned match in the stove. "Not to say that I have anything against that, only it doesn't do for a man to make rash statements whose acquaintance with human nature is so limited."

"And what about yours, old man?" asked Clifford, unruffled.

"Mine, my boy, was got in the university of the world, and around the Seven Seas thereof, which makes a difference, Clifford—a mighty difference."

"But I can prove my statement with any number of examples."

"And for every one you give I'll give you a dozen to prove the contrary. But it's getting late, laddie, and one will do for to-night. I'll go no further afield than my own country, and no further back than last summer. It was up at one of the big camps, where we had six battalions of infantry under canvas. It was grand to see them march out on brigade days, with the bagpipes skirling and the tartan swinging to their long, steady tread. When night came they crammed our big marquee and cleaned out our stock of eatables in the 'shop' adjoining. I think they were the finest crowd of fellows that ever frolicked and feasted under the red triangle. I remember one night we were simply shovelling things over the counter—you know the kind of thing—cake here, gingerbread there, hot pie to this one, coffee to the next, and 'Woodbines' all over. In the midst of it someone asked for a tin of 'John Cotton.' Now, when your customers almost to a man smoke 'Woodbines,' you quite naturally take a second squint at the luxurious gentleman who is addicted to 'John Cotton.' That second glance revealed to me Challoner, of the 5th ——. He was a splendid-looking chap—six feet at least, and proportionately broad. As he moved away, busy though I was, my eyes instinctively followed him. There was something in his bearing that marked him out from other men. Next day he strolled in during a slack time, and I had a chat with him. After that I saw him frequently, and somehow or other we struck up a friendship, which ripened as the weeks went on. All the same, there was a certain reticence about him and a desire to hold himself aloof from his fellows that puzzled me. About the end of August a draft was chosen for the front. Challoner was among them, and on the night they were due to leave he came round to my tent. I was busy at a stock sheet when he tapped on the canvas.

"'Can you spare a minute or two?' he asked, as he stepped in.

"'As many as you like, old man. Stow yourself on that box or on the bed. Light up and let's have a crack. It will be our last, I suppose.'

"'We go out at midnight.'

"He smoked for a time in silence, and then at last he spoke:

"'You've been jolly decent to me, Maxwell, and I can't tell you how grateful I am.'

"'Rubbish, old man,' I replied; 'we're here to make things as comfortable as possible. Soldiering is a bit hard sometimes.'

"'Yes, till you get used to it. Do you know, in the early days I thought of deserting more than once?'

"'Never! You're not one of the white-livered kind.'

"'You don't know me, Maxwell.'

"'I confess you puzzle me. Frankly, you're a mystery.'

"'Like to hear its solution?'

"'If you care to.'

"'I do, and that's why I've come to you to-night. To begin with, my name's not Challoner.'

"I think I must have looked surprised, but it was nothing to what I felt when he bent over and whispered to me his real name.

"'And what on earth are you doing as private in the 5th ——?'

"'Because it's all I'm fit for. I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth, which as often as not is a young fellow's damnation. Do you know that before I joined the Army I never did a decent day's work in my life? The most important part of my morning routine was to get the proper crease in my trousers and the exact shade of tie or socks. A race meeting filled the afternoon, an hour in somebody's drawing-room passed the time till dinner; then a stall in the evening, listening to the inanities of a musical comedy. Afterwards supper with a crowd as empty-headed as myself, and then home to snatch a few hours' sleep and begin once more the same old round of uselessness. When war broke out, I thought our folks a bally lot of idiots to get mixed up in the racket. If one had told me then that it was my duty to do my bit I should have replied I was doing it in my own way, and those who were paid for it could do the fighting. In short, I was a rotter, an absolute rotter. Then a woman struck across my path—one of the noblest and best of God's creatures. I was fool enough and vain enough to believe I had nothing more to do than ask her to marry me. Her refusal was the first thing to make me think. It wasn't that she didn't love me, but she despised my low ideal of life. I learned, for the first thing, that there are women who will not sell themselves for money or position, and that a man's character as shown by his deeds counts for something in their eyes. I suppose my slumbering conscience awoke after that, and I saw myself as I really was—a useless parasite. Without a word to anyone, I slipped out of the world that was mine. I joined the 5th —— under the name that is supposed to be mine, and since that day I have been dead to my friends. If I could I would have sneaked back to the old life many a time, and even to-night my heart fails me when I think of what has to be faced. But I'll stick it, Maxwell, stick it to the end. Perhaps I shall never return. Better men than I have gone down; but if God spares me I'll be able to hold up my head and say I did my bit for my country, and proved to the woman I love that a man "may rise on stepping stones of his dead self to higher things."'

"Challoner stopped suddenly, and I could see the gleam of determination in his eyes. I think I must have uttered a silent prayer that the God of Battles would be near him in the strife, to nerve his arm and steel his heart.

"'I have one last favour to ask of you, Maxwell,' he began again. 'There's a photograph of myself in the uniform of the 5th ——; I got taken the other day. It's addressed to the woman I spoke of. If anything happens to me out there—you know—I want you to send it to her.'

"There was nothing more passed between us, and that night I watched Challoner go by in the darkness, as the draft marched out, with a rousing song on their lips.

"A few weeks passed, and one of the ladies helping in our place brought a friend with her—the Hon. Muriel Forsyth. You can imagine my surprise, for it was the name that Challoner had written on the photograph left in my possession. She was certainly all that Challoner claimed for her, and I hoped more than ever that the chap would win through and make a name for himself.

"In a short time there came news of a big battle, and our fellows were in it. How desperately long it seemed before the casualty lists appeared! But at length they came—hideous in their length. Challoner's name was not

there. I went through that day singing for sheer joy; so much so that the Hon. Muriel wondered what madness had taken possession of me. Little did she know! Again and again I kept wondering how Challoner had fared. Then letters began to arrive. The 5th —— had covered themselves with glory, and more than one man was to be decorated. Still I had no word from Challoner, till the day on which the Hon. Muriel was due to leave. It was a modest little note. He had been in a tight corner during the battle, and seemed to have done something. He didn't remember much about it, but the Colonel told him he was recommended for the V.C. My heart beat a bit faster, and I confess a tear came into my eye. The rotter had made good.

"That evening I said good-bye to the Hon. Muriel Forsyth. As she stepped into the waiting car I took the photograph from my pocket. 'Miss Muriel,' I said, 'a friend of yours was in camp here some time ago. He is now at the front, but before he left he asked me to let you have this if anything happened to him. Something has happened—not, I confess, what he anticipated. He has won the Victoria Cross, so I thought you might like to have the gift he left for you.' I closed the door quickly, and nodded to the chauffeur. What she thought when she opened the envelope I don't know—but I had an invitation to their wedding some time ago. That's all, boys."

"And who was the fellow, Maxwell?" put in Clifford.

"My dear chap, you are too inquisitive. He was a rotter from Park Lane, and if you want to know more about him, look up Debrett. He's there right enough, but wild horses won't drag from me the page on which you'll get your information."

MRS. ALEC-TWEEDIE'S HUT SCHEME.

February and the Y.M.C.A.

IT will be remembered that Mrs. Alec-Tweedie chose February in which to make a particular effort for her Y.M.C.A. hut scheme. People have not waited for February, however, to respond. She has already been given eight or ten entire huts within the last two months, to say nothing of donations from 1d. to £100. The genius of the people in collecting these funds has been remarkable, and as very much more money is still required (cheques to be crossed "London County and Westminster Bank," and addressed to 30, York-terrace, London, W.), it may be well to note a few of the schemes which have brought grist to the mill:—

An "American Tea" at Radcliffe, £20.
A village concert at Cwll, £7 11s.
A sewing party at Doncaster, £3 3s.
A cake and doll competition at Leadgate, £10 10s.
A rummage sale, also at Leadgate, £5.
A collection by letter from the chairman of Edmonton Urban District Council, £72 3s.
Sixty women at a mothers' meeting, 5s.
A soldiers' dance, £5 13s.
H.M.S. *Dolphin* canteen, £20.
Concert at Woking, £120.

—to say nothing of barrel-organ street collections, auction sales, rummage sales, whist drives, concerts, &c. These are but a few of the suggestions.

Think of the thousands of homes that daily look forward to a letter with the well-known red triangle upon its cover. But for the Y.M.C.A. centres that letter would probably never have been written; but the hut provides for warmth, light, comfort, pens, ink and paper. There is even a post office and savings bank upon the canteen counter.

If everyone who had received such letters was to give whatever they could afford to Mrs. Alec-Tweedie's hut scheme they would be increasing the possibilities of their fathers, husbands, sons, sweethearts, brothers, uncles, nephews, or friends writing to them while on active service.

We are glad to record the erection of a new hut at Fareham, the cost of which Miss Rita Kirby has been largely instrumental in raising among the residents of the town. The hut was opened by Mrs. Barker, wife of the officer commanding the 3rd Royal Berkshire Regiment. At Bournemouth, St. John's Hall has been reopened as a Y.M.C.A. recreation room in view of the coming of more troops to the district, and is in charge of Mr. Frederick Lawrence, an article from whose pen we hope to print shortly.



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On Sale at all Y.M.C.A. Refreshment Depots.

SHELLS AND THE MAN.

Mr. Lloyd George Opens a Y.M.C.A. Munitions Canteen Somewhere in Middlesex.

WITHOUT, a wilderness of darkness and mud, driving rain, and blustering wind. Within, the great vault of a vast machine shed, stripped for the nonce of its busy, whirring machinery, and made gay with bunting. At one end a platform decorated with dainty flowers and gleaming shells, tier upon tier of seats rising behind it. The seats quickly fill with members and friends of the firm; there are some hundreds of ladies in a picturesque but businesslike uniform, men in khaki, and others in the blue that bespeaks the Navy; while there are not a few wearing the Red Triangle. Beyond the barrier in front of the platform gathers a huge crowd of standing men; men cling to the pillars and lie along the beams. On the left a band plays stirring airs. Then comes 'the platform"—chairman of directors, general manager, distinguished ladies such as Lady Henry Grosvenor, Mrs. Winston Churchill, and the Premier's newly married daughter, Mrs. Bonham Carter. Finally emerges a short, cheery figure, with his lady, and an immense cheer goes up from the multitude.

What is the occasion? A visit from the Minister of Munitions, fresh from France. Why has he come? To open a Y.M.C.A. canteen.

Characteristically, Mrs. Winston Churchill, who superintends the district on behalf of our Ladies' Auxiliary Committee, was quick to see the need created by the planting of more than 2,000 workmen "at the back of beyond"—and with Mrs. Churchill, to see is to act.

The firm welcomed us most warmly, erected a magnificent hut, two hundred feet long, and fitted it, leaving us to provide the loose equipment and the staff of three hundred voluntary lady workers, with the necessary handful of paid helpers, and to "run the show."

As for the men, they have already shown their appreciation in practical fashion. The hut has not been open a week, and already plans have to be made for enlarging it some twenty feet in length. Every day Miss Norfolk, the captain of the voluntary staff, Mr. Scotcher, our cheery and indefatigable leader, and their helpers provide 400 men with dinner at midday, and another 300 with dinner at 9 p.m., to say nothing of serving 200 with coffee and cake early in the morning. But "what are these among so many?"

Not content with this way of showing how much they value the provision for their welfare, the men on Thursday made to Mrs. Churchill, through Sir Henry Mander, a choice gift, consisting of a beautiful brooch, made in the shape of an exact model, to scale, of an eight-inch shell (the particular shell in producing which these works have no rival), finished in pearls, sapphires, and diamonds, and enclosed in a dainty casket. For Major Winston Churchill, at the front, they had with charming thought prepared sleeve-links of similar design.

Nor was a special welcome lacking for the Minister of Munitions. Facing him and suspended from the roof hung the fine cartoon which we reproduce here. This cartoon, we learn, is by an R.A., who is working at a lathe.

Before the ceremony Mr. Lloyd George made a very thorough tour of the new canteen and kitchens, both he and Mrs. Lloyd George taking great delight in the fine equipment and in everything they saw.

After hymn and prayer, Mr. H. S. Bickerton Brindley, general manager of the company, introduced the guest of the evening in a breezy speech.

"My function to-night," he said, "is a brief one—first to express on behalf of my directors and myself our deep appreciation of the successful efforts of Mrs. Winston Churchill and her colleagues of the Y.M.C.A. for this magnificent organisation for feeding the men of this factory; secondly, I have to welcome the Right Hon. David Lloyd George, who, as far as this factory, at any rate, is concerned, is our supreme war lord, and who has so kindly offered to open the canteen.

"Without the exertions of Mrs. Winston Churchill I can only tell you the problem of feeding these men would have been serious. I may as well confess that I tried to tackle this feeding problem myself. When Mrs. Winston Churchill came it was obvious that she did not think much of my poor efforts. She took me off to Enfield, and though we do not admit that Government factories always know more than we do, it was clear to me that the efforts were infinitely superior there than here. From that time forward I took a back seat. Mrs. Winston Churchill and her colleagues invaded our works, took everything into their own hands, and as a result can feed and are feeding 500 to 600 men at one sitting. I have not the faintest idea how she did it, but the proof of the canteen is in the eating. To indicate how necessary it was that Mrs. Winston Churchill should take charge, I may say that the men were not satisfied with my arrangements, and I saw them repeatedly cooking their meals on our red-hot shell. This is not what these shells are intended for. They are intended for food for the Germans! My chairman, Sir Charles Mander, will later express our appreciation of the splendid work Mrs. Churchill has done for us. I can only say that if everything in connection with this war had been conducted and organised so clearly, so cleverly, and so efficiently as everything in connection with this splendid Association, England might indeed be proud."





MR. LLOYD GEORGE, MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL, AND MRS. BONHAM-CARTER BEHIND THE COUNTER. [*Photo: L.N.A.*

Mr. Lloyd George could not satisfy his audience by simply rising to speak. He had, in response to their demands, to mount the table! In the course of his speech he said:

"I have come here to-night not to make a speech (in fact, knowing something of Parliamentary habits, they warned me that the meeting was to be over by ten to seven). I have come here just to declare open the canteen for the men working here. I agree with your chairman, that we owe a deep debt of gratitude to Mrs. Churchill for the admirable way in which she has organised these institutions in the munition works of North London, and to Lady Henry Grosvenor for the admirable work of the same character which she is doing in South London. I have just returned from the front. I have seen something of the battlefields of the North of France. I have seen something of the grimness of the scene. I saw a little of the tragedy of it. But everywhere I saw the same confidence, the same courage, the same resolve to crush once and for all the cruel Power which is seeking to enslave Europe by making war on women and children on land and sea.

"One of the features of this war is this: The British Army has never been better looked after, so far as its material comforts are concerned; everybody recognises that at the front. I never met a soldier who grumbled about it; they all recognise it. First of all it is their due; it is the recognition of their gallantry; more than that, it is a recognition that men cannot be expected to do their best unless the State looks after them. But there is another lesson which this war is teaching us all; that which is true of our soldiers in the field is equally true of our industrial army: they also are to be kept fit if you are to get the best out of them. That is why I welcome these institutions, which are now appearing in most of our works, these great organisations for the purpose of looking after the material comforts of the workers.

"I know something about these works. This is one of our most helpful and finely controlled firms, one of the firms that need less control than many others I could mention. Only a few weeks ago they were turning out mantelpieces, I believe! There (pointing to the shells decorating the platform) is your 12-inch, and there is the 8-inch, and there is the heavy Howitzer—all essential to victory in the field. I cannot tell you how important these are at the front. I am not under-estimating these gallant men at the front, but I tell you, having looked at the work you are doing and the work you are about to do, that work is worth an Army Corps of the best infantry that you could turn out. You have no notion until you go there how important the work is that you are doing. There you find networks of trenches, labyrinths deep with every form of obstacle and entanglements and concrete emplacements that our men cannot get through. It is no use their pitting their poor bodies against machine-guns, against trench mortars. How are they to get through? *These* (pointing again to the shells) will put them through. *You* are going to see them through. I am not joking, I am telling you the real truth about the matter. The work you are doing here is going to smash through to victory, and if you saw as I did, row after row of these that were just waiting—waiting to be sent across as presents for the Kaiser—how they cheer the hearts of our troops! They do not destroy life; they spare life! Without these, thousands, scores of thousands of the most gallant men would fall, with these—they will not merely get through to victory, but they will come back to rejoice in victory, and I am so glad to know that you here, each one of you, know that, realise it, and that you are putting the whole of your strength into it.

"I like that picture—it is very well done. I like the words underneath it—"TRUST US. WE WILL DELIVER THE GOODS." I like the look of that shell, but above all I like the look in that man's face. That man means business, and I can see 2,000 more like him here. There are a million overseas waiting for them. I know you will not disappoint them; they are gallant fellows, they are brave fellows, theirs the discomfort, theirs the danger, theirs, too often, the sacrifice. You put forth the whole of your strength as you are doing to-day, and their sacrifice will not be in vain."



GOING IN.—DINNER-TIME AT OUR NEW HUT. *Photo: Haines.*

Sir Charles Mander, proposing a vote of thanks to Mr. Lloyd George, Mrs. Winston Churchill, and the other visitors, presented Mrs. Churchill with the souvenirs, also handing her a handsome cheque from the firm for the Y.M.C.A.

Mrs. Churchill said: "Most of all I want to thank you men very much for this most beautiful present, I cannot tell you how touched I am; it is very, very nice of you. On behalf of the Y.M.C.A. I want to thank the directors and managers not only for the generous present, but I want also to thank Mr. Brindley for the liberality with which he has always treated us. I have asked for so many things that I feel ashamed to recall them, but whether I asked for an extra larder, a new oven, or just one more shelf, my request has been granted and carried out with the most refreshing rapidity. To-night I feel very happy. Everybody, so far, has done his or her share, and I wish to thank all those who are helping me, and to beg for their continued support. Nearly everything I have learned in this line I have learned from Lady Henry Grosvenor, and I hope she will always help me. Mrs. Churchill concluded by reading a special message from Major Churchill.

After a brief speech from Mr. Yapp, and the National Anthem, a cablegram was sent to the Commander-in-Chief in France expressing the intention of all present to "back up."



THE LADIES WHO SERVE SOMEWHERE IN MIDDLESEX.

MEN WHO USE SHELLS AND MEN WHO MAKE THEM.



From Jamaica. Enjoying themselves at the Mitchell Street Rest, Glasgow.
Reproduced by kind permission of the "Glasgow Bulletin."



Midday at the new Munitions Hut, Somewhere in Middlesex. *Photo: Haines.*

Y. M.

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

Organ of the Y.M.C.A. in
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THE EDITORIAL OFFICES of "Y.M." are at the CENTRAL Y.M.C.A., TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, 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.

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 ROCK IN THE RIVER:

And the Red Triangle on the Rock.

AT last the day came, and I found myself at the West Dock gate. A sentry stands there to examine every pass, civilian's or soldier's, and mine, like others, was scrutinised; but at last I was through.

The *Playfair*—a little boat with a most stomach-turning roll—was waiting, and took me across in half an hour to the island.

——— itself seems a great rock as one approaches it. The lonely island with the great beetling cliffs, and the lower cruel, jagged rocks, on which the foam flies and catches, gives one an idea of sternness, which is not decreased when some odd glimpse of one of its many guns comes suddenly on the visitor. It seems hard and cold; but don't be deceived, for after some days on the top wading about ankle-deep in mud—pure Scottish mud!—you come to believe the cliffs and rocks are put there only to deceive innocents.

I landed at a stone pier, then passed up stone steps, along muddy tracks, over a little railway, by alleys and dungeons, till I came to a hut with the familiar red triangle.

It was Saturday evening, and busy when I arrived; but at seven o'clock a screen was rolled down, pictures appeared, and I had a chance to talk with the manager.

Between some of Charlie's latest dodges I was informed that for threepence the soldiers get a two-hour show on Fridays and Saturdays. The two nights are given so that those on duty one evening may have an opportunity on the other.

At nine o'clock the pictures stopped and the screen was rolled up. Then for half an hour we were kept on the rush serving cakes and coffee.

By half-past nine we felt we needed our supper; and bed came after we had a clean up, mentally and spiritually.

Next morning—Sunday—was a lazy one, as there was no sale till after morning services. At half-past eight two fatigue men appeared, and our hall was soon ready for the first service, which is a Roman Catholic one. During that hour service we had breakfast, and were finished by the time the Church of England clergyman appeared. His hearers entered shortly after, and held our hall till midday. Then they, too, went off, and we opened our doors from twelve till two. Between four and six we were again open and again closed, while the Presbyterian Church held a service in our hut. Then canteen work occupied us till half-past nine, after which was the usual round.

What a day Sunday is on that island and in that hut! Services of the three great world Churches, talk, selling, praying, all mixed up, all a part of each other, all living and vital, because they are all a part of our life. Truly none but a Y.M.C.A. could hold together such a heterogeneous congruity.

Monday morning means canteen work from eight to nine, after which we have a chance to get breakfast. From twelve to two and from four to half-past nine are the other hours for selling. And these three spells form our ordinary six days a week labour.

The active Christian work comprises the usual evening family worship amongst the men, and also a Sunday afternoon Bible class. The indirect Christian work is larger than first appears. The workers are helped by a small band of faithful Christian soldiers; and there is altogether a good air of *camaraderie* between the "Y.M." and the men.

During the few days I was there the days were short and the nights long, and the hut had to be lighted early. This lighting was done by means of acetylene generated in a little gas shed of our own. Cleaning out the cylinders containing the used carbide and recharging is one of the dirtiest, smelliest, clothes-destroying, finger-burningest things I know, either in camp or out of it; yet each day some one of us had to do this with patience and care.

Oh, I was sorry to leave this shut-off island, with its loneliness, and its refreshing vigour, its grim facts, and its spiritual hopes. And as I looked back that morning after leaving the island I seemed to see away up in the heavens a cloud resting like the Eternal Wings in blessing over ——.

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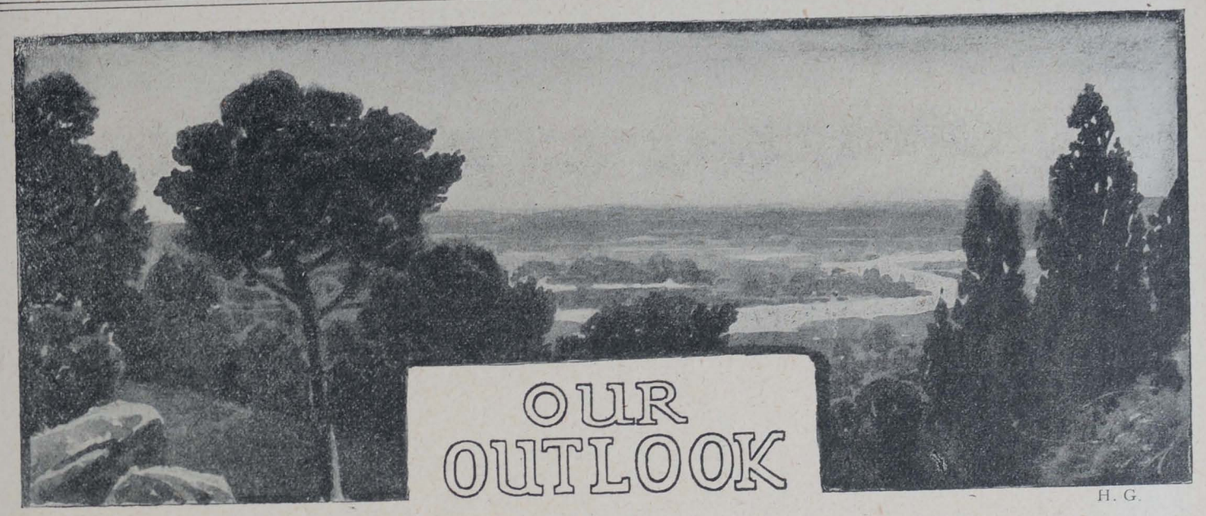

H. G.

At it; all at it; and always at it.—Sidney Smith.

SUCH, according to the famous cynic, was the secret of the early Methodists. It is the truth about our religious work, and might well be taken as the motto for the campaign upon which we are just setting out. We wish those who are at all anxious as to the "C" in our monogram could have heard the reports given by our district secretaries at the Camp Leaders' Conference on Friday last. The men were called upon quite at random, and without special warning that they would be asked to tell about the specifically religious activities in the huts under their charge. Each one, however, had some special feature of the ordinary programme to which he could point as notably successful in helping to bring home the direct message of Jesus Christ to the soldiers in his area.

***

DOUBTLESS many would say, after hearing so splendid a story of "ordinary" effort: "Why trouble about any special campaign at all?" The best reply lies in the fact that the men who recorded this very satisfactory condition of affairs were warmly and unanimously in favour of the proposals made to them by the recently appointed committee. That body is composed very largely of the trusted leaders of all the Churches, and is charged with the development of that practical co-operation between the Churches and ourselves which both parties so earnestly desire. As Mr. Lloyd George so powerfully reminded us somewhere in Middlesex yesterday week, our nation, and the world, is at a point in its history when it must either make a great plunge downward or take a great flight upwards. Reinforcements will without doubt be sent in large numbers to the front as soon as fairer weather makes the full use of them feasible. We should like them to carry with them a very real "God-be-with-you."

***

THE main field of our March campaign will naturally be the centres in the Midlands and the South; we anticipate another and similar effort shortly afterwards in the North. But, of course, the whole of our English constituency will have its definite part to play from March 12 to March 26, as well as in the days between this and then, in lending a few workers of special experience, and most of all in the practice of definite and sustained intercession. We know, too, that we can call upon our friends in Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, in France, Egypt, and India for this most vital of all ways of assistance.

***

OUR one certainty of success—success of the right kind—lies in our making this, in the truest sense, our own concern—in being at it, all at it, and always at it. The coming of a fine band of special missioners into our camps can do little indeed for us unless they come to reinforce, and not to supplant, the men who ought, in the very nature of things, to be both the most enthusiastic and the most capable of all in making a special appeal to the soldiers whom they have had such an unrivalled opportunity of knowing and understanding. These three nights which it is suggested should be devoted to the actual campaign in every hut ought to give the leader and his staff the chance of crowning the work of many months. Moreover, the work of preparation, if leaders follow out the campaign plan of gathering round them in each case a "Campaign Hundred" of keen soldiers as special helpers, may afford just the one needed occasion of making intimate contact with the men who can probably do more in the long run for the Army than any other body of people whatsoever. And, of course, the two weeks of the campaign will greatly fail of their object if they do not supply the stimulus and opportunity for initiating a permanent development of our religious work otherwise scarcely possible.

***

OF one thing we may be very sure. The men of the Army are ready and waiting for such a campaign. They rather prefer a frontal attack. Again and again when a service or Bible-class has been announced, the hut has been filled—sometimes to overflowing. What men do not like, either in the Army or out of it, is to be taken unawares. We have everything to gain by going on the bold line in the present effort. That policy, too, will enable us to seek and to gain the help of chaplains and clergy who have little time for anything which is not in the direct line of their own special duty to the soldiers, but who are always most ready to acknowledge that we are able to afford them opportunities of personal contact which they are able to get in no other way.

***

THERE is not much time. That is all the better for the campaign from some points of view. The less talk there is, the more likelihood is there of prayer and of practical work. The immediate demand is that each leader should determine what points in the programme are practicable in his hut. Everybody on the staff can do something. Just that thing is what God is waiting for him to do.

ROUND THE SCOTTISH CAMPS.

Mr. Virgo's Visit to the North.

IT was by a happy arrangement that Mr. Virgo included among his earliest engagements as field secretary to the English National Council a fraternal fortnight over the border. Our Scottish friends received him in a very different way from that in which raiders used to be welcomed in the bad old times of long ago. He was afforded an opportunity of making acquaintance with practically the whole of the Scottish work and workers. Indeed, so eager to hear his message were the folk up yonder that he found himself on arrival at one city booked to speak six times between lunch and bedtime. Needless to say he revelled in such strenuousness.

After going the round of the huts throughout the length and breadth of Scotland, Mr. Virgo had an opportunity of conferring with the Scottish National Executive. At this meeting the Scottish National Council recorded their appreciation of the visit of the national field secretary, saying that it would tend to bring the two councils closer together, and expressed the hope that another visit might be paid later in the year. When Mr. Virgo presented his report to the English executive on Friday, this part of it was very cordially reciprocated by the committee.

We have had an opportunity of a chat with Mr. Virgo about his experiences, and asked him what were his main impressions. He told us that he was greatly struck by the splendid quality of the leadership in every centre, and by the magnificent work done by ladies. In two instances huts are run wholly by women workers.

Thus at Annsmuir Miss Dineen, of New Zealand, is in sole charge of a hut six miles from the nearest town. She has other ladies assisting, and the hut is magnificently arranged and carried on.

At Rumgally Miss Marshall is in control, and men of the Glasgow Imperial Yeomanry encamped at this point seem to a man to regard her as a veritable mother. They are a splendid type of men, and Mr. Virgo's meeting was one of the best he had in Scotland.

An interesting centre is that at Nigg, a lonely spot, where, though there are men leaders at each centre, the work is done practically by ladies, Dr. Whyte's Church in Edinburgh having undertaken to provide sixteen a month. They live in a very old house, and frequently entertain drummer boys, who appreciate very much the motherliness that is shown.

Mr. Virgo met with a very pleasing reception at the hands of Admiral Sir Cecil Burney when he visited the admiral's flagship. Sir Cecil expressed the very warmest interest in and sympathy with the work of the Association for the men in the Navy, "and," said Mr. Virgo, "he released a large number of sailor boys to come ashore for my meeting. Lively young sprites they are, but they gave me a wonderful hearing."

When he went to perhaps the chief naval base in the North, Mr. Virgo found the sailor lads to a man dancing the hornpipe and what-not to the sound of the ship's band. He did not make himself known, but had the opportunity of getting round amongst the men and speaking practically to the whole number of them individually or in groups before the meeting began. "Then," he said, "Mr. Kerr, the leader, broke in upon their dance to announce that I wished to speak. They rushed to the platform end of the hall, stood for twenty minutes, and responded heart and soul as I made the appeal for the Christian life."

It would be impossible to include here all that Mr. Virgo has to tell of the variety and effectiveness of the work done. As in the South, all sorts of buildings have had to be adapted, including a disused mill and a distillery, and an old mill which is now a hospital.

The enterprise of the workers is illustrated by a story that Mr. Virgo tells of the Naval Institute at X. "Mr. Hogg, a missionary from Ceylon, is in charge here," said Mr. Virgo, "and his engineer who runs the electric light gas-engine left him at six o'clock in the morning. Hogg knew nothing of the engine, but shut himself up in the room the whole day studying it minutely, together with a diagram, and mastered it sufficiently to enable him to run it temporarily." Since the institute has a number of cubicles for the men it will be seen how necessary it was to have the light available at all times.

Mr. Virgo was impressed by the splendid buildings that the Scottish Association had put up; with the lavish profusion of the difficult Scot they have spent more money on them in most cases than we have in the South, and in very many cases they will, of course, be for permanent use.

"Above all," said Mr. Virgo, "I appreciated the high tone that characterises all the work. Family worship is invariably held each night, Sunday services regularly, Bible and devotional meetings occasionally, and special evangelistic services as opportunity affords. The readiness of the men to listen to the message and the heartiness of the responses naturally contributed in a very large measure to the pleasure of the trip."



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SHARPS KREEMY TOFFEE.

OUR MARCH CAMPAIGN.

Details Discussed at Camp Leaders' Conference.

THE monthly Conference of Camp Leaders, held on Friday last, was wholly given over to the consideration of the proposals for a campaign in March put forward by the Religious Work Committee. Mr. Charles Procter, of Liverpool, presided, and before the suggested plans were discussed a little time was given to reports of religious work carried on in various camps. These gave evidence that what is, of course, the most important aspect of our task is being carried on with devotion and success.

Mr. Virgo spoke of his visits to the Canterbury area, Salisbury Plain, and Scotland, and laid special emphasis upon the value of spiritual fellowship among the workers. He said that fascinating stories could be told of Salisbury Plain; he found no more ready audiences than there, and there was no evidence that the men did not want a spiritual appeal. His references to religious work in Scotland are recorded elsewhere.

Mr. Arthur Hayes said that in Canterbury they had always placed, and should continue to place, religious work in the very front of their programme. The chief difficulty in the conduct of special campaigns was that of finding suitable men; the men who did the greatest good in his district were the men who helped the members of the staff. He said that in Canterbury they never missed evening prayers in the halls where they were at work. A night or two before he had seen St. George's Hall just packed from platform to backdoor for a concert. They were standing in the aisles when evening prayers were announced at half-past eight, which is always done at that hour whatever the programme, and not a man left the building. It was a sight to see them standing up and singing, "Fight the good fight." Mr. Hayes also said how much they owed to evening prayers at the hostel, conducted each night by a different member of the staff; while a number of the staff lived permanently in the hostel at Canterbury, he always endeavoured to have at least one representative of every hut in the area in the hostel for a fortnight at a time, so that the spirit of fellowship could be carried back to the various huts.

Mr. J. W. Hayes, of Epping Forest, said that they got big audiences for religious services. He told the way in which the "Ration Sheet" had been taken up in that area. The men read a portion from the Daily Portion Gospel, select from that portion the verse they think the best, and write this down on a form that they have for the week. Then at an evening meeting the men hand in their forms, and on the blackboard the leader writes up the verses out of each of the daily portions which most men have written down as the best. The men are very keen to see whether their choice is that of the majority, and a great opportunity for a Bible talk is given to the leader. Mr. Hayes said that he was going round week by week to meet the men who followed out this plan.

Mr. H. W. Bryant, of the Grantham District, said he found that leaders needed help in the conduct of family prayers in the hut. In his district they had arranged a special prayer form, entered special requests, and tried to link them up with the work of the Association throughout the world. He spoke of the good times they had had during the recent visit from Mr. W. R. Lane, and said that just now the troops as a whole were markedly ready for a message as they were not a few months ago. Increased prayer life among the leaders, he said, could be clearly traced in the life of the soldiers.

Mr. H. Clinch, of the Newmarket area, said that they had found at Cambridge that the great secret was to lay hold of the men at the railway station as soon as they were drafted into the district. They heard that a number of men were coming in, and discovered that, coming in at night, they were to be sent without a meal after some hours travelling to billets. They immediately got a number of friends to help in providing a meal, and with the commanding officer's permission the troops were marched straight to the Y.M.C.A. for this. This afforded an introduction for the programme of the Y.M.C.A., which included a Gospel service every Sunday night and prayers in the huts each evening. He said now the Y.M.C.A. huts were packed out, and they had had to get a large amount of additional accommodation. The day before a commanding officer had wired that he was bringing 800 men into Cambridge, and asked that they should be given their first meal in this way by the Y.M.C.A.

Mr. H. A. Dennis, of Crayford, speaking for munition huts, said that they found it best having family prayers each evening at the close of whatever programme had been provided, and to concentrate on one evening a week, when they had a regular service for twenty minutes, for which everything was shut down. The men know about this, and are ready for it, while the local clergy were very ready to co-operate. He said one clergyman, formerly working in one of our huts before his ordination, had now written to say that the good old days last year were absolutely the critical time of his life; then he found out what he could do best.

Mr. Yapp referred to the very great value of strangers' teas on Sunday afternoons, quoting the success obtained by Mr. Reissmann, at St. Albans. Since we hope to give a picture and a brief article describing this next week, it is unnecessary to write further of it here.

The conference unanimously agreed to support whole-heartedly the campaign to take place from March 12 to 26. The prime suggestion to leaders is that they should, during this period, reserve three successive nights during which a straight appeal should be made to the men, and the effort should be made, not only to secure, as the aim of the campaign states, "the conversion of men to God through Jesus Christ," but to enroll the men in Bible classes, prayer circles, and similar groups that make for permanence in their decision, as well as the linking up of those who have decided with the various Churches.

Some discussion took place as to the possibility of shutting down the hut altogether, except for the purpose of the campaign, during these three evenings, and it was ultimately decided that it would be best, where possible, to close the coffee bar and any other sources of distraction during the time of the meeting; but it was pointed out, especially by Mr. W. R. Lane, that a great deal of very valuable personal work is best done after the meeting is over, and the men can, while the ordinary activities of the hut are done, come, without being marked men, to the speaker or the workers.

It was announced that special speakers will be offered to hut leaders, and the conference agreed that the fullest possible use should be made of men already tested locally, who know the soldiers to whom they will have to speak, and are well accustomed to the ordinary circumstances of services in huts. It was also felt highly desirable to secure full co-operation from chaplains and local ministers and clergy, while the value of good singing, choral and solo, was emphasised. In the case of the latter it was strongly insisted that the singing must be of the kind that would directly help the evangelistic appeal.

Campaign literature is to be specially supplied, and leaders were asked to let headquarters know as soon as possible how many men approximately they will want supplied, while also war rolls and cards, and pocket Testaments will, of course, be essential adjuncts to the campaign.

Great emphasis was laid upon not simply good preliminary organisation, but concerted and definite prayer. In this particular the following suggestions will be useful:—

(*a*) A daily period of prayer for the staff between now and the campaign.

(*b*) Twice a week special gatherings for prayer, to which chaplains and the keen Christians among soldiers and officers would be invited. It was suggested that these gatherings should, where possible, be held on Sunday and on Wednesday, so that there might be a measure of simultaneity among the camps.

(*c*) From March 1, a daily observance of this period, to be continued throughout the whole of the campaign.

(*d*) The use of prayer topics, a series of which are in preparation at headquarters.

It was felt that while the first thing is to fire the workers in the huts with enthusiasm not less important is it to get together, as the politicians do, a "Y.M.C.A. Hundred" from among the Christian soldiers. These could do most effective work among their comrades, both by way of preparation and during the campaign, while they would form a fine nucleus for the work to follow; probably enough communicants from the various Churches could be found in each hut to constitute such a 100.

Altogether the morning was one of great good cheer, and as the conference dedicated itself in prayer to this special effort in March it felt sure not only of the blessing of God but of the warm co-operation of all our workers and friends in the districts where the campaign takes place.

INQUIRIES ABOUT MISSING SOLDIER

PTE. LEWIN TUGWELL,
16603, C Co., 7th Battery, 1st Canadian Contingent. Reported badly wounded and taken prisoner at battle of Ypres, May 15.

Inquirer: Mrs. Tugwell,
30, Frenchay-road,
Oxford.

There is an immense enthusiasm for the Red Triangle in Bolton, and a flag day has recently been held, the result of which was that the amount collected in the streets was larger than on any previous flag day, the sum being £868. In addition to this there were collections on the Sunday in a number of churches and chapels, while on the Saturday there were a number of social engagements in aid of the fund. The whole sum raised is expected to reach 1,000 guineas.

ART HOME STUDY SCHOLARSHIPS

WITHOUT ENTRANCE FEE TO "Y.M." READERS.

ILLUSTRATING advertisements offers splendid opportunities to the man or woman with a taste for sketching.

Advertisers know the value of illustrations, or they would not, in London alone, pay thousands of pounds weekly for sketches.

Commercial illustration as a regular occupation or profitable side-line has a wide range of opportunities, and there is room in the profession for anyone with common sense and some natural ability.

Need for Drawings.

Before even the smallest cottage can be built, before a play can be produced, or any useful article put on the market, the work of some man or woman *trained* to make practical simple drawings is needed.

The demand for Easel Pictures has practically ceased, but the demand for drawings for reproduction in black-and-white and colours increases daily.

Artists like Frank Brangwyn, R.A., Leo Cheney, Chas. Crombie, Chas. E. Dawson, J. Hassall, R.I., Bernard Partridge, Fred Pegram, Rilette and E. J. Sullivan, design advertisements because they know it is better for our walls and magazines to bear designs that are good in drawing and colour than advertisements that are merely commonplace lettering.

Selling Sketches by Post.

Artists nowadays sell sketches by post, and save the time and embarrassment of personal interviews.

By post, also, anyone with a taste for drawing can enjoy the advantages of a London training at home and enter a most interesting and lucrative profession.

You can learn by post all about the kind of work that's wanted; how to do it; where, when, and how to sell it.

You can acquire the practical essentials—all the little technical points—from an expert whose business it is to teach and to help you enter the profession in the shortest possible time. Many of our readers in all parts of the world have been helped to do saleable work—and sell it! They have been trained *by post* by Chas. E. Dawson, one of London's most successful designers of Pictorial Publicity, who has taught more people to earn money by art than any other man.

Chas. E. Dawson Responsible.

His Art Criticisms in the foremost magazines of Great Britain and America have won for him a reputation only equalled by the regard shown on both sides of the Atlantic for his advertisement designs.

His lessons, *exclusive and confidential* to each student, are superbly illustrated. Exercises are sent by post to Mr. Dawson, whose letters of personal advice and constructive criticism are alone worth the moderate fee for the course. Subjects taught include :—Drawing for reproduction, book cover, advertisement designs, lettering, perspective, line, wash and body colour sketches, splatter work, time and labour-saving devices, originating saleable designs, silhouette and stencilling, establishing a connection, correspondence with printers, publishers, and advertisers, how, when, and where to sell designs to the best advantage.

If you can draw well enough to amuse your friends, you can learn to earn by post some of the hundreds of pounds that advertisers—in London alone—spend daily upon simple effective sketches.



One of hundreds of sketches by Chas. E. Dawson to illustrate his lessons on illustrating advts.

TRIBUTE FROM CAPTAIN BAIRNSFATHER.

(Most famous artist of the War.) His "Fragments from France" published by the "Bystander" are the talk of the town.

DEAR MR. DAWSON,—I consider your Art Course excellent in every way. The mass of Technical Instruction it contains and **its stimulating influence** upon one's efforts make it invaluable. Even now I still have it by me for reference, and find it **an immense aid.**

Yours very sincerely,

BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER.

* * * *

Letter from famous "Punch" Artist.

(Contributor to "Graphic," "Illustrated London News," &c.)

DEAR MR. DAWSON,—I am glad to add my tribute to those which I am sure you must receive from every student of yours who knows a good thing when he sees it.

I am positive that anyone with average intelligence and a little natural ability, who intends taking up Art as a profession—no matter how ignorant he may be at the beginning—cannot fail to lay a sound foundation for future success by carefully following your *clever, practical and most interesting lessons.* I only wish I had had the benefit of your training when I was young.

Any serious man or woman with common sense who takes your Course would, I am convinced, be astonished at his or her progress. If this letter leads anyone who doubts the value of postal instruction to take your Course, I shall feel that I have been the means of doing them a good turn.

You are at liberty to use my name as an endorsement of my entire faith in your amazingly efficient, original and inspiriting system.

Yours faithfully,

A. CHANTREY CORBOULD.

These letters are typical of many others from artists of all ages in all parts of the Empire, who have written the most sincere and authoritative endorsement ever bestowed upon a teacher or a system.

The Home Study Scholarships.

The Practical Correspondence College—the *All-British Art School with the world-wide Reputation* — offers Mr. DAWSON'S full Course of Instruction at half fees, in small monthly instalments, to the first 50 readers to pass a postal examination. Balance of fees only payable WHEN THE STUDENT HAS EARNED TEN POUNDS.

If the Course fails to help the student to earn £10, the student is under no obligation to complete payment of fees.

Students are taught to *earn while they learn,* and dispose of their work at the completion of the course.

Competitors must copy the illustration in this announcement and send it, with stamp for return, to the Secretary, Practical Correspondence College, 45, Thanet House, Strand, W.C.

No preliminary training or expenses necessary. Awards made in the order in which test sketches are received.

Each sketch will be examined by Mr. Dawson, who will send the competitor a letter of *criticism and advice gratis* together with particulars of the Course. It costs nothing and you risk nothing by entering the Competition. You get, *gratis,* a famous expert's opinion on your chance of success, and you may win a scholarship.

* * * *

RESULTS.

First Prize, "Drawing" Competition.

Glasgow.

You may be interested to hear that I gained first prize in "Drawing" Competition. Without the splendid instruction I received through taking your P.C.C. Course I could never have hoped to obtain this result. J. W. D.

* * * *

First Prize, "Studio" Competition.

Esbank, N.B.

As you may have seen from the "Studio," I have won first prize (£25) in a competition for a "Sardine Poster." This I am sure fully justifies my taking up your Course of Lessons, which have been most useful to me. The Course is very complete, and I must thank you for the satisfaction I have got from your Instruction and the care you have taken in giving me information on such a wide range of subjects.

C. F. O. S.

* * * *

Streatham.

I have received £10 for three sketches and a royalty of a ½d. per copy after the first 500. I am sincerely indebted to you for your teaching, for it is entirely due to you that I have at length secured a publication and I thank you very much for the trouble you have taken over me.

F. T.

* * * *

Middlesbro'.

Since writing you I have made money drawing large War Maps, Rolls of Honour and a few little Posters. I should like to say that I have benefited a great deal through what I have learnt so far with the Course, and I am keen and interested to get on with the rest.

G. R.

THINGS TOLD TO THE EXECUTIVE.

A Remarkable Report.

TWO particularly interesting matters occupied the attention of the National Executive at its meeting on Friday last. First in importance, perhaps, was the discussion of the March campaign. The lines of this are described in another column, and the Executive gave to the proposals laid before it the most hearty assent.

The other feature of interest was the general secretary's report. For nearly an hour the Committee listened to a statement covering only last month of the Association's activities, but unsurpassed in the stirring quality of its facts, even by the annual report presented last December.

Mr. Yapp took occasion to remark that our wonderful success is, beyond doubt, attributable to the fact that we always place first and foremost the directly religious work of the Association. For the proof of this he referred to an article by the Rev. Nicholas Richards, B.D., in the *Westminster Gazette* for February 3, and to a report of the speech made at Ipswich by the Rev. G. B. Bourchier, who has been acting chaplain there. He also told a story coming from one of our camps. The leader there writes concerning a lady, who has recently taken up work for us, that she was, "From the point of personal religion, I fear, lacking, yet really longing for, satisfaction of an enduring nature. The spiritual work here was a great surprise to her, as never before had she known or seen this kind of work. She thought it was magnetism that caused the results. At last she had to ask what it really was. That night we had a remarkable time. Until 11.30 p.m. we opened up the real meaning, and imagine my joy as she just told out how deep was her longing to have real assurance that she was right. After that we often speak of these things, and so among the staff, as well as in the hut, the work of grace was being wrought. The chaplain, a grand fellow, told one night of his conversion, and that, I think, was the top stone.

"She confessed that she felt that what I had said was just 'chapel doctrine.' When the chaplain, a Church of England man, spoke the same, then it was a testimony that could not be gainsaid. She confessed soon after what coming here had meant to her. 'Never in all my life before have I heard such things,' *i.e.,* being born again. I have no doubt at all that to this one light has really come. Her gratitude is very real. "'I want now just to go on with this work all my life,' was her statement."

Another interesting letter comes from Darlington, and relates to a young soldier recently in camp at Longmore, in the Aldershot district. He was writing home to his mother, and said, "At night on Christmas Day there was a concert in the mess-room, but several of us decided to go to the Y.M.C.A. camp instead, and a good time we had. What a programme! Three artistes from London! Jolly fine they were. After they had gone at 7.30 we had an impromptu concert, led by the young parson connected with the Y.M.C.A. Then to wind up the parson gave an address, and, my word! but he spoke well, and gave us all something to think of, afterwards closing with prayer such as never moved me so much before. He seemed to give such healing feeling to me, and above all seemed to bring you home so close when he prayed that Christ would sit in all the vacant chairs in our homes and so comfort you. Oh, mother, it made me feel more than ever, I think, what you are to me; and for Christ—well, I do not think I ever felt Him so near me before. I cannot but say that there were not a few moist eyes after his prayer, but many. The Y.M.C.A.'s do fine work and no mistake. There would be fully 400 at the meeting."

In his review of the newly opened centres and of the work which he had been able personally to inspect during the month, Mr. Yapp also pointed out the extent to which the Y.M.C.A. had proved a powerful opponent to the public-house and to the wet canteen. In one case he said the Y.M.C.A. meant extinction of the wet canteen, and a new Y.M.C.A. has just been opened which was no other than an old canteen purchased by us, enlarged and reopened! In another instance a publican had stated in the police-court that he could not pay his rates because business had been so diminished by the opening of a Y.M.C.A. marquee near by. The provision of workers at the various centres is now causing considerable anxiety. "Practically all our men of serviceable age," said the secretary, "have now been attested, and many have been called up. It seems unfair that the employees of the canteens should be starred without any difficulty, whilst many of the tribunals raise all sorts of difficulties regarding our own men, who are doing infinitely greater service to the State.

"When the fact is mentioned that sixty-two men have been sent out to France since the beginning of January, and that at least thirty others are needed there immediately; also when we point out that we have a cable from Salonika asking for ten workers; from Mudros asking for twelve; a letter from Egypt saying that thirty others are needed, and also a letter from Malta saying that more helpers are wanted, it will be realised how big is the task that has to be faced by Mr. Drake and the Workers' Committee.

"We should like to take this opportunity of bearing testimony to the excellent work that has been done by Mr. Drake since he took charge of the Workers' Department.

"The training school is also doing good service, but we need more men, and particularly men who are physically fit, but just over serviceable age.

"In three ways we are hoping to augment the supply of workers. First, by organising a definite campaign with a view to enrolling men for this important national service. Secondly, by developing a corps of gentlemen who will devote their time to helping us where they will be most needed. And, thirdly, by carrying into effect the plan agreed upon long since of forming a National Women's Auxiliary under the presidency of Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and, we hope, with Queen Mary as the patron.

"Women are doing magnificent work for the Y.M.C.A. already, and we are convinced that we shall have to use them more and more in the home camps and in the base centres in France. We particularly need at the present moment women with business experience who can help with the stores, with housekeeping, and with accounts."

After dealing with the progress and success of our work in munition areas, Mr. Yapp continued: "The past month has been a difficult one financially. At the request of the Post Office we curtailed our postal appeals at the turn of the year, with the inevitable results to our receipts. At the same time, it is simply wonderful how the money has come in. There is not time in this report to refer even to all the large and generous gifts that have been received, but one or two items of special interest might be mentioned.

"The head master of Rugby, who gave the address in this building on last Sunday afternoon, told me at the close that a number of boys in one of his forms were giving

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 4d. TAB. IN METAL BOX.

EDWARD COOK & Co., LTD. The Soapery, Bow, London, E.

THE "POSITIVE" ORGAN

Represents the finest value in Organ Building.
The tone is produced entirely
FROM REAL ORGAN PIPES
Not from Reeds as in American Organs.
The "POSITIVE" can produce from one keyboard the effect of a two-manual and Pedal Organ.
The variety of tone quality is wonderful.
The "POSITIVE" is most suitable for Presentations.
Price from £85. Send for Catalogue "Y."

THE POSITIVE ORGAN CO., Ltd.,
44, MORNINGTON CRESCENT, LONDON, N.W.

LANTERN SLIDES. Largest actual maker of Slides in London. Slides on hire or sale. Every subject, including Great European War (each set of 50 with reading), Belgium, France, etc. 250,000 to select from. Lists free. Hire charges: Subscription terms, 450 slides for 21/-, 50 slides loaned for 3/-. Hut Leaders and those in charge of Y.M.C.A. Meetings and Entertainments should send for detailed list, mentioning the "Y. M." Lanterns and Apparatus of every description on hire or sale.—H. LUSCOMBE TOMS, The Slide House, 52, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C. Telephone, Central 1728

Regimental Crests on Gold Shell Signet Rings

PRICES:
Guaranteed
years' wear 2/6
7 ,, ,, 3/3
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In any Regimental or Naval Crest or Two Initials Post Free

These Gold Shell Signet Rings are beautifully engraved with the Crest of any Regiment. They make ideal and appropriate presents for ladies, gentlemen, or children.

WE ALSO STOCK

Regulation Cap Badges of nearly all Regiments.
Arm Insignia of all kinds.

BADGE BROOCHES WITH ALL CRESTS.

Enamel and Gilt 1/-
Best 22 ct. Gilt 2/-
Real Tortoiseshell Crest, engraved in Solid Hall Marked Silver 3/6
e same in Gold 12/6

CLAIM TO BE THE CHEAPEST AND RUN THE LARGEST STOCK OF ARMY REQUISITES.

(The Trade Supplied.)

W. ADLER & CO.,
141, KING'S ROAD, CHELSEA, LONDON, S.W.

THURSTON'S
BILLIARD TABLES
with fast and accurate "Thurstonic patent cushions as installed in leading clubs throughout the world

CAN BE OBTAINED
(1) By purchase outright.
(2) On the Hire Purchase System.
(3) On Hire for long or short periods.

Write for particulars, or representative to call—
THURSTON & CO., LTD.,
LEICESTER SQ., LONDON & BRANCHES.
Thurston's Tables are installed at the Headquarters of the Y.M.C.A., Tottenham Court Road.

KILL THAT INSECT, TOMMY.
Send your pals "out yonder" some tins of
HARRISON'S NURSERY POMADE
—they'll be very acceptable. When you haven't time to wash there's a big chance you'll have "companions." A little HARRISON'S POMADE KILLS EVERY INSECT on hair and body. Insist on having HARRISON'S POMADE. "Tins of Comfort," at 4½d. and 9d. Sold by all Chemists—or by post from HARRISON, Chemist, Reading.



Mothers can have confidence in BENGER'S Food

During 35 years, it has received the approval and support of medical men, and its sale—greater to-day than ever—has spread throughout the world.

Standard British medical works commend Benger's Food. Every great British hospital, nursing home, etc., uses it.

With a tin of Benger's Food in the house, mothers are always well prepared for family ailments, for anybody who is sick or unwell, temporarily out of sorts, or seriously ill.

In attacks of sickness (which are frequently the prelude to illness) a light diet may be desired, Benger's Food will be found suitable.

There is no other food in the world quite like Benger's. It does of itself the preliminary work of digesting the fresh new milk with which it is prepared, and consequently nourishes more quickly.

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." Please apply for a copy, post free.

BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd. — MANCHESTER.
Branch Offices: NEW YORK (U.S.A.) 90, Beekman St. SYDNEY, N.S.W.: 117, Pitt St., and Depots throughout CANADA. 209c

Foster Clark's
A 2d. packet makes 1½ pints of Rich Nourishing Soup.
Ox-tail, Mock Turtle, Pea, Green Pea, Mulligatawny, Lentil (Tomato 2½d.)
Easy to make—only water to add.
Send some in every parcel to your Soldier Boy.
2D SOUPS

The Girl he left behind him
WILL BE PROUD TO WEAR
The Badge of his Regiment or Ship

We are now issuing an entirely new production of 300 different Naval, Regular and Territorial Army Crests, which make desirable and useful keepsakes. Mounted on Jointed Safety Pin, exactly as illustration. *May we send her one?*



BOTLY & LEWIS, Manufacturing Jewellers, etc.
25, KING STREET, READING.
Send for our Illustrated Booklet—post free.

As Illustration - 1/-
Enamel, in fancy border, 1/6
Silver - - - 2/6
9ct. Gold, in case - 12/6
Silver & Gold, with or without Safety Pin.

FINE GILT ENAMEL 1/- EACH. ALL POST FREE.

their pocket money every week towards the support of our work.

"A donation of £250 has been received from the Football League.

"The Mayor of Luton has adopted the new Central Y.M.C.A. building in Folkestone. On behalf of the town we had a special meeting there last week, when the Earl of Clarendon and Mrs. Stuart Wortley took part. Mrs. Crawley was hostess, and the Mayor stated that he was anxious Luton should raise the whole of the £1,500 needed for the erection and equipment of the building at Folkestone. Before the meeting closed £1,300 had been pledged, and the Mayor now tells me that the fund has reached upwards of £2,000, so that Luton will pay not only for the equipment, but also for the furnishing of the building.

"The wonderful thing about this work is that it is never necessary to appeal to ancient history. We could find quite sufficient material for an interesting report if we only dealt with what happened yesterday.

"For instance, in the afternoon I had a visit from Lady Cheylesmore, who called on behalf of her sister, Mrs. Vanderbilt, to offer to pay for one of our huts in France. It seems that Mrs. Vanderbilt had originally thought of presenting a motor hospital for the front, but Lord Cheylesmore had suggested that she could make better use of the money by erecting one of our buildings.

"Yesterday, too, Baron Profumo, who is giving us such splendid help in many ways, intimated another generous personal gift of £500 towards the new building we are hoping to erect in Aldwych as an overseas club, half of the cost of which is being defrayed by two anonymous Welsh donors. The baron also promised us a motor-car yesterday. Yesterday morning I had a visit from the proprietor and editor of the *Life of Faith*, saying that their fund had reached £500 for a hut in France. Yesterday I had another visit from a Chaplain to the Forces, who is interested in supplying refreshments for wounded men near the front in France. He is connected with the society of which her Majesty Queen Alexandra is patron. He called at the direct request of the Queen to see if it would not be possible for him to work through us."

When Mr. Yapp came to report on the work overseas he was able to read a number of letters which are among the most striking that have ever been received at headquarters from our secretaries in the field. It would be a crime to mutilate these letters, and an impossibility to summarise them. We therefore propose to issue next week a special overseas number, in which they will be printed in full.

Those who read that number will want to do as the Committee did when the report was finished, rise up and sing the Doxology.

The glowing vision of the future with which the report ended, and the "after-the-war" schemes suggested by Mr. Yapp require an article from his own pen to embody them, and this we hope to have a little later.

FOR TOMMY AND JACK.—The "Service" Match-Box Cover is the ideal thing for our boys on land or sea, and is just as likely to be as well appreciated by the outdoor man, for it is an article of the greatest utility which no smoker should be without. Messrs. Bryant and May have introduced this happy idea for the benefit of men on active service, and those who have been lucky enough to obtain the "Service" Match-Box Cover—specially made to take the boxes supplied to the Expeditionary Forces—are, indeed, thankful. This useful cover is made in two metals, nickel and dull black finish (see front cover of this issue), and protects the box and matches from damp and rough usage, while keeping the striking surface dry.

A LITTLE DINNER—AND REMINISCENCES.

Stories of the "Central."

THE other evening there was held somewhere in a room overlooking the steady tide of Oxford-street a little supper party, which, though intentionally informal, was a reminder once more to those present of the great traditions of the Y.M.C.A., the magnitude of the task that is now being fulfilled, and splendour of that which lies ahead. Mr. J. J. Virgo, who has recently been released from the general secretaryship of the London Central Y.M.C.A., to become national field secretary, was entertaining to dinner the members of the staff who had served with him prior to the fusion with the National Council.

It was a reminiscent time. There was a harking back by the old leaders of the London Central to details of noble happenings. Mr. Faulkner referred to the romance almost of the raising of somewhere between £150,000 and £200,000, which had made possible of completion a scheme which at first seemed fantastic and impossible. The fact that the last instalments were paid just before the war was cause for great satisfaction, and this, together with sums that had met the need since the war, indicated the bountiful Source of all the wealth of "the gold and the silver": "They are His." From Mr. Hobday next came the story of the social work of the three years previous to the war, showing how numerous a band of young men had come under the strengthening influence of the Association's agencies. The membership was on a fair way to 5,000, and the hostel accommodated hundreds in each year. The physical work of the Association during Mr. Virgo's tenure provides a story that goes with leaps and bounds. There has been, so said Mr. Naylor, the physical director, specialised instruction for almost every class of man, and 430 from the rejected recruits' classes have passed into the Army. The membership increased from 653 in July, 1913, to 1,013 at the beginning of war, and 80 per cent. of the men were using the instruction received for the good of their country. Total gymnasium attendances in 1913 and two following years of 10,397, 13,057, and 13,363 respectively indicate the work done, and for the same period the bath was used by 19,913, 27,081, and 31,363 persons respectively. The rifle range figures are a record, standing at 100,144, 148,725, and 202,880 rounds in the years named. Mr. Sinclair, the educational director, sent figures indicating a fine record, and Mr. Virgo thanked all present for the consummation of such a fine piece of work as the Association had carried out, for their loyal and hearty co-operation in the details of the every-day tasks, and for the friendships made and the good fellowship shown.

The appealing story of Y.M.C.A. work was told by Mr. Yapp, whose presiding genius has controlled and directed the new and wonderful branch of service to the young men of the Empire, and it afforded immense satisfaction to hear that, great and almost beyond expectation as had been the results of the present campaign, the plans for the future in the service of those who return are even broader. Mr. Virgo, said the national secretary, had a great and strong message for the young men of to-day. It seemed only right, therefore, that he should have been released from the local Association in order to become the free bishop of a wide diocese, and all believed that the years before him would far outshine even those brilliant years gone by. "When first I saw Mr. Virgo," said Mr. Chamberlain, in closing the evening, "I wasn't sure why they brought him all the way from Australia; but I know now, and I thank God that I was privileged one memorable Saturday afternoon to be present while he and Mr. Yapp consulted together on the scheme which has now come to fruition, and while, when human wisdom failed, those two men laid their problem on God's altar. That has been, and will be, the secret of our success—an implicit trust and confidence in the clear leading of the Omniscient Mind."

A SURPRISE FOR MR. COWLEY.

Monday Evening at George Williams House.

TEN minutes suffice you to express an appreciation which is the growth of ten years—that is, if you know the way. The junior staff at George Williams House possesses the happy secret. On Monday evening a beaming, and withal delightfully excited, little throng assembled to administer a "surprise" to Mr. R. H. Cowley. Beguiled upstairs by his lady assistant on the plea that she wished to "show him something," he was greeted, to his obvious amazement, with a round of cheers.

In a perfect little speech, as choicely phrased as it was genuine in feeling, Mr. G. Warren proceeded to explain. They were there, he said, to tell Mr. Cowley how exceedingly sorry they all were that he was relinquishing his post as house secretary. "For myself," quoth the spokesman of the gathering, "I can say that through all the years I have served with Mr. Cowley—and they have been many—I have received at his hands constant kindness and unfailing help—an experience doubtless shared by all of you," which statement elicited hearty assent. They had gathered, went on Mr. Warren, to express their pleasure that Mr. Cowley would still be with them in the finance department, and to wish him all success and happiness in his new work. Also, they desired to seize the occasion offered by his celebrating this year (in November, we understand) his silver wedding, and to present him with a token of their abiding affection and esteem in the form of a case of cutlery and plate.

Replying, Mr. Cowley said that, of course, he had no notes ready-made for the occasion. He had thought that perhaps the lady who lured him upstairs had a piece of news of a very special and personal character to tell him about herself! He particularly enjoyed that occasion, however, because it afforded him for the first time the opportunity of listening to a speech by his old friend, Mr. Warren—a speech for which he was most grateful. He went on to say how happy he had been in his relations with the whole staff. "The duties of a house secretary," he remarked, "are not always easy; but he comes to know what a lot of nice people there are about!" They had always been very good to him, and now had done this. In a characteristic and unconsciously self-revealing phrase Mr. Cowley said: "I have always tried to do my duty from your standpoint, and not from mine." As to the gift, "I shall have to explain to the wife how I came by this when I take it home," he said. "Then we must put it on" (the table!) "the sideboard, and show it to our friends, and tell them this is what you did for me. But"—and here Mr. Cowley really tried, for once in his life, to look stern—"you ought not to have done it!" Whereupon we arose, and with heart and voice sang, "For he's a jolly good fellow!"

No one is more beloved at headquarters than Mr. Cowley, and with good reason: for no one works with more quiet persistency for the well-being and happiness of other people. There is a text which says, "Thy gentleness hath made me great." Mr. Cowley helps us to understand it. His is the splendid way of rendering it easy for others to make the most of themselves in the common service which he so constantly exalts.

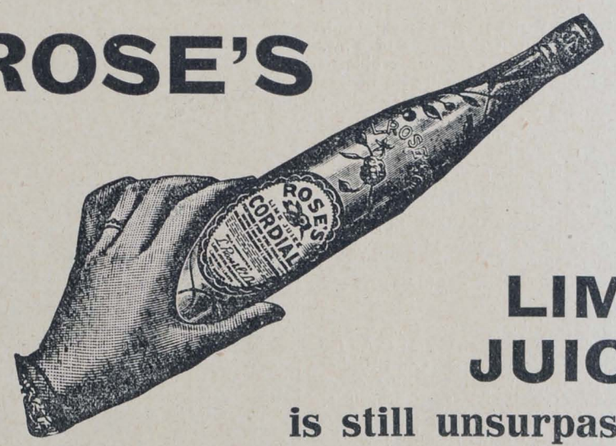
It only remains to add that the gift is worthy of the recipient and of the givers in its completeness and its quality.

It was accompanied by the signatures of the staff, and a set of verses, written by one member for the rest, beginning:—

Dear Mr. Cowley, we give to you
This token of our sincere regard
For all your friendship, helpful and true,
Whether our work was easy or hard.

As a delightful temperance drink

ROSE'S



LIME JUICE

is still unsurpassed

THE DRINK THAT KEEPS YOU FIT!

DELICIOUS, WHOLESOME & REPRESHING. (Insist on having ROSE'S.)

AT THE SIGN OF THE RED TRIANGLE.

News and Notes Gathered from All Quarters.



THE BOYS' BRIGADE HUT IN PRINCES' STREET, EDINBURGH.
Photo: Ian Smith.



Y.M.C.A. MOTOR TRANSPORT TO THE COUNTRY FOR LEAVE MEN.
Photo: Johnstone, Motherwell.

Contributions received January 31 to February 5, 1916:—

	£
Transfer from Liverpool (further)	6,000
Tweedie, Mrs. Alec.	1,000
Horne and Co., Messrs.	450
Avins, Mrs. and Miss	450
Rio de Janeiro Flour Mills, Limited	315
Football League (Hut)	250
Hope-Edwards, Lt.-Col.	200
Rees Roturbo Manufacturing Co.	105
Armourers Company	100
Family of late Mr. D. Wilkie	100
P. and O. Steamship Company	100
Perrott, Mrs.	100
Braby, Mr. N.	75
Knight, Limited, Messrs. John	53
Hamilton, Sir D.	50
Maggs, Mr. T. H.	50
Dunkels, Mr. E.	50
Sutton, Capt. Sir R.	50
Winser, Captain	50
Dagleish, Lady D.	50

Gramophones Wanted.

We have just received further urgent appeals for gramophones and gramophone records from several of our large and important centres in various parts of England. May we appeal through the pages of *Y.M.* to the generosity of friends who are able to place at our disposal such invaluable instruments. It is of untold help to the men using our centres to have a gramophone where it is not always possible to have any other instrument, and even where a piano is available, there is not always a suitable pianist to discourse music for the benefit of the soldiers, whereas a few records and a gramophone while away the time in a pleasurable fashion. THIS APPEAL IS URGENT, as we have many centres clamouring for these instruments. *Who will be the first to respond?*

Practical Appreciation.

At the headquarters of the Y.M.C.A. for the Chatham district ("The Old Bridge Tavern," Strood), a very interesting event took place on Tuesday last, February 1, when Mr. H. J. Lane, the organising secretary, was presented by the members of the staff (consisting of the leaders and helpers at the various Y.M.C.A. centres around) with a specially prepared gold badge and illuminated address. Rev. G. Anderson Miller, at the request of the workers, made the presentation, and doing so said the present was the spontaneous and sincere expression of appreciation and affection of all serving under Mr. Lane as their chief, and in recognition of his splendid work as organiser, administrator, and leader. Mr. Lane, in accepting the gift, was evidently cheered, and in his reply declared he was stirred by this deed to do more, if possible, for the physical, moral, and spiritual welfare of the many soldiers and sailors under their care, and urged all to do their utmost for the good of our brave defenders.

The Cory Y.M.C.A. Hut, Pembrey.

We reported in a previous issue that the Y.M.C.A. Cory Hut at Pembrey, in the first week of its opening, was put to good advantage by billeting soldiers there, their own huts being wrecked during a heavy gale. Things have now got back to their normal state, and the hut has been made full use of in the ordinary way.

This hut is situated in one of the most isolated spots in Carmarthenshire, being two miles from the nearest village or railway station.

On Tuesday last an excellent concert was arranged, the artistes being as follows:—Mada Freeman, soprano, of Cornwall (winner of 398 Eisteddfod prizes); Mr. J. Auckland, of Llanelly, humorist and entertainer; Mr. T. M. John, of Pwll, tenor; Sergeant Matthews, 3-5th Welsh, comedian. The chair being taken by Corp. Dempster, 3-5th Welsh.

Every seat in the hut was filled with an exceptionally appreciative audience, and at the conclusion several of the soldiers told the leader of the hut that if this was the class of concert that was to take place each week, there was no need to leave the camp for amusement. *It is interesting to know that the wet canteen was empty during the concert.*



OPENING OF Y.M.C.A. HUT FOR PRISONERS OF WAR AT STOBS CAMP.
Lord and Lady Polwarth, Col. Fyfe Jamieson, the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, the Duchess of Roxburghe, and Sir Andrew H. Pettigrew. *Photo: Daily Record and Mail.*

NOTES ON DAILY READINGS.

For the Junior Department Branch of the Scripture Union.
By the Rev. A. J. COSTAIN, M.A., Headmaster of Rydal Mount School.
Author of *Life of Arthur Jackson, The Daybreak Call,* &c.

Saturday, 12th.—Jude 1-13. "Autumn trees without fruit." Autumn is the season for fruit-bearing. A tree without fruit in those days is a tree that has failed utterly to realise its destiny. To see a tree bare and fruitless is like seeing a clergyman lying drunk in a gutter, like hearing a little bright-eyed child lisping foul oaths. But what happens in autumn always depends largely on what happened earlier in the year. It is good springtimes that make good autumns. If your after-life is to be fruitful of good, you must see that you drive your roots deep down into the soil in your early days. Time lost now in your boyhood's days can never be made up in your after-life.

Sunday, 13th.—Jude xiv. 25. No book in the Bible has a more beautiful ending than this short letter. In ascribing praise to God our Saviour, Jude seizes on the fact of His power to guard you from stumbling, and to bring you safe and spotless, and filled with a great joy, into His presence. You know we often magnify our enemies and belittle our friends, remember our perils and forget our safeguards. We don't stand alone in life. We have a great Ally. He that is for us is greater than all that are against us.

Monday, 14th.—Leviticus i. 1-14. "Let him offer a male without blemish." That is the true offering, the offering of the best. That is what God wants. There was a tribe once who were baptised, and when they went down into the water they held up their right hands clear of the water. They were dedicating themselves to Christ, but they wanted to keep their right hands for themselves. They wanted to go out on their old raids, and feel themselves free to fight and plunder. So they offered themselves to God, and kept back what God most wanted. A poor dedication, that! When you gave that book at Christmas, when they were collecting for the poor children, do you remember what it was? It was an old book that you didn't want. I remember a young friend of mine saying he was sorry for some children who had no toys, and he would give them "Henry's horse"—something that belonged to someone else! Your gifts are worth what they cost you.

Tuesday, 15th.—Leviticus ii. 1-13. Here is the same note struck. The best must be given, and there must be no taking back of what has been given. It belongs to God. And we have learnt since the days of Moses that God wants you even more than your gifts.

Wednesday, 16th.—Leviticus iv. 27-35. Sinning through ignorance—how can it be a sin when we are ignorant? Well, ignorance itself can be a sin. We are responsible for our sin if we are responsible for our ignorance. It is really worse to be blind than to shut your eyes.

Thursday, 17th.—Lev. viii. 1-15. "The Urim and the Thummim." What were they? They were put into the breastplate or the "pouch of decision," and were probably two stones used in the casting of lots. They were to be the priest's means of finding out the will of God in any matter. Which reminds us that we have learnt much of God since those days, and better ways of finding out His will. There came a day when God spoke through His prophets rather than His priests, and a later and better day when He spoke through His Son. It is Christ Who now shows us the will of God.

Friday, 18th.—Lev. x. 1-11. The priests were forbidden to drink wine when they went into the Tabernacle. They were to count the Tabernacle holy. Christ made all places, as all days, holy. All boys, of course, are total abstainers. Do you think you will ever be anything else but an abstainer? Strong drink is poison for a child; it is poison for many men. Remember this, at any rate, that abstinence never did any man any harm.

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12/6

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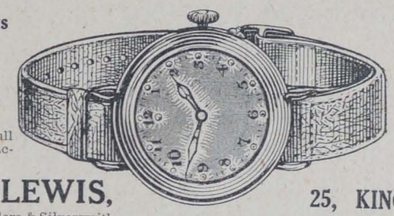

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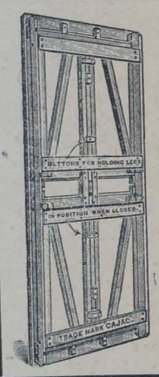

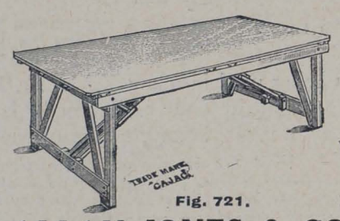

Fig. 721.

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Y M

No. 58 Vol. 2. FEBRUARY 18, 1916. [Registered as a Newspaper.] Price 1d.

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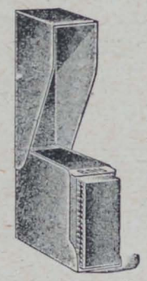

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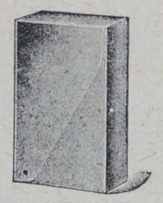

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THE RT. HON. ANDREW FISHER. *Photo: L.N.A.*

Newly appointed Commissioner for Australia.

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WHEN YOU ORDER **COFFEE**
You should HAVE **"THE BEST"!!**
Make a Special Note to order **"OPTIMUS COFFEE"**
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In Quarts and Gallons for making large quantities.
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Lily Caramels.

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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.

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Y. YMCA M.

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

No. 58. Vol. 2. FEBRUARY 18, 1916. PRICE 1d.

"IAN HAY."

KITCHENER'S Army has found its historian in "Ian Hay," whose volume, *The First Hundred Thousand*, is accepted everywhere as the most successful attempt to picture the making of the new Army. "Ian Hay" had found his crowd of appreciators some years before the war. His book, *The Right Stuff*, had justified exactly its title. His stories, *A Man's Man*, *Pip*, *Happy-Go-Lucky*, and *A Safety Match*, have all attained the success that is not simply symbolised in sales, but also in the affectionate interest which readers had begun to take in their author. But it was reserved for *The First Hundred Thousand*, which some of us enjoyed in monthly sections in *Blackwood's Magazine*, to put the final seal of great popularity on the work of "Ian Hay."

It is only natural that readers should be eager to know a little about any writer who ministers to their delight. "Ian Hay" is, in private life, Captain John Hay Beith, and he has served with the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders from the early days of the war. Recently he has been awarded the Military Cross. He was educated at Fettes College, where in later years he was a master, and St. John's College, Cambridge. He is forty years of age, and married last year. He has been writing books since 1906. Before the war he had been turning his attention to politics, and had been accepted as a Unionist candidate for a Scottish constituency. His family had already provided a member of Parliament in the person of Mr. Gilbert Beith, who used to represent a division of Glasgow. Readers of "Ian Hay" will recall the very vivid sketches of electioneering which occur in one of his books.



CAPTAIN JOHN HAY BEITH.

War turned many men into unexpected tasks, and "Ian Hay" took immediately and naturally to soldiering. He studied his subject from a personal point of view, and he wrote day by day, without very much polishing or revision, the lively and vivid descriptions of the army in the making which you find in *The First Hundred Thousand*. The pages bristle with witty and memorable phrases.

Ian Hay has a "dig" at the Generals who "roam about the country on horseback, and ask company commanders what they are doing, and no company commander has ever yet succeeded in framing an answer which sounds in the least degree credible." Readers will remember the Generals whom he nicknames Freeman, Hardy, and Willis, "because we suspect that they are all—to judge from their fondness for keeping us on the run—financially interested in the consumption of shoe leather." I suspect that part of the charm of Ian Hay is his courage in making jokes at those in authority. Human nature always likes to see "big-wigs" made sport of, whether they are "Brass Hats" or not. In his book on school life he is at his best in the sketch of the typical headmaster, and it is the same throughout all his stories. We like to feel that those who are set in authority over us are, after all, very frequently ridiculous people.

In "The First Hundred Thousand" he gives an amusing account of the huge correspondence which has been a feature of the war. "Then come some French picture postcards. Most of these present soldiers—soldiers posing, soldiers exchanging international handgrips, soldiers grouped round a massive and *décolletée* lady in flowing robes, and declaring that *La patrie sera libre!* Underneath this last Private Ogg has written: 'Dear Lizzie,—I hope this finds you well, as it leaves me so. I send you a French p.c. The writing means long live the Queen of France.'" He analyses very cleverly the variety of the men among the new recruits. "The efficient and authoritative rise to non-commissioned rank; the quick-witted and well-educated find employment on the orderly room staff or among the scouts and signallers. The handy are absorbed into the transport, or become machine gunners. The sedentary take posts as cooks or tailors or officers' servants. The waster hews wood and draws water and empties swill-tubs. The great, mediocre, undistinguished majority merely go to stiffen the rank and file, and right nobly they do it. Each has his niche."

"Ian Hay" has found his "niche" unmistakably, and we shall hope for another volume on the same attractive lines.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

By the RT. HON. G. W. E. RUSSELL, Author of "Collections and Recollections," &c.

WHEN the Sovereign opens Parliament in person, my friend Sidney Stylo, the descriptive young man of 'Classy Cuttings," is in clover. He knows the scene so well that he can describe it without seeing it, and, indeed, writes his column on the previous day.

The Gilded Chamber, the emblazoned windows, the light, tempered by a hundred hues, streaming in on a scene of unparalleled magnificence. Peeresses blazing in diamonds, which, if only they could speak, would throw new light on history. Heralds and Pursuivants garbed like Court-cards. Peers in scarlet and ermine, Bishops in scarlet and lawn. Lord Lansdowne, whose alert grace reminds us so forcibly of his French origin, chatting in friendly sort with Lord Rosebery, whose abstracted gaze surveys the glittering scene with sphinx-like immobility. But hush! Those silver trumpets are not blowing that high blast for nothing. There is a moment's pause—profound, impressive, almost death-like—and then there enter by the door on the right-hand of the Throne the fifth of our kingly Georges and his Gracious Consort, preceded and surrounded and succeeded by all the pomp and prodigality which have come down to us from Plantagenets and Tudors. The whole great assemblage lowers itself in dutiful—nay, rapturous—homage. The King commands the company to be seated. And now there is a strange, even uncanny, pause, and then suddenly the almost sacred silence is broken by the tumultuous tread of advancing feet. His Majesty's faithful Commons, headed by the Speaker in robes of black and gold, are ranged in serried ranks below the bar. With emphatic cadences and expressive stress the King delivers the rolling periods of the fateful Speech on which, during the last three weeks, the thoughts of all patriotic Britons have been so anxiously concentrated. . . .

There is the description all ready made, and it will do beautifully for another year. But this year, unluckily, the King and Queen were not present, and no one would waste words on the Lords Commissioners who perform the ceremony in the Sovereign's absence. Still, though the Throne itself was unoccupied, Stylo has made, and will make, great play with "The Steps of the Throne." Everyone who read the accounts of scenes in the House of Lords must have been struck by the repeated allusions to "The Steps of the Throne," and may perhaps have wondered at the importance which seems to be attached to them. Structurally and literally the steps are just what their name implies. They are three rather shallow steps, enclosed by a brass rail and heavily carpeted, which support the Throne in the House of Lords. The Throne itself, or, rather, the Thrones (for the Queen Consort sits by the Sovereign's side), stand under a Gothic canopy, of which the gilded pinnacles closely resemble the pipes of an organ; and these seats are sacrosanct, and protected against intrusion by a second rail; but the steps, and the space right and left of the steps, form a kind of No Man's Land, or parliamentary Alsatia, where a motley crowd of persons disport themselves. All Privy Councillors are permitted to be there, and it is thence that Cabinet Ministers belonging to the House of Commons are wont to watch with visible emotion the blunders of their colleagues in the House of Lords. The eldest sons of Peers are also admitted to this enclosure, and their younger brothers not seldom effect an illicit entrance. I well remember a great chief of the Tory party bringing two of his little boys in white sailor suits, and plumping them down in front of the Throne; and the indignant, yet awe-stricken, attendants only dared murmur, beneath their breath, that this must be a wrongful act, inasmuch as, even if the little fellows were twins, only one could be the eldest son. To the Privy Councillors and eldest sons who people the steps of the Throne may be added such Bishops as have no seats, and the Irish Peers, who, gazing over the exclusive rail at their congeners on the red benches, murmur in their hearts against the inequality of fate, and cannot imagine why Lord Shillelagh and Lord Blarney are thought more worthy than they to represent their fellow-Peers. To put it on no higher ground, and with no reference to voting power, a cushioned seat is better than standing room, especially when oratory is diffuse and debate protracted.

Close to the Throne may be observed a gentleman in knee-breeches and silk stockings, girt with a sword. Who is he? He is one of the King's Sergeants-at-Arms—a body of historic dignity—and is appointed to bear the Mace before the Lord Chancellor, while the gorgeous "Purse" of crimson and gold is borne by a gentleman similarly apparelled, who is visible in the offing. A little to the left of the Steps of the Throne, and separated from them only by an imaginary line, you may see a group of nice-looking, well-dressed young gentlemen, not apparently over-burdened with work, who wander in and out of the House, and take stock of its inmates, and follow the debate with intelligent interest, and disappear to tea when a bore gets up. These are the Clerks of the House. To the right of the Throne, just between the steps and the Episcopal Bench, you will see assembled a little group whose aspect of careworn and overburdened gravity contrasts very markedly with the light and airy demeanour of the clerks. These solemn young men are the Private Secretaries. There is nothing on earth equal to the solemnity of a Private Secretary. There once was a rather ribald play of that name, and when we behold the fresh-looking curate who acts in that capacity to the Archbishop of Canterbury we feel instinctively that any indiscreet question about what his Grace is going to do about the National Mission might be greeted by a "good hard knock." Then there is my young friend Tommy Perkins, who would rather die than tell you how many C.B.'s are to be included in the next list of honours; and Harry Eaves, who is thinking of standing for Parliament, and carries an empty despatch-box, with the hope of deluding the electors into the notion that he "shapes the whispers" of the Foreign Office. Sublime, indeed, is the dignity of youth, and deplorable its descent into the levity of middle age.

But there is another and a more curious use of the Steps of the Throne than any which I have mentioned. Although, actually and physically, the steps jut out into the House as boldly as rocks into the sea; although, if decorum permitted it, a Privy Councillor standing on them could poke the Lord Chancellor with his umbrella, or an eldest son could shake hands with the junior Bishop; they are theoretically outside the House; and hither come, as to a kind of sanctuary from contending passions, the Peers who do not wish to vote, but wish to know how the division goes. On a memorable night, forty-seven years ago, the Steps of the Throne were the cynosure of every eye. The House was going to divide on the second reading of the Irish Disestablishment Bill. Political agitation, inflamed by religious fury, had risen to fever-heat. The fateful night of the division drew on. Parties were closely balanced. How would the Bishops vote? One—the great scholar and historian, Thirlwall—voted for the second reading. The large majority voted against it. But the two Archbishops—Tait and Thomson—and the silver-tongued Wilberforce, Bishop, then of Oxford, and soon to be of Winchester, betook themselves to the Steps of the Throne; and from that safe vantage-ground gazed serenely on the storm which raged all round them. "How can we save the Church when its chief pastors turn traitor?" was the angry question of Tories and Establishmentarians and Church Defence-men. "They have deserted the Irish Church because they thought it weak. Wait till the tide of Disestablishment rolls round to England, and then they will realize what they have done." Well, forty-seven years have sped their course. Tait and Thomson and Wilberforce have long lain in their honoured graves. Lambeth Palace and Bishopsthorpe and Cuddesdon stand still unshaken; and the Steps of the Throne still provide a welcome haven for legislators of doubtful mind.

WHAT ARE THE ENGLISH FOR IN INDIA?

By EDWYN BEVAN, M.A., Author of "Indian Nationalism," &c.

ONE of the things this war has brought a great deal before our minds is the principle of Nationality. We have set out to defend the small nations' right to exist—Belgium, Serbia. But what is it that exposes the small nations to any danger in this world as it is, makes their place in the human family insecure? Well, one of the things that creates their danger is that from old time one bit of the human family has derived a pleasure from feeling that another bit of the family is subject to its will. That is what has given half its exhilaration to conquest from the days of the old Assyrians downwards. It added to the Assyrian's pleasure in life to see Syrians and Hittites crawling before the princes of Assyria, and to think: "These people are obliged to do what we order them, whether they want to or not." And apparently it would add to certain Germans' pleasure in life to think that Belgians were obliged to do what was determined in Berlin. The love of conquest is very natural to man, and it has worked all through the ages. Christ, in fact, pointed out that the pleasure in power as such was a general characteristic of government among the nations. He said that it was to be just the reverse in His own society, but then His society is still a long way from being taken as their pattern even by the nations commonly called Christian.

One can understand that a man should think it a fine thing that not only his own body should be subject to his will, but that another man's body as well, so that whatever he wished that other man to do he must do. And it is very much the same thing when a man likes to think that the bodies of some millions of people constituting another nation are obliged to move in the way that men of his own nation desire. But it has sometimes occurred to people that there is something finer than that. For, after all, the more you subject the bodies of other people to your will by the way of superior power the less men do they become. The ideal to which they approximate along this line is that of machines. If we could make a living creature that moved spontaneously, that would be something much more wonderful than making a machine. When God willed to get Himself the greatest glory, He "created creators," creatures who could fashion their own lives, who could act even against Him, if they willed, and that was more wonderful than creating the stars.

We men cannot make other men from the dust of the earth. No, but we can do something to enlarge and develop the personalities that are there. All teaching is that. The teacher, unlike the conqueror, does not aim at getting the bodies of other men to move according to his commands, but at enabling them to act for themselves. An artist who has pupils would feel himself successful just when his pupils began to do what was right without his having any longer to tell them, and nothing would please a true artist more than that his pupil should in the end strike out an original line of his own. "I am teaching my disciples to do without me," some old philosopher, I think, said. To make *men,* as the teacher does, is something much finer than to make *human machines,* as the conqueror does.

The English in India—are they there as conquerors or as teachers? Well, a great deal of the trouble springs from the fact that they are there as both. It was by military power—by the quality of their armies, composed, it must be remembered, largely of native Indian soldiers—that the English acquired the position of the ruling race in the Indian Peninsula, but having acquired it they began to teach, to set up schools in which education, as they understood it, was passed on to the Indians. They did not do so entirely for reasons of philanthropy: it was partly that they wanted to use the services of educated Indians in the subordinate Government Departments. But many of the English administrators were moved unquestionably by a sense of duty to the Indian peoples, the duty to transmit to them the knowledge which they themselves valued. We may be sure, for instance, that this was the predominant motive in the mind of Macaulay, who had a principal part in marking out the lines which education in India was to follow.

What is called Indian Nationalism was a natural consequence of English education in India. The point of education, as we have seen, is to enlarge and develop personality, and the English-educated Indian became conscious of all sorts of things of which his father or grandfather was not conscious. The more he was educated the more he felt himself on a footing of equality with his teacher, and the less inclined he was to regard himself as a human machine. Besides that, from reading English books he discovered the things which the English held to be of supreme value. He could read in their histories how they admired peoples who fought in old days for their liberty—the Dutch, the Italians—he reads to-day in the English newspapers how heroic the Belgians and the Serbians are in asserting their right to an independent existence, and he reads that England has gone to war to defend the right of small nations, he knows that they sing in their own national song "Britons never will be slaves." We can hardly be surprised that he begins to ask questions, "And what about India? If small nations have a right to be independent, what about a nation of 300 millions?"

Some Englishmen would like to meet these questions simply by taking on more emphatically the character of conquerors. "You Indians have just got to do what we tell you, because we have the superior power; about your thoughts we won't bother, but your bodies have got to move according to our will." That would be to give up altogether the other character which the English have assumed, that of teachers. It may be said that it was a mistake they ever tried to assume this other character. They should have been content with being conquerors, and then the Indians would never have begun to ask these questions, and there would have been no trouble. But it would not really have been so easy. For one thing, if the English had not introduced Western knowledge, it would have leaked in, in spite of them, and for another thing, the consciences of many Englishmen would have been uncomfortable if they had not felt they were transmitting to the peoples they governed the things they believed to be of value.

The difficulty has to be faced. And, of course, when Indian Nationalism takes the form, as it sometimes does, of saying, "It is time the English went away from India, because we have learnt enough of their political ways and their military and scientific knowledge to be able to get on by ourselves; and if the English won't go, we ought to fight against them as the Belgians are fighting against the Germans," there are things which the Englishman has to say on the other side. "The conditions of a national life are already present in Belgium," he may say, "so that it only needs the Germans to be removed for a free Belgium to come into working. But India is still so split up into different castes, and communities, and races, that the effect of our withdrawing would not be a new national life, but disorder and tumult. Besides that, our education has hitherto extended only to a very small class, and before any people can carry on a free national life of the modern kind, such a degree of education has to be general among the whole people that there is a public opinion which can control the rulers and keep them up to a certain level of unselfishness and efficiency. And in India this does not exist as yet."

The Englishman may say this honestly. But he must remember that the task he has embarked upon as teacher means, if it is successful, that the Indian becomes more and more of a man able to stand by himself, and to help the Indian to become a man able to stand by himself, respecting himself, and looking other men straight in the face without shame, would be a much more glorious achievement than to make human machines after the way of the old pagan Assyrians. But to succeed in teaching, the teacher, as his pupil becomes more able to act independently, must know how to exercise a certain wise repression of himself. Whenever an Englishman is domineering in such a way as to diminish the Indian's self-respect, he is simply pushing back the very work he has set himself to do. For he will never succeed

in making an India able to be free except by respecting the Indian's self-respect.

It is plain now to all concerned with the education of India that the shaping of character is a more important part of education than the transmission of knowledge. That is why the question what religion India is to have is connected so closely with the Nationalist movement. The greatest obstacle to India's advance towards freedom is the selfishness of so many Indians, which makes them, when in positions of power and responsibility, seek rather their own advantage or comfort or prestige than the good of the people. If all the people in India, Indians and English, loved each other, and were ready to sacrifice themselves for each other, many of the problems which to-day seem insuperable would simply disappear. But how can you make people love each other, and sacrifice themselves for each other? It is clear that if all the people in India, Indians and English, became Christians *in a real sense,* that would happen, so that India's becoming Christian, so far from destroying its nationality, would take away the worst obstacles to its attaining national freedom. Christians believe that there is nothing so effectual as the Christian Gospel for making men love each other, because that alone shows love and self-sacrifice not only as an ideal for men, but as characteristic of God, shows God Himself coming down to bear human sin and pain out of love to men. Indian Nationalists, who are not Christians, would agree that it is the supremely desirable thing that Indians should be got to love one another, but they would say that that can be done without supposing that self-sacrifice is literally, in that way, divine. Well, let them try to bring it about in their way, and Christians will try to bring it about by telling the story of the love of God, and it will be seen who succeed best.

A great living Indian poet has made a song, which the people sing, of that goal to which a Nationalist movement on true lines would bring India—

"Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high;

"Where knowledge is free;

"Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls;

"Where words come out from the depth of truth;

"Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection;

"Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit;

"Where the mind is led forward by Thee into ever-widening thought and action—

*"Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake."**

* From *Gitanjali,* by Sir Rabindranath Tagore (Macmillan and Co.).

DEVONS IN INDIA.

A Territorial's Impressions.

LUCKNOW—CAWNPORE—BENARES.

Ferozepore, January 13.

THE Y.M.C.A.—to give its more popular title instead of the full official designation, The Army Young Men's Christian Association of India—does valuable work among the British troops in the East. Besides providing a rendezvous where soldiers can meet during leisure, it also, through the media of concerts, entertainments, lectures, and other forms of fellowship, renders the life of the new-comer and sojourners far more tolerable than would be otherwise the case. Speaking more particularly of that branch of the great organisation with which the 1st-4th Devons at Ferozepore are intimately acquainted, and taking it as a criterion of the rest throughout the length and breadth of the vast Dependency, there is no gainsaying the fact that the Y.M.C.A. accomplishes an extremely useful work. Those who knew India before the war may not, perhaps, so fully realise this as the Territorial does. Nor do young men in England, perhaps, so generously esteem its existence as we do out here. The Y.M.C.A. in England has not, of course, the chance of making itself so universally popular, because of the many other institutions and attractions. But here in India, and especially in places like Ferozepore, where there is, save for the occasional—very occasional—visits of itinerant theatricals and cinemas, snake charmers, jugglers, and wrestlers, and the concerts and entertainments arranged among ourselves, scarcely anything to lessen the monotonous humdrum existence of the soldier, the Y.M.C.A. is a very cherished acquisition. The country here is so different to our beloved "Blighty," the native customs, habits, and manners, so strange, our life, ways, and methods are such a contrast to those of eighteen months ago, that in supplying a homely touch—small, possibly, but nevertheless appreciable—the Young Men's Christian Association scores splendidly, earns the gratitude of troops on garrison duty, and deserves the practical sympathy of folks at home.

Through the agency of the Y.M.C.A., several of the Devons at Ferozepore were enabled, just after Christmas, to visit Lucknow, Cawnpore, and Benares. The first and second places are inseparably associated with the Indian Mutiny, and immortalised by it. At Lucknow the battered remnants of the Residency (looking like a respectable-size country mansion with pillared front), where Lawrence, Inglis, and Outram, and the gallant troops directed by them, held the rebels at bay for four and a-half months in 1857, stands like a sentinel, and bears testimony to the glorious resistance made by the besieged garrison. One marvelled, when pondering over the story of the Mutiny—too well known to need narration here—within the precincts of the Residency, how humanity could possibly endure such a terrific strain during those awful times, which included the summer months of June, July, and August. Most of us have good cause to remember the sensations of an Indian summer in a temperature of 115 or more in the shade of Ferozepore, and appreciate—or, rather, make a fairly good attempt to imagine—the vicissitudes of the brave defenders of Lucknow. Besides the Residency, which also has in its immediate neighbourhood a veritable storehouse of other interesting relics, visits were paid to the Secundra Bagh, the Kaiser Bagh, and the Great Imambara. The Palace of Lights (a small, crowded edifice, a sort of Eastern Crystal Palace, which at special phases of the moon is illuminated by myriads of lamps and candles) and the Jumma Musjid (a mosque for Mohammedan worshippers) were also included in the programme. Each had its own particular interest and attraction in construction and purpose; were pantechnicons of Oriental mysticism, mythology, and religion; and illustrated bygone or decadent splendour and opulence.

The Martinière was another and entirely different object of interest. It was built towards the end of the eighteenth century by Gen. Martin (who had taken service with and commanded the then Army of the Nawab of Oudh) as a school or orphanage. The Italian Renaissance style is florid, but imposing, and it is not surprising to read that the Nawab offered the soldier a million sterling for the building: But, while the Oriental features of Lucknow, its gardens, parks, and avenues, interest the Britisher, and its associations with the arts and beliefs of the followers of Mohammed—did not Gharzi-ud-Din, King of Oudh, secure a holy stone with the footprint of Mahomet and house it in the Kadam Rasul?—lead Mahommedans of India to regard it as their capital, the magnet for all who respect and honour brave deeds is the Residency, and none of the Devon Territorials will forget the impression which a sight of the ruins of the building or of the tomb of Sir Henry Lawrence (mortally wounded when commanding the garrison) with its simple yet masterly epitaph:—"Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty," made upon the mind. The visit will be a treasured memory for life, and an inspiration, if ever needed, to the emulation of those great heroes who defended the Residency—700 against 7,000, and separated at points by scarcely 100 feet. At Cawnpore, the Well, into which the treacherous and callous Nana Sahib caused to be precipitated something like 200 souls, mostly women and children, whose memory is perpetuated by a beautiful sculptured image of the Angel of the Resurrection in white marble, upon the actual site of the horrible massacre; the Memorial Gardens (50 acres in extent, and the most beautiful yet seen in India); the riverside, where Nana Sahib caused the butchery of the British garrison which had capitulated on condition of being allowed to go away by water for the purpose of reaching Allahabad; and the memorial church of All Saints (which contains a large number of mural tablets dedicated to the memory of heroes who perished in the Mutiny, and which has in its immediate vicinity two or three spots to which history is attached, including a well from which the only drinking water was obtainable by the garrison of the place during the Mutiny, and the remains of some entrenchments) came under observation. The Well Monument naturally made a deep impression. The figure of the Angel has arms crossed on the breast, while each hand holds an emblem of peace—a palm branch. Around a wall which marks the circle of the well is inscribed:—"Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, who, near this spot, were cruelly murdered by the followers of the rebel, Nana Dandhu Panth, of Bithur, and cast, the living with the dead, into the well below, on the 15th day of July, MDCCCLVII."

At Benares we encountered the Indian atmosphere as it is found in few other places. Winding, narrow thoroughfares, crowded with bipeds and quadrupeds, and possessing an infinitude of unpleasant smells prevail. Here in Kasi the Splendid, as the Hindus love to call their sacred city, the Westerner comes into contact with the native Indian as he really is and as he is described in books, though no author can ever adequately convey his impressions of a visit to Benares. The observer from the West, even the most cursory, stands in wonderment. There he will notice a decrepit figure girded in nothing more than a loin cloth—sometimes not that much—whose every bone seems to be on the verge of piercing the skin, and whose forlorn visage either betokens him to be a fanatic or mendicant. Here, scarce more fully clad, but obviously better fed, will be noticed a member of that mysterious class, the fakir, whose head is usually enveloped in a mop of hair, which has neither been trimmed, combed, brushed, nor tied, whose body is painted, and whose general appearance is most unkempt and uncanny. Again, the looker-on espies a woman—only distinguishable from the other sex by contour; native men and women dress so much alike that the stranger is frequently puzzled to determine which is which—balancing a huge bundle or a couple of charpoys (beds) upon her head. And still again, in the midst of groups of dirt-begrimed youngsters, sometimes clothed, and occasionally with nothing more than they came into the world with, salaaming or bowing as we passed, wretched-looking old hags, and wizen-faced old men, clamouring for backsheesh (money), and pouring forth a volume of unintelligible sentences, appear opulent merchants and their families. They make a striking contrast to the generality of the surroundings, gorgeously robed in colours of various hues, from cobalt blue to crimson, emerald green to orange, purple to white, and copiously bejewelled. The scene is ever changing, poverty and affluence go side by side, but no one, except the Western visitor, appears to take the least notice. Here and there one catches a glimpse of an ambitious and pretentious building, surrounded by tumble-down hovels. But here, again, no one seems concerned; neither the owner or inhabitant of the hovel, nor the proprietor or occupier of the more attractive erection.

But the principal centre of interest for Britishers visiting Benares is the Ganges—the Sacred Ganges. Here the contrasts in life are even more pronounced. At the ghats—places for religious ablution—one encounters young and old, rich and poor, hale and ailing, the maimed, the halt, and the blind, rigorously pursuing one of the main doctrines of their belief, which is reincarnation. They are impressed with the belief that those fortunate enough to die in Kasi will escape the penalty of re-birth in this world, and this idea leads thousands of aged people to leave their homes and make their way—by the Sacred Ganges, if possible—to Benares, in order that they may breathe their last in the place blessed with the power of ensuring final emancipation. Furthermore, the Hindu believes that his most heinous sin can be pardoned and absolved by bathing in the sacred river. All sorts and conditions bathe indiscriminately—the rich with the penurious, men with women and children, the sick with the healthy, the crippled with the agile. There is no secrecy; everything is done openly and publicly. Thousands bathe there annually, and drink of the turbid water. The stomach of the Westerner heaves at the mere thought. But the Hindu is convinced that no harm can come to him by drinking of the waters of the hallowed river. Perhaps the germs are so abundant that they neutralise each other, or can the Ganges really possess powerful antiseptic properties which will destroy virulent bacilli, whether cholera, anthrax, or tetanus? Personally, I prefer to swear by the waters of Dartmoor or Exmoor.

Perhaps the most extraordinary place, from the Westerner's point of view, is the Manikarnika, more popularly known as the Burning Ghat. Here bodies are cremated daily. The body is first wrapped in linen or some other material, according, presumably, to the wealth or poorness of the relatives, and then placed on the pyre, or heap of wood, which is, after the performance of certain rites, lighted by the deceased's next-of-kin, who, with the other relatives, watch the charring of the body. Now and then the fire is stirred, and the most nauseating odours are spread thereby.

Subsequently the ashes are thrown into the Ganges to ensure entrance into Heaven of the deceased. Not so many years ago it was customary for the widows to immolate themselves upon the funeral pyres of their husbands. This practice of suttee, however, was suppressed by Lord Dalhousie, one of the most famous of India's Governor-Generals, in his reforms just prior to the Mutiny of 1857. Besides ghats, there is much else to attract the attention of the visitor. Inspections were made of the chief, including the famous Golden Temple, the Bishewar (reputed to be the holiest spot in all Benares on account of its being the shrine of the patron deity, Siva), and the Gyan Bapi (well of knowledge), where pilgrims drink the water from the palms of their hands, into which it has been doled by a Brahmin or native priest. And then we were glad to seek an open space and escape some of the persistent odours of Benares' typical streets. Benares is essentially one of those places where distance lends enchantment to the view. Seen from the Ganges, it forms an amphitheatre of temples, mosques, palaces, and ornate residences, exquisite minarets and glittering domes. There are about 1,500 Hindu temples; one of them, I gathered, has sacred monkeys attached to it. Benares forms a fine picture. But I don't think this seized so much hold on the mind of the Territorial visitor as the deep devotion of the Hindus to their religious beliefs. However much he disagreed, he was compelled to feel respect. I had never been able to believe it possible for devotees to attempt to stand bare-headed all day long in the glare of the sun in India, to lie prostrate on inverted nails for years, to throw oneself under the car of Juggernaut, or wade into a river with empty pitchers attached to the chest and back, let them fill, and commit suicide by drowning as a means of propitiating a deity. But the visit to Benares demonstrated that all this, and much more, comes within the Hindu category.

A. E. SEARLE.



NEWLY LANDED TERRITORIALS.



TERRITORIALS GOING UP-COUNTRY IN INDIA. *Photos: T. R. Ponsford.*

In the Midst of the Mediterranean.

The Red Triangle in Malta.

By T. B. WHEELER, M.A.



A Red Triangle Tent in Malta.

THE meaning of the Y.M.C.A. Red Triangle was for a long time a matter of considerable speculation for the people of Malta. At first, it was surmised that the Society had some close connection with the Freemasons, and then, at least by some members of the business community, the triangle came to be regarded as just our "trade mark." In the last weeks the Association has become better known, and the natives of the island have already realised the value of its work amongst the troops.

The last few months of war have worked a very real transformation in the appearance of the island. For some time after the beginning of the military operations on Gallipoli Peninsula the hospital accommodation was not adequate for the numbers of wounded. Then the military authorities set themselves the task of building up the magnificent hospital base which Malta has since become. The excellent hospital accommodation afforded by the numerous barracks—which, with their verandahs and picturesque situation, are as little like barracks as can be imagined—was supplemented by the erection of a number of tent hospitals, which are models of comfort and completeness. The growth of these tent hospitals has been as rapid as the proverbial mushroom, and the tenting and equipment are so excellent that the wounded soldier, if the matter were left to his own choice, would find it very difficult to decide whether to go to barrack or camp hospital. One cannot but think that the equipment of Malta as a hospital base must be one of the triumphs of the war, and a record of which Lord Methuen, notwithstanding his splendid career as a soldier, might well be proud.

The task with which the Y.M.C.A. staff have been confronted is that of providing a centre for recreation and refreshment in as many of the barrack and tent hospitals and convalescent camps as possible. At the time of writing we are at work in seven centres, with important plans for extension well in hand. These centres include four hospitals and three convalescent camps. The latter give us, of course, our most boisterous crowds; the former give us no less appreciation and, with their costumes of grey and blue, more picturesque audiences. In all our centres we are working with large programmes. "Something every night" and "everything going all through the day" seems to be the motto of Y.M.C.A. camp leaders in Malta, soldiers, nurses, and officers helping with a ready will.

The Ghain Tuffieha Camp of some 3,000 convalescents, our first sphere of effort in Malta, remains the largest. Here the Rev. Waldo Lewis, B.A., is making magnificent use of his opportunity of serving the troops. The sale of refreshments in the Y.M.C.A. marquee has not yet begun owing to the lack of helpers, but even without this branch of our work Mr. Lewis and his "orderly" helpers find their hands very full. Monday evening sees the 90 ft. marquee crammed full for a weekly lecture. For many weeks a splendid series of lectures was given by Lieutenant Laferla, the camp adjutant, who in civil life is a barrister pleading in the Malta Courts, on phases of the history of the island. Lieutenant Laferla held his audiences in the grip of his enthusiasm for his native island, and has found the same response in other Y.M.C.A. centres on the island.

A second series of lectures has been given by Major A. H. Bindloss, who was for some time second in command of the Ghain Tuffieha Camp, and has been a keen supporter of our work. He created a great impression by two inspiring lectures on "Temperance" and "Purity." Major Bindloss treated these subjects as a doctor, and his words, coming as they did from the medical officer of one of our great Public Schools, carried great weight with the men.

Debates, concerts, and dramatics occupy other evenings of the week at the Ghain Tuffieha Camp. The whole programme is carried through with the freshness and zest which University men regard as one of the brightest memories of their "'Varsity" days.

It is significant of the real success of the work in this camp that the Sunday evening service in the Y.M.C.A. tent is almost as much a camp affair as any other function.

The work at All Saints Convalescent Camp, under the charge of the Rev. G. D. Cooper, M.A., is meeting with similar success. Everything possible is done for the social enjoyment of the men, and Mr. Cooper by instituting evening prayers and regular religious services is making sure that our efforts are resting on a definitely religious basis.

A tribute is due to the strenuous work done at the St. Paul's Hospital centre by Mr. H. C. Oakley, B.A., and his two lady helpers, Miss Littleton and Miss Todd, both of whom have seen service under the Red Cross, and are now throwing themselves unstintedly into the catering work in the marquee.

The same type of work is being done in Ricasoli Hospital, where Mr. F. Hanmer, of Nottingham College, is in charge, and at Spinola, where Mr. A. C. Gardiner, of Cambridge, is the acting leader.

The experience of the Y.M.C.A. goes to show that magnificent work may be done under the most unlikely roofs, or, as our latest developments prove, under no roof at all. But it cannot but be a source of pride when the Y.M.C.A. carries on its work in premises which give real scope for its efforts. From this point of view we have two ideal spheres of work in Malta. A few weeks ago his Excellency the Governor opened at the St. Patrick's Hospital a splendid Government hut, 80 ft. long by 40 ft. wide and about 30 ft. high, which is being run by the Y.M.C.A. staff. The hall, which has a magnificent stage, is an ideal centre of operations, and already Mr. G. Longfield, the leader, and Mrs. Cooper have the busiest of times.

Even the hut is, however, completely overshadowed by the fine Australian Hall, which has been built out of a grant made to the Governor by the Australian Government, and which was opened by his Excellency on Saturday, January 22. It is being run under the control of a managing committee, on which the Y.M.C.A. is represented by the secretary, and the *personnel* is being supplied by the Red Cross Society and the Y.M.C.A.

The plans for the development of the Malta work include the erection of huts in Malta and Sicily, of marquees in further hospitals and convalescent camps on the island, and the "conversion" of a Royal Naval Canteen into a Y.M.C.A.



A Shell Hole.



One of the Demolished Houses.

THE RED TRIANGLE UNDER FIRE.

By "One Who Was There."

THE darkest of all hours, that which is the forerunner of the dawn, held Flanders in fee. But for the occasional grumbling of some distant gun, silence reigned unbroken. The nineteenth day of December was ushered in without more ado than is usual to any average day on the Western front. In the Y.M.C.A. centre at P—— the night-shift men were on the point of retiring to rest, when to the surprise of all the concert of big-guns entered upon its opening chords.

Far down the bass clef the German guns began the strain. Back and forth along the famous salient the music rolled deep, thunderous, continual. Louder and louder swelled the chorus as the British guns took up the refrain, until with deafening crashes our siege artillery joined in in full orchestra.

My own first recollection on that eventful morning was the voice of one of the night-shift coming off duty, as it sounded through the din—

"Well, boys, do you hear the guns?"

I believe I replied that I did.

My next recollection was that of a long-drawn fluttering shriek, followed by a violent explosion at some little distance. Without waiting longer, I was up and dressing.

"They're shelling," I exclaimed, and woke my companion. I knew the shriek well by that time: I had learned to know it from experience, but hitherto it had not sounded so near, nor had the flutter of the rotating shell been previously so audible. Within five minutes we were all downstairs, and most of us had ventured out into the street to see what was to be seen. We none of us thought of danger, but rather regarded the whole affair in the light of a huge firework display got up for our special benefit. We were spectators; we were looking upon a picture; we were soon to learn, however, that we were in that picture ourselves. But that is to anticipate.

As we stood in the street, at the corner of our Y.M.C.A. building (in times of peace a small Flemish hostelry) we could look away eastward up the muddy, cobbled road that leads to the desolation which was once the prosperous town of Ypres. The sky was lurid with the flashes of the thundering guns, and touched with the crimson of dawn. From time to time we could see the actual flame as it spurted from the gun-muzzle, and then distinct from the medley of sound would echo forth a heavy report—a shriek—and behind us a crash, and instinctively we would say together—

"Another one!"

We learned to recognise that monotonous heavy report during the following days.

Three hours thus, and then silence.

About ten o'clock in the morning we were startled by violent explosions, seemingly from the vicinity. One of our number assured us that their cause was a heavy gun which he believed to be in a neighbouring wood. We were soon disillusioned, however, for within a few minutes one of our number came rushing downstairs and cried:

"There's a whole fleet of aeroplanes overhead."

On hearing this we hastened out, and without doubt there were seven Taube machines circling above us. One was so directly over us that we could without difficulty see the black crosses upon its wings. Someone remarked, "What if it drops one now!"

"N'ah poo eegrees!" (No more Y.M.C.A. men) was the response in true soldier French.

Suddenly, as we gazed upward, an aeroplane turned, and, emitting a trail of darkish smoke from its exhaust, streaked exactly across the railway station which stood adjacent to our building. Did it thus give the range?

Within an hour we were once again disturbed from our several occupations by a report far louder and nearer than any we had heard previously. I had been occupied in opening cases in our storeroom, but on hearing the explosion ran toward the street, encountering another of our members *en route*. We proceeded quickly to the station, led by some insane curiosity, and still regarding ourselves in the light of interested spectators. From all directions the French Army Service Corps men were converging upon the nearest dug-out, while our soldiers stood and laughed at their perturbation. He laughs best, nevertheless, who laughs last, for within a minute the air seemed big with the awful shriek of a new shell as it hurtled towards us. Crash! it fell but a few yards away; the earth flew up, and all around was thick with a hail of iron splinters. Our soldiers were instinctively grovelling on their stomachs for cover, and we two realised that we were not looking at, but in, the scene. Our next thought was how best to escape from it again.

We made our way across the road as far as possible from the place where the last shell fell, but if we had been in the frying-pan before, we were now in the fire, for the next shell burst but a short distance up the road, and once again we were in the midst of spattering splinters. Losing sight of my companion, I made for cover, which I found down a small lane, and there, sheltering in company with a sturdy "Jock," I awaited a respite from the "strafing." Before long I was able to rejoin my comrade in our building, where he had taken refuge.

We were permitted dinner in peace, but in the course of the afternoon the whole town was obliged to submit to quite a stiff dose of high explosive. Some of us happened to be out of the town at the time; others, however, were not only in the town, but in the very hottest portion of it—our own unfortunate centre. Down in the cellar while the actual shelling was in progress, up in the street as soon as it ceased for a moment or so, they spent three of the most exciting hours of their lives. Houses were flattened, or left gutted out; red brickdust filled the air; shrieking women and crying children fled aimlessly both up and down the street; in one spot an old man, to whom money was dearer even than life, sat cowering and hugging his cash-box to his breast; in another a family was desperately rescuing its few necessities before taking flight.

When those who had been out of the town returned it was to trample over broken glass and brickdust, and to trip over trailing coils of telegraph wire. To their astonishment, however, though on every hand the German shells had wrought havoc, the only damage sustained by their own building was several shattered windows and a few chips and nicks in the walls.

A more recent letter from P—— says:—

"You will be interested to hear that the other night an aeroplane dropped a bomb on our place at P——. It burst upstairs, and although pieces came through to the shop no one was injured. If the professor had been in bed he would now be 'napoo.'"

The professor referred to is Mr. Adkins, of Sheffield University, and it was his practice to sleep in the attic and to survey the surrounding scene from his lofty perch when anything of interest was taking place.

Mr. A. M. Gilliland sends us a letter from a captain adjutant in France, referring to this same centre:—

"Huts are wanted much further than B. Round P. there simply cannot be too many. The Y.M.C.A. tent just opened simply cannot cope with the situation; it is bought out every night. The more of these they have the better they do work the value of which is beyond any praise of mine."

OUR FRENCH-ENGLISH PAGE, Conducted by Dr. CHARLES SAROLEA.

SCIENCE AND CONSCIENCE.

LA différence et la distance qui séparent une probabilité intellectuelle ou une croyance intellectuelle d'une conviction morale ou religieuse, sont comme la différence et la distance qui séparent neuf heures du matin et le pôle Sud, ou comme la différence entre un demi-ton dans la gamme des sons et une demi-teinte dans la gamme des couleurs. Les deux quantités et les deux qualités sont tout simplement incommensurables. Les deux croyances sont tout simplement perçues par des facultés différentes.

Une croyance morale, comme la croyance à la vie future ou au gouvernement providentiel du monde, n'est pas le déduction d'un raisonnement, c'est-à-dire de faits saisissables et appréciables par l'intellect ; ce n'est pas une superstructure édifiée sur des fondements intellectuels, c'est une conclusion basée sur les axiomes et les postulats moraux, axiomes et postulats eux-mêmes fondés sur la conscience morale. Si la croyance à l'immortalité de l'âme était une conclusion déduite de certains faits analysés ou perçus par la raison raisonnante, évidemment tout homme doué d'une intelligence moyenne serait capable de tirer cette conclusion. Ce seraient les esprits les plus intelligents et les plus logiques qui seraient les plus convaincus des vérités morales. Et l'on ne pourrait s'empêcher d'agir d'après une conclusion et une probabilité, grosse de conséquences si terribles si on la néglige, grosse de conséquences si heureuses si on lui obéit.

Mais il n'est que trop évident qu'il n'en est pas ainsi en fait.

Les raisonnements les plus admirables, les conclusions les plus subtilement déduites sur les croyances morales ne convaincront que ceux qui sont déjà presque convaincus, qui ont un *sens moral ou religieux* qui les *incline* à la conviction. Quant à ceux qui n'ont pas ce *sens moral* très développé, ils ont beau avancer l'argumentation la plus serrée, accumuler les preuves platoniciennes, l'argument de saint Anselme, toutes les preuves physico-teleologiques, toutes ces preuves ne pourront les empêcher d'enfreindre ou d'ignorer les lois morales qu'ils ont si éloquement établies. Les moralistes ne sont pas rares, depuis Cicéron et Sénèque jusqu'au Chancelier concussionnaire de la reine Elisabeth, dont la vie a démenti les préceptes les plus sublimes et les raisonnements les plus persuasifs. Tel moraliste a écrit tel incomparable traité de morale dont la vie a été livrée au mépris des siècles.

En vérité, rien n'est plus rare qu'une foi vivante dans les grandes vérités morales et religieuses. Ces croyances sont des plantes délicates et exquises qui ne poussent et ne prospèrent que dans une atmosphère et dans une terre de sélection. Elles sont le produit de conditions morales spéciales. Pour découvrir ces conditions, ce n'est pas à la raison raisonnante qu'il nous faut nous adresser, mais à la vie, à l'expérience morale et religieuse de l'humanité. Un saint et un héros, un lâche et un criminel nous en apprendront toujours là-dessus mille fois plus que tous les syllogismes de l'école. Là-dessus, le témoignage de saint Paul ou de saint François d'Assise aura toujours infiniment plus de valeur que le témoignage de Laplace ou de Newton.

La réalité des croyances morales et religieuses dépend donc premièrement du sens moral et religieux, non de l'intelligence. Elles ont tout d'abord une existence subjective et personnelle. Le degré et l'intensité de ces croyances ne dépendent pas tout d'abord du plus ou moins de probabilité de faits objectifs. Le degré et l'intensité de ces croyances dépendent tout d'abord du plus ou moins de vigueur de notre vie morale et religieuse.

Les croyances morales et religieuses ne sont pas une possession collective ni définitive ; elles sont une acquisition individuelle, acquisition toujours précaire, et qu'il nous faut toujours emporter et défendre de haute lutte. De là vient encore que nous parlons de la *vertu* de la foi : la foi est personnelle, nous en sommes responsables : elle implique mérite et démérite moral. Au contraire, qui songerait à parler de la vertu ou du mérite de notre foi en Newton ou en Leibnitz? La foi scientifique s'impose à tous. Une fois acquise, elle reste acquise à jamais.

THE difference and the distance which separate an intellectual probability or an intellectual belief from a moral or religious conviction are like the difference and the distance which separate nine o'clock in the morning and the South Pole, or like the difference between a half-tone in the gamut of sounds and a half-tint in the gamut of colours. The two quantities and the two qualities simply have no common measure. The two beliefs are simply perceived by different faculties.

A moral belief such as a belief in a future life or in the providential governance are not the deduction of an argument, that is to say of facts which can be seized and appreciated by the intellect. It is not a superstructure built on intellectual foundations. It is a conclusion based on moral axioms and postulates which themselves are based on the moral conscience. If a belief in the immortality of the soul were a conclusion deduced from certain facts or analysed or perceived by ratiocinative reason, obviously any man endowed with an average intellect would be capable of drawing such a conclusion. It is the most intelligent and the most logical minds that would be the most strongly convinced of moral truths, and one cannot help acting on a conclusion or even a probability fraught with such awful consequences if it be ignored, pregnant with such happy consequences if it be obeyed.

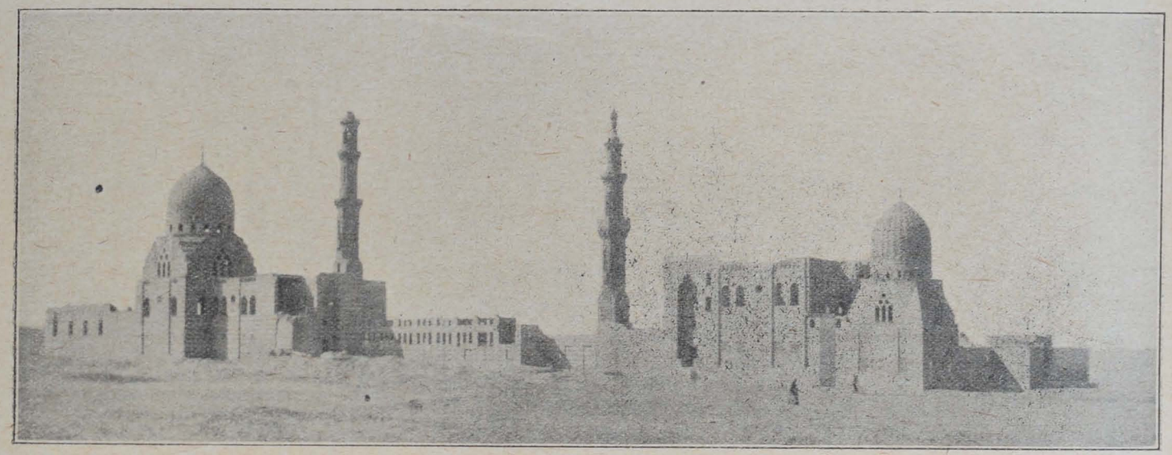
But it is only too obvious that men do not act so.

The most admirable reasonings, the most subtle conclusions bearing on moral beliefs will only convince those who are already nearly convinced, who have *a moral or religious sense* which *inclines* them to conviction. As for those who have not got this moral sense highly developed, in vain do they adduce the closest reasons, accumulate the evidences of Plato and the argument of St. Anselm, the physico-teleological proofs, all those arguments will not prevent them from breaking or ignoring the moral laws which they have so eloquently established. Numerous are the moralists from Cicero to Seneca, down to the corrupt Chancellor of Queen Elizabeth, whose lives have belied their sublimest precepts and their most persuasive reasonings. Many a moralist has written an incomparable ethical treatise, whose life has deserved the obloquy of posterity.

In truth nothing is rarer than a living faith in the great moral and religious verities. Those beliefs are delicate and exquisite plants which only grow and thrive in a chosen atmosphere and in a chosen soil. They are the product of special moral conditions. In order to discover those conditions it is not to ratiocinative reason that we must appeal, but to life, to the moral and religious experiences of humanity. A saint and a hero, a coward and a criminal teach us a thousand times more on these matters than all the syllogisms of the school. On these matters the testimony of St. Paul or St. Francis of Assisi will always have infinitely more value than the testimony of Laplace or of Newton.

The reality of moral and religious beliefs, therefore, depends primarily on a moral and religious sense, and not on the intellect. They have mainly a subjective and personal existence. The degree and the intensity of those beliefs do not depend primarily to the greater or smaller degree of probability of objective facts. The degree of intensity of those beliefs depends mainly on the greater or smaller vigour of our moral and religious life.

Moral and religious beliefs are neither a collective nor a secure possession. They are an individual achievement, an achievement which is always precarious, which we have constantly to fight for, and heroically to maintain. Hence, also, we speak of the *virtue* of faith. Faith is personal. We are responsible for it. It implies moral merit or demerit. On the contrary, who would dream of speaking of the virtue or the merit of our faith in Newton or in Leibnitz? A scientific faith is compulsory upon all. Once acquired, it remains acquired for ever.



"EAST IS EAST AND WEST IS WEST"—EVEN IN ARCHITECTURE. *Photo: W. E. Rix.*

FROM THE "PERSIA" TO EGYPT.

A Thrilling Letter from Mr. Arthur Johnson.

DEAR MR. YAPP,—I am deeply thankful that I am able to write this note to you, after being saved from what seemed certain death. . . .

We left Malta at ten o'clock on Tuesday evening—four hours late, owing to the very heavy mail. Everything went A1 till Thursday lunch-time. All the passengers had gone down for lunch, and at ten minutes past one the tremendous report of the torpedo striking the ship right in the middle made everyone rush to the cabins for their life-belts. I could see that very little time was to be lost, so I went right up to the top deck and started to lower one of the boats. This proved to be rather a difficult job. Within a few minutes I had the pleasure of seeing two of our boys jumping about twenty feet into the boat. By this time ten persons had already got into the boat, but how they did it goodness only knows. We had a very narrow escape of our boat being completely smashed up as the ship was going down. My pocket-knife saved the situation by cutting the rope that was preventing us from getting the boat in the water. I just managed to save myself from being thrown head first out. I felt a few sharp pains at the time, but did not trouble to see what had happened; it was only when I got to Alexandria, and had three hot baths to get the dirt off, that I discovered that I had a number of nasty bruises about the legs and thigh.

Well, we got the boat away from the danger-point, and then started to scout round to pick up some people out of the water. Our boat was supposed to hold thirty-six, but we managed to get forty-nine in, and I am thankful to say that I was able to help to get five ladies out of the water into the boat. What sorry figures we all looked. We did the best we could for the ladies. The only thing to do was to pray and hope that we may soon be picked up. We saw several ships pass on Thursday afternoon, then night came on. What an awful experience! We just got a mouthful of water to drink, and we drifted about all night, fearing all the time that the boat would be swamped. Fortunately, on Friday morning the sea was a little calmer. We sighted another steamer early on, but, alas! it would not come our way. By six o'clock everybody had made up their minds to another night at sea in the small boat. I was on the look-out, most of the people trying to sleep while standing—it was almost impossible for any to sit down. I thought I could see a faint light right in the distance. I did not say anything for a time until I was sure. I prayed as I have never prayed before that God would send this ship in our direction. I was sure the lights were those of another ship, so I told them in the other three boats, and we started to burn some red torches. We risked all we had with the hope of attracting their attention. After the first three or four red lights the ship disappeared for at least fifteen minutes, and when they showed themselves again I could see that they had changed the course of the ship, and they headed right for us. What an early answer to the prayer! We got the small boats right alongside of the ship, and found it was one of the new torpedo and submarine destroyers. The captain said he thought we were submarines, and was ready to send us to the bottom. It was only after we had lit about twenty red lights that he made up his mind that we needed help.

Those rough English sailor boys gave up everything they had. I got a drink of tea out of a pudding dish. Tinned salmon and bread was the meal, but it was more than welcome. There were no beds for us, but the boys gave up their hammocks, and others had to lie on the small deck. They then made right off for Alexandria. It was not until morning (Saturday) that I began to feel the effects of what had happened. I was all of a shake. We got to Alexandria about 3.30. What a cheer we gave the boys of the boat when we got off to go on one of the large battleships. The captain had prepared tea for us, and then we got ashore and made for the Y.M.C.A. hut. By the way, this is the finest Y.M.C.A. hut that I have ever seen.

I took my two boys to the hotel, had our hot baths, and then went out to buy some shirts, collars, &c. I expect you would have smiled if you could have seen us, and also expect you would not have missed the opportunity of having a photograph. We just looked for all the world like coal-miners. Later on I was delighted to find our sympathetic friend Lord Radstock. An English gentleman in a strange land, after our awful experiences, seemed to put new life into me. I was able to see something of the work in Alexandria on the Sunday. I went out with Lord Radstock to one of the big centres—just a great big hut crowded with men. We had a real good time and many converts. I got a word in with many of the fellows—they were English Territorials. But what a sight just opposite the Y.M.C.A. hut, the wet canteen. We sell no refreshments at this centre, but we must do after what I saw. It's a great camp, and we are only playing at it. But, of course, they have had no money in which to develop as they should have done. Lord Radstock met all the leaders at breakfast on Monday morning. There seems to be a good proportion of Americans.

I arrived in Cairo on Monday afternoon. I will leave the details of my reception until I see you, but I made up my mind that after a few days' rest I would get on the job. I could not sleep, and up to the time of writing I am still suffering in that way. I started visiting a few centres just to see what was going on, and I felt I had come at a time when I could be more than useful.

The work at the different hospitals is really splendid, and I have just got permission to sell refreshments at one of the large hospitals —700 men stationed there. I am afraid I shall weary you with such a long note, but I knew you would like some details of our experiences in those days on the water. I am grieved that we lost Hopkins. I don't know his address, so I could not write to his brother.

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR JOHNSON.

Cairo, January 8, 1916.

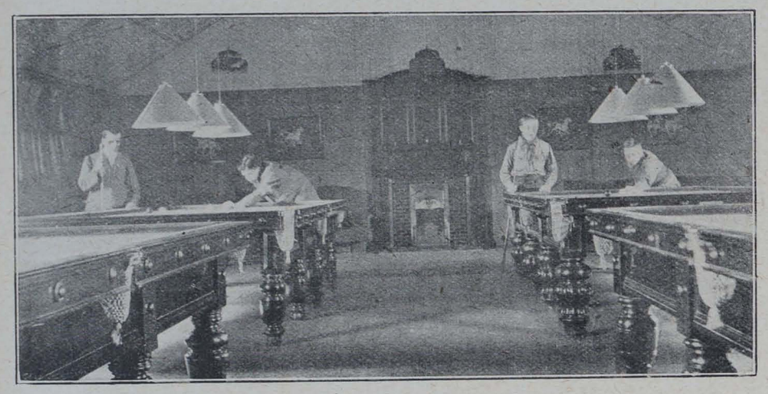
BUY THE BEST DRINK.

"O-T"

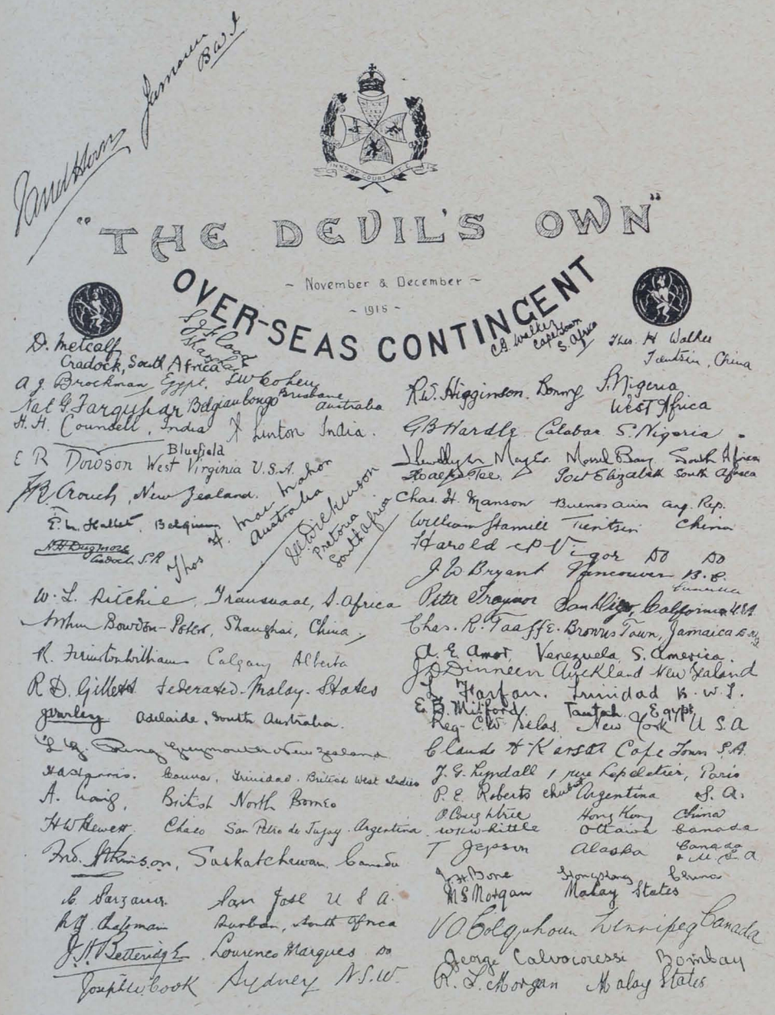
with lemonade or ginger ale for a sweet drink;

with soda or water (hot or cold) for a dry drink.

A cheering, comforting drink aids digestion.



The O.T.C. Club, which we have had the privilege of providing at Berkhamsted, has proved immensely popular with the members of the Corps. Above is shown the billiard-room; below is reproduced, by courtesy of Mr. Dugmore, the first of the five pages of signatures of men from overseas who have visited the hut within the last six weeks. The vellum rolls containing them will be presented to the regiment.



TO MEET THE NEEDS OF OFFICERS.

The Queen Mother and the Opening of Alexandra Pavilion, Victoria.

WE have often been asked to make special provision for officers as well as non-commissioned officers and privates. The first London hut "for officers only" has now been opened at Victoria Station.

Sir George Faudel-Phillips placed the forecourt before the entrance to his house in Grosvenor-gardens at our disposal. His daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Charles Tufton, at once promised to act as leader of lady workers in co-operation with the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Yorke, and these ladies have enlisted the services of many of their friends.

H.M. the Queen has taken the greatest interest in the work, and, knowing that officers often come over at the shortest of notice with very little kit, has sent a number of pyjama suits, dressing-gowns, and slippers to meet any such deficiency from her own Needlework Guild; while the King, the Prince of Wales, and she have all sent signed portraits. Queen Alexandra also has sent her portrait, and in other ways is showing her practical concern as to its success.

The main club-room is delightfully furnished with lounges and easy chairs. Small bedrooms have a compact suite in fumed oak, while an air of brightness is imparted by the gaily-printed cotton bedspreads. Bathrooms, warmed by hot air and supplied with hot and cold water, are excellently planned. A sterilising chamber for clothes that still retain the mud and other features of the trenches has also been included.

An exceedingly moderate scale of charges has been drawn up. The doors will always be open, night as well as day, and a good valet will be in attendance.

The dedicatory service on Monday last was conducted by the Master of Marlborough, Rev. Canon St. G. Wynne Wilson.

Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, accompanied by her Royal Highness Princess Victoria, was present. She was received on her arrival by her Highness Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, who, with Lady Faudel-Phillips, welcomed the Royal visitors. The Hon. Mrs. Charles Tufton showed the party through the building, and Queen Alexandra manifested great interest in all the details of the hut.

Her Majesty entered one or two of the cubicles, and specially noticed a leather-bound khaki pocket Testament in each room. Mr. Yapp asked her Majesty to accept one of these. This request was acceded to only after her Majesty had been assured that the officer who would occupy that room would not, in consequence, be deprived of his copy.

A SURPRISE VISIT FROM THE QUEEN.

HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY, accompanied by Princess Mary and Prince Albert and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, paid a very delightful surprise visit to our hut for soldiers in Grosvenor-gardens last week.

Her Majesty thoroughly examined the whole equipment, and revealed a considerable acquaintance with the methods of Association work.

From Grosvenor-gardens the Royal party proceeded to the Museum building in Horseferry-road, where the great building and its splendid plant evidently impressed the Queen. The young Prince and Princess, too, were greatly attracted by the work, and Princess Mary was heard to say how much she would like to give her services to similar work.

The soldiers present were enthusiastic when the Queen gave each of them a cup of tea, serving nearly 200 men.

THE ALEXANDRA PAVILION FOR OFFICERS, VICTORIA.



See opposite page.

Opened by H.M. Queen Alexandra on Monday.

Photo: F. J. Chamberlain.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON AT ST. ALBANS.



See page 142.

"Home Teas" have come to stay.

Photo by the Editor "Herts Advertiser."

Y. M.

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

Organ of the Y.M.C.A. in
GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

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HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

President: The Rt. Hon. LORD KINNAIRD.
Chairman British and Colonial Union: HOWARD WILLIAMS.

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THE EDITORIAL OFFICES of "Y.M." are at the CENTRAL Y.M.C.A., TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, 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.

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.

SUNDAY HOME TEAS.

A Splendid Piece of Work at St. Albans.

THE Sunday is a difficult day in camp. The Rev. A. T. Reissmann has made a great success of a plan which other leaders may like to follow. In response to an inquiry as to "How it is done," he writes:—

"I have sent you to-day, under separate cover, a flashlight photo of our Sunday home tea (the 6th inst.). We issued tickets for 200. These were all sold before 9 p.m. on the Friday. We could have sold 400. Sitting down are 200 men—and four others—one guest and his wife (W. B. Wright, Esq., who worked at the Havre Y.M.C.A. for a year) and Mrs. Reissmann and myself. We run 150 tickets at 4d., if purchased before the Saturday. The other 50 tickets at 6d. each. All tickets purchased after Friday night are 6d.

"The tea consists of tea, good bread, pure butter, jam, anchovy paste, two kinds of cake, an orange or apple, and a cigarette. We give the men as much as they like. Of course, we lose a little, but not much; but we gain in a variety of ways.

"Then I always have a tea-table guest, who speaks for ten minutes after tea, whilst the men are smoking, the keynote being "Comradeship."

"These teas build up our evening informal meeting, in which we are helped by a small orchestra. Usually the tea-table guest is the speaker at this meeting. The hut was crowded all last evening. For half-an-hour, or just over, we closed the canteen, the men being very quiet and attentive. After the address, and prayer and solo, the canteen was reopened, and at the other end and most of the tables hymn-singing continued until close on 9 o'clock. These teas have quite solved the Sunday problem for us. They have done more than that—they have made the men attached to the place, and Sunday and weekday alike we are packed out. (Remember, we are in a *town*, not in a *camp*.)

"The idea originated with Mr. Chamberlain. I took it up at once, had 87 the first Sunday, and since then never under 100, and now we are catering regularly every Sunday for 200. When we have our extension of a billiard-room, and our two 8 ft. billiard-tables are removed, we shall cater for 250, but we shall have to stop there, on account of lack of accommodation.

"Of course, it involves much work, but it is worth it. About 1,400 slices of bread and butter and jam or anchovy have to be cut up, besides a large quantity of cake. The tables are set first thing in the morning, the chairs not wanted being packed away. All day long the tables are occupied by men writing letters—Sunday being a great letter-writing day. Just after 4 p.m. we lay the cloths and put flowers on, or ferns when we cannot get flowers, and have tea sharp at 5. After tea the tables—most of them—are removed, and chairs put out in the usual meeting fashion. A really fine staff of lady helpers is essential. This we fortunately have. The whole thing can be done with only trifling loss, if properly organised and economically done. Many times the tea has just paid for itself."

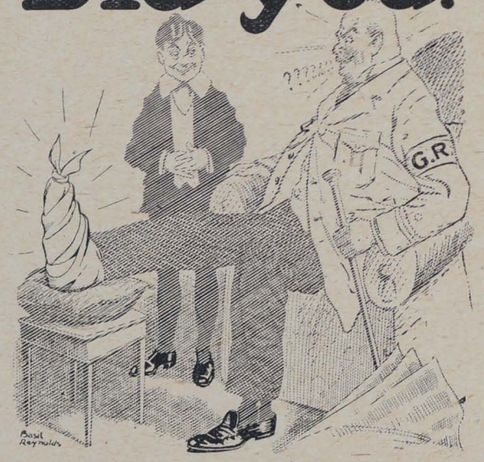
WORKERS NEEDED FOR THE FRONT.

Since Jan. 1 we have sent 92 workers to France. We are still needing for

FRANCE	30 men at once and a continuous supply for the summer months (minimum: 3 months' service).	
SALONIKA	6 men	for 6 months—preferably a year.
MUDROS	9 men	
EGYPT	30 men	

Helpers also needed every week for Camps in England.

Did you?



Asking for it!

Little Nephew (to Colonel Chutney): "Hallo, Uncle, did you 'NUGGET' your boots this morning?"

"NUGGET" BOOT POLISH IN 1D., 2D., AND 4½D. TINS.



H. G

So to be patriots as not to forget we are gentlemen.—Burke.

RETALIATION is a subject which provokes strong feeling. At first sight it seems easy to settle which view one should take. On the one side, there is the quick revolt of outraged humanity. Belgian atrocities, Armenian massacres, the sinking of the *Lusitania*, the attacks made by airships upon our homes—these are things which may well stir resentment within the veriest saint. A long series of calculated murders in cold blood calls for unrelenting punishment. Reprisal in at least some small degree is the only language which the berserker German will understand: if a few examples of frightfulness on our part will prevent our opponents from further wanton destruction of non-combatant lives, they are surely justified. So argues the advocate of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." It seems like commonsense, and simple recognition of the plain fact that we are at war.

***

ON the other hand, the objections raised against reprisal are on grounds of uncompromising principle. This side cannot be better stated than it has been by the Lord Chancellor, Lord Buckmaster, who takes the ground not of the lawyer, but of the prophet. To adopt such measures, he says, "would be to give the Germans the very victory that we mean to win." He is supported by a vehement declaration on the part of Sir Evelyn Wood, who urges that a soldier does not care to be set to do dirty work. Lord Bryce, as a Christian diplomatist, whose first care is for the honour and high standing of his country, is dead against descending to the German level.

***

WE confess to being wholeheartedly with the latter group. In our judgment, it occupies the only really Christian position. But, we are told, Christianity is not a simple thing. You cannot settle off-hand what is the mind of Christ in such matters. Christianity is a reasonable religion—indeed, the most rational of all religions. Its morality is not a rigid code, like that of the ancient Hebrews. Rather is it essential to possess a right judgment in all things.

***

JUST because Christianity is reasonable, we refuse to believe that obedience to it in principle can ever fail to work out in practice. Neither do we believe that Christian ethics can be, as a writer in one of the London dailies has been urging that morality always is, a matter of circumstances, and purely relative. To take the latter point first, though the law of action in any given instance must be modified in accordance with immediate necessities, the type and character of the Christian nation remains unchangeable. You have it in Jesus Christ, who is ethically the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Our conduct must be in accord with His character.

***

PROBABLY few men would dispute a position of that kind. The mischief is when they proceed to say, "So much the worse for Christianity!" The strong way of dealing with those who follow that line, however, is to ask whether what they themselves acknowledge to be, after all, a spiritual defection could be a practical success. Would reprisals really do what we want? We cannot suppose that Germany, which has lost so much blood and treasure in vain, would be moved by a few civil martyrdoms. Nothing that we know of the German higher commands leads us to suppose that they would care more for the death of a few women and children than they have done for that of masses of men in the ranks, whom they have so recklessly flung away. They believe, to use Kipling's words, that "Iron, cold iron, is the master of us all."

***

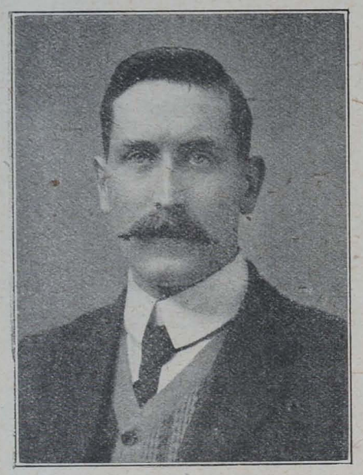
SO little result in the way of direct military damage to the enemy has been accomplished by the German efforts that we have ceased to look upon "frightfulness" as of any military value. We need not imagine that we should succeed with the Germans in such directions if they have accomplished nothing with us. We have nothing to gain by reprisal. And, as a matter of fact, we should only waste upon it resources which are now being used in a legitimate way with effects greater than most of us realise.

***

MORALE depends upon self-respect, but, more than this, the future is for the nation with a clear record. If we use foul means, we take the heart out of our best fighting men, and forfeit the confidence which, given us so freely by other peoples, is the surest guarantee of our continued place in the sun. It is still our glorious hope to conclude, when the time comes and the militarism of Germany has been utterly "minished and brought low," a peace that leaves us without an enemy. No other is worthy of the sacrifice being made to secure it. Whatever happens, "let us play the game," as Lt.-Col. the Hon. F. S. Jackson, the famous cricketer, urged when, in seconding the Address in the House of Commons on Tuesday, he protested against reprisals.

"DIED ON ACTIVE SERVICE."

NORMAN KEYTE, camp leader at Maresfield Park, joined the Y.M.C.A. war work at the outbreak of hostilities, proceeding to the Grimsby district, where, with



THE LATE NORMAN KEYTE.

his wife, at Gt. Coates, and later at Rigby and Alford, he successfully carried on Y.M.C.A. camp work. Moving south in August last, they took over the management of the hut at Maresfield. Here things had not been satisfactory for some time, but his personality and hard work soon drew the men round him, and quite changed the tone of the hut. He will be greatly missed by the men, and his successor will not find it easy to maintain the work on the level upon which Mr. Keyte had placed it.

Apprenticed to the bookselling and stationery business in early life, he attended the Ramsgate Y.M.C.A. Sunday afternoon Bible-class, and, shortly afterwards entering the S.P.C.K. College for Lay Workers at Stepney, in due time passed on to lay work for the Navvy Mission Society, and later for the missions to seamen at Southampton and Lowestoft, and proceeded to Natal at the commencement of the South African War on a transport with the 2nd Durham Light Infantry as special lay worker for transport and hospital ships.

Returning to England, he spent the intervening years in work for the Missions to Seamen at Hull and Cardiff, some time in business, and also a period as lecturer and organising secretary for the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. His lantern slides and lectures on the sea and sailors, with which he was so familiar, were always appreciated in the camps.

He was unwell on the Sunday, taken by his devoted wife to Brighton Hospital on the Thursday, where after an operation for appendicitis he entered into rest on Wednesday, February 2, aged 38 years.

WILLIAM CECIL GALBRAITH

LEFT Wolverhampton L. and N.W. Railway by the 1.30 train on January 13, 1916, to return to school at Bishops Stortford, and has not been heard of since.

Description :—Age, 15 years 10 months; height, about 5 ft. 5⅜ ins.; slim build; weight, about 8½ st.; large head; size of cap, 7⅛; large ears, dark complexion; brown eyes; clothes, dark Chesterfield overcoat (marked Hyman, outfitter), dark grey tweed



WILLIAM CECIL GALBRAITH.

suit (marked Price Lewis, tailor, Wolverhampton), black socks, black boots.

Was carrying a brown leather handbag with W. C. Galbraith stamped on leather.

Dr. Galbraith, George-street, Wolverhampton, who is very anxious, will reward anyone giving information that will lead to the discovery of his son.

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—*The Medical Magaz ne.*

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AT THE SIGN OF THE RED TRIANGLE.

News and Notes Gathered from all Quarters.

We gratefully acknowledge the following special contributions, received February 7 to 12, 1916 :—

	£
Davies, the Misses	1,300
Reckitt and Sons, Messrs.	700
Jacob, Messrs. W. and R.	250
Birkenhead Y.M.C.A.	188
Anon	100
Wycliffe Congregational Church	85
Nugget Polish Co.	56
Manila Hemp Association	53
Kimmins, Mr. H. L.	50
Christy, Mr. H. E.	50
Kingsmill, Mrs.	50
Anon	50
Montresor, Miss	50
Mortimer, Mr. R. G.	50

A Fragrant Gift.

Mr. Donnithorne sends us the following story :—

"A woman who is a flower-seller of the 'coster' type in Southend stopped one of our lady workers, saying, 'You go to the Y.M.C.A. hut at Shoeburyness ?' 'Yes,' was the answer. 'Well, my husband's in the Army, and my boy's in the Army, and they write on Y.M.C.A. paper, and I would like to do something for the soldiers and the Y.M.C.A., so will you accept 1s. worth of flowers every week ?'

"We now get 1s. worth of flowers each week. The third supply has just arrived. It strikes me as such a very nice thought and piece of self-sacrifice, coming from where it might not be expected. The woman is quite a rough woman."

The Lord Mayor at Our New Hospital Hut.

On Friday last the Lord Mayor, Sir Charles Wakefield, who was accompanied by the Lady Mayoress and Sheriff, opened a Y.M.C.A. hut in connection with the 1st London General Hospital in Myatts Fields, Kennington. The liberality of the Lord Mayor and many City firms has rendered possible the erection of a magnificent hut, costing £1,100. Among those who took part in the ceremony were Lord and Lady Sandhurst, the Bishop of Southwark, the Mayor of Lambeth, Lieut.-Col. H. H. Tooth, O.C., and Major W. McAdam Eccles. In opening the hut, the Lord Mayor, emphasising the value of the work, said that 75 per cent. of the letters he received from soldiers in France were written on Y.M.C.A. notepaper. The Officer Commanding, in proposing a vote of thanks to the Lord Mayor, said he had no doubt that the hut would add to the discipline of the hospital.

Formal Opening of the Little Theatre.

After several weeks of splendid service, the Little Theatre was formally opened as a Y.M.C.A. centre by Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein on Monday afternoon.

Kennedy Memorial Hut.

The Bournemouth Association has provided the money for a hut at Springbourne as a memorial to the late Rev. E. J. Kennedy, who was almost as well known in his capacity as Vicar of St. John's Church, Boscombe, as he was in his relationship to the Y.M.C.A. The Mayor of Bournemouth, Alderman Henry Robson, J.P., formally declared the hut open on Saturday last, and spoke of the striking adaptation of the Y.M.C.A. to present-day needs. He said that he was an old Y.M.C.A. worker, but rejoiced that the old spirit of priggishness was being brushed away, and he believed that after the war they would get real genuine men to strengthen the religious institutions of the country, because through the Y.M.C.A. the men would have been won to a better recognition of what the Churches stood for.



DINNER-TIME AT PONDER'S END. *Photo: Haines.*

Progress at Ponder's End.

The splendid start at Ponder's End, which we recorded in our last week's issue, has been followed up in a most encouraging fashion. The hut is crowded during the off-time of the men, both at midday and at 10 p.m. An extension of 100 ft. is already in progress.

We hear that considerably over 1,000 copies of *Y.M.* have been sold, and Mr. Scotcher is hoping that a regular circulation of something like this number will be achieved. The men responded splendidly to the poster which he had printed, and by the kind permission of the authorities placed in the works, "Have you secured your copy of the Souvenir Number of *Y.M.* ?"

A London Central Hut.

The members and friends of the London Central Y.M.C.A., including Red Cross men and men of the Army and Navy, have decided to attempt to raise a sum of £550 in fifty days to pay for the King's Cross Hut. The campaign will open on Monday, the 21st inst., and the committee of the fund are very anxious that all those who have participated in the facilities offered at Tottenham Court-road shall identify themselves with this effort. Further particulars will appear in next week's issue.

Munition Workers Entertain Wounded Soldiers.

On Saturday, February 12, an innovation in entertainments took place in the "Rodney" Hut, Crayford, when over 100 wounded soldiers with nurses and attendants from various hospitals in the vicinity were the guests of the munition workers of Crayford, for whom this hut is provided. Tea was served at 5 p.m., and the soldiers were waited on at it and during the evening by munition workers. During tea a munition worker, Mr. Harrington, played popular music in most excellent style, and after tea all those present gathered at the top of the hall for a concert. Lady Henry Grosvenor (district president) and the works management were also present, and Lady Henry addressed a few sympathetic words to the gathering. The whole function was a unique and most successful method of expressing comradeship and unity in the cause of King and country between soldiers and munition workers. The whole cost of the entertainment was borne by subscription in the local works, and no doubt the success of this gathering will ensure the holding of others of a similar kind.

"Lady Firth" Hut.

The second hut has now been erected in Halifax, being the gift of Sir Algernon and Lady Firth. It is erected at the War Hospital at Salter Hebble; it was formally presented by Sir Algernon and Lady Firth for the use of the hospital on Sunday afternoon last. Sir Algernon Firth said : "The idea of giving this hut was entirely my wife's. There is no work that commends itself to a practical man as much as that of the Y.M.C.A. Think," he said, "of the terrible mental and physical strain that our men who have been wounded have to endure. Recovery is retarded in many instances because of the terrible strain they have had to suffer. What we all can do is to see to the comfort of these men, and to show them that they are among friends and neighbours who are ready to do everything possible to repair the ravages of war they have had to endure."

The Deputy Speaker on The Red Triangle

The Right Hon. J. H. Whitley, M.P., Deputy Speaker to the House of Commons, whose son is doing magnificent work in a Y.M.C.A. hut at Havre, moved a resolution of thanks to Sir Algernon and Lady Firth. "Was it the soldiers who had made the Y.M.C.A., or was it the Y.M.C.A. that had added to and maintained the original spirit of the soldiers ?" he asked. All he would say was that the one had matched the other. No doubt the splendid work of the Y.M.C.A. had contributed to the everlasting cheerfulness and courage of our soldiers, because there had been a feeling about that wherever the soldiers went, the Y.M.C.A. would soon follow. "As a matter of fact," he added, "the following would have been quicker than it has been had the military authorities been sufficiently ready to give the necessary permission." He told how generals had urged that permission should be given sooner than it was, so that the Y.M.C.A. could go up as near as possible to the firing-line. They had seen and were ready to acknowledge the immense benefit the Y.M.C.A. was. It was to be hoped that that hut would be put to the greatest possible service, however long the war might last. He suggested that the work at the hut should be sustained by means of monthly contributions. Everyone interested in the work should promise to contribute so much per month however long the war lasted. In his concluding remarks, Mr. Whitley hoped that after the war the soldiers would be the Y.M.C.A., that all over the country, all over the Empire, they would realise the value of its work, and become its main supporters.

BLINDED IN THE WAR.

Many soldiers and sailors, men in the prime of life, have been suddenly struck blind by shot or shell and are condemned to live in darkness for the rest of their lives.

They fought for us, and for our sakes they lost that which many consider dearer than life itself. Try to realise for a minute their position—the brave men who, in the pride of health and strength, went out to fight, only to return helpless as little children.

They are being cared for at The Blinded Soldiers' & Sailors' Hostel, St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, London, N.W., and here are "learning to be blind." They are



taught to read with the finger tips, to use the ordinary typewriter, and each one is trained in some interesting and profitable occupation. Furthermore, arrangements have been made to care for them after they leave St. Dunstan's.

To secure the proper carrying out of these arrangements, a large sum is necessary, and it is hoped that this will be augmented by profits arising from the sale of "REGIMENTAL RINGS," which are engraved with the crests of any regiment in the Army.

EVERYONE WHO WISHES TO HELP SHOULD BUY ONE OF THESE SOUVENIR RINGS.

They are to be had in 9 ct. gold-shell, price **2/6** each, 18 ct. gold-shell, hand engraved, price **5/-**, in 9 ct. solid gold at one guinea each, and in 18 ct. solid gold at **£2 10s.** each, beautifully engraved with any crest you require. To obtain one of these rings, and thus help the blinded soldiers and sailors, write direct, enclosing Postal Order, to the

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Mark your envelopes "Ring.

Cut a hole in a piece of paper the size of the ring required and mention the crest needed.

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Messages for Men.

THE RIGHT WAY TO STOP THE WAR.

By the Rev. E. A. BURROUGHS, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Hertford College, Oxford: Hon. Secretary of the "League of the Spiritual War."

The Right Way to Stop the War.

DID you see that letter from Admiral Sir David Beatty, the hero of the Heligoland and Dogger Bank fights, in the papers lately? When a layman, and an officer, and a great man at that, breaks out all of a sudden in words of that sort, it is worth many hundred sermons from us parsons.

"Surely the Almighty God," says Sir David, "does not intend this war to be just a hideous fraças, a blood-drunken orgie. There must be purpose in it; improvement must be born out of it. In what direction? France has already shown us the way, and has risen out of her ruined cities with a revived religion that is most wonderful. Russia has been welded into a whole, and religion plays the greater part. England still remains to be taken out of her

Stupor of Self-Satisfaction

and complacency, in which her flourishing condition has steeped her; and until she can be stirred out of this condition, *until religious revival takes place*, just so long will the war continue.

"When she can look out on the future with humbler eyes and a prayer on her lips, then we can begin to count the days towards the end."

In other words, according to the Admiral, the old familiar question is quite on the wrong tack: "Why doesn't God stop the war?" We need rather to ask: "When are *we* going to give Him a chance to?"

Let me put the situation to you in a sort of parable. Suppose you find, lying out in a field,

A New Kind of Aeroplane,

with the inventor himself standing by to act as pilot. And suppose he offers to take you on board and teach you to fly. Atmospheric conditions are perfect, and you are surprised to find how easy it is: you press down this, and pull out that, and turn the other thing, and it all just happens. You feel yourself no end of an airman, and begin to think, "How much nicer it would be to be flying all on one's own! And how much more credit people would give one for it!"—and in a mad moment you turn on your pilot and throw him overboard.

For a while all goes smoothly: and then the wind changes, and difficulties begin. And you find you don't know how to deal with them. The machine rocks and plunges, and your random efforts to handle it only make things worse. Down below the pilot, who has somehow survived his fall, is shouting to you on a megaphone, and offering to come on board and take control again, if only you'll let him. (I don't suppose he could board an ordinary aeroplane in mid-air; but this, you remember, is a new sort, and besides it's not the thing to press a parable!) You, however, are proud, and prefer a smash-up to

Confessing Yourself Beaten

and handing over to the one who could save you.

And smashed up accordingly you are, and all the onlookers say, "Serve the poor fool right." The coroner's jury completely exonerated both the inventor and his machine; and you, if you're an honest man, concur in the verdict from your coffin.

The mistake was obvious. The remedy was also obvious—to bring back again the man who *knew*. But you, out of mere pride, preferred to "muddle through" without him in the good all British way. And the end of that "muddling" was a mess.

Do you see the point? Human nature—the thing we call our "hearts," your heart and mine—is God's invention, made to be managed by Him on His own lines. It is a "dirigible," capable of being directed either way, but *for that very reason* needing a "Director" to send it the right way. But for years before the war the bulk of mankind were more and more getting rid of God, claiming to be independent and to run as their own show what was really His. And so the war came—the smash-up we were asking for. If God doesn't forthwith stop it, it is because we still refuse to give Him a chance to. We *chose* to be "independent": we must now *choose* to give in. God will not force Himself back upon us until we acknowledge we can't do without Him, and are ready to take Him

On His Own Terms.

But how does a nation change its mind? By the individual repentance of all its men and women. The great new armies of England were produced simply by the *individual decisions* of three million or so Englishmen to join the Colours and do their bit. The way out of our present difficulty—the way to that "religious revival" which, according to Admiral Beatty, is the only thing that will end the war—is for all of us *individually* to fall into line and give in to God, acknowledging that we are fools not to have done so long ago. "IN ALL THY WAYS ACKNOWLEDGE HIM, AND HE SHALL DIRECT THY PATHS." Possibly not to victory—though for that we shall all still strive and pray: but, anyhow, to whatever issue is best for us and for all the world—to a result which will "give light to them that sit in darkness, and guide our feet into the way of peace."

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(Regd.)

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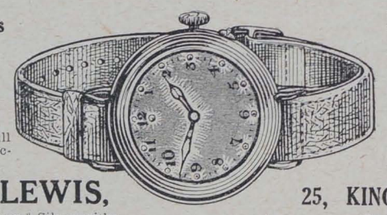

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SNAPSHOTS FROM HOME.

News and Notes.

WHY SOME SOLDIERS DO NOT GET THEIR "SNAPSHOTS."

We have so often dealt with "Snapshots from Home" from the point of view both of the applicant and ourselves that we feel it is only fair now to ventilate the grievances of the worker lest it be supposed that he (or she) has none.

We are afraid that applicants in particular are prone to imagine that any delay which may take place or any failure on our part to "deliver the goods" is invariably due to some fault of ours.

That this is not so is clearly evidenced by the following letters, which are typical of very many we have received

***

Mr. J. W. Pickard, writing from 135, Richmond-street, Accrington, says:—"When I was taking the photographs for the 'Snapshots from Home League,' I arranged on two separate occasion for Mrs. C. and family to be taken, but they were not ready, or had some other excuse, and once I waited at home for them all Sunday afternoon, but they never turned up, and eventually said they were not particular.

"Since receiving your letter I have again seen them, and they promised to let me know when they were ready, but I have heard nothing from them, so I have given them up as a bad job."

***

Mr. Robert H. Bullen, writing from 109, Lathom-road, East Ham, says:—"I have had rather bad luck with the last six you sent me. I sent out to three of them notice that I should be calling on the following Sunday, and in two cases it was not at the time convenient; the father of one chap was not due home for a fortnight, and another was away until yesterday.

"I got the latter yesterday, but was put off by two out of the second three, one until after Christmas, so that I have three families outstanding out of the last six you sent me. The worst of it is that out of the four families who put me off only one let me know it was not convenient, so that I had a walk of several miles for nothing, which I did not mind so much, but that the time might have been employed in attending to some of the others, as I sent out my notices in good time, so that if it was not convenient and they let me know in time I could have switched off on to someone else."

***

Mr. Thomas Styles, writing from 100, St. Albans-road, Dartford, Kent, says:—"I have had some curious experiences. There was one the other day. The request came to me through a chemist in this town, asking me to go to a certain place a mile and a-half away, the husband having asked for a photograph of his wife. Well, I went within an hour, and, would you believe it? the wife absolutely refused to have her photo taken. I pointed out that it was quite free, but she said she did not want a free photo or any photo at all. I said, 'Surely you are not going to disappoint your husband?' She said, 'I *will* not have it taken.' So there was no more to be said; and this is not an isolated case by any means. However, I do the best I can; on the whole, people in this district tell me that they are not paupers, and that they do not want free photographs, so I decline to take these."

***

"No. 017702.—Miss B. is a much worse case. She had the same notice, but gave no reply, so, of course, I took it for granted all was well. I had to hire a carriage as the address is a good four miles out of St. Albans, and I had no time for an eight-mile walk. On arrival at the cottage her mother saw me, and shrieked out that her daughter was not going to be photographed at the young man's proposal, but at her own proposal when she liked, where she liked, and she was quite able to pay for her photos if she wanted any. The girl was at her bedroom window and declined to see me."

***

Our workers are patient folk, and pertinacious withal—as their letters testify—but there are limits to the patience of even a "Snapshots" worker, and we cannot blame some of these ladies and gentlemen if, after repeated tries, they at length give up in despair.

We feel that it would be a good idea if leaders, who may be approached by men who labour under a sense of disappointment were to gently but firmly insist upon this aspect of the matter. There is, of course, a likelihood that it may not apply in any one particular case, but we know that it is often the cause of delay and, not infrequently, results in the snapshot asked for never being taken at all.

***

At all events the attitude of some of our applicants' relatives—not many, it is true, but sufficient to make it one of our numerous "difficulties"—is not easy to comprehend, and Tommy might do worse than point out to his friends that when they create these obstructions they are going the right way to deprive him of something he wants, and might have but for their curious little ideas.

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NOTES ON DAILY READINGS.

For the Junior Department Branch of the Scripture Union.

By the Rev. A. J. COSTAIN, M.A., Headmaster of Rydal Mount School.

Author of *Life of Arthur Jackson, The Day-break Call,* &c.

Saturday, 19th.—Lev. xiv. 1-18. Compare this passage with one of the accounts of the cleansing of a leper in the New Testament, and you will see once again "the difference Christ has made." His touch can make the vilest clean. Christ was never afraid of defiling Himself. We are taught sometimes that we must not touch pitch, and for some flight from evil is certainly the only safety. But there does come the call to some of the strong ones to grapple with uncleanness. "Salt of the earth—well, how the dickens can the salt be any good to the earth unless it gets into it."

Sunday, 20th.—Lev. xvi. 1-16. **Monday, 21st.**—Lev. xvi. 17-34. The great need of a nation, as of an individual, is to be rid of sin, and to be cleansed from guilt. Did you notice that Admiral Beatty the other day, speaking of when the war would end, said it would be when England had shaken off her sins? He didn't speak of our ships, but of our sins. In the olden days they felt this need just as keenly as we to-day. This is the response that God made to their sense of need. The scapegoat going out into the wilderness was a reminder of God's willingness to purify the people and their land from guilt.

Tuesday, 22nd.—Lev. xxv. 1-17. Rest is a necessity for land, and man, and beast. This war has caused a great deal of Sunday work, but it has also made people see that a day of rest is a necessity. That is the real justification of the Sabbath. It is not necessary because it is commanded in the Scriptures; it was commanded there because it is necessary. It is true that man is greater than the Sabbath, but, after all, the Sabbath was made for man, and it was made because he needs rest if he is to work, and a time for thought and worship if he is to live aright. Don't worry your head about what you ought not to do on Sunday. Think about what you ought to do.

Wednesday, 23rd.—Psalm l. 1-13. I'll never forget the first time I heard those words, "the cattle on a thousand hills." I was sitting in church, and in a prayer the words occurred, "the cattle on a thousand hills are thine"; and there came before my eyes the picture of far-stretching hills, and on their slopes the rich green grass satisfying the countless herds. In a moment I got an impression of the wonderful bounty of God, Who careth for His every creature—on the high mountains the sheep and goats, and on the foothills the herds of oxen.

Thursday, 24th.—Psalm l. 14-23. "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee." A remarkable thing it is that though we forget God when the sun is shining, He is ready to help us when the rains come. We might expect that he would turn his back on us, but He listens and helps. Now, what of the promises we make to Him then? At the end of "The Little Minister," the man who has been telling the story says (I have not the book before me, so Sir James Barrie must forgive my murdering his exquisite English): "When I saw Thomas Whamond in the manse, when I saw Gavin in the flood, and how the hearts of the people were turned against him, I cried to God, making promises to Him if He would save the lad for Margaret's sake; and He saved him, and those promises I have not kept." Most of us could make a confession like that.

Friday, 25th.—Psalm li. 1-19. This is popularly supposed to be a psalm written by David, when his conscience had awakened, and he saw how deeply he had sinned. There is no psalm more beautiful than this. Countless saints have taken these words and made them their own. There are some verses here that you should certainly learn by heart, *e.g.*, verses 7, 10, 15, 17. This was the psalm that Bunyan used to sing over and over again when he was seeking salvation.

Mr. W. G. Davies writes from Tonypandy:—

"The Rhondda Valley has given an example that other localities in Wales might follow. A Rhondda Y.M.C.A. hut will be opened in Cardiff Castle early in March. The children in the elementary and secondary schools collected £216; subscriptions yielded £37. A grand concert, at which Mrs. Sam Instone, violinist, Cardiff, Madame Edith Gunter, Newport and Concert Party, Miss Kate Sawle, Cardiff, Messrs. R. O. Jones, and J. R. Morgan, Tonypandy, yielded over £60."

INQUIRIES ABOUT MISSING SOLDIERS

12398 Pte. Joseph Parker,
3rd Battalion, Leicester Regt.
Inquirer: Mrs. Murphy,
74, Cumberland-street,
Workington.

G. C. Orbell, 2nd A.M. 8222,
R.F. Corps, R.A.P., Starhill Barracks, South Farnborough, Hants.
Inquirer: Miss M. Stanley,
Eastnor, Station-road,
Yardley,
Birmingham.

Pte. R. Meigh,
A.S.C., 13 Field Bakery Stores,
Castle Camp, near Pirbright,
Surrey.
Inquirer: Mrs. Meigh,
Cheddleton Asylum,
Near Leek,
Staffordshire.

Gustave Arens,
4th D.A., 8th Ligne Regt., 3rd Battalion, 2nd Company, Arme Belge,
is requested to write to—
Pte. M. W. Blake, 4884,
Machine Gun Section,
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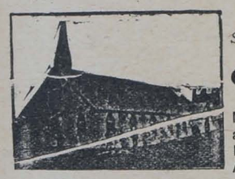

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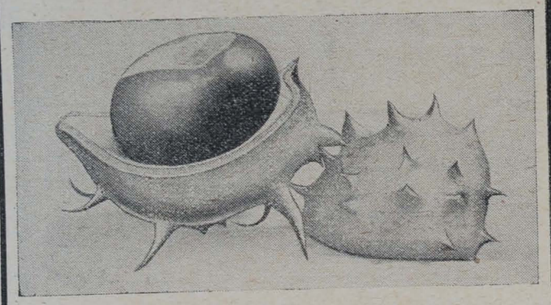

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Y. YMCA M.
The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly
No. 59. Vol. 2. FEBRUARY 25, 1916. PRICE 1d.

THE QUEEN.

BEFORE the war her Majesty the Queen had shown her personal interest in the Y.M.C.A. by accompanying the King on a visit to the new buildings in Tottenham Court-road. The Queen's practical commonsense—which is one of the characteristics she inherited from her beloved mother, the Duchess of Teck—was revealed in the questions she put to Lord Kinnaird and Mr. Virgo on that memorable evening. Her Majesty made a thorough examination of the kitchen, which was looking spick-and-span, and she admired an artistic confection of pastry, which had been made in honour of the occasion. As she passed through the Junior Department, her eye noticed a portrait of the Prince of Wales, which gave her evident pleasure. When the war came, and new and vast responsibilities developed upon the Y.M.C.A., the Queen was quick to realise the great value of Y.M.C.A. huts. Her Majesty has visited several of them, and on each visit has expressed the most hearty sympathy with all our arrangements for the benefit of the troops.

I emphasise "practical commonsense" as a distinguishing and valuable quality of Queen Mary's public life. If she visits a hospital, she will notice whether the light is falling on an invalid's face, or whether there is a "stuffy" atmosphere. Going over some new workmen's dwellings, her Majesty called attention to the lack of cupboards. These may seem small points, but, after all, the happiness of life depends very much on them. From the early days of her girlhood the Queen was taught to think of others, and her hands have been busy all her life in doing needlework or knitting for one or other charitable societies. Every winter a large parcel arrives from her Majesty for the Christmas Fund raised by the *Westminster Gazette*, and since the war the Queen and Princess Mary have been doubly busy.

The Queen has all her life been interested in foreign missions, as was her mother before her. Quite recently an incident occurred which may be told in this connection. Miss Gabb, a missionary of the South Africa General Mission, was working in Swaziland and came into touch with the Queen-Mother and the young King of Swaziland. The Queen-Mother, learning that the lady missionary was returning to England, begged her to say to "the great English Queen" that "the little Queen of Swaziland" wanted her to pray for her, because (she added) God would hear the prayers of the great Queen rather than of "the little black Queen." Miss Gabb explained to her that there was "no respect of persons" with the Almighty, and she doubted the possibility of delivering such a request to Queen Mary. However, on arriving in England, the missionary wrote to a Court official at Buckingham Palace, informing him of what the Queen-Mother of Swaziland had desired, asking him to use his discretion as to mentioning the matter to her Majesty. A reply came in a day or two, acknowledging Miss Gabb's letter, and stating that the Queen gladly promised to do as "the little black Queen" wished.

Queen Mary has a fine taste in art, inherited from her parents, and on great occasions she appears in splendid regal attire, selected with fine appreciation of material and colour. In war-time the Queen has, however, set the example by wearing the simplest costumes. When the King and Queen visited their eldest son in Paris in the spring of 1914, an amusing story was told to the Queen by Monsieur Georges Cain, the curator of the famous Carnavalet Museum. He was one of the guests at the luncheon given by the Marquis and Marquise de Breteuil in honour of their Majesties. On the day when the King and Queen attended the review at Vincennes, the officials at the museum were granted a half-holiday in order to attend the review. They were very enthusiastic on their return from Vincennes. Monsieur Cain said to the Queen, "They expressed themselves regarding your Majesty in terms which I dare not repeat, as the men do not speak the language of a Court."

"You may dare, Monsieur," said the Queen.

"Well, Madame, this is what they said—'The Queen is really *très chic*!'"

By the King's side stands the Queen, ever busy on behalf of those who serve their country, and calm with the serene faith in God and in the righteousness of our cause.



H.M. THE QUEEN.
Photo by courtesy of British & Foreign Sailors' Society.

THE CURE FOR DOWNHEARTEDNESS.

By the RT. HON. G. W. E. RUSSELL, Author of "Collections and Recollections," &c.

TO-DAY my study is turned into a consulting-room, and I am, for the nonce, a physician. My patient is a young man who, burning to serve his country, was rejected as medically unfit. I do not specify his particular unfitness, but it is absolute. No wonder that he is downhearted.

I feel acutely for, and with, his distress, and perhaps the consolation offered here may help another in like case.

Borrowing a name from Charles Kingsley, I will call my correspondent "Lancelot Smith," for that hero of romance went through similar experiences. Now my first and chiefest word of encouragement to Lancelot Smith and to all who feel with him is precisely the word with which St. Paul encouraged his harassed friends at Corinth. "There hath no trial taken you, except what is *human*"—the very word we want, though diluted in the Authorized Version into "common to man." There is nothing strange, abnormal, or insuperable about our trials: they are well within the scope of our power to fight and to overcome. About the particular trial of which my friend complains, I would say even more. Not only is it human, but it is specially the lot of the higher type of humanity. Brutal, coarse, or frivolous natures do not feel it. The hog and the butterfly know nothing (so far as we can judge) of melancholy. Then, again, it is a passing trouble, a phase of life, very real while it lasts, but transient. The nobler natures, generous and sensitive and conscientious, encounter it, as a rule, just when the dreams of boyhood are merging into the realities of manhood; when the soul is yearning after everything that is high and beautiful and beneficent, and is beginning to chafe against its own limitations and incapacities. It is an experience well worth enduring, and the man who comes through it is ten times the man he was before it crossed his path.

But my friend asks for practical counsels. He has stated his case: what is he to do?

If it were an ordinary case, I should say, "Consult a doctor." The cause of melancholy is often purely physical. A man like Lancelot Smith often works himself into a panic about his health. He has got something wrong with his heart—with his lungs—with his brain; he is eternally comparing notes with his friends about corresponding symptoms, or trying to doctor himself with quack-books and patent medicines. Half an hour in the consulting-room of a conscientious and sensible physician will exorcise these blue devils. Lancelot will learn that "sensations are not symptoms," and one root, at any rate, of his melancholy will be eradicated for ever. In the meanwhile let me assure him that digestible food eaten at reasonable hours, fresh air, and exercise which stops short at fatigue, are ingredients in the spell of cheerfulness. Avoid supper like a pestilence, go to bed early, sleep with windows wide open, get a mouthful of morning air on your way to business; and all life will wear a brighter aspect.

But the case of the particular Lancelot with whom I am dealing differs widely from that of his hypochondriacal brother. A competent doctor has told him that he has got something definite the matter with him; and, though life is in no peril, yet activity is circumscribed, and Lancelot naturally feels melancholy. He wishes to enjoy life, and to feel happy; yet he finds it impossible. Perhaps there is a moral, as well as a physical, cause for his discontent. Some wrong deed, past or habitual; some plain duty left undone; some obstinate disobedience to the call of conscience; some haunting fear of detection and punishment—of these troubles no man who knows life dare speak lightly, for he knows that they have issued, and may issue again, in ruin and despair and self-inflicted death. This column is not a pulpit, and I cannot here speak with the directness which I should if I were ministering in a distinctly religious way to troubled consciences. But the poets are the greatest preachers; so I will adapt the language of the splendid tragedy, and say, with all possible earnestness, that the way of escape is to "cleanse the bosom of that perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart." Secrecy is misery. A trouble shared is a trouble lightened; and a friend, be he brother or comrade, doctor or priest, can lift you out of the "Slough of Despond," if only you will trust him.

The very mention of a friend suggests the prescription of healthy companionship. It is not good, morally or physically, for man to be alone. Comradeship is as vitally necessary as air. It stimulates effort by a kind of unconscious competition; it lets light into dark places of experience or speculation; and it cheers us by the revelation that other people have their troubles as well as we. My trouble, after all, is human, and, if my friend can bear it, I suppose I can do the same. But companionship is a wider word than comradeship; and if, through intimacy with a friend, we come to know his sisters—well, then, life is an idyll in sunshine.

Pending this desirable consummation, Lancelot Smith asks me what books he ought to read. I answer, negatively by ruling out all that is "erotic, neurotic, or tommy-rot-ic"; all the uncanny rubbish of psychology and self-analysis; all brutal animalism and sordid horror: positively by recommending what is wholesome and natural and beautiful and pleasant. Fiction leads the way. Dickens and Scott go hand in hand at the head of the procession; and after them come such writers as Henry and Charles Kingsley, with their genuine zeal for beauty and virtue; and James Payn with his rippling laughter, and Miss Braddon with her entrancing plots and wholesome murders (for murders in fiction may be wholesome or unwholesome, according to the temper of the author). If Lancelot loves poetry, he has at hand an easy cure for melancholy. Shakespeare and Wordsworth, Tennyson and Scott, will lay the most formidable ghosts. "They will co-operate with the benign tendencies in human nature and society, and will, in their degree, be efficacious in making men wiser, better, and happier."

But fiction and poetry, though perhaps the remedies most clearly indicated in Lancelot's case, do not cover the whole field of literature. The essayists and the biographers have their uses. Matthew Arnold is a delightful guide through the tangled paradise of literature. Charles Lamb's elf-like drollery fascinates us into self-forgetfulness. Macaulay's blazing objectiveness is a good antidote to morbid introspection; his "Life," so skilfully told by his nephew, Sir George Trevelyan, stands in the front rank of a peculiarly wholesome sort of literature—the memoirs of men who have lived nobly and toiled earnestly for high ends.

There is yet another remedy for melancholy, and it lies well within Lancelot's reach. I mean self-forgetting effort for the good of others. Lancelot may feel that he has small opportunities, and some moral or physical disqualifications. Let me assure him that no human lot is so circumscribed that it affords no scope for beneficent activity. Home supplies the largest and most obvious opening; and, if our lot lies, for the time, away from home, the world of suffering is all round us wherever we go, and the poor and the sick, the overworked and the underfed, are always with us. There is no more certain antidote to melancholy than the knowledge that day by day we are doing something, though it be the merest trifle, to make life brighter for some human lot, which without us were even more dismal than it is. If the sense of moral or physical disqualification weighs us down, we only have to look back and look round. Epictetus was poor, and a slave, and lame, and yet he taught a moral code which even Christianity has scarcely bettered. Paul's speech and aspect were alike contemptible, and he was nearly blind; but he was the Apostle of the whole Gentile world. And when paganism rejected the proffered light, and put to death with hideous tortures the elect souls who had accepted it, delicate maidens, and boys not out of their teens, faced the lions in the arena "as coolly as a modern bully steps into the ring." All history is full of "the faithful who were not famous," and the growing good of the world is due to the "unnamed demigods" who, by their endurance of martyrdom and persecution, "out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens." Then be of good cheer, brother Lancelot; take those words to heart, and play the man.

A FORGOTTEN EPISODE.

SHORT WAR STORY. By NORAH D. USHER.

I.

STEVE HAMILTON volunteered for the front in that sunny August when the war-cloud first darkened our land. Tall, straight, and strong, his fair hair curling on his forehead, his blue eyes full of youth and hope, his firm, smooth-shaven lips set in the resolution to have a slap at the Germans if it cost him his life, he was a soldier every inch of him. He had been an ardent Territorial, and immediately war broke out his one desire was to be in the thick of it. Only when he thought of Nancy his heart sank, for they were to have been married in September. It was hard to have to postpone the joyful day indefinitely, but his country's call had to be obeyed.

In the soft twilight of a long summer day, 'mid the silence of the woods, he spent his last hour with the girl he loved.

"You must not fret, sweetheart," he said, taking her face between his hands and looking deep into her brown eyes. Though she was a typical North-country lass, healthy and well-grown, he was so tall that she seemed short beside him. A mass of shining hair coiled round her well-set head added to her height. They made a fine couple as they stood together in the dim vista of the wood.

"I shall be too proud and hopeful to fret," she replied, brightly. "I shall keep thinking of the day you'll come back. Oh, Steve, you are sure to have a medal, aren't you? Perhaps you'll even get a Victoria Cross, who knows?"

"Not much chance of that," he answered, as, releasing her face, he put his arm round her, drawing her closer to him. "But it will be enough reward for me to know that I've done my duty and had a go at those wretched Germans."

She nestled to his side and her hand stole into his.

"I don't know how we shall get the harvest in without you. Robert has never taken much interest in the farm."

"Oh, never fear. My mother has got her head screwed on all right. And you're as good as a daughter to her, Nancy. I am so glad that you are to stay with her while I am away. You'll keep mother's spirits up, won't you, dearest?"

She flashed a coy look at him—she was a bit of a flirt was Nancy.

"'Are we down-hearted?'" she asked him, jauntily. Then, pursing her rosy lips with determination, she answered very decidedly, "NO!"

He regarded her fondly.

"You're a real plucky girl," he said. "You're cut out for a soldier's wife and no mistake."

"And you're cut out for a soldier. I don't believe there's another man like you among all the Territorials."

"There are scores and scores a sight better," he replied. But her praise was as music in his ears.

The sun had already set. The evening breeze tuned the whispering woods to deeper harmony. Before eight the next morning he had to leave, and there still remained much for him to do. They turned towards home. Suddenly she clung to his arm with a gust of emotion unusual to her quiet nature. Tears were in her eyes, her voice was husky.

"Steve, when you get to France you'll see other girls prettier than I am. I've heard a lot about the French girls." Then, her hand trembling with mingled excitement and grief, she drew from her pocket a perfectly plain gold ring, and slipped it on his little finger. "Steve, that is my dear, dead mother's wedding ring, but I want you to wear it to remind you of me. Promise me that you'll never think of any other girl but me, Steve. Promise—promise."

Touched to the heart, he clasped her to him, and swore by all he held sacred that for him the world could never hold any other girl but Nancy. So he kissed away her tears. The sunshine returned to her face, and they went home through the shadows full of hope and confidence.

"As if I ever could think of any girl but you!" he repeated again and again. "Haven't you been my sweetheart since we were lad and lass, and aren't you my sweetheart till we are old and grey-headed? I'll never part with the ring as long as I live, and if I die it shall be buried with me. So now for a shot at the Germans."

But Fate had decreed that Stephen Hamilton was not to have the joy of using a German as a target. He never fired the earnestly desired shot. Before reaching the fighting line he was on guard one night at the edge of a wood in which his comrades snatched a brief rest before pressing on to relieve those already in action. It was just such a wood as that where he had wandered with Nancy so short a time before. But as he waited there alone he knew that danger lurked behind every bush, that every hedgerow was a menace, and every creaking twig a danger signal. The moon was full, the open as bright as day, but the sentry stood in the shelter of the wood.

Suddenly, like a bolt from the blue, a bomb fell among the trees close behind him, another and another and yet another. One of the German war-birds, a "Taube," was dropping her fiery eggs upon the tired soldiers. Then from the dry undergrowth came an ominous crackling sound, accompanied by wisps of grey smoke. The wood was on fire. Out of its depths the sleepers arose as one man. Not a moment was lost as they poured from the burning covert. In the mêlée two of them stumbled over the body of the sentry lying face downward. To pause was madness, for rifle shots were now heard at a short distance, and the men, being few in number, could not do otherwise than retreat. But with kindly hands they turned the prostrate form over and raised the pallid face. The head fell forward, the eyes were closed. Unfastening his tunic they felt over his heart, but no movement was perceptible to their touch.

"Poor chap, he's done for!" they exclaimed, with rough pity. "He hasn't even had a look at the enemy. It is cruel hard luck and no mistake."

Then, removing his identity disc, they placed the still form reverently beneath a bush in the field; they dare not stay for more. So they left him. The flare of the burning wood glittered on the metal of his rifle, while the hand that had clutched it gleamed white against the brown earth that formed his resting-place. There, in the early dawn, two prowling German soldiers found him. They were seeking British uniforms in which to play the spy, for the enemy does not hesitate to hide behind British uniforms to further his own vile ends. They stripped Steve Hamilton's body of his outer garments, and, taking his rifle, left him once more to silence and solitude.

II.

Just round the corner of the wood, not many yards from the bush where Stephen's body lay, stood an old farmhouse. The owner was a widow who lived there with her only daughter. She was a prosperous, practical woman, and since her husband's death some years before had managed the farm with the help of a couple of men. There Madame Lenoir and Lucie had lived, remote from the world and its ways, respectable and respected. Devoted to each other and their work, they sought no outside distraction. Alas! they little knew what awaited them!

The last of the bombs dropped by the cruel "Taube" struck the farmhouse, shattering one end of the building and killing the mistress. Fortunately, the flames from the wood did not complete the destruction, the wind blowing the other way. Half-mad with grief and terror, Lucie, a sweet-faced, dark-eyed girl of eighteen, wept beside her mother's body. Rodolphe, the faithful servant, did his best to comfort her, but in vain. So terrible were her cries, so poignant

her anguish, that he feared for her reason. There were no near neighbours to call to her aid, nor, if there had been, would they have dared to come with the enemy close at hand. At last in the morning Rodolphe thought of a way to draw Lucie's thoughts from her grief.

"Mademoiselle Lucie, there is a poor fellow lying under the bush in the field. He must be English by the look of him. I saw him there when the day broke, and he has never moved. Shall I go and see if he lives?"

His plan succeeded. For the first time since the fatal blow Lucie turned from her beloved dead. Going to the window, she looked out, and her woman's heart responded to the call of duty.

"I will go with you, Rodolphe. If he lives we will bring him in. If not, poor fellow, he must be buried. We cannot leave him there."

So the two went together over the dewy grass in the peaceful morning light. Kneeling beside Stephen's still figure, Lucie sought for signs of life. At first she sought in vain; but at length her soft, warm hand, laid upon his heart, felt the faintest, feeblest flutter that ever signalled hope. In the joyful discovery her own grief was momentarily forgotten.

"Rodolphe, *mon ami*, he will live. Come now, let us lift him gently, you and I. Together we will save him, Rodolphe."

So, she taking the feet and Rodolphe the head, they carried the helpless figure to the house. Madame Lenoir had been a nurse before her marriage, and she had trained her daughter well. Lucie was untiring in her ministrations. Stephen bore no outward sign of injury except the mark of a severe blow on his head. This had stunned and paralysed him; but with youth and health asserting themselves, he gradually crept back to life.

Those were strenuous days for Lucie. Her dear mother's funeral had to be arranged for, the farm work had to go on as usual, but the sick man was not neglected. Rodolphe and his wife, who lived in a cottage near, came in to help her. Her mother's cousin from the South of France promised to make her home with her later, but not while the neighbourhood was so disturbed. Meanwhile, Lucie awaited with eager interest the moment when Stephen should speak to her. She had been educated at a convent school, and spoke English well. Strange to say, speech was almost the last faculty to be regained. Alas! when his halting words fell on Lucie's ear, she discovered that the shock he had suffered had left his memory a blank. He could not tell her who or what he was, not even his name.

In the weeks that followed a strange bond of friendship was established between these two. Lucie rechristened him Louis, and as Louis he began a new life by her side. Since the moment when she had felt the flutter of his heart under her ministering hand she had taken him into the solitude of her life. In his utter helplessness he had drawn her away from her mother's grave, into which, but for his need of her, she would fain have cast herself.

And Stephen—at first he fought against Fate in thus blotting out his past. But as time passed, and despite all his inquiries, no clue to his identity could be found, he became reconciled, and it was Lucie's influence that reconciled him. He began, when strong enough, to work on the farm, and so was constantly in her company. Under the spell of her loveliness, her confidence, her adorable womanliness, he ceased to grieve over his lost past.

Things might have continued thus but for the breath of scandal. Neighbours began to ask why Lucie's relative did not appear, and to look askance at Stephen. Though not understanding French, looks and signs were not wasted upon him. So one afternoon, when he and Lucie were alone in the kitchen, he said suddenly:

"Mademoiselle Lucie, to-morrow I must leave you. I have trespassed too long on your kindness. To-morrow I must face the world anew."

She looked at him startled.

"But where will you go? You have no home—no friends——"

"I have them somewhere. I must find them. I am English; I must return to my own land."

"But how? In spite of all your efforts, no one has claimed you, and you have no money. You are still not quite strong. How will you live?"

He could not dispute with her. Not even to speak kindly dare he trust himself, but replied with a self-restraint that seemed harsh:

"No matter how or where—I shall live somehow. I have been here too long. I go to-morrow, Mlle. Lucie."

It was cruel. He knew it was. But he told himself it would have been still more cruel to be kind. Feeling his courage failing, without waiting to see the result of his words, he left the room.

A couple of hours later he returned. Lucie was not to be seen, but Rodolphe and his wife were in the kitchen, and with them a neighbour who spoke some English. They beckoned him in, and the neighbours, at the request of Rodolphe, made an amazing proposition. It was to this effect.

Mademoiselle Leuoin's good name had been compromised by the stranger's presence so long in the house. The neighbours had warned Mademoiselle, but she was headstrong, and no one had a right to control her. Now Mademoiselle had told her friends that Monsieur was going away. In the absence of any relative her friends suggested that Monsieur, who had shown that he was quite able to manage the farm and to guard the owner's interests, should remain altogether and marry Mademoiselle, who was utterly *desolée* and *distraite*. Mademoiselle had a substantial *dot*, the farm was hers. All she wanted was a suitable husband. It was impossible not to recognise that Monsieur was an honourable Englishman. The French and English were allies, brothers, friends—why then hesitate?

Stephen's breath was fairly taken away by this astounding offer.

"You do me too great an honour," he replied. "Heaven alone knows what ties I have in my own land. My memory may return. What then? No, my good friends, believe me, the kindest thing I can do for Mademoiselle is to leave her."

"At least, Monsieur will take time to consider," persisted the Frenchman. "We would remind him that he owes his life to Mademoiselle, and, much as he may regret it, his presence in her house has compromised her good name. As a man of honour, we will ask Monsieur to defer his answer till the morning."

They bowed themselves out accordingly, but hardly had they gone when Lucie entered. Throwing herself at his feet, she implored him not to leave her.

"I am all alone," she cried. "How shall I live without my mother if you go? You, too, are alone. You may not find your friends. Ah, do not leave me! I have brought you back to life, give me the life that I have saved."

Profoundly moved, Stephen stooped and raised the weeping girl. Holding her in his arms as he might have held a child, he strove to calm her. But still the same cry came from her lips:

"I am all alone. I have no one but you. Your very life you owe to me. Do not take it from me."

She leaned on him like a wind-blown flower, her large, luminous eyes brimming with tears, a strand of her dark hair touching his cheek. How lovely she was! How could he find it in his heart to refuse her! Nor did he really desire to do so, for with all the strength of the fresh life that was springing up within him he loved her. So, unwisely but not unwillingly, he yielded.

An early date was fixed for the marriage. The present condition of the country made it advisable for Lucie to have a protector without delay. Meanwhile they exchanged betrothal rings. The plain circlet that Stephen wore on his little finger was transferred to Lucie's small brown hand, while a gold band engraved with the word "Lucie" replaced it. Having taken this step, care was cast to the winds; except when the memory of her mother's death wrung Lucie's heart, the lovers were in Paradise. The girl's piquant, coy, enchanting beauty fired Stephen as Nancy's more solid charm had never done. Her absolute devotion, her utter abnegation of self, her adoring love made him ardently long to make her his own. But once again Fate was to interfere with his matrimonial plans. The tide of war rolled back to the spot from which it had retreated.

One morning Rodolphe came running in, his face white as ashes:

"The Germans are advancing. We must flee, Mademoiselle Lucie."

"Where can we flee? It will only be out of the frying-pan into the fire," said Stephen. "In the open we encounter untold dangers. If we shut up the house and sit tight we may escape."

So they stayed. It would have been better to have fled. The Germans descended upon the farm in search of plunder. Rodolphe and Stephen they promptly knocked on the head and threw out into the yard. Rodolphe's wife they ordered to cook a good supper—the best the farm could afford. Lucie was seized by the officer in charge and borne away into the parlour, frantic with fear. Telling one of his men to stand and watch her, the wretch made an excellent meal and drank freely. He then dismissed his men, and, taking the girl on his knee, turned her face up to his. Struggling violently, she struck him again and again with her clenched fists, but he only laughed with brutal amusement.

"Strike away, *Liebchen*," he exclaimed. "I'll wait till you're tired, and then for every blow I'll have a kiss. I'll take it out of you, my beautiful fury. Your anger doubles your charms."

Suddenly, while tightly holding her on his knee, as he lolled back in his chair avoiding her blows, she caught the glitter of a dagger handle in his vest pocket. Quick as thought she snatched the weapon from its sheath, and with all her strength plunged it into his chest. But her aim was too hurried; glancing aside, it made only a flesh wound, though sufficiently severe to cause a spurt of blood. Maddened by pain and fury, the half-drunken wretch loosed his hold of her and staggered to his feet. The next instant, pulling the dagger from its resting-place, he plunged it into the heart of the fainting girl.

(To be continued.)

FIGHTING IN FRANCE.

I.—"MISSING." *By Senior Subaltern.*

IN many ways one of the most tragic reports which can be issued by the War Office concerning an officer, N.C.O., or man is that he is missing. Only the other day the uncle of a young officer informed me that his nephew was missing, and, having told me the circumstances of the case, asked me if I thought there was any hope of the gallant boy's being still alive. The boy—he was only nineteen—had last been seen leading his men in the great attack at Loos. As I had taken part myself in the attack, I was in a fairly good position to judge whether, after the fortnight which had elapsed, there were the slightest hopes, and I felt it to be my duty to gently explain that, as the Germans were unable to make any of us prisoners on the particular day when the incident happened, I feared he must be dead. With tears in his eyes the uncle thanked me, and stated that the grief at home was terrible, and much accentuated by the uncertainty of the young officer's end.

It is rarely that "missing" means other than "death" when the person becomes missing in the course of a successful capture by us of trenches from the enemy. As the question was put to me the other day as to how people become missing, I thought that some stories relative to this subject dug out of the small mine of my experiences might prove of interest.

The most remarkable case or incident of this nature occurred when I was in trenches to the right of La Bassée Canal. I was at the time in the support trenches. One dark night, between twelve and one, just as I was finishing my round of duty, which consisted of seeing if the sentries and patrols were alert, a hurrying figure bumped into me. I flashed my electric torch upon the person and saw that he was an officer. We talked pleasantly for a few minutes. He explained he was in charge of a working party, and was vainly seeking a certain section—which he named—in the front line. We walked together to the communication trench leading to the part where he desired to go. There we parted. I thought no more of the incident until the next morning, when a company sergeant-major came to us from the regiment in the front firing line to ask if we had seen a strange officer the night before straying about the lines. He told a remarkable story. It appeared that an unknown officer had entered their trenches in the night, found a dug-out in which there was a sergeant and some men, and ordered the sergeant, together with three men, to go with him over the parapet. According to one of the men in the dug-out, the officer had explained that he had to do some reconnoitring work for the brigade, and had got Captain L——'s, naming the company officer, permission to take a sergeant and three men from the company. Neither the officer, sergeant, or men ever returned. The whole affair was wrapped in mystery.

The generally accepted explanation was that the strange officer must have been a German spy, and that his victims had either been killed or captured by the Germans. As to whether the officer whom I had met about the time was one and the same I never heard.

Three weeks went by, and I had almost forgotten the incident, when one of our own officers told me that the lifeless body of the ill-fated sergeant, covered with bayonet wounds, had been found about a hundred yards in front of the trenches. There was no sign of the three soldiers who had gone with him. In my imagination I pictured the whole scene. The sudden surrounding of the adventurous party by Germans: the surrender of all but the sergeant, who refused to go quietly: and his sudden and silent martyrdom to what he nobly considered his duty.

A letter giving an account of this latter incident, based on the above lines, appeared in the Press, I believe. Four days later the brigade headquarters received a note from the sergeant informing them that he was a prisoner in Germany.

Of course, it sometimes happens that patrols who have been sent out in front to reconnoitre never return, and are recorded as missing. However, before they are so recorded it is usual for other parties to go out over the same ground in an endeavour to discover if they are lying dead or wounded in No Man's Land. I myself have, in the course of night work, stumbled over the dead bodies of French, German, and English soldiers between the opposing trenches. For instance, the night before the Loos attack I was well out in front of our own lines with a covering party. As I went up and down the long line of men lying in the grass, I kept coming across dead French soldiers who must have laid in the long grass for weeks.

Naturally, there are a lot of missing after an unsuccessful attack on our part or a successful on the part of the Germans. In both cases either they are missing because of being captured or because they have been wounded or killed at places from which it is impossible to bring them in to our lines.

A very curious incident happened in this respect after an unsuccessful British attack at F——. A certain officer was recorded as missing. Three days after the attack a wounded man in khaki was observed through a powerful telescope to half rise out of a hole midway between our and the German trenches, and wind up his watch. As soon as night fell a party went out and fetched the wounded man in. He turned out to be the officer who had been recorded as missing. For three days he had lain out in a shell-hole, subsisting on the water in his water-bottle and biscuits which he had had with him. I am pleased to say that, in spite of his terrible ordeal, he is now recovered from his wounds.

HOW I ESCAPED FROM HOLLAND.

By a Petty Officer of the Royal Naval Division.

AFTER two weeks of anxious waiting I at last received word from a man in the town of G——, where I was interned, that he had got clothes, &c., for me to attempt an escape. On a Friday afternoon my two chums and I got out of the camp. I will not say how we did it, for obvious reasons. But I will say that we broke no parole; it was a bit of very carefully-thought-out strategy, which succeeded. We all agreed on a rendezvous in the town, and, of course, were there at the appointed time. I met our man, and found he had everything but caps for us, which he procured quite easily. Then he could not get at our clothes, and it became plain to me that he didn't want to come with us at all—a nice state of affairs to be in! We hovered around with this man, not knowing what to do.

The time went pretty quickly, and before we had arranged anything it was four p.m. We had to lie low until six p.m. because the afternoon leave was up at four p.m. and the evening leave didn't start until six p.m. During those two hours the Dutch police were busy on the look-out for men attempting to escape. At five o'clock our man came to me drunk and worthless. I found out that the clothes were under the care of his mother, and she would not part with them. At six p.m. we were free again, and so I went with my two chums and had tea. Returning to the man's house and gaining an entrance I asked for the clothes, and was told that I couldn't have them. So I said, "Very well! If you will not give me the clothes I will fetch the police and accuse you and your son, who is now drunk, of aiding and abetting Englishmen to escape." My bluff acted. She said, "Oh, take them, and go away. They have been a horrible nuisance all the time," and then asked me for money for the clothes. I told her I had paid for them two or three times over. So then she told me she was very poor. So I said, "Your son is rich now, and I am poor. Go to him, and you will be rich." I made the clothes up into three parcels and rejoined my friends. We went to a café which had tables and summer-houses, and went into one of the latter, ordered coffee and a good brand of cigarette. We lit three cigarettes, and the smallest member of our party changed into civilian clothes whilst the other two kept up a good conversation, one smoking two cigarettes. Two people passed us, but it was very dark, being about 9.45 p.m., and nobody saw us at all, even the waiter, who must have guessed that something was amiss. The other two members of the party changed by a hedge, and at ten p.m., when the bugles were sounding "Lights out," we started on our walk of about thirty-five miles to A——.

At eleven p.m., one hour after leaving G——, we came to the village of H——, and, going one mile out of our way, came to a station and inquired for a train for A——, and was told that the last one had gone, and the next one was due at 6.45 a.m. We therefore held a council of war, and I advised walking all night and catching the first train for Rotterdam, from wherever we might happen to land. I was sure it would be A——, because we were under the impression that it was only twenty miles—and so it is by rail; but we were travelling by the main road! We walked and walked and walked, through a large forest, and between fields and dunes, and through two villages, and at six a.m. we spotted A—— in the distance. I bought some biscuits from a shop which was just opening (jolly early!), and went to the principal square in A——, and then dragged the town for the station. What I mean by "dragging the town" is that we walked right across it and then round it, and so, of course, as there are no tunnels, we were bound to find it. I found out the time of our train and bought our tickets and rejoined my two chums, who were in a café outside waiting for me. We caught our train, and after an anxious journey which lasted four hours, during which time the train was searched every time it stopped, we arrived at Rotterdam-Maas. After sculling around Rotterdam all the morning and most of the afternoon we fell in with a sailor, who got us stowed away on a boat for England. We landed at Harwich and were mistaken for German airmen who were supposed to have fallen in the North Sea some hours previously. We eventually rejoined our unit, the Royal Naval Division. Learn from this, then, the wisdom of *nil desperandum*.

ROBERT B. MORISON.

CAPUT MORTUUM.

By MOUNG GEE.

BLACK night and black slime in a sinuous trench, not manned, saved by palpitating heaps that had once been men. Little movement or sound amongst that broken humanity—only a feeble floundering as a soldier sinks into his winding-sheet of mud.

Incongruous is the chuckle of mirth that breaks the grim silence. A raucous voice roars out, "The Corp'ral! The Corp'ral! I'm the Corp'ral that mashes the girls!" A tattered figure rises from the slough on a trembling knee whilst an arm clings to a projecting angle of the earthwork. Red wells a wound in his forehead, and he wipes his eyes free of the trickling stream of red. The dying soldier crawls upward to the nearest dug-out, soliloquising as he drags his broken body through the mire. "Seems as if I got to 'and in me checks this journey. Where 's the bloomin' chaplain?"

He peers around, and, reaching down, pulls at a hand which is all of the chaplain that remains above the mud. "So you can't 'elp, ole sport. You were starting to fix me up when that shot sent you there first. So I got to put through the job all on me lonesome. Been to enuff Church Parades in me time, but used to sleep through most of it. I reckoned to write the missus while the chaplain preached, and got the reppertation of reportin' 'is sermons. Fact is, Church never been in my line, leastways Church didn't come inter line with a bloke like me."

Feebly his head falls back against the dank earth, and his eyes stare into the encircling blackness. "Blimey! I did go into a sort of church las' year—Soldiers' Rest, they called it; but all I can rek'lect is: 'The Corp'ral! The Corp'ral! I'm the Corp'ral that mashes the girls!' It was sung by a girl dressed like a N.C.O. I went into that church affair 'coz I was a bit soft that night—wanted to get off the booze. Thought it was their business to put a chap on the straight. But 'twas just like one of the 'alls, only not so well done. S'pose the folks there thought I wanted to be amused, an' that I 'adn't got what a Salvation bloke in our Company calls a soul. Wish now that I 'ad let 'im jaw when 'e wanted to; 'e offen got took like it, but I always damned 'im off. . . . Cawfee an' cigarettes aren't much good now. . . . Wish I could fire off a prayer or something. . . . 'The Corp'ral! The Corp'ral! I'm the Corp'—Corp—Corpse! . . . ahaaaha! . . . ah! . . . aaahaaaah . . . The Corpse!"

The death-rattle in his throat interrupted the only "prayer" the Church had taught him.

. . . .

A sound of booming cannon away over the low hills in the distance; in the foreground, curious little huddled heaps, with only the glint of steel to tell that these inert bundles had once been men. The charge had been a glorious victory for the British arms, but here lay the aftermath.

A downy-lipped boy gazed into the starlit sky, helpless, listening to the drip! drip!! drip!!! of his life-blood flowing from him. He commenced talking, as dying men will do, for company's sake. "Guess I've been a thoughtless young devil; billiard saloons or hotel bars more in my line than religion. Mighty glad I sighted that Soldiers' Club in that English one-eyed hole we were billeted in last winter; the place was run as a sort of counter-blast to the pubs, but these religious concerns don't push their goods like the saloon-keeper does. Oh, my God!"

The young Colonial writhed in agony, and the ejaculation was a prayer rather than an oath. He lay still when the agony had passed, and the drip! drip!! drip!!! grew more insistent, ticking out the last seconds of his life. His thoughts were evidently in the same channel, for, in a thin, far-away voice, he continued: "The last turn was rather a weak wind-up to the whole affair. The parson hadn't turned up, and no one seemed to know how to handle the goods they were so keen on, till a girl got up and gave out a hymn. I never heard the tune before, but I put all my money on her for her pluck, and I let go my voice for all it was worth. She went on with a sort of sermon, which showed she had prognosticated this picnic."

The dying youngster wearily moved the arm that remained unpinned, and his outstretched hand brushed what had once been the handsomest face in the regiment. He lay silent for some minutes, and then, in a guttering flicker of life he went on: "That girl blushed a good one at the start of her sermon, but she fairly got into her stride, gave it to us right between the eyes; then told us of Someone she knew, not Someone she had read about—Someone she *knew*—a Comrade, a White Comrade—The White Comrade, One Who had come to an earthly shack, taken His tucker like an ordinary man, and been right through the mill—a real Pardner, Who's with a man till he kicks out like I'm doing now. . . . White Comrade. . . . Oh, my God! It's a devil of a pain, but I guess . . . I'm seeing The White Comrade . . . Say, pard, are you Him? . . . Afraid I've no introduction. . . . Guess you might know my mother. Came on to Your Place last fall, bit sharp-spoken, but real gold in the heart of her. . . . Thanks. . . . You're a real Pal. . . . Lift my head a shade higher. . . . She said something about . . . underneath . . . everlasting arms. . . . She hit it. . . . White Comrade."

The eyes closed like those of a babe being hushed to sleep, and the face of the dead nineteen-year-old grew as joyous as that of a happy boy of twelve.

THE OLD OLD ARMY AND THE NEW.

Major-General S. S. Long, C.B., Director of Supplies and Transports, at Osterley Park.

HAVE you ever lived in one room of a house while the rest were being built? If so, you will know how great is the joy of seeing the backs of the builders, and at last settling down in comfort to the full luxury of the new abode. At Osterley Park last December Mr. Le Ruez and his helpers had the experience of finding their canvas home blown down about their ears in a storm. They found hospitality in one of the military huts for a few weeks, and then plans for a splendid hut of the very latest design—quiet room and all—were prepared. The quiet room was begun first, and then work was carried on in this small but cosy part of the new "palace" until, on Monday last, the remainder was at last ready. Even now an additional twenty feet of the main hut must be erected when the old cookhouse has been removed, but there was little evidence of anything unfinished on Monday afternoon. The bleakness of an exceptionally raw February afternoon only emphasised the comfort of the warm brown dado and curtains of the big hut, and (glory of glories!) the open but safe fire in the quiet room. The walls were beautified with well-chosen pictures. The ladies lent an additional touch of colour and artistic effect to the scene within by their adoption of a particularly handsome, though very serviceable, uniform, consisting of a purple overall with a dainty white collar. There was a fine attendance of officers, men, and their friends. Altogether you felt that the Osterley Park folk found this a day well worth waiting for.

Colonel A. H. Martin (O. C. Depot, A.S.C.M.T.) presided, and after hymn and prayer made a cheery little speech of the kind that explains his popularity with both soldiers and Y.M.C.A. workers. He told how last summer they came to a beautiful park, in the far corner of which was a Y.M.C.A. tent, always crowded, even in those days of glorious weather. But then came on "a nasty wet autumn." What the men would have done without the tent then, the colonel declared he did not know. "It was a godsend!" That is a phrase which, on the lips of commanding officers, has become so familiar that it is to us now not commonplace but striking. Like the famous old Fathers of the Church, we must needs believe that what is held "always, everywhere, and by everybody" is a foundation truth.

Colonel Martin went on to say that when first the Y.M.C.A. appeared it seemed like a rival to the canteen, was treated on the same basis, and paid the same percentage. He soon found the true value of our work, however, and was so anxious to have a really good hut that he decided that the 7½ per cent. profits which went to him for his regimental fund should go back to the fund for a hut. "The result of that you see," he remarked; "no one could wish for a better hut. It has only one fault; it is four times too small!" Paying a tribute of appreciation to Mr. Le Ruez and the staff of ladies, he said that to see some of those ladies trudging through the mud all through the winter, always smiling, was to realise how great a work they were doing. Incidentally, he said he didn't know quite why the Y.M.C.A. attracted the men so strongly; but he thought it was because, without ramming religion down a man's throat, whatever his creed, they always made him welcome.

Major-General S. S. Long, C.B., as Director of Supplies and Transport at the War Office, carries the immense burden of looking after the whole British Army in these matters, and the colonel, when introducing him, rightly emphasised the honour he had done that gathering in sparing time to come specially from Whitehall.

The general's very breezy and soldierlike speech was full of reminiscence. He said that when invited to come he felt very flattered, but explained that he was only a simple soldier, and that the function would be better fulfilled by "one of those windbaggy gentlemen who are always ready with their oratory in the neighbourhood of Westminster, but don't help us very much to get on with the war!" Referring to his recollections of Army life, he remarked that he was born practically in barracks, and knew the old, old Army, with its hard, brutal discipline, which seems so difficult to understand. He remembered listening, as a child, to discussions as to whether flogging should be abolished or not. As a young officer, he saw the same brutal system of punishment in force. But we must remember that it pervaded the nation as well as the Army. In those days you might go to the orderly room in the morning and find 150 or 200 men out of 1,000 paraded for punishment as "drunks." But if the Army was drunken, the nation was more so. Whatever the character of a nation, declared the general, its Army is always a little better! Even in the case of the appalling nation we are now fighting, he said, whatever the crimes of its soldiers, its civilian population must be worse, or they never would have had such an army!

In those old days the soldier had no place to go to save the barrack room, dreary, and lighted by a single yellow gas flare or a tallow dip—or else the canteen, a miserable little narrow place, with nowhere to sit down, every inducement to get drunk, and none to keep sober. But they made progress. The Army Temperance Association was founded, and he had the honour, as he counted it now, of being the first president of the Regimental A.T.A. He had no choice, for he found himself in Orders one morning: "Lieutenant Long will be president of the Regimental A.T.A."! However, they worked at it, and before he left 250 men out of the 1,000 were members, which was something. Then there were various "Soldiers' Homes"—and he besought everybody to use some such term as "Soldiers' Club," not the other. Then they got a Government to give them the regimental institutes such as they had to-day—not all they would like, but still a great advance. The general indulged in a mild dig at the civil side of the War Office, declaring that the Army did not make more advance in social welfare because the soldier did not rule his own house; the economies of the civil side, he avowed, hindered the progressive ideas of the soldiers!

One of the best examples set by any body of people in the matter of looking after the soldier, said General Long, was set by the Y.M.C.A. when it stepped in to care for the welfare of the splendid citizen army that we had raised, and gave the men somewhere to spend their evenings in peace and quiet—in decency. He was sure that he voiced the whole Army when he said that they were under an enormous debt of gratitude to the Y.M.C.A. for the work it had done.

After Mr. Yapp had addressed the meeting, and Lord Haddo had proposed a vote of thanks to those who had taken part, a delightful group of white-clad children presented to Mrs. Martin, for the hut fund, purses each containing a guinea which he or she had obtained. It was a charming little procession—with the little boy who curtsied, the little girl who bowed, and the wee fairy of few summers who almost lost herself on a platform that must have seemed to her so vast. Last of all came little Miss Vera Green, daughter of the district secretary (to whose energy, together with that of the leader, the successful erection of so fine a hut is very largely due), bearing a bouquet for Mrs. Martin.

So we came to the singing of "God Save the King," feeling that it was a happy beginning of a new period of service.

DOINGS IN THE DISTRICT OF DIEPPE.

Some Staff Changes.

FOR more than twelve months the headquarters staff at Dieppe has practically remained unchanged, but the greater claims of the front, and the long-standing promises of "promotion" for loyal service, have made it necessary to sacrifice some of the original workers. Mr. H. A. Down, the popular leader of the Canadian hut, and Mr. Edgar Dudley, of the headquarters staff, have recently been transferred to more needy centres in the area of the Third Army. On the last Sunday in January Mr. Wilfred Newbery, the "second in command" of the Dieppe centre, took leave of the garrison, and, speaking to a large audience in the central hut, was the recipient of two presentations from the men amongst whom he has so successfully worked for over a year. He has been succeeded in his duties as financial secretary by Mr. Frank Hunt, of Henley.

The Rev. Henry Todd, Rector of Bessbrook, Ireland, has just completed three months' valuable service at the Canadian hut, where his contact with the men has been one of the happiest and most intellectual features of the year's work.

Mr. F. E. Denton, who has for more than a year undertaken valuable hut work at Bedford and Luton, has joined the Dieppe staff, and is the temporary leader in charge of the central hut. One of the most interesting of modern features at this hut has been the accommodation of some fifteen warrant officers of the Indian Cavalry Corps each night on their way after "leave" from England to ——. Belgian workmen, too, have been likewise entertained, on one occasion supper, "bed," and breakfast being gratuitously supplied to nearly seventy.

Dieppe is singularly happy in its lady workers, whose work and presence forms indeed an indispensable factor of the "plant." Miss Lilias Playfair, who has so ably carried out the duties of lady superintendent ever since the lamented departure of Mrs. Ernest Waggett, has "proceeded on leave" to England for a few months, and has been succeeded by her sister, Miss Audrey Playfair. Much valuable help is regularly given by a contingent of local lady helpers, who have naturally and indispensably been grafted into the Association's life and activities.

The hut at Sauval, the busiest and largest in the centre, reluctantly bade farewell to the Rev. W. H. Tame, whose transference to the leadership at Le Tréport took place recently, but welcomed as its new chief the Rev. N. Richards, whose winning personality has quickly worked its way into the hearts of his new flock.

One of the most recent arrivals is Mr. Herbert Roberts, of Lampeter College, Wales, who is successfully filling the gap created by the removal of Mr. Down.

R. C.

AN OASIS.

THAT is how it struck me. We had wandered through some very sordid streets, and seen some revolting sights. Prostitution unabashed, and stalwart manhood fallen incredibly low—these are the "sights" which every newcomer is taken to see.

And near by these dark and evil-smelling haunts are some beautiful gardens; here, also, until lately vice had entrenched itself in insidious forms, and, in a pessimistic mood, one might fancy the whole city "lying in the Evil One."

But God does not leave any city wholly in the hands of the enemy, and one has only to look for them to find scattered here and there strongholds where His Church has established herself.

One such is in these very gardens. Here one may see the Gospel in action, compelling sin to retire, attracting the sinner away from darkness and misery to light and comfort and genial fellowship.

I remembered a theatre in Rouen—once infamous and lately converted into a Y.M.C.A. Institute, and a remark of General Baden-Powell's: "Where the boil is you need the poultice!"

Full of life and light and love are these gardens, where once lust and death and darkness had their habitation. Here a regiment of British troops once lay foully done to death; here, now, is the life-giving work of one of the best Association institutes I have seen.

It is crowded every night with men—chiefly men of our overseas contingents—writing under the trees, or skating on the fine rink, or watching good cinema entertainment, or some athletic contest. And religious meetings are not less eagerly welcomed—more so, I fancy, if men's inner hearts could be revealed; and some very powerful talks on purity and upon the power of Christ to keep men pure have been given.

Government servants and missionaries, too, have lectured on Ancient Egypt, on Persia, and on kindred topics, and parties of men are being taken to the Pyramids and to the Museum—a wonderful treasure-house of the best Egyptian art.

Such programmes as that printed below are arranged each week, and letters written by the thousand. It is a fine piece of work, and the impression of efficiency and industry and of a sanctified imagination always devising some good thing for the welfare of men's soul and body was irresistible. The Association in Egypt deserves a good deal more help from our supporters at home, and has a dozen centres, which in a few weeks should be doubled.

In camp and barrack, in hospital and in the midst of the teeming city, it is seeking to show men the attractiveness and sanity of the Christ-like life, and it can only succeed to the full if it is backed by the prayers of the Church and given ampler means of cultivating these oases which are springing up in the desert wherever the Water of Life is allowed to flow.

K. J. S.

Y.M.C.A.

Programme of Week's Events at the Soldiers' Recreation Club, Esbekia Gardens.

December 27 to January 2.

Monday.—Bible study group meets at 7 o'clock. All interested are cordially invited. Programme of pictures from 6.30 p.m. Skating for beginners. No hockey allowed after 6.30.

Tuesday.—Rink hockey and pictures. There will also be a quoits tournament with a trophy for the winner. Choir practice at 6.30 p.m. All interested are heartily invited.

Wednesday.—At 6.30 p.m. the final five-a-side hockey match between the Anzacs and Quin's Post will be played off. At 7.15 p.m. the heavy-weight boxing championship will take place. Entries are invited.

Thursday.—At 7 o'clock there will be a lecture by Dr. Hume, of the Government Geological Survey. This will be a most interesting lecture—well worth hearing. All skating must stop between 7 and 8 p.m.

Friday.—Grand skating concert; music supplied by one of the military bands. Pictures during the interval.

Saturday.—Skating in afternoon. At 5.30 p.m. a series of athletic events on skates will take place. This will be followed by a first-class concert.

Sunday.—Arrangements have been made for a reunion of members of the New Zealand Presbyterian Young Men's Bible Class Union at 3.30 p.m. on this day. All members of this union are heartily invited. Tea provided. At 6.30 there will be a programme of pictures, and at 7.15 the usual song service. Dr. Zwemer will give his concluding address on "The Four-square Life."

Notices.

By special arrangement films can be developed through the club, at very low rates.

The refreshments at the club are now under the supervision of ladies. Everything sold is of the very best and absolutely clean. Trust the ladies to make this a tip-top place.



Your Best Pal when Marching

is a bar of the world-famous **Wrigley's SPEARMINT Chewing Gum.** A wonderful help on the march—keeps you fresh and fit—saves thirst—stimulates and prevents fatigue. Every veteran in the Army swears by

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM

the "extra ration" of the soldier in the field. Besides, the delicious fresh mint flavour is so enjoyable. It captures your fancy at first time of tasting. Buy Wrigley's **to-day**—you will always want it in your Knapsack when you realise how good it is.

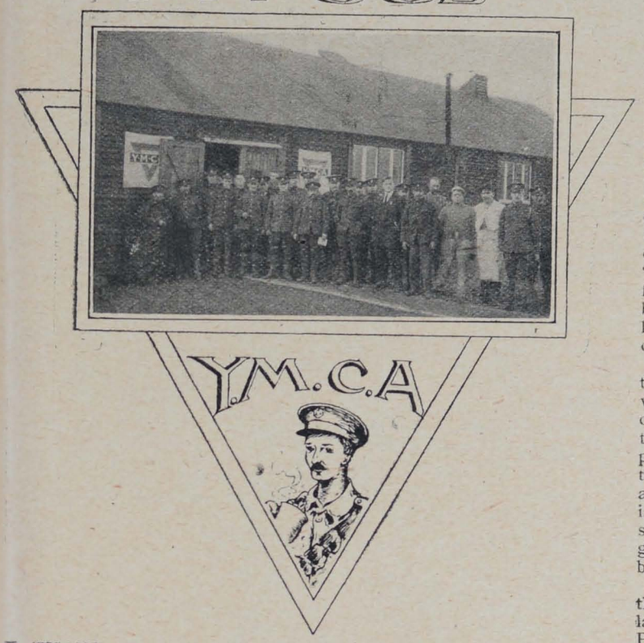
5 bars 2½d.—40 bars 1/6

Sold by all Confectioners, Chemists and Stores, and all Branches of Boots, Cash Chemists.

WRIGLEY'S LTD., 8, Lambeth Palace Road

On Sale at all Y.M.C.A. Refreshment Depots.

MY JOB



I THANK God for every remembrance of "My Job." It's a place that many another could fill, and probably far more satisfactorily than I, but I love it just because it's "MY job."

There's so much to say about it that it's difficult to know where to begin, but, like the "preachers" say, it seems to fall naturally under three definite "heads." So here goes.

First—"The Fun of It."

Yes, there *is* fun in it. You always expect to find fun where throbbing youth and manhood is, and I've never laughed so heartily in my life before as I have since I began "my job."

There's fun *at the counter* in interpreting the different dialects from every corner of the British Isles.

One asked a lady-worker for "So-o-oup" (soap), and she told him we didn't serve it here. She thought he meant "soup."

Another asked for "Kow-la" (Kyola), and the worker went for a glass of cow's milk.

Another asked for a "Bencil" (he had a cold). The worker, thinking he meant "Benzol," asked him if he wanted it for cleaning purposes.

There's fun at the *concerts*.

One evening the soloist was bending over the accompanist to give information about the song, and seemed to be making too much of a delay, when a voice chimed in: "If you're *going* to kiss her—DO IT!"

Another lady was giving a very dramatic recital of how she thought she would act when her husband, who was delayed somewhere, arrived, and was crying out with intense spirit, "Oh! *what* shall I do?"—when a voice helped her out with an equally intense feeling: "Hit him with the poker, ma'am!"

There's fun in the *games*.

We were having a candle-blowing contest, and one competitor "brought the hut down" by putting his nose in the flame.

Another was led all round the hut, blowing like mad, by one of the lads holding an electric-torch in front of his "blindfolded eyes."

There's fun on *stormy nights*, especially if you're in a marquee.

I remember well "sleeping" with the water tearing through the roof and on to and under my bed, and having to get up twice in the night to hold the roof on—the only piece of "string" I could find to secure it being a "shoe-lace" from an old pair of boots.

There's fun at the *guardroom*. I was passing out one day, when the head of a prisoner was put through the bars, and in an agonised voice he said, "Hi! Billie, give us a Woodbine!"

There's fun in the *mud*. One lad told me that Park Royal was "the last place God made—and He hadn't enough stuff to finish it."

Second—"The Sadness of It."

Yes, there is sadness in it, too. Not only in the terrible injuries that many a poor fellow receives when about his duties with the mules and with the motor-transport, but in many other forms. As a man said to me the other day, there are temptations, even in the Army, to try to dodge your job, to be a "slacker."

There's sadness outside the camp, too. The "hounds of hell" are there ready to pounce on the lad, fresh from the tender yet firm training of his home life, and the same lad who told me that in some, army life is creating laziness, also said that before one knows it, one is in the stream of evil and carried away.

There is sadness inside camp life in the great gulf that in many a case seems to be fixed between those in official position and the things that would make for the higher interests of the men. Many do not seem to understand that "in the Army, as well as in all other spheres of life, it's the soul that counts." It was an Australian poet who said:—

"Not understood. We move along asunder,
Our paths grow wider as the seasons creep
Along the years; we marvel and we wonder
Why life is life, and then we fall asleep—
Not understood.

"Not understood. How many breasts are aching
For lack of sympathy. Oh, day by day,
How many cheerless, lonely hearts are breaking,
How many noble spirits pass away,
Not understood.

"O God! that we should see a little clearer,
Or judge less harshly where they cannot see!
O God! that men would draw a little nearer
To one another! Then they'd be nearer Thee,
And understood."

Third—"The Joy of It."

Yes, thank God, besides fun and sadness, there is also much joy in it.

There is joy in hearing the men sing the songs of home. The old songs that set the heart burning and the feet stirring. But it is grander far to hear the songs of grace. I know nothing more inspiring than to hear, "When the roll is called up yonder—I'll be there," sung as only men can sing it, and "Lead, kindly light" has lifted many a man nearer to God.

There is joy in catching the spirit of the men. I spoke to one, a motor transport worker, who came in one morning for a cup of coffee, and noticing his freshly bandaged hand asked him the reason for this. I found that he had crushed his hand that morning and the doctor had told him that it was extremely probable that he would have to amputate his finger. Yet, with a glorious smile, as he took another puff at his Woodbine, he said, "These things are only sent to try us."

Another day a lad came and seated himself just by where I was writing. I noticed nothing wrong with him at first, and was startled to find that he had rolled over and was moaning with pain. It didn't take me long to assist him into my hut, where his story was told as he lay on my couch.

He had been to the front, had spent weeks in the water in the trenches. Had been "gassed," and was a wreck through rheumatism in every limb, and quite deaf. One brother had been killed and one was still out there.

He had come into our marquee to wait for an escort to take him to Woolwich Hospital. He was unable to take solid food, so





THE COUNTER.



THE CROWD.

I mixed him a strong Horlick's milk, and told him to lie quiet while I watched for the escort.

It came at last. It was agony for him to raise himself from the couch. The perspiration stood out in beads on his forehead. He wouldn't even allow me to carry his heavy coat for him, and although every movement meant racking pain for every limb, I saw him step out with his teeth firmly clenched on his lip. There were tears in my eyes as I returned to my work—tears of joy that I had seen such simple heroism.

I know another who, at Christmas-time, had drawn leave for home. His mother was expecting him in the North Country. But he had a married mate who had drawn no leave, and the wife and three children at home were expecting him, too. The sacrifice was made. The one who had drawn leave gave it to his mate, and took his place in the camp for Christmas.

It is pleasant to know, though, that the one who had made the sacrifice was one of the only two fortunate people to draw leave when New Year came along. It was good to hear him say that he thought it was a "return" for what he had done at Christmas-time.

I met another who was trained and accepted for the Primitive Methodist ministry, but who for some reason or other ran away from home to Liverpool. On Liverpool docks, one night, he saw three outcast children asleep. The sight brought back to him that which he had learnt long ago—"Our Father, which art in heaven"—and it led him to question: "If there *is* a God, why *that?*" He became an atheist, and gave way to drink and folly.

Yet "he came to himself." It was through the reading of these lines in some article picked up in an haphazard way—

"Learn to make the most of life,
Lose no happy day.
Time will never bring thee back
Chances swept away.
Leave no tender word unsaid,
Love while love shall last:
The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

There is joy in meeting these men in these experiences.

If you could have seen the letter I saw—eight Y.M.C.A. stationery pages, written back and front—which one fellow sent to his wife, telling her how he enjoyed our New Year's party, you would know what joy means. Some have said they never had such times in their life. Yes, there *is* joy in it. An early letter to me from Mr. Soothill said: "There is no greater possibility before any man in England to-day than there is before the leader of a Y.M.C.A. hut." I *know* that's true.

But if there is no greater possibility, there is also no greater *responsibility*. Here are these men—ours is the final chance of putting them in touch with the highest things before they go out to face hell and death; and in the commonplace social service of our hut-life many a lad is finding out that God cannot do without man, and neither can man do without God.

Walking up the camp, late one night, I saw a light approaching. It was a lamp being carried by a soldier. I don't know who it was—I couldn't see his face, for the light was full in mine. Yet as he passed he simply said, "God bless you, sir!" For me the place was lighted up with glory.

Parents, brothers, sisters, sweethearts, friends, thank God that there is a place in the camps to-day where the tender memories of home can be revived!

"Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore.
Touched by a loving hand, wakened by kindness,
Chords that are broken will vibrate once more."

You may often wonder where your lad is. But if he's in the Y.M.C.A. hut, he's all right.

It's not the cheers of the men or hearing them sing "For he's a jolly good fellow"; it's the personal touch of life with life that makes me love "my job."

WILL SURMAN.

INQUIRIES ABOUT MISSING SOLDIERS

PTE. H. BAKER,
10530, 2nd Buffs, B.E.F. Last heard of in April or May, 1915.
Inquirer: Mrs. Earl,
Bearsted Spot,
Bearsted, Kent.

LANCE-CORPORAL ROBERT BLACKSTOCK,
No. 16153, A Co., 7th Batt., R.S.F. Missing at the Battle of Loos, September 25-26. Was seen to fall wounded, and was reported as wounded and missing.
Inquirer: Mrs. Blackstock,
8, Glenfinlas-street,
Helensburgh.

We regret to hear of the death of Dr. T. Hammond Williams, of Oswestry, a son-in-law of the late Mr. W. Hind Smith, who was at one time the general secretary to the Y.M.C.A. We offer our sincere condolence to Mrs. Williams and her family.

TO THE MANAGER,

Y.M.C.A., Immingham Branch.

An Appreciation from the Ship's Company of H.M.S. "Moy."

HAVE you seen the black destroyers
racing through the stinging spray?
Have you seen them cleave the waters at the misty break of day?
Have you seen them tossing, driving,
Pitching, heaving, rolling, diving?
Well, they keep the flag a-flying while at home the women pray.

Have you seen them racing homewards when the ocean patrol's done?
Have you seen them making harbour, there beneath the setting sun?
Have you seen them slipping, sliding,
Seen them safe at anchor riding?
Well, they keep the flag a-flying, tho' it often weighs a ton.

Have you seen the polly laddies when they come ashore in "blues,"
With a polish on their faces and another on their shoes?
You've admired them in the harbour,
When they've visited the barber.
But they keep the flag a-flying, those destroyers crews.

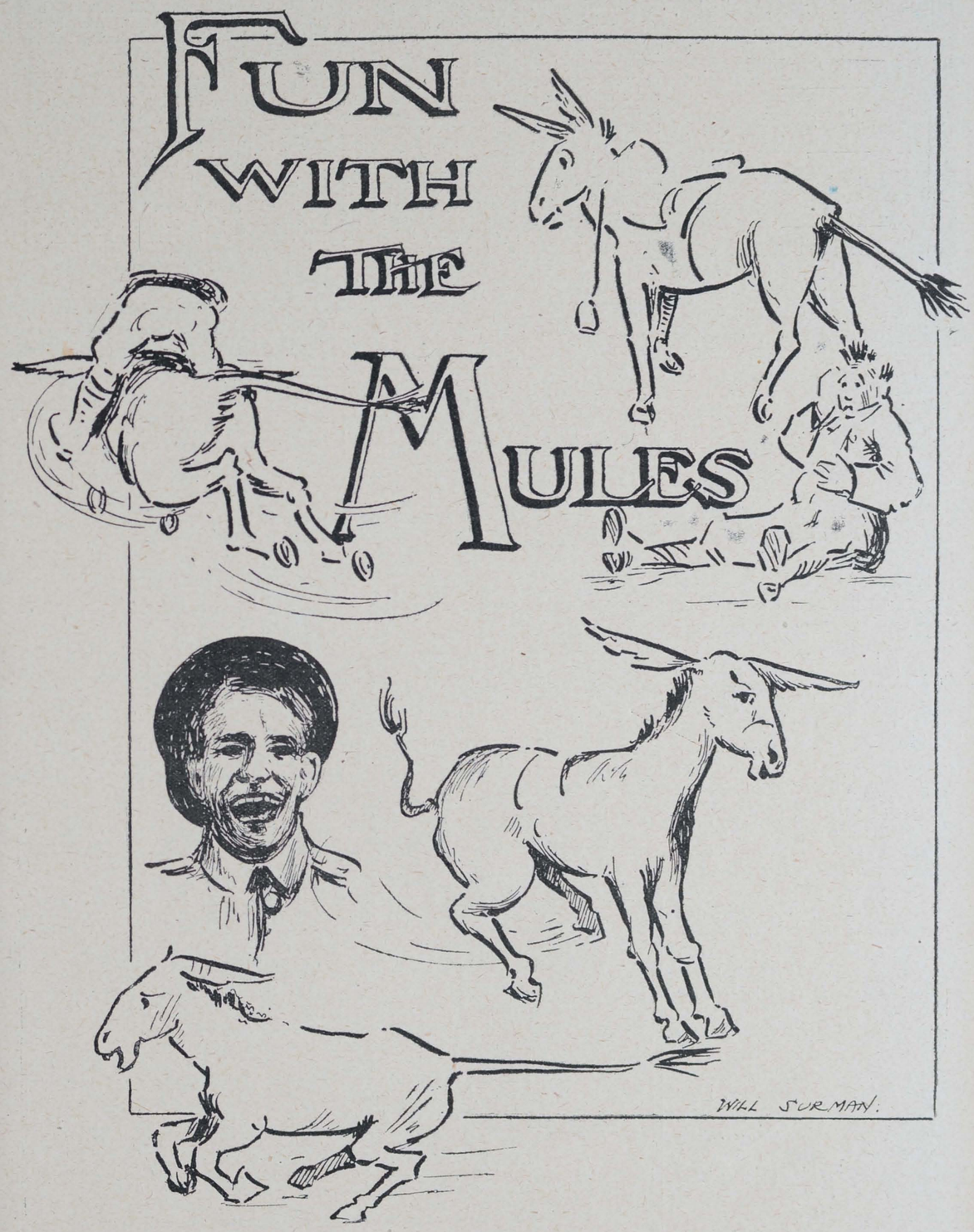
Have you asked yourself a question—why they look so gay and free?
Though they domicile a hell-house when they're out upon the sea?
Wondered why they look so breezy,
Look so cheerful, free and easy—
Well, I guess you'll find an answer in the Y.M.C.—.

There you'll find them playing billiards, or maybe bagatelle;
There's a "Hearty welcome, stranger!" about the place as well.
Though they come from near or far,
There's a rest for "Tom" and "Tar."
And they keep the joy-flag flying, and they keep it flying well.

There's a "something else" about the place—a "Hail, old son, well met!"
And "Make yourself at home, old chap; no need to leave us yet."
And the boss is—well, a "ripper,"
A hearty, bluff old skipper—
A better chap to fill his place the Y.M.CAnnot get!

Just another word in passing, in this little ode of mine:
Here's a health to all and sundry, just for auld lang syne.
And a drop of tea I'm drinking,
To the Y.M.C. I'm thinking,
For they keep the flag a-flying in the laughter line.

A. S. SMALL.



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 and Colonial Union:
HOWARD WILLIAMS.

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THE EDITORIAL OFFICES of "Y.M." are at the CENTRAL Y.M.C.A., TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, 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.

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.

WHEN IT RAINS AT SHOREHAM.

THERE exists about midway between Brighton and Worthing a small seaside resort known to people who make ordnance maps as Shoreham-by-Sea. To some thousands of others it is better known as "Shoreham-on-the-Mud." Nor is the ruder name the more unsuitable, for whilst it frequently happens that many days may pass wherein these hut-dwellers never see the sea, it seldom happens that they do not see mud! Sometimes it is clayey mud, sometimes thick mud, sometimes pea-soupy mud; but no matter what the variety or quality of any particular day's serving up may be, you may be sure that up in the camp of the 5th Reserve Infantry Brigade at Shoreham there is always mud—mud—and yet more mud! And of all muddy spots in a muddy camp, that in which No. 2 Hut of the Y.M.C.A. is situate is the muddiest. Well for the hut and its frequenters that its designer planned it to rest upon piles like a pier! For when it rains at Shoreham (and when does it not?) there runs beneath the hut in question a river sometimes not less than a foot to a foot-and-a-half in depth. Such is the penalty paid for putting your hut at the bottom of a valley. But although the boys of Shoreham Camp might very well find excuse for despondency, in the depressing atmosphere caused by mud which simply won't dry up, there is little of that despondency apparent in the light and warmth of the inside of No. 2. For there is all the warmth not merely of constantly replenished fires, but also that of cheery comradeship and hearty goodwill. So far as the majority of the workers are concerned, these are a band of willing lady workers organised by Mrs. Frank Roberts, of Worthing (a town which holds many friends of No. 2 Hut). Of course, the work as a whole is like that carried on in every one of the home camps, and yet it has (as every Y.M.C.A. hut has) certain distinctive features of its own. Perhaps the most notable of these is the way in which the men are responding to the movement originated by the National Council for bringing educational facilities to camp in the shape of scientific, literary, and other lectures by eminent lecturers. Shoreham No. 2 has been fortunate enough to secure as its own a very powerful arc lantern (generously presented by Mr. J. L. Bevir, M.A., of Wellington College), and this is being utilised to the fullest extent. Already there have visited the hut the following lecturers, with the subjects indicated:—

Mr. J. W. Dodgson, Reading University College.
"The History of High Explosives."
Professor John Cox (London University).
"Japan."
Mr. J. L. Bevir, M.A. (Wellington College).
"Three Weeks in the Sahara."
Dr A. H. Fison (Gilchrist Educational Trust).
"The Birth of a Star."
Rev. J. Alston Campbell (of London).
"Through the Land of the Red Hat."

Nor is the arc lantern, before referred to, useful only for educational lectures. It helps also to brighten up Sunday evenings in camp. The Gospel lantern services (copied without apology from those run for so many years by Mr. H. M. Bradshaw, the general secretary of the Bournemouth Association) have already become a popular feature of camp life here, and the fact that Christlikeness and manliness are synonymous terms is ably illustrated by song and picture in such topics as "Wanted, a Leader," "Fight the Good Fight," "Saints in Cæsar's Household," and the like. A good spiritual tone was imparted to the work here by the late leader (Mr. R. L. Chaplin), and the attendance and enthusiasm at the week-night sacred "Sing-song," as well as at the Sunday lantern service, suggests that that tone is being maintained.

Like other men in khaki (and out of it, too), the boys at Shoreham don't expect a Y.M.C.A. to be either all religious meetings or all university classes. They expect some fun and brightness as well. And once again No. 2 meet their need. Every Monday nearly for months past, Miss Onslow, of Hove, has brought a concert party in cheery songs, catchy choruses, and good instrumental music. The *personnel* of this party varies from week to week, but it's always good, as the lads know and appreciate.

It need only be said that Huts Nos. 1 and 3 are equally well served.

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MALTED MILK
The Ideal Food-Drink

Horlick's Malted Milk has built up and increased the capabilities of a great number of leading athletes, and its use will also increase your strength and vitality in the same manner. It is pure, full-cream milk and 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 water only.

Served in Y.M.C.A. Refreshment Rooms & Tents

Also available in the form of delicious food tablets to be dissolved in the mouth. Relieve hunger and thirst and prevent fatigue. Supply sufficient nourishment to sustain for hours. Used very largely by men on Active Service.

Of all Chemists and Stores in Glass Bottles, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 11s.; the tablets also in convenient Pocket Flasks, price 6d. and 1s. each.

Liberal Sample of either Powder or Tablets sent post free for 3d. in stamps.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS.



H. G.

"We fought at Acre—and you were not there."

IT is, after all, but a short time that we have been at war, judged either by the length of a man's life or by the number of years over which the great campaigns of history have extended. Yet we are already beginning to wonder what it feels like to live in a peaceful world, and how it will seem to us after the war, when we are no longer subject to continual "alarums and excursions." This, at any rate, is true, that the man of the next decade, who has had no personal share in the great experiences of these galloping times, will find himself almost totally out of touch with the rest of his world.

***

BY this we do not mean that the man who has not worn khaki will be, or ought to be, ostracised by his neighbours, provided that he is clear of all suspicion that he shirked his responsibilities as a man and a citizen. The point is simply a psychological one. Four or five millions of our men—perhaps more than half of our male population—will have faced death, endured discipline, and hardship, and in doing so discovered a deep and lasting fellowship, which cannot even be understood by those who have spent these two or three years aloof from all adventure and untouched by the demand for sacrifice.

***

THERE are many men who, after the war, will have to say: "We were not there"; men who would give all they have for the youth or the health that would enable them to join the fighting forces. They wonder wistfully whether they can ever make up for this loss which they feel so acutely. They think of the future with a certain trepidation, and fear lest the old familiar friends who have gone to the front will find in them later on a lack of correspondence due to nothing but the perversity of Fate by which they have been kept out of the fray.

***

OF course, if your heart is set upon being a soldier, nothing on earth can quite compensate you for being prevented. There are ways of coming close enough to the soldier, however, to share his life very intimately, and to partake of the hardship, the sacrifice, the discipline, and even the danger that are his, though you may not wear the same uniform or get into the front trench. At any rate, you may gain experiences that will set you in the world of the average man, the citizen who has been under fire, after the war, while you do the soldier a service for which he takes you to his heart even now.

***

MANY men are finding this out in Red Cross work. Duty, or physical weakness, will not allow them to enlist, but they are doing hard work for the Army at considerable sacrifice, and are reaping the reward in a knowledge of men that will be indispensable to active and effective citizenship after the war. In the same category as their work we may fairly place that for which we of the Red Triangle are responsible. We should criminally misrepresent the spirit and motive of those who are already serving us if we left room for the least suggestion that they had taken up their work with a view to the enjoyment of excitement or sensation. Neither has any man of ours who was fit for military service, and had no individual hindrance, hesitated for a moment as to whether he should join the Army or the Reserve, as the case might be. But we do feel that to the man who is eager to render a patriotic service, and is unable to enlist, we can offer the next best thing. And we can offer it "right now," as our American cousins say.

***

IN France, the increase in the number of our huts and the depletion of our staff by the calling up of men leaves us still in the position of requiring 30 workers *at once*. Salonica calls for six, Mudros for nine, and Egypt for thirty, forthwith. The minimum period of service for each of these three places is six months, as for France it is three. In addition we want more workers every week for our huts at home. And even when we get these we shall still require a constant stream of men to keep up the staff. Surely, these men are forthcoming. They have the chance of their lives. If they miss it they will not merely forfeit an interesting experience that they might have enjoyed; they will in a very real sense suffer the penalties pointed out by Dante in his historic instance of the Great Refusal.

***

IT may be that no one will ever say to them, "We fought in Flanders, and you were not there!" But they will know that they did not even get as near as they could. Worse still, they may never realise that they passed through a great social and spiritual crisis for their fellow-countrymen as though they had been asleep, and must needs remain Rip Van Winkles to the end of their days. What that means to any virile man, and especially to any man called to a place of influence and leadership among others, as clerical and other professional men are, need not be enlarged upon. "It is no picnic!" said a man to us on his return last week. That is just the appeal we most want to make.

The first article in this series appeared on February 4.

SPORTS MEETINGS FOR SOLDIERS.

By HERBERT E. NAYLOR (Physical Director, London Central Y.M.C.A.)

II.

HAVING piloted the first meeting through, a cordial invitation to take tea with Mr. Ontop was heartily responded to, and this provided an opportunity of discussing one or two matters which more particularly affected the Association. Arrangements were also made for the posters and handbills to be forwarded to the camp leader, who undertook to distribute them to the regimental representatives for exhibition throughout the camp, and to one or two of the householders and tradesmen in the adjoining town. This, of course, was very important, as a large proportion of the receipts were estimated from the "gate."

On the way home a call was made on the local dairyman with a view to the prizes being exhibited in his shop window. The position of the dairy being such that everyone in town, including soldiers paying an occasional visit, would be sure to see the prizes, it was an ideal place in which to exhibit them.

Seated comfortably in the train, the indispensable notebook was referred to, for memory should never be relied upon solely to carry the multitudinous details which inevitably arise. Most important amongst the notes was the reference to posters and handbills, as it was vital that these should be out as speedily as possible.

A blue pencil and sheet of foolscap soon enabled a draft of the poster to be prepared as per specimen below :—

ARMY SPORTS, CAMPSWORTH

(A.A.A. Laws).

Under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A., to be held on

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1915,

at 2.15 p.m., on the

"NAUGHTIBOYS'" SCHOOL GROUND, CAMPSWORTH.

PROGRAMME OF EVENTS.

1. 100 Yards Flat.
2. Pillow Fight.
3. 220 Yards Flat.
4. Tug-of-War (teams of 10). (Maximum weight, 11ost.)
5. Six Miles Race.
6. Sack Race.
7. 440 Yards Flat.
8. Officers' Race (100 yards handicap).
9. Two Miles Walk.
10. High Jump.
11. 880 Yards Flat.
12. Veterans' Race (100 yards handicap. Age minimum, 35).
13. One Mile Flat.
14. Obstacle Race.

Entrance fee : 3d. per event. Tug-of-war team 2s. 6d.

Names and fees to be handed Regimental Sports Officer, by Thursday, September 16.

Entries taken at starting post on Sports Day, 4d. each ; tug-of-war, 3s. per team.

No competitor to take more than two prizes (not including tug-of-war prize).

Admission to ground :—Free to all officers and men in uniform ; friends accompanying soldiers, 3d. each ; civilians, 6d. each.

The handbill was a replica of the poster, with the exception that it showed the events in the order of running and gave times at the side in a manner similar to a programme. These handbills then acted as a programme and saved the expense and trouble of issuing the latter. The question may arise : What about the competitors' names? Seeing that entries were not in until the Thursday before the sports, and that they were also being taken on the starting-post, it was quite impossible to include them.

As to the order of events on the handbill, care is needed in placing the heats and finals sufficiently far apart to give the competitors an opportunity of a fair break between, and where competitors are likely to enter for two or more events those events should be well separated—*e.g.*, the 100 yards heats and finals should not be close upon the 220 heats and finals, nor should the 440 yards and 880 yards clash. Generally speaking, runners are either sprinters or distance men, and the sprinter frequently includes high or long jumping in his efforts, so that the jumps should be placed accordingly. By interspersing such events as Pillow Fighting, Tug-of-War, Veterans' Race, Sack Race, &c., the order can usually be arranged to satisfy all concerned.

A brief report of the meeting was then entered in the minute book, and London was reached about 9 p.m. Very little further could be done that evening, but by 9.30 a.m. on Saturday the draft poster and handbill were in the printer's hands. Not all printers would undertake to deliver fifty posters and 1,000 small bills by 1 p.m. the same day, but H. Williams and Sons, Gray's Inn-road, accomplished this, and promised the remainder of the bills for the following Monday. On receipt of the first supply a messenger was sent with these to the station, and a wire sent Mr. Ontop that they were leaving London by passenger train at 2.30. This train was met at the other end, and the posters were being displayed in the Y.M.C.A. hut on Saturday evening, also in many of the camp marquees and neighbouring shops.

On reaching the office on Saturday morning a telephone message to three wholesale business houses ensured a collection of suitable articles for prizes being ready for viewing on Monday morning. These were duly selected, and instructions given for their delivery, "on sale or return," at Tottenham Court-road by 10 a.m. on Tuesday. As they were at the Association's risk, upon delivery a letter to Messrs. Wintle and Co., of Change-alley, enclosing a postal order for 1s., insured them against all risk up to and including the sports day.

The agenda for Tuesday's meeting read as follows :—

1. Minutes.
2. Business arising on minutes.
3. Prizes.
4. Band.
5. Arrangement of sports ground.
6. Refreshments.
7. Officials.
8. Other business.

With the prizes, remainder of handbills, &c., the journey to Campsworth was undertaken on Tuesday, and that estimable place reached about 2 p.m.

Promptly at 3.30 the minutes were read and approved, and minor matters arising on same were disposed of.

The prizes gave general satisfaction, and after being ticketed were repacked by two volunteers while the meeting proceeded to discuss the talent of the various regimental bands in camp. Finally it was decided that the band of a famous Irish regiment could make the most melodious noise, but Captain Sousa said that if this could not be secured he would arrange for his regiment to provide the music. The Irish regiment, however, accepted the honour, and carried it through in great style.

The arrangement of the ground is an important matter, but with so many willing helpers the problems which are usually presented assumed only minor proportions on this occasion. Mr. Secretary said that he could arrange for a man to come down to mark out the track, erect flags, obstacles for obstacle race, strings for sprint events, pole for pillow fighting, and any equipment which might not be available in camp or town would be sent from the Association headquarters. Pillows, tug-of-war rope, flags, stakes, and strings for the 100 yards, rope for course and enclosures, marquees, tents, chairs, tables, jumping stands and laths, sacks, telegraph board, worsted, bell, megaphone, and a hundred and one little things (all down in the notebook), were mentioned, but it was surprising how first one member of the committee and then another undertook to supply the various requirements. Their names were booked against each item and then read over, so that at the final meeting each gentleman might be asked how so-and-so was progressing. Fatigue parties, policemen for gate and course, transport for chairs, provision of lavatory accommodation, marking-out of six-mile course, were all duly fixed up.

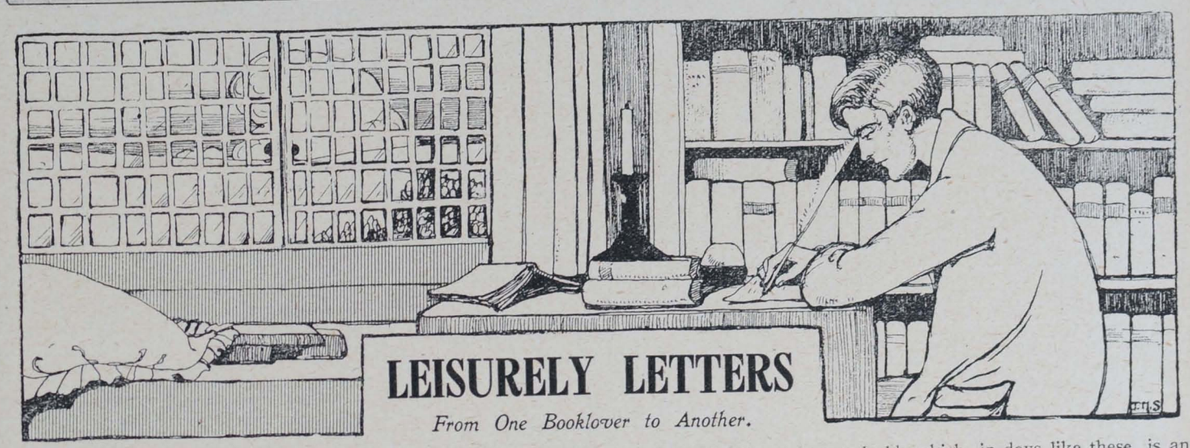
As to refreshments, the Y.M.C.A. agreed to provide these, Mr. Ontop feeling this his special privilege, and, of course, nobody dared to suggest how it should be done. It was, in fact, a great responsibility off the hands of the committee, and how pleased the ladies in the town were when they were asked to render assistance in this direction, and how everyone got to know about the sports!

The selection of officials came next. Perhaps the Brigadier-General would act as president, and the Brigade-Major as referee ; at any rate, they would be asked (no disputes could possibly arise with such a gentleman as referee unless someone wanted "C.B."). A clerk of the course, who had had previous experience, was found, and various members of the committee acted as judges. Sergeant-Major Alert accepted the office of recorder, and two experts were chosen as starter and timekeeper. Lieutenant Goodman undertook to provide all stewards—a list of those necessary being handed him by the secretary ; and Lieutenant Alnews was appointed to look after the Press. The latter also agreed to send out the invitations to that august assembly. Other business included the question of admission tickets, and it was mentioned that two rolls of 3d. and 6d. tickets would be provided for the gate stewards. Captain Chumley suggested that as some of the officers would like to invite a few of their friends 100 special cards of invitation might be printed at, say, 6d. each, and this was agreed.

The final meeting of the committee before the sports was then fixed for Friday, September 17, when all members were asked to be ready to announce how their part of the arrangements were progressing.

Privates Willing and Strong having offered to attend to the delivery of the prizes at the Dairy, an important meeting closed very satisfactorily.

(In the next article the period intervening between the second and third meetings will be dealt with ; also that meeting, and the actual running of the sports.)



LEISURELY LETTERS

From One Booklover to Another.

MY DEAR A.—I suppose a poet laureate is as much a Minister of State as an Archbishop or a Chancellor of the Exchequer. To connect his inspiration with his pay, however, would be as fatuous as to believe that sermons are in accordance with salaries. True, some of the more commonplace laureates (for the adjective is not generally held to be impossible) seem to have supposed that their position as pensioners demanded the production of poems on every great or critical occasion in the life of the nation, particularly in war-time. That way lay damnation, as they found.

The really great laureates wrote some glorious war poetry. Your characteristic denial I squash by simply citing some of Wordsworth's early sonnets and his "Happy Warrior," or Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," and his "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington." But even they occasionally ranted, when they yielded to temptation and wrote "because it was demanded of them." (I hear you snort assent!) Indeed, some people have said that the surest way to kill a poet's genius was to appoint him laureate, and you remember Browning's rather bitter lines when Wordsworth was given the openly coveted honour :—

"Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat . . . .
Blot out his name then, record one lost soul more . . . ."

In that vein, of course, it is easy for you to protest that poets laureate are an anachronism, and that even the exiguous pension of such an established source of sweetness and light is a luxury not to be condoned in face of war economies.

Dr. Robert Bridges, our present laureate, has very beautifully given the lie to all this philistinism of yours, first by writing next to nothing of his own about the war, but writing verse of a rare quality when he did, and then by giving us at this particular time such a quite priceless collection of other people's gems as *The Spirit of Man* (Longmans, 5s. net).

At this point you'll grumble, as usual, and say that five shillings is far too much to pay for snippets from folk whose books you already have, for the most part, on your shelves. Besides, you don't like little readings from great writers.

Good! We have now a point of agreement, for neither do I—usually. But here is something much more valuable than a handbook to choice passages for lazy or ignorant people. This is no ordinary anthology, even in scope. In his prose and verse selections he has English and French, translations from Persian, Chinese, and the Indian vernaculars, renderings from the classics of Greece and Rome—in fact, all that a true poet and humanist might be expected to love. There is not a period nor a type overlooked. Yet he makes no effort or pretence at completeness. He does not practise that pedantry which prefers a dull piece "because it illustrates a period of the writer's development" in poetry or prose to one that has living passion and insight. He will not even stop to quote you a whole sonnet or paragraph, if all that has seized his own imagination is a sentence or a line. He lets his amazingly full-grown mind wander through the flower gardens of literature. He does not tell you the book-name of the plant from which he takes a bud, or perhaps a blossom ; nor does he care whether you know who grew it. You can find out all this by referring to the catalogue at the end. Meantime, your taste is tested and your own poetic instinct proved or disproved. Do you take delight in this flower or that? Does the succession in which they spring to sight make any difference to you? Can you appreciate their form, their fragrance, their colour? *The Spirit of Man*, unlike all other anthologies, leaves you with all the work to do, in one vital sense, and shapes, while it asks of you, your criterion of poetry and prose. It sends you back eagerly to the wellsprings, new and old, which, in days like these, is an infinite service to render you.

To our laureate the war is a spiritual conflict, to be maintained only by turning from what J. R. Green has called "drum and trumpet history" to the things which reveal how "spirituality is the basis and foundation of human life." The page-headings give you the clue to "the various moods of mind," which are all that Dr. Bridges claims to have followed in compiling this golden book. Here are some of them :—"The Quest, Autumn Quiet, Intellectual Beauty, Power, Worship, The Nets of Wrong and Right, Mother and Child, The Happy Warrior, Elfland, Spirit Wanderings, Music, The Lark's Song, Stars and Angels, The Free Commonwealth, Into Battle, Honour's Dirge, Heaven's Praise."

This is in some sort a new "Soldier's Bible." It is at least a book to keep alive the soul of the soldier. The laureate abundantly fulfils his function in giving us a book that shows us the very heart of our hope in this present struggle, and brings to our aid, to quote one of his own exquisite little extracts,

. . . . Poetry, the hand that wrings,
Bruised, albeit at the strings,
Music from the soul of things. . . .

I'm sure you don't know who wrote that. Indeed, I suspect that, like me, you never saw the lines before, and that, again like me, you won't be content until you have possessed yourself of a volume from so skilful a hand and so splendid a spirit. Well, I'm just not going to tell you—if only because I have been to school to Dr. Bridges, and agree with him in his preface to his very wonderful annotated index that "it is an idle and pernicious habit to ask for information on any question before bringing one's own judgment to bear upon it." I love to abuse you in the words of so gentle a poet as Robert Bridges! But you'll account all debts of that sort that may be still unsettled between us quite wiped out in your gratitude to me for inducing you to get, or get given to you, this jewel of a book. Remember, or remind that dear old aunt of yours, that war-time economies must at all costs not be suffered to touch either the income or the expenditure of mind and soul.

Have you heard that Dr. Sarolea has just published in France a charming little book, entitled *Le Reveil de France*. It contains English and French versions on opposite pages, as we have English and French in opposite columns on our French-English page. In fact, Dr. Sarolea's *Hymne à la France*, which originally appeared in our columns, forms part of this new book. You will be interested to hear that the *hymne* is so appreciated by the Allies as a tribute from both the Belgian and the English points of view, that it has been specially reprinted, by command of the French Government, for circulation as a pamphlet in the schools in France.

In his book Dr. Sarolea traces the way in which what had become, after 1870, but in accordance with an old tradition, a British prejudice against France, simultaneously with the rise of admiration for German thought, German literature and music, German politics and commerce, gradually was transformed into the *Entente Cordiale*, and with what good reason we changed our attitude to both France and Germany. *Le Reveil* would be a splendid little book for the French Circle which I hear you have got going in your hut, and it can be had for 1s. 3d. net, though the choice little *edition de luxe* that the author has kindly sent me costs 3s. 6d. net.

Yours always,

B.

"WANGLE IT!"

The Student Movement and Our Relation to It.

THE debt of inspiration and service which, like almost every other modern religious movement, we owe to the Student Christian Movement, has been greatly increased during the war. It was therefore a peculiar pleasure to us that the S.C.M. should hold its annual meeting at London Central on Friday last. The predominance of women and seniors in the audience proclaimed the extent to which the men members had gone on active service, even before the secretary, the Rev. Tissington Tatlow, made his statement.

Mr. Tatlow said that the year had been a period of recovery from the smashing blow that the movement seemed likely to sustain when war broke out. The event had proved that the student movements in all lands constituted a world-wide unity, a marvellous oneness in ideals, activities, and experiences having marked them. In the course of a brief, but very comprehensive, review, he showed what an immense number of students are under arms in Europe, Britain alone having some eighteen thousand. Of these last, more than a hundred members of the movement have already been killed in battle, a considerable group being student volunteers, pledged to service, had they been spared, as foreign missionaries. Over the whole student field there is a conviction, he said, that there is no such thing as a "holy war," all war being regarded as in essence devilish by these, the thinking young men of all the countries involved. Persuaded, however, that they are fighting a defensive battle, they have gone from each land, Allied or enemy, to offer their lives when called up. Speaking of the new activities to which the various movements had found themselves called, Mr. Tatlow made an interesting reference to the German movement, which, like the German Y.M.C.A., was before the war very weak. The two organisations have now given themselves to work similar to that which our Y.M.C.A. is doing, though not to so great an extent. The Student Movement has taken the lead, Dr. Niedermeyer taking in religious and social work for soldiers over there the place that Mr. Yapp has taken here. Special service, splendidly reinforced by the American Y.M.C.A., has been rendered to prisoners of war, some £2,000 having been spent on literature for them; the addresses of all the students serving at the front are known, and every two or three months books and pamphlets, many of them of a religious character, are sent to them. On the eastern front twenty-five "homes," something like our Y.M.C.A. huts, have been provided.

Turning to the war work of the British movement, Mr. Tatlow referred with pleasure to the definite link between it and ourselves, constituted by the fact that he and Mr. R. Wilder occupy seats on our War Emergency Committee, and are members of the Religious Work Sub-Committee and Workers' Sub-Committee. They have had a considerable share in setting on foot our March campaign. The General Committee of the movement, he said, had never for a moment regretted its decision to co-operate in every way possible with our work.

He mentioned the names of prominent student leaders who, since 1914, have taken up posts of great responsibility with us, like Younie, in Mesopotamia, or T. B. Wheeler, in Malta, and referred to the scores of Student Movement men who, like R. G. MacDonald and P. N. Whitley, are rendering us invaluable service.

Speaking of the position of the movements in other countries, Mr. Tatlow touched upon one most important fact when he said that in India the movement is making steady progress, and that now it is almost entirely controlled by Indians, and not by Westerners.

Following Mr. Tatlow came Dr. Rutgers, general secretary of the movement in Holland, who told how the war had brought a great threat to the work there, but they felt that they had to go on in a task given them by God, part of their duty as neutrals being to help both sides to understand each other a little again. There must be a future after the war, he said, in which we shall have to live together in peace, and the only hope for the peoples is to understand that in Christ there is a unity transcending all national differences. We are all children of the same Father.

Lieutenant Dyson, lately a travelling secretary of the movement, made a breezy speech, in which he remarked that there were hundreds of others who could tell better than he what the Army to-day thinks of the S.C.M. —people covered with ribbons, bandages, honour, and glory, but they are in the mud over in Flanders or somewhere. "We have gained through it quite a new view of what social service, the serving of one's fellows, really means," he said. "The movement has taught us the meaning of prayer, and has transformed the faith we had from a bundle of 'articles' to a firm reality, *the* reality on which we are living to-day."

"There are many words used by the Army," went on Lieutenant Dyson, "which are neither original nor—fitting! There are two, however, which are both original and expressive, and they will convey my message to you. The first is the verb 'to carry on.' It is useful for a subaltern to pass on to the sergeant-major when he has come to the end of his own knowledge. You are just in the middle of your one lecture on 'The Infantry in the Attack,' and are wondering what you have done with the local reserves, or where the bombing squad is coming in, when up comes an Olympian with a red band round his cap, the company stands awkwardly at attention, and you think the end is at hand. But all he says is, 'Carry on!' The other is the verb 'to wangle,' which, I take it, means to obtain an apparently impossible object by using all the ingenuity you've got, as, for example, when you get three blankets out of the quartermaster, being entitled to only two! I'm asking no easy thing when I say to you 'Carry on!' and when I add 'However impossible it may seem, you've just got to wangle it!'"

The closing address was delivered by Dr. W. B. Selbie. His chief points were that we ought to go on with Bible study, so that we might again become the people of the Book; that we should emphasise the evangelical message, preaching Christ with more vigour and constancy; and that we should not lose sight, amidst the distractions of war, of our supreme tasks in the matter of social reconstruction and missionary endeavour.

Sunday next is being observed throughout the world as the annual day of prayer for students. We are sure that members and friends of the Y.M.C.A. everywhere will be glad to take their part in the intercession, remembering not only the closer contact into which the war has brought the two great interdenominational and international movements in Britain and wherever British subjects are found, but the fact that in India, China, and Japan the Y.M.C.A. practically is the Student Movement, while in America the College Y.M.C.A. is the same. Dr. Mott, the secretary of the World Student Christian Federation, who, with Dr. Fries, of Sweden, the chairman, signs the call to prayer, was a Y.M.C.A. secretary even before he became a Student Movement secretary, and has only recently become secretary of the International Y.M.C.A. Council.

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Tavistock, Marquis of	600
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Head and Co., Messrs. H.	105
Vickers' War Fund	100
Girls' Sale of Work, Haslingden	100
Upton, Mr. R. G.	100
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Upper Chapel (Heckmondwike)	71
Dangar, Mr. R. R.	50
"Anon."	50
Harrison, Mr. H. B.	50
"In Memory of F. S. S."	50
Foster, Mr. W. H.	50
"G. S. M."	50
Nigerian War Relief Fund	50

Gifts of Books.

We have received during the week generous gifts of books for circulation among the soldiers in France from Mrs. Alec-Tweedie, who sends copies of her books, *Mexico as I Saw It* and *Through Finland in Carts*. The Rev. C. L. Drawbridge, M.A., sends copies of his new book, *The War and Religious Ideals*, Dr. Cobb, Rector of St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate, copies of his pamphlet, *A New Heaven and a New Earth*.

Will You Give a Gramophone?

We have had further requests for gramophones and gramophone records since the appeal which appeared in the columns of *Y.M.* recently, and we are most anxious to be able to meet the demands of some of the needy centres without much further delay. The last appeal we had is couched in the following terms:—"I am writing to you on behalf of myself and chums, mostly London men, to ask if you could use your influence to obtain for us a gramophone. Unfortunately, owing to measles, we have been isolated and are unable to leave our hut. The nights seem very long, and a little music would enable us to while away the time very well. We trust you will not think the request too impertinent, but hope that some friend will be able to oblige us."

St Monica
Broadfield Rd
Folkestone
Kent

Dear Sir

I am sending you this money, which was a birthday present today. There is so little a girl of 14 can do for the boys, especialy when you have no brothers, that I will lose no opportunity to help them. There are, of course, many soldiers down here, but after all we have very, very little to do with them, and therefore make work for them impossible, for me at anyrate

Yours truly Marjorie Richardson.

Mr. John Jackson and his Son.

Mr. John Jackson, F.R.G.S., of the Mission to Lepers, one of the very oldest members of the London Central Board of Directors, having suffered from overstrain for several months, has been ordered by a specialist to cease from all work for six months. The committee of the society have endorsed this by a most sympathetic resolution. We trust that Mr. Jackson will soon be restored to his wonted health. We hear from him that his son, Mr. Rex Jackson, was last week admitted to his degree of B.A. at Cambridge (Sidney Sussex), appearing in his uniform as a lieutenant in the Serbian Army.

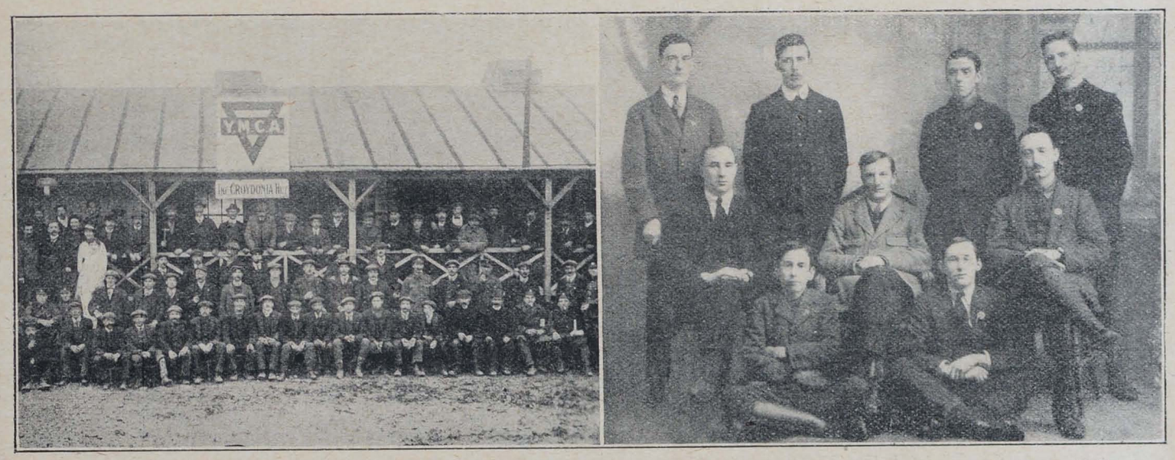
A Distinguished Sub-Leader.

Mr. W. A. Curzon-Siggers, M.A., LL.B., who has been rendering fine service in an honorary capacity as sub-leader of the Rodney hut, has been elected to the McMahon Scholarship at Cambridge, which is worth £150 a year for four years, and which Mr. Siggers will take up at the conclusion of the war.

Mr. Siggers is looking forward to a legal career. We congratulate him on his new honour, and wish him all success.

Col. Burn, M.P., and the Y.M.C.A.

In a letter written to Mr. W. H. Prust, the general secretary of the Torquay Y.M.C.A., accepting with pleasure his re-election as a vice-president of the local Association, Colonel C. R. Burn, M.P., A.D.C., adds: "May I take this opportunity of offering my very hearty congratulations on the admirable work that has been and is being done by your Association? Since the outbreak of the war my duties have taken me continually to France, Italy, Greece, Gallipoli Peninsula, and Egypt, and everywhere have I found evidence of the splendid efforts you have made, and I am sure it does not need my testimony to prove how thoroughly the Y.M.C.A. huts and tents are appreciated by every man who wears the King's uniform. Wishing you every success in this great undertaking, believe me, yours very truly, C. R. Burn."



Our photographs show: (1) The "Croydonia" Hut (at Le Treport), funds for which were raised by Mr. Hector Morrison, M.P.; employees of Mr. G. W. Tarrant, contractor, who were at work on the Camp, and before leaving made a collection among themselves, presenting the Y.M.C.A. with a sum of over 50 francs. (2) Headquarters staff (and some of the hut leaders) of the Dieppe Y.M.C.A.

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A Reckitt Hut.

Messrs. Reckitt and Sons have given a fine new hut at Holderness, which was recently opened by Mrs. Philip Reckitt, to whom a silver memento key was handed. The Lord Mayor of Hull presided, and the Bishop of Hull conducted the devotional part of the proceedings. Major Rudford, of the 3rd Leicester Regiment, expressed the appreciation of the military. The Right Hon. T. R. Ferens, M.P., spoke in support of the vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Reckitt.

Mrs. Reckitt made a delightfully practical speech dealing with the work in the hut and her hope for the future of it.

Bradford Licensees and Y.M.C.A.

At a quarterly meeting of members of the Bradford and District Off-License Holders' Protection and Benevolent Association, under the presidency of Mr. Joseph Hodgson, it was reported that at a collection the previous week amongst the committee £1 16s. 6d. was realised, to be devoted to some fund for providing comforts for soldiers and sailors. The members generally were invited to augment that figure. A collection was at once taken round the room, and it was also unanimously decided to vote one guinea from the social fund of the association, the entire effort being found to have realised £5 10s. It was decided that the money be handed to the Young Men's Christian Association Soldiers' Comforts Fund. Glowing tribute was paid by several speakers to the work of the Y.M.C.A., both for soldiers on service abroad and for those in training at home. The president said in normal times there had been occasions when the off-licensed trade had had no reason to be pleased with actions of the Y.M.C.A., but it could not be denied that the institution was doing remarkably good work amongst the soldiers in the war. Mr. Walter Gray said letters which he had received from the front indicated the soldiers' keen appreciation of the Y.M.C.A. work, particularly of the new motor vehicles which were being instituted, and which contained apparatus—brought up to the firing line—for providing hot drinks in winter and ice-cold drinks in the heat of summer. Mr. A. E. Stockton referred to the huts in the training camps in this country and the provision of every comfort there for soldiers, and also in the Y.M.C.A. headquarters at Bradford.

How to Get a Commission.

Mr. Naylor has received an interesting letter from a man who says he has just obtained a commission after taking the course of physical training given at the Central to men rejected by the Army. He had previously been deficient in chest measurements.

Help from the Bands at Aldershot.

A fine concert was given by the massed bands of the Aldershot Cavalry Brigade in the Aldershot Hippodrome on a recent Sunday afternoon. It was in aid of the funds being raised to provide Y.M.C.A. huts for the Yeomanry on active service. The concert was organised by Major Lord Greville, commanding 3/2nd Lovat's Scouts, and Captain C. A. Shaw, Brigade-Major, Cavalry Brigade, who cheerfully undertook the manifold arrangements entailed, while General Sir Archibald and Lady Hunter, Major-General A. Hamilton Gordon, and Brigadier-General C. F. Milner not only gave their kindly patronage, but were also present.

The massed bands of the brigade include those of the 1st, 2nd, and 5th Dragoon Guards, 6th Dragoons, and 11th and 13th Hussars, who between them muster well over a hundred skilled musicians, who have returned from active service, and nearly one hundred were accommodated on the stage for the concerted selections.

Messages for Men.

DON'T FORGET!

By the Rev. A. R. HENDERSON, M.A.

DON'T forget to *settle your affairs.* As a wise man facing the unknown you will leave no loose ends in your business affairs. But what about your affairs with God? You have an account with Him. Every man owes to Him reverence, obedience, trust, love, just as really as he owes it to his neighbour for goods received. Have you settled God's account? If not, it is now a crushing bill. All the years of your life you have owed God reverence, obedience, trust, love, and you have not yet begun to pay. Is it wise to go to the front with that account unsettled?

All the wrong you have done to your fellow-men is also written in God's account. Every sin against man is a sin against God. How the account has mounted up!

There is no hope for a man till he begins to realise that his affairs with God are in a hopeless mess, and that he cannot pay even a farthing in the pound. Then he is willing to let God cancel the debt. "Forgive us our debts." And God delights to forgive. "Your sins, which were many, are all forgiven."

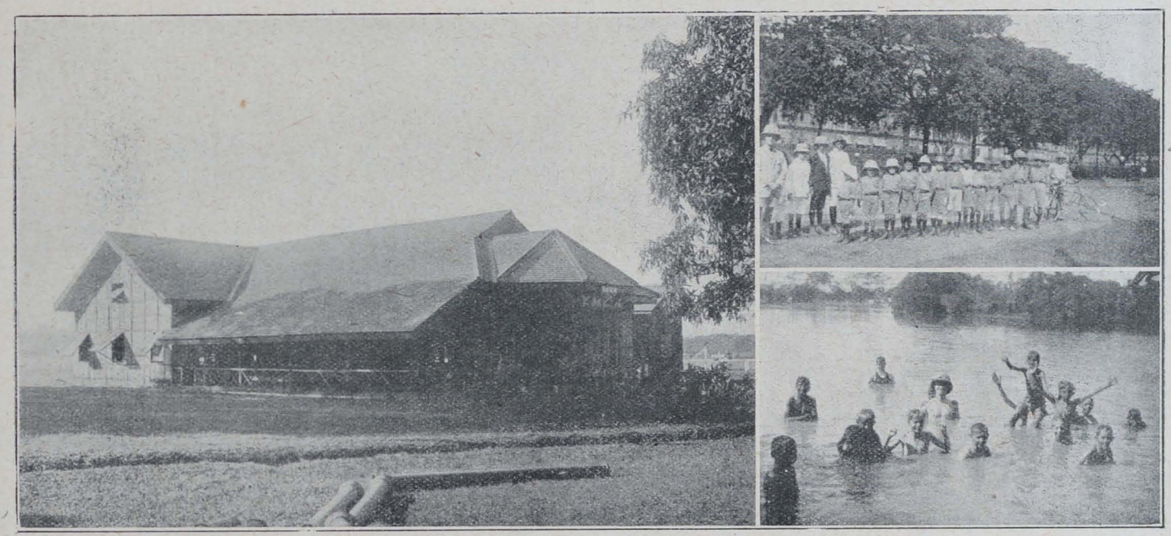
Settle your affairs with God by accepting the forgiveness which He freely offers in Christ. Become right with God and you will go to the front with a lighter heart.

Don't forget to *keep in touch with home.* Write as often as you can. You need no stamps; and if there is a Y.M.C.A. hut near you will be supplied with paper and envelopes free. One of your greatest safeguards is to remember the home-folk—mother, wife, sweetheart, child. Do nothing to forfeit their respect. Keep yourself pure. Temptation abounds, but you must flee from it. So live that when you come back you will look your women-folk in the face without shame or sense of guilt. A good soldier ought to be chivalrous to women and children.

Don't forget to *look after Number Two.* Looking after Number One is a poor business. Living for oneself is the meanest of all ways of living. Soldiers are wonderfully generous. They share their money, their fags, their dainties from home. But your comrade needs far more than fags. He needs your sympathy, your example of manly living, your witness for Christ. Make a stand for truth and goodness, take sides with Christ, and you will strengthen the other man, who may be afraid of a sneer, although he is not terrified by the guns. The true order of life is God first, the other man second, yourself third.

Don't forget that *you are never alone.* By day and night, marching, drilling, resting, in camp and trench, on the field and in the hospital, Christ has promised to be near. "Lo I am with you alway." And that promise has never been broken. I have seen soldiers in hospital passing into the last darkness with a look of triumph on their faces because they knew that the Great Comrade was with them:—

Settle your affairs with God.
Keep in touch with home.
Look after Number Two.
Take the Great Comrade with you.
Don't forget!



Sir Harcourt Butler, the Lieut.-Governor, recently paid an informal visit to Y.M.C.A.'s in Rangoon (our photo is of an Army Y.M.C.A.) and inspected Y.M.C.A. Boy Scouts, also shown above.

HAVE YOU SEEN IT?

—The Little Model of a hut on the counter. It is for *you* and your chums to enable Mrs. Alec-Tweedie to fulfil her desire before the end of February. Her appeal is as follows:—

SOLDIERS and SAILORS,

Last Christmas I collected 125,000 books for Soldiers and Sailors, and thousands of other things. This winter I want you to collect 125,000 shillings for me to put up more huts. Will you?

E. ALEC-TWEEDIE.

Amounts collected should be sent to MRS. E. ALEC-TWEEDIE, 30, York-terrace, N.W.

NOTES ON DAILY READINGS.

For the Junior Department Branch of the Scripture Union.

By the Rev. A. J. COSTAIN, M.A., Headmaster of Rydal Mount School.
Author of *Life of Arthur Jackson, The Day-break Call*, &c.

Saturday, 26th.—John i. 1-14. This introduction to St. John's Gospel is written in very simple language, but it stands for deep spiritual truths that the oldest and ablest cannot fully understand. Remember, at any rate, two things—the Word was God, and the Word became flesh. Don't be afraid to think of Christ as man. He was God, but He became man. You have thought of Christ as a child; have you ever thought of Christ as a boy?

"Didst Thou kneel at night to pray,
And didst Thou join thy hands, this way?
And did they tire sometimes, being young,
And make the prayer seem very long?"

Sunday, 27th.—John i. 15-28. John the Baptist—what do you think of him? A queer sort of man, who dressed freakishly and had strange tastes in the way of food? Just think of him as the soul of loyalty and a pattern of modesty. He was so willing to play second fiddle. (You aren't always so true in your support of your captain.) Christ was everything; he himself was nothing. "Who are you?" "I am nobody: I am a voice. Don't listen to *me;* listen to what I say."

Monday, 28th.—John i. 29-39. You see he was even willing to give up his following, and that is a very hard thing to do. Influence is power, and we don't like surrendering power. He let his disciples follow our Lord. One of them was Andrew. Andrew went off to find Peter. We don't hear very much of Andrew afterwards, but we see and hear much of Peter. Remember we have to thank Andrew for that. We can often help those who are much cleverer than ourselves if we will only do the right thing.

Tuesday, 29th.—John i. 40-51. It was almost the most remarkable fact about our Lord that He could lay men's characters bare before them. He read Nathanael's character at a glance. "How do you know me," says Nathanael, "when I don't even know myself?" Can you think of any other cases? Take Simon. He was shifting and changeable, never the same for two minutes together; but Christ said, "You are a man of rock." Then there is the rich young ruler. He hadn't a fault—yes, there was his love of money. He had never dreamt that he loved his possessions too well, and he went away sorrowing because of the revelation. That is your true character—the character that Christ sees stamped on the heart of you. I wonder what He would call you. Has He ever said anything to you about it?

Wednesday, March 1st.—John ii. 1-12. Don't think for a moment that Jesus was disrespectful in His mode of address to His mother. The word "woman" is the same as He uses when on the Cross. The story as a whole is valuable for the light that it casts on our Lord's attitude towards enjoyment and social pleasures. It is one of the greatest mistakes to suppose that He doesn't want us to have a "good time." In fact, it was one of the chief complaints of the Pharisees that His disciples so obviously enjoyed life. "Why don't they fast?" "Because I want them to feast," was the answer. "They are with Me! what else can they do but feast? They are guests at a wedding, not mourners at a funeral."

Thursday, 2nd.—John ii. 13-25. This is a picture of Christ, and we ought to remember it—the picture of one who had the courage to stand up alone and pit Himself against the established order of things. When things have gone on month after month and year after year, how hard it is to change! Have you ever heard of "vested interests"? Think of the strength and the moral authority of one who, in an hour, could cleanse the Temple and the abuses that had clung about it for years. It was a great beginning to His ministry.

Friday, 3rd.—John iii. 1-13. The words "born again" are translated in the Revised Version "born anew"; they mean literally "born from above." We have to live a life that is based upon our animal nature. It is possible for us to live our life through upon this animal level. They say "Self-preservation is the first law of nature." With some it is the first and last—selfishness all along the line. "He is a selfish beast." It is an ugly saying, but it is truer, perhaps, than we know. What we need is to be born from above, to rise from the life of the beast to the life of the man. I sometimes think that a little child is only a *candidate for humanity*.

DONCASTER SUNDAY HOME TEAS.

DEAR SIR,—Your article entitled "Sunday Home Teas; a Splendid Piece of Work at St. Albans" has aroused considerable interest in the Y.M.C.A. hut at Doncaster. Mr. Reissmann claims that the idea of supplying Sunday teas originated with Mr. Chamberlain, and was at once taken up, but he does not give the date of its inception.

We at Doncaster have up till now been priding ourselves—probably wrongly—that we had led the way in this direction, as ever since October 24, 1915, when the troops came back from camp, we have supplied tea not only on Sunday afternoon, but on Saturday also.

It is true that we cannot claim the large attendances that are usual at St. Albans, but we average well over fifty on Sunday and between twenty and thirty on Saturday. The Sunday tea, commencing at 4.30, consists of white and brown bread and butter, teacakes, scones, currant bread, stewed fruit, cakes, and pastries, great care being taken that no man can comfortably eat another mouthful before he leaves the table. The charge made is 6d. per head, collected by passing round a plate towards the end of the meal.

Mr. Reissmann concludes his article by saying "the whole thing can be done with only trifling loss." We have made at Doncaster nearly sufficient profit from our teas to cover the initial outlay on crockery, knives, spoons, &c.

We also run a supper on Sunday evening after the service, at which, besides bread and butter, &c., we provide cocoa, and either porridge or hot apple charlotte. The charge is 4d. each, which the men seem agreed is not exorbitant.

We believe we are right in saying that the Y.M.'s at Gainsborough and Retford, which have been in close connection with the hut at Doncaster, have followed our lead in providing Sunday teas.

Sincerely yours,
Doncaster, Feb. 19. W. A. MELLOR.

REAL PLUCK—AND THE RESULT.

FROM the letter of a corporal, "somewhere in England":—

"Your letter has given me more confidence and courage to strive to attain the pinnacle of faith. I see many of these new men are full of it, and one night one lad in my hut knelt down and said his prayers. I did not see him, but I heard much talk of 'Say one for me,' and laughing and jeering, and one laughingly said to me, 'Corporal, look at that chap saying prayers.' I looked, and they laughed, expecting me to join in their ridicule, but I am so glad I had the courage to speak out as strongly as I did. I told them he would go far, and possessed more pluck than the rest of them put together, and would go and come through this war untarnished and without fear. The next night No. 2 knelt down. I was so pleased to see it—no jeers, no sneers; the scoffers have taken heed, and had to admit their own downfall and their admiration for them, and to-day out of my hut of twenty-eight men, at least twenty are off this afternoon to Bible class and chapel to-night. I only wish you were here to see and be amongst us; it would do you good of all things to see a barrack-room table strewn with the *Y.M.* and *Sunday Companion*. It is indeed a glorious victory for the lad that dared to say his prayers. I pray he will come safely through this war; they are all to be ready to go out inside thirteen weeks, so you see they will not be long before they will need all their faith and the prayers of us all."

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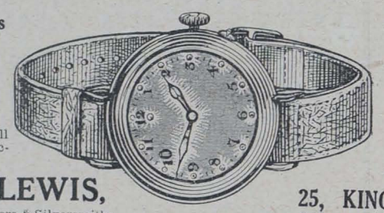
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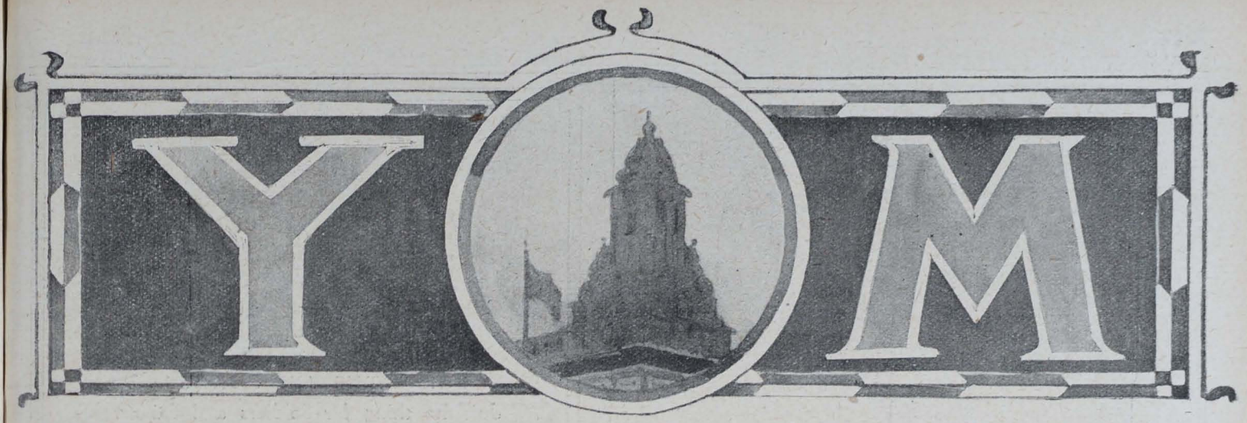

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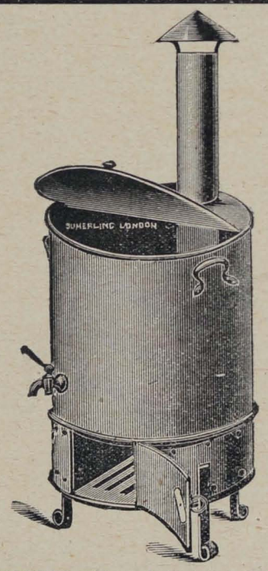

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The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly

No. 60. Vol. 2. MARCH 3, 1916. PRICE 1d.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

ONE of the most beautiful stories about Robert Louis Stevenson is concerning the making of "The Road of the Loving Heart." The Samoans worked with a will, as they were eager to give proof of the affection they felt for the great author who had made his home among them. I think Queen Alexandra has made daily journeys on "The Road of the Loving Heart" since first she came to this country as the bride of the heir to the throne. It has been her loving heart which explains the popularity which has been accorded to her in the fifty-three years of her residence among us. The generation which received her enthusiastically when she came from Denmark in 1863 has been succeeded by the generation which witnessed the solemn ceremony of the Coronation of King Edward and Queen Alexandra in 1902. And to-day the children are greeting her with the same affection which their fathers have displayed in the past half-century.

"Above everything else, I should like to be loved," wrote Queen Alexandra in her girlhood as her dearest wish. She has realised her ambition in the love of many millions, and to-day needs no assurance of the unwavering regard in which she is held throughout the Empire. Her Majesty has a wonderful way of doing memorable things spontaneously. For instance, after acting some years ago as godmother to the child of some old friends, she asked to be shown the infant's nursery. She walked to one of the windows, and wrote on the glass with a diamond ring, "May God's blessing rest on this house and all in it." Once after dining in Paris, the Queen complimented her hostess on possessing a splendid *chef*. The lady replied that her cook was a native of Denmark. "In that case, I should like to see her," said Queen Alexandra. The cook was summoned, not without trepidation, but the Queen set her at her ease immediately by addressing her in Danish and making inquiries about her home. A little thing, but life can be made beautiful by "little deeds of kindness" like this.

Every form of useful philanthropy has always had a sympathiser in Queen Alexandra. She has swift intuitions, and at the first announcement of any public calamity she has sent messages which reached the heart by their perfect understanding of human feelings. Few people outside Court circles realise how incessant are the calls on the time of Royalty. Marlborough House has been a hive of industry since the war began, and long before that time. Over this first home of Queen Alexandra, where she set up housekeeping as Princess of Wales, there now floats her own special flag, designed since her son, King George V., ascended the throne. In London Queen Alexandra is a familiar and gracious figure, recognised at once as she drives through the streets, visits places of entertainment and picture galleries, or appears in public assemblies. She preserves her youthful activity marvellously, and carries out every day a programme which fills every hour. The Queen has passed through innumerable hospital wards, and her special interest in the London Hospital, of which she is president, is well known. Before the war the Queen made an annual visit to her villa at Hvidore, on the seashore near Copenhagen. It reflected her love of homely surroundings by the simplicity of its furnishing. There the Queen and her sister, the Dowager Empress of Russia, have enjoyed many happy days of freedom from the strict etiquette that surrounds Royalty. When peace is restored, we hope the two Royal ladies may resume their holidays in the land of their birth.



H.M. THE QUEEN-MOTHER.
Photo: Russell.

The Y.M.C.A. has many reasons for gratitude to her Majesty. She has taken the warmest and most practical interest in our huts, many of which she has visited. The Queen's recent call at the new hut near Victoria Station, where she kindly served several soldiers with tea, will be remembered by our readers. Her Majesty has realised the services which the Y.M.C.A. is trying to render the forces, and she has much encouraged all the workers by her visits and her gracious approval. They could echo the old familiar words of the song, "Better lo'ed ye canna be. Will ye no come back again?"

SNOW-BOUND.

By the RT. HON. G. W. E. RUSSELL, Author of "Collections and Recollections," &c.

VERY likely when these words are read we shall be revelling in sunshine and South-West winds. With all my heart, I echo James Thomson's apostrophe—

Come, gentle spring! Ethereal mildness come;

but for the moment we are snow-bound.

As I gaze from my study-window on the bleak expanse of Stucco Gardens, my eye falls upon a truly disconsolate scene. The heavens are draped in the half-mourning of a dismal grey. The "wild North-Easter," which Kingsley affected to love, is shaking the leafless trees with blizzard-like ferocity, and making good his words—

Through the black fir-forest
Thunder harsh and dry,
Scattering down the snowflakes
Off the curdled sky.

We have no firs in Stucco Gardens; but "flue" will fit the line as well as "fir"; and "the black flue-forest" not inaptly describes the hideous expanse of chimneys and "smoke-stacks"—as the Americans say—which forms the higher reaches of a Stuccovian landscape; while the masses of fallen snow resting inertly on roofs and walls make the debased lines of Stuccovian architecture distressingly conspicuous. And, while the background of the scene is thus unsightly and depressing, the foreground gives no relief. A red-nosed boy from the greengrocer's shop, laden with frozen vegetables, exchanges surly greetings with a tattered vendor of draught-stoppers and window-mats; while the Stuccovian sparrows, scratching for an exiguous livelihood in the caked and trampled snow, are brutally hustled by overfed and bullying pigeons, on which in turn a half-starved and tantalized cat is just preparing to make a fatal pounce. And, while everything is thus displeasing to the eye, the ear is equally dissatisfied. A marked peculiarity of the weather is the intense and unnatural silence. Gilbert White observed the same phenomenon in the snowstorm, in its time a "record," of 1776. "The author had occasion to go to London through a sort of Laplandic scene, very wild and grotesque indeed. But the Metropolis itself exhibited a still more singular appearance than the country, for, being bedded deep in snow, the pavement of the streets could not be touched by the wheels or the horses' feet, so that the carriages ran about without the least noise. Such an exemption from din and clatter was strange, but not pleasant; it seemed to convey an uncomfortable sense of desolation—*ipsa silentia terrent.*"

Exactly the same experience befell us Londoners in the famous blizzard of January, 1881. My excellent friend, Dr. Pilkington (I borrow the name from Thackeray) is the Æsculapius of Stuccovia; and to me, vainly lamenting the present condition of the weather and its only too probable effect on my health, he replies with this exhilarating reminiscence: "I will look you up some time this afternoon, if I can get round; but I don't feel sure of being able to manage it, for everything looks uncommonly as it did on January 18, 1881. Early that day my carriage and horses were blown from one side of the road to the other. I thought it was time to get out and send the carriage home. As there were no cabs to be got, I travelled the whole day, up to my knees in snow, to see to my urgent cases. On arriving home about seven in the evening, pretty well done up with work and weather, I received an urgent message to go and see a lady in Stucco Square, who was said to be in a fit. So I started out again, fought my way through the storm, and, on arriving at the house, found the lady walking downstairs to the dining-room. On enquiry, I ascertained that her so-called "fit" had been simply hysterical, and that she had recovered completely, dressed, and gone to dinner with an excellent appetite. You may imagine my feelings. I think that, under the same circumstances, even St. Raphael himself, the Archangel of Healing, would have sworn."

I know nothing about the swearing habits of Archangels, nor of those who most aptly represent them on earth—our attentive and much-enduring physicians. But, for my own part, I am free to confess that, whatever form of words most vividly expresses disgust and suffering and dejection rises unbidden to my lips as I survey the dismal aspect of snow-bound Stuccovia. The pleasures of memory add pains to the present. I seem to have some dim recollection—or does an amiable insanity delude me?—that a snowy day in the country could sometimes be both pretty and enjoyable. I seem to recall blue skies and bright though transient sunshine, and the intricacies of the forest-foliage sparkling with what looked like the powdered dust of pearls and diamonds. And I can remember huge expanses of frozen flood, where, like the youthful Wordsworth,

Shod with steel,
We hiss'd along the polish'd ice in games
Confederate,

with jolly boys and pretty girls; only stopped our exertions in order to eat mutton-pies and drink mulled claret, and then resumed the fun, and kept it up till the stars came out, and we raced homeward to a boiling bath and a well-earned dinner.

None of these amenities attend one in snow-bound London. If I were to venture outside my front door, I should probably fall prone, or, what is worse, supine, on an unsuspected slide constructed by the local errand-boys, or be greeted by a well-aimed snow-ball emanating from the playfulness of Stuccovia's Choir School. So there is nothing for it but to "draw the curtains close," turn on the electric light, and abandon oneself to the mild enjoyment of tea and scones and the *Westminster Gazette*. But even with these alleviations, the silence and solitude are oppressive. I declare that I could welcome a casual call from those terrible neighbours, whom Mr. Grossmith knew so well—Cummings or Gowings; and, even if I knew that old Wellbore were likely to appear, I am not sure that I should say him nay. Failing those more mundane visitants, I betake myself to the company of the ethereal Shelley, who seems to have shared my feelings about a snowbound world:—

Orphan hours, the year is dead;
Come and sigh, come and weep!
Merry hours, smile instead,
For the year is but asleep;
See, it smiles as it is sleeping,
Mocking your untimely weeping.

As an earthquake rocks a corse
In its coffin in the clay,
So White Winter, that rough nurse,
Rocks the dead-cold year to-day;
Solemn hours! wail aloud
For your mother in her shroud.

. . . . .

A tap at the door. "May I come in?" Good heavens! it is Wellbore—

Icicles hang from his exuberant nose,
And point like daggers from his frosty clothes.

His greatcoat is flooding the front hall with melted snow, and his greased shooting-boots leave their delicate impress on my new hearth-rug. It is very difficult to be cordial to such a visitor, and I am conscious of something perfunctory in my way of asking him if he likes his tea strong or weak, and whether he prefers scones or toast. But his first words fall like music on my ear. "Do you know, I believe the wind is changing? It beats straight down Stucco Square, and that makes it pretty well due West. I believe the storm is practically over, and we're in for a rapid thaw."

Dear Wellbore! I can forgive you all your social shortcomings for that unexpected and delightful word.

"MESSING" IN THE TRENCHES.

By SENIOR SUBALTERN.

ONE of the outstanding features of present-day campaigning is the regularity of the food supplies. The man in the firing line gets his daily rations as regularly as the soldier in training at home. What is more, averagely speaking, the ration received in the trench is of the same quality, quantity, and variety as that issued in camp here. The ingredients which compose the food of our soldiers are brought from every quarter of the globe, and are, for the most part, centralised in England. The staple elements of the rations are tea, sugar, fresh or tinned meat, bread, cheese, jam, and flour. By a process of division the supplies are soon dispersed by ship, train, motor, and horse wagons to the various units. The bulk of esculent material for an Army Corps is divided equally by the Corps quarter-master among the divisions composing the army; the divisional quarter-master apportions the supplies he receives amongst the brigades of the division; the brigade stores distribute them to the battalions; the battalion quarter-master distributes the supplies to the four company quarter-masters; the latter divide what they receive equally between the four platoons of the company; and the platoon sergeant sees to it that his men get fairly distributed to them their individual portion of the rations. When a battalion is in the trenches the rations are generally brought up to headquarters from the refilling point by the transport at night. In France, so numerous are the small towns, villages, and hamlets immediately behind the trenches that the battalion headquarters, comprising the orderly room, quarter-master's stores, cookers, &c., are able to find a local habitation and a home in shell-smitten houses only about half an hour or an hour's walk by communication trenches from the front fire trench.

Now, reader, let us imagine that the battalion rations are "up," and that you are my guest standing by my side on a cold winter's night in the front line. The time is about seven in the evening. We are sheltering from the wind behind a traverse. A muffled figure passes us, followed by others. I cry out, "What party is that?" "No. 3 Platoon ration party," is the reply. Almost immediately afterwards comes along another small party. Again I challenge, this time being told that the men are going to fetch the platoon's twenty-four hours' water supply. Just as we are going to move off, two men come along carrying slung between them a large square-looking object. There is no need to ask them where they are going. They are taking back to the cooks the dixie in which the platoon tea was brought, hot and strong—oh, so strong, from the cooker some hour or so before. Having seen a platoon's fatigue parties going forth to get the next day's rations, you go along with me to dinner in an officer's dug-out, where we hold the company mess. On our way we lift up a waterproof sheet which hangs across the entrance to a dug-out. Inside we see a group of men. Two are holding their mess tins over a small coke fire, which is glowing red in a be-holed biscuit tin. One is frying an egg, the other warming up some tea. Others are lying about, some reading, some eating. Jam and bread—not ration but French, which they call "do pan"—is the chief diet, but there is one lucky beggar, with a glow of anticipated pleasure on his face, just opening a tin of sardines. We are cordially invited to enter, but smilingly refuse. Proceeding on our way we come across a man trying to get his coke fire to "go." It is in an old bucket riddled with holes, and he is swinging it solemnly backwards and forwards by the handle.

We at last arrive at the mess. Just before entering I have a peep to see if good old Brown, our cook, is ready for us. Yes, dinner is waiting to be served. We enter the dug-out. To your surprise there is a table and sufficient chairs to accommodate all. You are further surprised at the good dinner we give you. Oxo soup, joint and vegetables, tinned fruit, followed by bread and butter, with cheese or jam. The repast is washed down by not unpalatable red or white wine. Afterwards you enjoy, if you are not too finicking, a cup of coffee and a cigar. It is not always so, for there are trenches and times where it is impossible for your gallant cook and orderlies to do you so comfortably, but averagely we live well. You marvel at the comfort of the dug-out. I have been in much finer ones. For instance, I was once in charge of a working party whose operations took me to a part of the line held by a company whose officer was a friend of mine. He enjoyed the distinction of being a K.C. and M.P. I called upon him, and found he was sumptuously housed in a pillared dug-out. The pillars were decorated with exquisite art; the ceiling was beautifully papered by a master hand; a gorgeous bed adorned one end of the room; whilst a long and splendid mirror added lustre to one of the walls. There were chairs galore and a table. It all reminded you of a delightful sitting-room on a Transatlantic liner. Whilst he fed me with cheese, cake, bread and lemonade, I rapturously commented on the comforts he enjoyed. But what I enjoyed most was a cigar he gave me as a reward for departing.

You retire to sleep, but at an early hour next morning I take you off to see the men get their breakfast. We are just in time to see two men staggering along the trench with a weighty dixie of tea. Behind comes another man, carrying a tin lid upside down full of cooked rations of bacon. Sometimes the bacon is issued raw to the men, and they fry it themselves. Soon the men are swarming round the tea and bacon, and receiving their share from the discriminating orderly platoon corporal of the day. His division of the bacon causes a good deal of dissatisfaction. O God of Mars, has the orderly corporal who could give universal satisfaction yet been born? You notice the men feed in groups of four and five. The reason is not so much companionship as the fact that the jam and butter is issued in tins or half-tins, to be shared amongst several. Thus the magnetic attraction is the man who holds the jam or butter in trust.

Having gazed on the scene for some time, we start off for our own breakfast. Just as we are going a man rushes up to me to complain of the little bacon he has received. True, it is small, and that another man I see has a much larger portion; but then, as I point out to him, to-morrow in all probability this state of affairs will be reversed, and he will have a much larger piece of bacon than his fellow.

At last we get back to breakfast. As you take your bacon and egg, you are able to peruse the columns of a sheet of the day before yesterday's *Times*, which serves as a table-cloth. After you have finished the more substantial portion of your breakfast, you enjoy slices of, if rather thick, yet excellent toast, with butter and marmalade. After breakfast you accompany me about the trenches, and at midday we watch the men get their dinner. It is not tinned meat to-day—"bully-beef"—but what is commonly known as "shackles." This is composed of fresh meat cut up into small bits, stewed in water, together with dough pudding. It is interesting to watch the men being served. Some take their whole share of liquid, meat, and pudding; others dispense with the duff; whilst some prefer just the meat, which they fry in their mess tin. A few are fortunate enough to have got hold of some potatoes, which they slice, and mix with their shackles and stew merrily. Lo! one in addition has got an onion, and the savoury smell of his collation reminds us that we also are ready for our midday meal. When we arrive at the mess, we find that the president has been

extravagant, and has got us for lunch tinned salmon. In lieu of dessert, we have hefty portions of rarebit. After the meal you pay a visit to the land of Nod, to be welcomed back to earth at four o'clock in the afternoon with the welcome tidings that tea is ready. Somebody has received a lusty cake from home; another dainty fairy cakes, which compensate somewhat for the strong tea and tinned milk. At six we go and see the men get their tea, which is the last meal they have officially in the day. I say good-bye to you with regret, conscious that you might have fared better if you had been the guest of another company mess, but also knowing that you might have fared much worse. Thus you leave us with the thought, perhaps, that though trench life is not all beer and skittles, a little is.

A FORGOTTEN EPISODE.

SHORT WAR STORY. By NORAH D. USHER.

III

After Stephen Hamilton's departure from Oakleigh Farm life flowed on as usual. Nancy and Mrs. Hamilton were a couple of brave women, and worked with a will to make up for the shortage of hands; the young master was not the only one from Oakleigh who had answered Lord Kitchener's call. It was a splendid harvest, wonderful weather and a wonderful crop, the best for many years. Nancy thought with delight how pleased Steve would be when he came back to his well-filled barns and glorious ricks. That he would come back she never questioned.

News from the front filters through slowly. Hardly a word they heard from Steve, and what they did hear was vague and unsatisfactory. Then all communications ceased. Still those who loved him hoped for the best, and endeavoured to sink their anxiety in the stress of harvesting. At length official tidings reached them: they knew the worst. The young master would never see his home again.

In the North-country women are often reserved and self-controlled. Their natures are strong to endure. So, after the first cruel shock, Mrs. Hamilton and Nancy put their grief aside. Robert, too, did his part, and the stricken family took up the burden of life once more.

So the harvest was gathered in, autumn passed and winter came. Christmas drew near, but its approach only meant additional pain to those bereaved. There were to be the usual preparations for the benefit of poor neighbours at Oakleigh Farm, but for the Hamilton family rejoicing was impossible. Perhaps in those dreary weeks Nancy drained her cup of woe to the dregs, for it is not the first shock of grief that is so hard to bear, but the dull weight at the heart afterwards.

One morning, not long before Christmas, Nancy was busy in the dairy, when she heard the garden gate click, and, glancing up from her work, saw a man coming up the path. He was walking slowly and painfully, a stick in his right hand, his head bent. His clothing was odd and foreign-looking, yet something in his aspect struck her as strangely familiar. She dropped the pan she was cleaning, and at the clicking sound he raised his head and looked towards the dairy window. The next moment, with an inarticulate cry of rapture and surprise, Nancy was in his arms. It was her lost lover.

Yet when the first joy of greeting was over, when Mrs. Hamilton and Nancy had kissed and embraced him as one risen from the dead, their hearts ached at his changed looks. One arm was in a sling, there were dark hollows under his eyes, and a long gash, barely healed, across his right cheek. Nancy touched it furtively with a pitying finger.

"Oh, Stephen," she cried, "we had given you up for dead. They told us at the War Office you had been killed. Where have you been all this time?"

A perplexed look passed over his face.

"That is just the trouble of it," he said, vaguely. "I only remember being struck by a bomb while on sentry duty in France, just after I first got out."

"Yes, that was when we heard you were dead," put in Nancy. "Two of your comrades took your identity disc, and left you where you fell. Oh, Steve, our hearts were broken as we thought of it. But now tell us how you were saved after all."

His brow was puckered and his eyes troubled.

"I wish I could tell you lass. Odd as it may seem, I remember nothing from the time the bomb struck me down at the edge of the wood to the time I came to myself in the hospital at Rouen."

"How did you get to Rouen? They must have told you that."

"I was brought in with a lot of other wounded. They were from all parts, hundreds of them, and no one seemed to know who I was or where I came from. I had no uniform, only these peasant's clothes. I lay unconscious for two days with a broken arm, a cut cheek, and a blow on the head. When I came to and told the doctor my story, he said that the first shock by the wood had taken away my memory and a second shock had restored it. He had known one such case before."

"But the time between, how did he account for that?" Nancy persisted.

"He says I shall probably never remember that again. The lapse is just a condition of the brain resulting from the first shock."

"But where did you get the second shock?"

"I know no more than you," he answered.

So they had to be content to leave it. After all, as long as they had him back nothing else mattered much. Not only the folk at the farm, but the whole neighbourhood was rejoicing at his return. A constant stream of inquirers kept Nancy and Mrs. Hamilton busy; Steve was not well enough to see any visitor. When at last the house was quiet, and the lovers were left alone together, Nancy laid her head on his shoulder, and her arm stole round his neck, her heart overflowing with pent-up love. Suddenly, with a low cry, she looked at the hand that was caressing hers.

"Steve! Where is the ring I gave you? Oh, Steve, I put it on for luck. You've never been and lost it!"

Gazing at the bare finger he shook his head. His reply was almost a groan.

"Nancy, my lass, I'd give ten years of my life to discover where that ring went to; but I know nothing of what happened in those weeks. It is a cruel thing to lose a slice out of one's life like that."

His distress was so real, so poignant, that, forgetting the ring, she soothed him with loving word and touch.

"Never mind, dearest. It is easy enough to get a new ring," she said at last. "Most likely those vile Germans took it. They are vile enough for anything. But what matters the ring as long as I have you?"

A dull red flush crept over his worn face.

"No, Nancy, somehow I don't think the Germans have it. They'd be too much in a hurry to notice a little thing like that."

But he did not tell her of the ring engraved "Lucie" that lay wrapped in tissue paper in his vest pocket. He took it out that night and looked at it ere he lay down to sleep. Some strange haunting charm seemed to steal over him as he slipped it once more over his finger; some elusive memory of a girl's dark eyes, of a sweet thrilling voice. It was borne in upon him that Nancy's ring had not been stolen from him, that this one on his finger had been a gift. But even as he removed it and locked it away in his desk, the faint ray of memory faded. It was better that it did so, that the past should remain for ever buried, for had not Nancy promised that evening that she would marry him as soon as the banns were read?

OUR FRENCH-ENGLISH PAGE, Conducted by Dr. CHARLES SAROLEA.

LE CULTE DES HEROS.

NAGUERE, quand un historien retraçait les annales de la civilisation, histoire des religions, histoire de l'art, histoire des sciences, il représentait cette civilisation comme la conquête des grandes individualités qui avaient lutté, souffert et triomphé pour elle. Cette vieille histoire était essentiellement, selon le mot de Carlyle, la biographie des grands hommes. La civilisation tout entière était conçue comme ce tableau fameux de Raphaël où la culture grecque est symbolisée dans un groupe de Demi--dieux. Cette vieille histoire s'attachait avec prédilection aux temps antiques et aux temps barbares, parce que, plus que d'autres, ils avaient offert un champ illimité au déploiement des vertus héroïques, parce que jamais l'humanité n'avait été plus misérable et que jamais les grands hommes n'avaient été plus grands. Comme les philosophes réalistes de la scolastique, ces historiens croyaient que rien n'existait dans l'humanité qui n'eût auparavant existé dans l'âme et dans le cœur des grands hommes: Héraclès et Thésée, Périclès et César, Charlemagne et Napoléon, Socrate et Bouddha, Cervantes et Shakespeare, Goethe et Victor Hugo, Michel-Ange et Beethoven, Aristote et Archimède, Descartes et Newton, voilà, pour cette ancienne histoire, les Démiurges de l'humanité.

Si l'humanité avait attendu deux mille ans avant que Descartes reprit le problème d'Archimède presque au point précis où Archimède l'avait laissé, c'est qu'Archimède, avant de le résoudre, avait été tué par l'épée stupide du soldat de Marcellus, c'est qu'Archimède n'avait pas laissé de successeur. Si l'Empire romain avait joui d'un siècle de Paix romaine, entre la tyrannie hideuse de Domitien et la folie plus hideuse de Commode, ce fut l'œuvre des Antonins. Si à cet âge d'or succéda un âge de fer, c'est que Marc-Aurèle avait eu pour fils un monstre furieux. Si les empires de Charlemagne et de Napoléon étaient tombés avec eux, c'est qu'eux seuls pouvaient en soutenir le poids, c'est que les Césars seuls peuvent être les créateurs et les supports du Césarisme. Si l'art de Michel-Ange meurt avec lui, c'est que son génie seul pouvait lui insuffler la vie; si l'admirable mouvement poétique de l'Allemagne s'arrête à la mort de Goethe, c'est que le Jupiter olympien de Weimar en était et le principe et la fin. Et ainsi l'histoire se montrait éblouie de l'œuvre des grands hommes. Et non seulement elle les exaltait, mais elle les isolait sur un socle d'airain. Elle faisait de leur grandeur une solitude. Elle imposait leurs noms aux siècles, comme pour placer les siècles sous leur égide: siècle de Périclès, siècle des Antonins, siècle de Charlemagne. Parfois elle les adorait dans une apothéose, elle en faisait les Demi-dieux des Panthéons, les Ases des Walhallas, les Saints des calendriers, les Héros éponymes des cités. Spontanément, l'imagination populaire exaltait ses Héros en libérateurs légendaires et célébrait dans ses cantilènes épiques les gestes de ceux qui avaient laissé leur longue traînée lumineuse dans la nuit des temps barbares.

Quels que pussent être les démérites de cette histoire, elle avait un mérite: exaltant l'individualité de celui qui faisait l'histoire par le tranchant du glaive et par le rayonnement de l'idée, elle exaltait tout à la fois, dans la postérité la plus éloignée, l'individualité de ceux qui lisaient leurs exploits; elle inspirait, elle vivifait, elle donnait la contagion de l'héroïsme. En un mot, c'était une histoire créatrice. Tacite, s'il faut en croire l'histoire "scientifique" n'était peut-être qu'un pamphlétaire passionné et suspect. Mais comme il savait tremper les caractères et retremper les courages défaillants! Les Vies de Plutarque, s'il faut encore en croire l'histoire "scientifique," n'étaient peut-être que des "romans historiques." Mais comme ces "romans historiques" suscitaient les forces vives et tendaient les ressorts et bandaient les volontés vers la cible des hauts desseins! Combien d'hommes, combien de faibles femmes, depuis Montaigne et Shakespeare jusqu'à Rousseau et Mme. Roland, ont trouvé dans les Vies de Plutarque la révélation de leur propre héroïsme!

OF old, when a historian was narrating the annals of civilisation—the history of Religion, or the history of Art, or the history of Science—he represented that civilisation as the achievement of the great personalities who had struggled and triumphed for it. This old-fashioned history was essentially, in the words of Carlyle, the Biography of Great Men. The whole of civilisation was conceived like the famous picture of Raphael, where Greek culture is symbolised in the School of Athens, and where the School of Athens is symbolised in a group of Demi-Gods. That old-fashioned history would attach itself primarily to ancient and barbarous ages, because more than other ages they offered unlimited scope to the unfolding of heroic virtues, because never had humanity been more miserable and never had great men been greater. Like the realists of scholastic philosophy, those old-fashioned historians believed that nothing existed in humanity which had not pre-existed in the souls and the hearts of great men. Heracles and Theseus, Pericles and Cæsar, Charlemagne and Napoleon, Socrates and Buddha, Cervantes and Shakespeare, Gœthe and Victor Hugo, Michael Angelo, and Beethoven, Aristotle and Archimedes, Descartes and Newton—these had been in the conception of those historians, the master-builders of mankind.

If humanity had been waiting for two thousand years before Descartes took up again the problem of Archimedes, almost at the precise point where Archimedes had left it, it was because Archimedes before solving it had been killed by the brutal sword of the soldier of Marcellus, it was because Archimedes had not left a successor behind him. If the Roman Empire had enjoyed a whole century of Roman peace, between the hideous tyranny of Domitian and the more hideous madness of Commodus, it was the work of the Antonines. If this Golden Age was followed by an Iron Age, it was because Marcus Aurelius had left a son who was a furious monster. If the Empires of Charlemagne and of Napoleon had collapsed with their founders it was because they alone could sustain the burden. It was because the Cæsars alone could be the creators and the mainstays of Cæsarism. If the art of Michael Angelo died with him, it was because his genius alone could breathe life into it. If the admirable poetical movement of Germany stops at the death of Gœthe, it was because the Olympian Jupiter of Weimar was both its beginning and its end.

And thus history was dazzled by the achievements of its great men, and not only did it extol them, but it isolated them on a pedestal of brass. It made their greatness a sublime solitude. It gave their names to the ages, for it wanted to place the ages under their ægis; the age of Pericles, the age of the Antonines, the age of Charlemagne. Sometimes history adored them in an apotheosis. It made them into the Demi-Gods of its Pantheons; the Asas of its Walhallas, the Saints of its calendars, the eponymous heroes of its cities. Spontaneously popular imagination glorified its heroes into mythical liberators, and celebrated in its epic songs the noble deeds of those who had left a long luminous track in the darkness of barbarous times.

Whatever may have been the demerits of that school, it had one merit: whilst glorifying the personality of the man who was making history with the edge of his sword, and through the radiation of an ideal at the same time it vivified unto the most remote posterity the individuality of those who read their exploits. It inspired, it spread the contagion of heroism; in one word, it was a creative history. Tacitus, if we may believe scientific history, was perhaps only a passionate and suspicious writer of libels, but how he managed to brace characters and to raise faltering hearts! The *Lives* of Plutarch, if we again must believe scientific history, were perhaps only "historical novels," but how those "historical novels" were calling forth the vital forces, how they directed human will towards the goal of a high purpose! How many men, how many feeble women, from Montaigne and Shakespeare, down to Rousseau and Mme. Roland, have found in the *Lives* of Plutarch the revelation of their own heroism!



MR. A. E. CALOW.

Wrecked on the "Maloja"

The Experiences of Two Y.M.C.A. Workers.



MR. F. B. FOSTER.

ON Saturday we bade them Godspeed and a good voyage. Just after the Sunday afternoon meeting at the London Central a telegram was brought us, reading, "Foster and Calow safe; luggage lost." On Monday they were in the Chief's room at headquarters again, with a story to tell that will last them a lifetime.

Mr. F. B. Foster is an American citizen, hailing from Topeka, Kansas. He is a Rhodes scholar of some three years' standing, having come from the University of Idaho to Lincoln College, Oxford. Last November he obtained a year's leave of absence, in order to do war work, for the spirit of Oxford just now, as he said, is "to get out and do something." After a spell with the American hospital in France, he offered his services to us, having previously been invited by the American Y.M.C.A. to go to Siberia for work among the prisoners of war there. He had put in a probationary three weeks at one of our home huts, and was on his way out to take up a post for us in Egypt.

Mr. A. E. Calow is a divinity student at the Baptist College, Nottingham, and was also proceeding to Egypt for us.

From Mr. Foster I was able to obtain a full account of the experiences through which he and his companion passed, Mr. Calow having gone back to Nottingham to reassure his wife of his safe return.

"We were on the upper deck," said Mr. Foster, "and the noise of the explosion was not sufficiently great to tell us what had happened, but when we saw the *débris* we realised the situation, and made for the boat to which the steward had previously told us we were assigned. I ran down for our lifebelts, but found the gangways already awash. Our efforts to get the boat clear proved unavailing, owing to the list on the ship, so we had to fend for ourselves, and it was impossible to keep together.

"Calow plunged into the sea, and managed to get hold of a raft, but was drawn down with the ship, perhaps because the raft had not been cut clear. However, he came to the surface again, and was eventually picked up by a trawler.

"I slid down on the weather side with an oar, but the heavy seas soon washed me away from the oar. Then I got hold of a capsized boat, but was washed off that, too. The danger on this side of the ship was that of being hurled against the vessel and either crushed or disabled, as so many were. I managed, however, to crawl on to, and then over, the ship again, her side being now almost level with the water. On the lee side I found a boat containing Lascars, and reached it all right, but had only time to regain breath before it swamped under us. I had to swim for it once more. This time I found refuge on the bottom of an upturned boat, with one or two others, and from this we were taken by a torpedo boat destroyer.

"I lost all my kit and a number of personal mementos, but may well thank God that I escaped with my life, for I cannot put down my deliverance to any foresight or good management of my own."

In reply to my remark that I imagined that Mr. Foster would feel that he had had enough excitement to last him for some time, he said, "Well, I should not shrink from it again if it were necessary to face another such experience in going out to do the work for which I have volunteered. A little Christian faith makes a great difference. I am ready to start out once more on Wednesday if Mr. Drake is ready for me, and if I can get a new equipment by then. The shipping company fitted us out with clothes in which to make our way home, but, of course, our tickets were issued to us with the proviso that the company could not be responsible for any loss due to war risks. So now I must just set to and replace my wardrobe, and then I can be off again."

Such is the spirit of all our workers, and though in the nature of things some have to face greater risks than others in carrying out their tasks, the same readiness for whatever may happen and the same sense that God cares for those committed to His service may be discovered everywhere among those who, as they realise, are at work for men that count not their own lives dear unto them. We rejoice that the lives of our friends were spared, and extend our sympathy to the relatives of all those who were lost. Once more we are brought face to face with the cost of war to the non-combatant as well as to the soldier.

£550 IN 50 DAYS.

London Central Fund for King's Cross Hut.

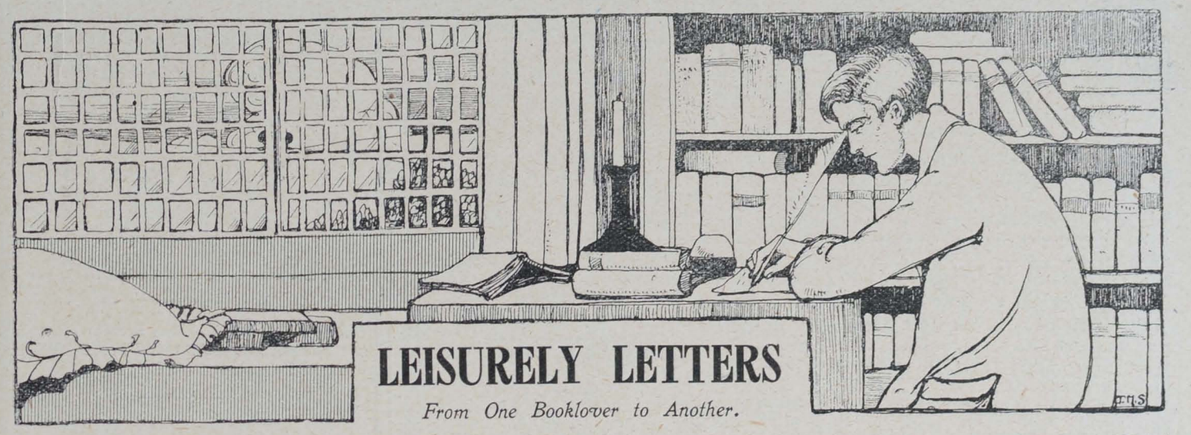
THE London Central's "£550 in Fifty Days' Fund" is now in full swing, having been energetically taken up by the members and friends of that centre, but the need for a larger effort, if the fund is to be completed within the time mentioned, is urgent, and collecting boxes, stamps, and sheets can be obtained on application to the hon. sec., Mr. J. G. Jackman, any evening.

The need of the station work becomes more manifest every day, and consequently the necessity for clearing the debt on one centre before another can be put up is of the utmost importance. A typical case, which shows the vital need for the huts, occurred the other evening. One of the lady workers coming from the station saw two Scotsmen, who, immediately upon arriving, had been accosted by those whose calling could not be mistaken. Overhearing the two men inquiring the way to reach a certain terminus, and noticing that the reply led them entirely in the opposite direction, she thought that it was her business to interfere. She pointed out that she was one of the staff of the Y.M.C.A. The two men allowed themselves to be taken under her escort, and were thus saved from being cleaned out at the very least. They were taken to the Y.M.C.A. hut, where they spent the night, taking their train home the first thing in the morning. Before doing so, however, they expressed their very deep sense of gratitude for the timely help they had received. It is such cases as these that show how much it is up to the members of the London Central Y.M.C.A. to make it possible for the War Emergency Committee to extend the work for the soldiers in this vast and dangerous metropolis, and to this end they very earnestly request the help of all those who are desirous of seeing the good work further extended.

GOOD BUSINESS.

A paragraph of special interest to the Editor is contained in a letter from Mr. Watkin, of Burry Port. It runs:—

"Our weekly sacred concert is just over, and has been the usual success, with 500 men present, gathered together from all parts of the country—men working in and around the large munitions works here. During the course of the evening I made my usual appeal on behalf of *Y.M.*, and in quick time I got two men in khaki—belonging to the Glamorgan Royal Engineers—stationed here, to sell 200 copies, this number not including the regular purchasers, and I shall require another two dozen to supply these, if you will be good enough to have them sent on as near return as possible. I think you had better increase my standing order again to bring it up to 300 copies, i.e., twenty-three dozen. I am quite sure I can get through them, as it only needs an appeal to be made."



LEISURELY LETTERS

From One Booklover to Another.

MY DEAR A.,—I've found the very book for which you have been asking so long—a book that describes with an artist's touch and a worker's insight what we really are about at the sign of the Red Triangle, over yonder, and everywhere else. It is not specifically a book about Y.M.C.A. work, but it records—or, rather, reflects—the experiences of a man who has seen service with us somewhere in France ("far up," I may incidentally inform you), and who has the knack of seeing the human side of things. The author is E. G. Miles—the brilliant young successor to Richard Roberts at Crouch Hill, who won his spurs, professionally speaking, at Walton and Sefton Park, Liverpool. He calls his book *The Soul of the Ranker*, and it is published by Hodder and Stoughton at 1s. net. So eagerly and voraciously did I read this round dozen of short sketches that I had, for an hour or two, the impression that they were slight. Then I found that they had etched themselves into my memory and imagination, and that this is among the very few volumes that have really helped me to see and feel what manner of man Tommy is when he is actually on active service. Beneath—or, rather, through—the mingled comedy and tragedy (in the exact sense of the words) Mr. Miles' pages show you a great company of dedicated spirits, all trying, consciously or otherwise—

"Oh, for a man to arise in me
That the man I am may cease to be."

You begin to see where you might help. Whether you see it or not, you feel that you've just got to try. I wish somebody would give me a thousand copies or so to give to Y.M.C.A. hut leaders. They know a good thing when they see it.

I spent last Sunday afternoon over E. J. Kennedy's posthumous book, *With the Immortal Seventh Division* (Hodder, 2s. 6d. net). It is a very simple and straightforward story of active service—just what you would expect from him, with his practical bent, his love of good comradeship, his sportsmanship, his humour, above all, his passion for winning men. He served with the dogged and heroic battalions which held the Germans during the critical days of the retreat from the Marne. No one quite knew then how inevitable would have been disaster but for the glorious front they presented to a force seven-fold greater than their own. Kennedy was in the thick of it, and in his book he illumines greatly the work of the padre at the front. Incidentally he draws some very lifelike portraits of soldier-men as he met them. They liked him, and so were ready to reveal themselves to him. On the other hand, he was devoted to them, and understood them as few parsons do.

Did you know that when, after his long spell of sick-leave, he was sent over again (this time to Boulogne), he got together the funds for a fine church hut at Boulogne? It was news to me.

Kennedy was no writer of books. In a critical mood you might easily discover defects of structure, and even of diction. But he left a human document which, though unfinished, has the power of the endless life in it. Quite apart from all that he crowded into his splendid life, he accomplished during those few months of active service what many a man might covet as a complete record of well-spent years. He was well worthy to be chaplain to that deathless division. The quiet way he tells of his despatch-riding under fire is in the manner of a V.C. But the noblest thing that can be said of him is said by his Bishop, Dr. Talbot, of Winchester, in his introduction to the book, "This little record bears the impress of the character of its writer—simple, manly, open-hearted towards man, and devout towards God."

You will find some of the same splendid spirit enshrined in the little forty page book which Mr. Elkin Mathews has just issued at the price of one shilling net. It is Laurence Binyon's new collection of poems, entitled *The Anvil*. As you have already been pleased to announce that Laurence Binyon and Alfred Noyes are the only people that have written anything in the poetry line worth printing since the war broke out, I need not stay to argue the merits of this little book with you. Also, I believe, you were asking the other day whether he had published in a handy form poems which appeared in various papers, but which you missed, as you did in the case of some reprinted in the other little volume (*The Winnowing Fan*) because you see only one paper each day in your zeal for cutting down luxuries.

To ask of any piece of creative literature nowadays, "What is the author's theme?" is always rather absurd. There is such a tremendous revolution in all our thinking and feeling that simplicity, even of subject, is all but impossible. Mr. Binyon excels in exactly this power of selection, however. At the back of every one of these brief poems you feel that there is one definite experience. He does not so much describe it to you as enable you to share it. Yet he is not hazily impressionist, any more than he is sharply objective. You have a sense of having passed through with him the event of which he tells rather than of having listened to a story. When, in "The Healers" and "Fetching the Wounded," he transports you to the scene of activities of the R.A.M.C. or the Red Cross, you receive an almost photographic impression of what actually goes on. Being a poet, however, and not a journalist, he takes you to the inmost forthwith, and leaves you, without any horrid or tedious moralising, understanding just how and why life is now and must be for ever afterwards a different thing for us all, now that these experiences have happened to some of us.

Here you will find familiar topics handled in a fashion that helps you to meet and dispel that fearful danger by which we are all threatened now—the tendency to become case-hardened, and thus to miss both the real horror and the real gain of war. I very much want you to read "The Zeppelin" and "The Antagonists" with this in mind. In the first, the point is made that frightfulness from the air brings to the citizen at home not terror of the enemy, but a sense of comradeship with our own men at the front—

"That now we are neared to them
Thank we God."

The second dwells on the real tragedy of Germany—that for the half-century since her unification she has dreamed of greatness only to find that it has ended in the utter disillusionment that submission to the blood and iron *régime* must necessarily bring. On the other hand, France has awakened to her true self, as only she could when faced with a suffering beyond any that she knew in the day of her humiliation all those years ago.

Two poems, one on Edith Cavell, and one on crossing the Atlantic in the *Lusitania* a year ago last December, have a topical interest, and three, that on the Zeppelin and those entitled respectively "The English Graves" and "The Cause," have a strength and beauty of form that would recommend them even apart from their subjects. Mr. Binyon dedicates his book "*Aux Camarades Français.*"

Yours ever,

B.

These books, or any others, may be purchased at our Book-room, Y.M.C.A., Tottenham Court Road, W.C., or will be sent by post on receipt of published price, plus postage.

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LANTERN INTERCESSION SERVICE FOR WAR.

Sports Meetings for Soldiers.

By HERBERT E. NAYLOR (Physical Director, London Central Y.M.C.A.).

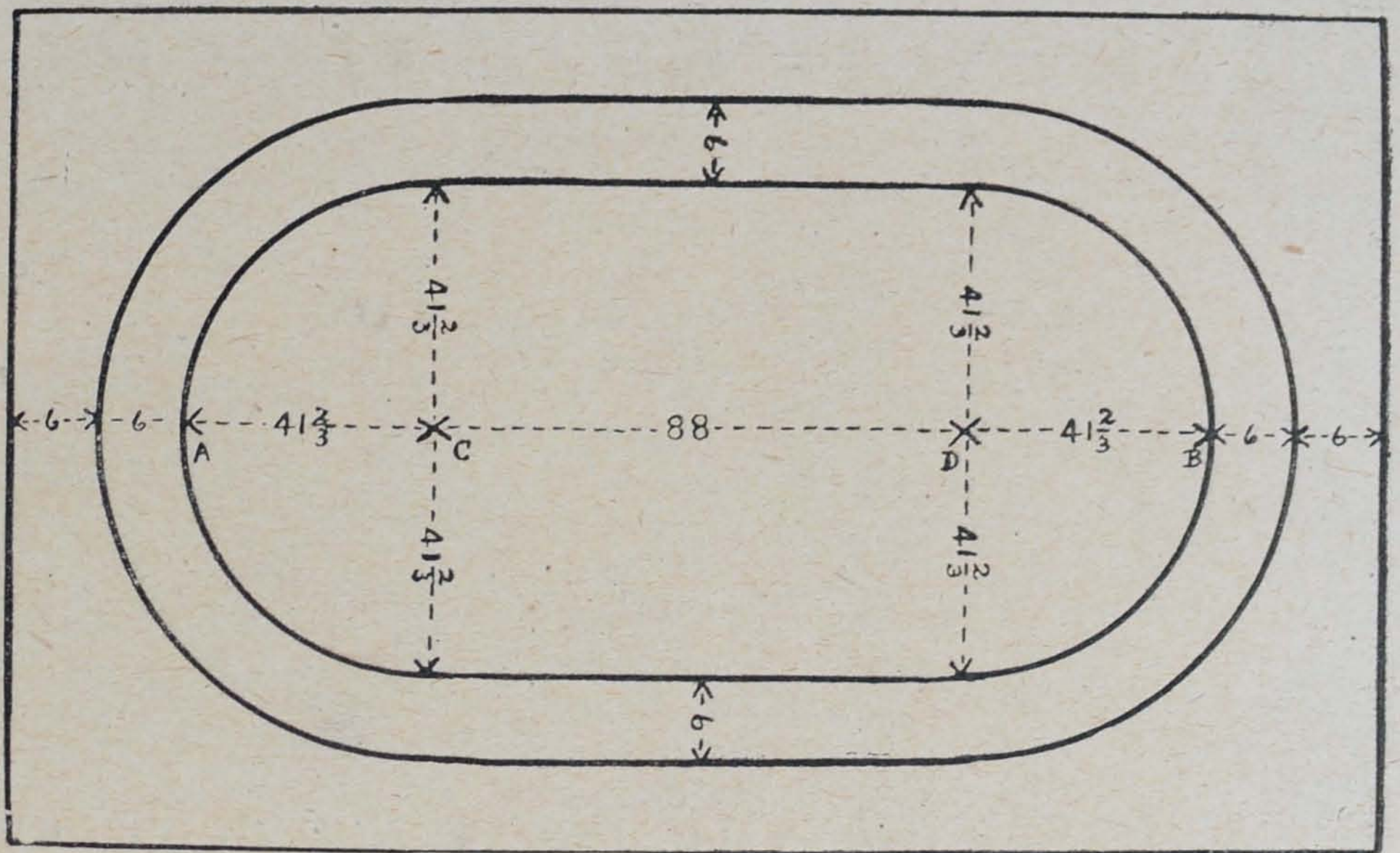
III.

THE minutes of the second meeting having been entered up on the train-journey home from Campsworth, Mr. Secretary's next thought was directed to the acquirement of necessary equipment for laying out the sports ground. This was a comparatively simple matter, as it was known exactly what could be provided from inside the camp, and the remainder was listed up and details sent to the London Central groundman, who promptly forwarded the material by rail to care of the camp leader.

The groundman was also given a rough sketch of the field, with one or two suggestions, as it was arranged for him to prepare the track. Too much importance can scarcely be attached to such preparation, and the services of an expert relieves the committee of much anxiety. It is not always that such services are available, and Mr. Secretary, or another official, may be called upon to superintend the marking of the course; therefore, the following hints may prove useful:—

Firstly, obtain the length and breadth of the field; then deduct approximately twenty-four yards each way for the spectators and the width of the track. The remaining measurements will show the possible dimensions of the course, and if a quarter-mile circuit can be secured matters assume fairly easy proportions. To ascertain this, a line should be struck lengthways through the centre of the track (a stake twelve yards from each end and a string passed between the two answers the purpose). (See A B on sketch.) By halving the width of the space available, and measuring that distance from point A, a centre is provided for the end curve, and by multiplying the entire width—in other words, the diameter of the end semi-circle—by three and one-seventh, the distance round the two ends is arrived at; this deducted from 440 yards will give the distance available for the two straights (or sides). The length of one straight measured from point C will give the centre D for the remaining semi-circle, and if there is sufficient space for that circle the quarter-mile course is assured. Failing this, there is no alternative than to try a five laps to the mile track, using the same method, but deducting the distance of the two semi-circles from 352 yards, or a six laps to a mile from 293⅓ yards. Either of the latter, however, entails much additional work in marking starts for the 220, 440, and 880 yards events.

Having decided what size track is available, strike the semi-circular end, allowing one foot length inside the measurement for the radius, as *all tracks are measured one foot from the inner edge.* By passing the string over the stake at C, taking it to A—*i.e.*, one foot within the full radius—and looping it around the whiting brush, the semi-circle can be described. The sides will be as originally calculated, as there is no need to take a foot off them, and when they are struck the string at the stake D will enable the remaining half-circle to be completed. This may seem complicated, but reference to the sketch and the remarks below it will perhaps make it quite clear. There is no necessity for an outer circle to be marked, but that should be indicated by stakes and ropes so as to keep spectators off the course. If there is sufficient space the special track for the obstacle race can be prepared outside the ordinary one, or, failing this, it may be arranged inside. Other details are fairly straightforward, but cannot be entered into fully in a short article. [An admirable book on Sports Management, by H. Hewitt Griffin, published by the Putney Press, Limited, 333, Putney Bridge-road, London, at 1s., gives several plans, and a store of information on all matters relating to sports. Every secretary or promoter of sports meetings should make a point of possessing this little publication.]



PLAN OF QUARTER MILE TRACK.

1. Width of field after allowing accommodation for spectators and width of track—eighty-four yards. 2. Multiply eighty-four (which represents diameter of semi-circular end) by three and one-seventh to obtain distance around the two ends—264 yards. 3. Deduct 264 yards from 440 yards to obtain length of two sides—176 yards. 4. As measurement of track is made one foot from inside line, the radius of semi-circular ends will be forty-one yards two feet—*i.e.*, half the width of the course less one foot, and if the two sides measure 176 yards, one side will be eighty-eight yards.

Friday's meeting was mainly to ascertain that the whole of the arrangements were proceeding satisfactorily, to deal with entries, and any special matters which might require attention.

The agenda consequently read as under:—

1. Minutes.
2. Business arising on minutes.
3. Reports.
4. Entries.
5. Other business.

The minutes were duly disposed of, and Mr. Ontop mentioned that he had made some inquiry as to the distribution of prizes, and a prominent Cabinet Minister who was spending a week-end near Campsworth had promised to undertake this onerous task. Lieut. Alnews (the special Press official) was immediately concerned, and the result of his efforts from that moment will be apparent when the details of the actual sports are announced.

All the members of the committee who had undertaken special responsibilities were then called upon to report. Each had his task well in hand, and there was no question of a hitch anywhere. The recorder had been very busy, and had tabulated the events in a suitable notebook, showing the judges' names for each item, so that he knew exactly who to approach for results. Privates Willing and Strong had taken the necessary steps to collect the prizes from the dairy, and convey them to the ground. The fatigue parties were arranged, and the policemen would be on the spot when wanted—not always the case, some cynical person may say. Everything, in fact, was proceeding splendidly.

The entries were exceedingly good, totalling upwards of 700, and Lieutenant Headley had so ably sorted and tabulated them that the heats were easily fixed up and all details supplied to the clerk of the course. Other business was quickly disposed of, and it was only a question of the weather which remained undecided. As the newspapers had ceased to give forecasts there was no alternative than to leave this in abeyance.

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THE REAL ORIGIN OF SUNDAY HOME TEAS.

To the Editor of "Y.M."

DEAR SIR,—I fear Doncaster's claim to have originated Sunday home teas will scarcely bear strict investigation.

The fact is that scores of permanent Y.M.C.A.'s were running home teas for their members when war broke out.

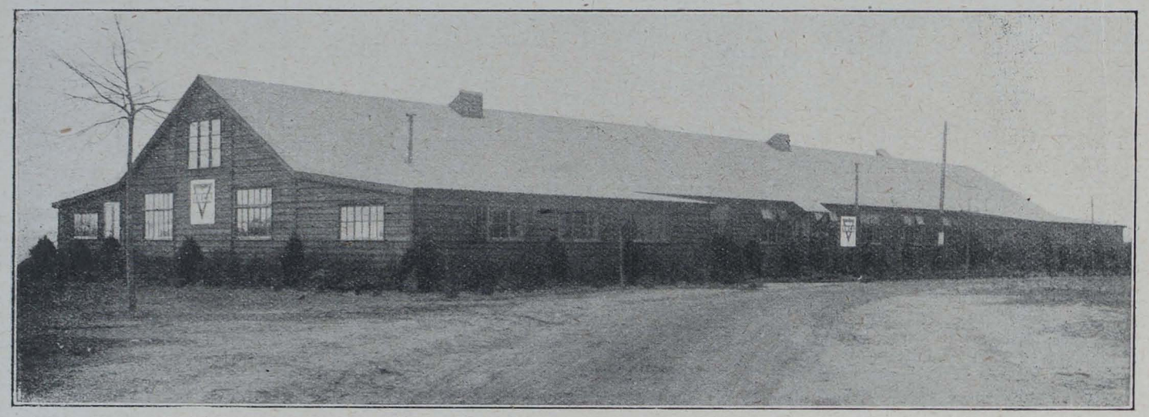
Facility for attending was extensively granted to soldiers at most of these.

Slough Y.M.C.A., under-secretary G. Butler, started free home teas for soldiers in September, 1914. Churches and private donors guarantee each a Sunday. About 120 usually attended. Saturday home teas were introduced in November, 1914.

I think Mr. Butler carried on home teas as introduced by Mr. A. G. Green.

Yours truly,
FRANK S. NAISH.

Y.M.C.A. Hut, Windsor,
February 25, 1916.



SNOW-BOUND MEN AND SNUG HUTS.

Wimbledon and Hampstead Heath.

"CÆSAR went into winter quarters." To our boyish minds, making slow acquaintance with the *Commentarii*, it seemed as though he did little else in Britain. We wondered last week, as we crossed the snow-mantled Wimbledon Common and the white-carpeted Hampstead Heath, whether he and his legions ever "went into winter quarters" there, and whether conditions were very different then. At any rate, there was no Y.M.C.A. in those days! One wonders whether Roman resource had any substitute. It is at least certain that British hospitality did not include anything of the kind. Now and again, despite the assertion of our Canadian cousins that we in England—especially in the South—know nothing of real winter, we get a touch of it that suffices to suggest what things were like in those old days, if only by contrast. Such we have had this week. If we civilians have felt aggrieved at the discomforts that follow a fall of snow, we can hardly have imagined what it means to the other civilians who are now wearing khaki and living under convas or in huts. They, at any rate, know that, as Kipling says:—

"The cure for this ill is not to sit still,
Or frowst with a book by the fire;
But to take a large hoe and a shovel or so,
And dig till you gently perspire."

Even so, however, the presence of a bright, well-warmed hut, with books, games, writing facilities, a coffee bar, concerts, a quiet room, and good comradeship means more than we can well grasp. Thus it was particularly appropriate that the Wimbledon hut should be opened in the midst of the heaviest snowstorm that we have had this winter. As Sir Francis Lloyd said, if the Y.M.C.A. were in want of an advertisement, it could not have a better than the conditions prevailing outside on Friday last.

Right in the middle of the common stands the huge encampment. Sentries stood at their posts like snow-men, with blue noses and cold-reddened cheeks. Outside the hut was drawn up the guard, turned out in honour of the Princess, and, for all their pride in being so distinguished, evidently half frozen. The long lines of low huts hardly suggested a warm welcome to the troops moving in on that very day, though doubtless Tommy, with his cheeriness and his many devices for making the most of things, would soon shake down. The new Red Triangle hut, however, showed up well at the very entrance of the camp, and as soon as we stepped inside the door we discovered that it is a perfect "palace of delights," a super-hut, indeed. The canteen alone, with its refreshment bar and full-sized billiard table, is as large as many an ordinary hut. Out of it opens a fine "small hall," intended for use as a quiet room; partitioned off from it is an equally large concert and lecture-room, with two pretty bays, which add greatly to the architectural effect, and a fine platform. Behind the counter in the canteen there are, of course, quarters for the staff, a well-equipped kitchen, &c. Adorned with pictures, and furnished with a comfort that approaches luxury, the hut ought to prove, as doubtless it will, the drawing-room, club, and general rendezvous of the camp. Wimbledon has much reason to be proud of this magnificent addition to our ever-growing list of "bright spots for the boys."

Special honour was conferred upon the hut in that Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, graciously consented to open it. The arrival of her Royal Highness was heralded by a fanfare of trumpets, performed by the trumpeters of the High Sheriff, and she was received by Brigadier-General Monck, Officer Commanding, Mr. Arthur Sutton, J.P., Mr. Yapp, and Miss Tyrrell-Giles (representing the Sheriff, who arrived later, having been detained in attendance on the Judge at Guildford). The Princess made a very thorough inspection of the hut, and served tea to a number of soldiers, including men of the 13th Kensingtons, of which regiment she is Honorary Colonel. Major-General Sir Francis Lloyd, presiding at the subsequent ceremony, first called upon the Rev. Canon J. Allen Bell to offer the dedicatory prayers, and then delivered an address, in which he referred to the grave situation with which the Allies are faced. He thought that our people at large had not yet realised the magnitude of our task, and though he expected nothing but victory, he pointed out that this would demand of the nation utter self-abnegation, self-discipline, and self-control.

Miss Phyllis Lett, who at the outset of the proceedings had led the company in singing the National Anthem, sang with much verve and effect "Land of hope and glory." The Princess signalled to the soldiers to take up the refrain, which they did with vigour, and her Royal Highness herself took part.

The High Sheriff, Mr. C. Tyrrell Giles, K.C., hon. treasurer to the Wimbledon Committee, then presented the Princess with a cheque for £1,060 9s., which had been raised by the friends at Wimbledon to defray the cost of the hut, and in so doing welcomed the men to their temporary tenancy on the common.

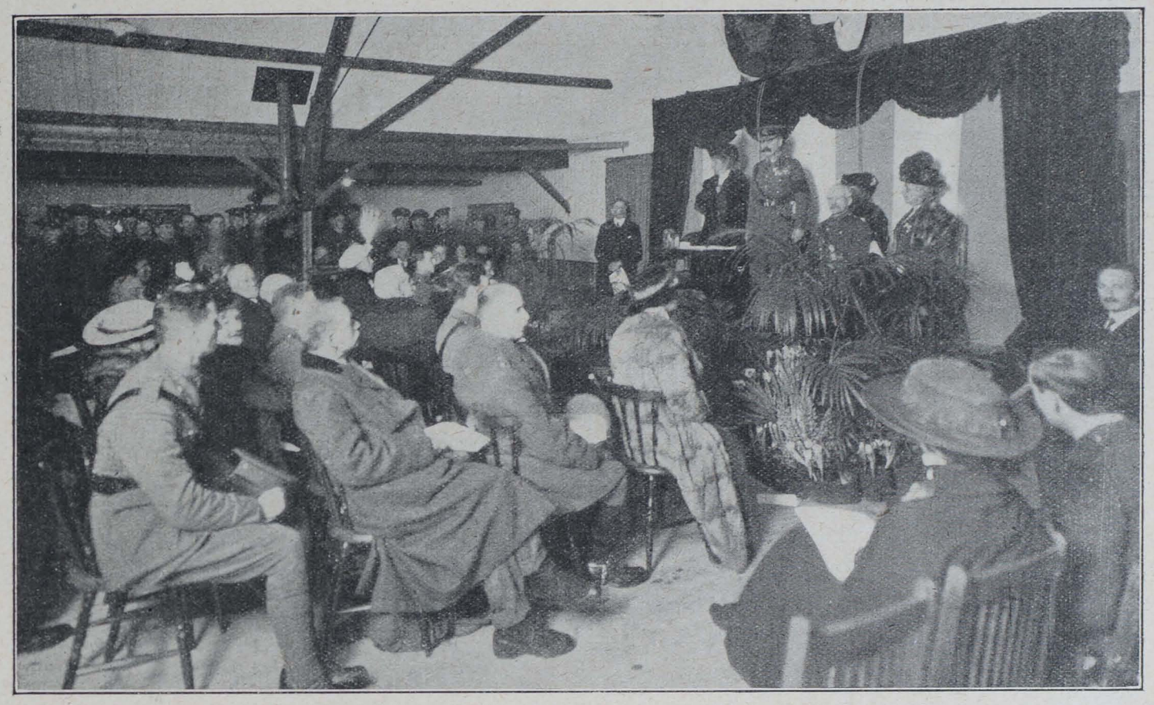
Her Royal Highness, in declaring the hut open, said that the hearts of those who had given it must be filled with happiness as they realised not only the service that they were rendering to the soldiers, but the share they were thereby taking in helping the nation in her hour of need.

A hot snowball attack upon the headquarters party as they motored along the Spaniards-road to the Vale of Health, and a particularly choice and powerful speech delivered by the Hon. Mrs. Stuart-Wortley in opening the new marquee, were the outstanding features of Saturday afternoon's visit to Hampstead Heath. The speech we record in full on another page. In addition, the national secretary made the best speech he has ever delivered in public—by deputy! A group of colleagues and friends who accompanied him for the purpose of hearing the oration which he was announced to give, found themselves called upon by him to utter themselves in turn on various aspects of Association work, none escaping save the one who afterwards alleged that he had spent three hours helping to dig the car out of a drift! Mr. Leishman, of North Shields, gave a stirring account of how in that district, having set out to raise four or five hundred pounds, they secured *two thousand* in a fortnight, by simply "telling the story." Mr. Barclay Baron, on short leave from Havre, gave a racy account of the many-sided task of a Y.M.C.A. staff worker, and concluded by remarking that though he had been "up the line," he found the romance of a base camp far greater, and did not wish to leave it.

Mr. Walter Price was able to present a remarkable record of success in work for the O.T.C., begun on the Heath in January. At first 140 dinners were provided each day. Now nearly 400 are served daily within the space of half-an-hour, and the men find the marquee invaluable during intervals between drill hours. Three hundred ladies have been mobilised by Miss Jones and Miss Evans, and have not only rendered personal service, but have helped to secure the money for the equipment of the marquees by means of collecting cards.

The Rev. Joseph Adams dedicated the marquee in prayer, and we wish for the men who use it all the comfort and inspiration they deserve, as they fulfil their period of training amidst the dull and cold conditions of winter.

A SUPER-HUT AT WIMBLEDON.



The Princess declares the Hut Open.



The Recreation Room.



The Writing Room.



The Counter End.

Photos by: *R. G. Horan.*

Y. M.

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WILL DADDY GET ANY PANCAKES?

Quaint Sayings of Tiny Tots About Shrove Tuesday.

A FEW days ago the boys and girls of a certain elementary school were given "Pancake day" as the subject of their weekly essay. We quote some of the resultant efforts, beginning with one which we are sure our readers will be delighted to have in full:—

"Pancake day will soon be here. Hurroo for pancake day. My mother did not make pancakes last year because it was washing day. We might have some this year. I like pancake day very much. Jimy likes to ster the bater."

It is not simply a gourmand's pleasure to which the children look forward. Most of them either begin or end the essay with the remark, "We have some fun on pancake day." The humour of the situation revolves for them round the difficult, but apparently essential, operation of "tossing." On this point they display a sense of humour which, let us hope, they will in no wise lose by the time they join the ranks of the grown-ups, whom they watch with a keenness that finds expression varying from gentle satire or open scorn in the case of hapless, unskilled father or uncle to the admiring appreciation which they reserve for the prowess of mother, who can do everything: "When uncle makes pancakes he tosses them up the chimby." "When father tosses he dont toss them rite." Worse still, "When father makes the pancakes he tosses the pancakes into the fire." Sometimes there is a recollection of personal guilt, in which naiveté is more marked than contrition: "What fun pancake day is. My mother asked me to mind them and I tossed them into the coal box." We wonder whether mother saw the funny side; we'll hope so—for her own sake. Aunts and cousins are not above reproach: "Mother toses them into the pan But when my aunt made some she tossed them into the fire." The fault of the younger generation, it seems, is superfluous energy: "My cousin Amy was trying to toss the pancake up both the pan and the pancake fell on the floor. Then it was cuvered with black. So she had to make anuther. We have some fun on pancake day."

One narrative suggests that the tragedies of Shrove Tuesday are not confined to the human race. It has a touch of the real teller of thrilling stories about it: "I no a story about a lady. She was making some pancakes and she went out. The big boy got the pan tossed the pancakes up and they fell on the cat."

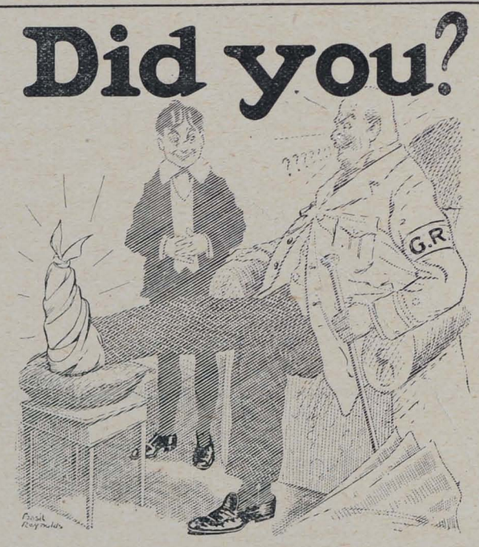
A happy power of discrimination is displayed by some of the girls (they must be girls in these cases; boys do not make such delicate distinctions!). "If mother is clever she tosses them into the pan." And again, "If mother is clever she tosses them." Doubtless also it is the girls who appreciate the discretion that is the better part of valour: "My mother does not toss them up but she turns them over with a knife." Another puts it thus: "She stiks a fork in the pancakes and puts a nife under the pancakes." There is a hint at a possible life-long deception in one remark: "Granmother does not miss a yere making pancakes. I dont no weather she tosses them or turns them with a knife."

There is a touch of pathos in the frequency with which reference is made to someone overseas: "I wonder if my Soldier daddy will have any." "I hope dad will have some He is with the Red Cross Tent." "I hope my two (brothers) will get some They are prisners of war in turkey." "Daddy is in horsepital. I hope he will get some pancakes."

Generally the essay ends with a modest estimate of personal capacity, which may, perhaps, be interpreted as more or less of a hint: "I can eat seven pancakes." "My mother tosses the pancakes. I can eat five of them." In some cases a wise limitation is evidently imposed by the powers that be, but aspiration is not thereby crippled: "I could eat three." A splendid sense of great achievements to come with growing years is evinced by one small person, who announces, "I can only eat three pancakes because I am little."

Perhaps the most charming of all is the essay that lets us into a secret: "I like pancake day. But I don't think I should have pancakes because my mother is very bad The nurse brought a little baby girl. It is ever so fat. A lady has to mind us."

Verily, Shrove Tuesday is justified of our children!



Asking for it!
Little Nephew (to Colonel Chutney): "Hallo, Uncle, did you 'NUGGET' your boots this morning?"
"NUGGET" BOOT POLISH IN 1D., 2D., AND 4½D. TINS.



H. G.

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways.
—"The Passing of Arthur."

MANY of our new friends are disposed to contrast the Y.M.C.A. as we know it in its work amongst the troops with what it is supposed to have been in the past. As a matter of fact, it is not the Y.M.C.A. that has changed, excepting in the ordinary way that the rose-bud changes to the full-blown flower. There are to-day, as there have always been, Associations that have a narrow and limited outlook, but the general Association Movement has always been progressive and ready to "follow the gleam."

***

THE fact is the Y.M.C.A. has come into its own at last. The war gave it its opportunity, and it was ready for the crisis when it came. As our fathers did of old, we take our stand to-day on what is known as the Paris Basis, the simple statement of faith on which all the Associations of the world are affiliated. It was promulgated at the first General Conference of Young Men's Christian Associations, held in Paris in August, 1855. Its terms are as follows:—

"The Young Men's Christian Associations seek to unite those young men who, regarding Jesus Christ as their God and Saviour according to the Holy Scriptures, desire to be His disciples in their doctrine and in their life, and to associate their efforts for the extension of His Kingdom among young men."

***

IT may be that some of our friends cannot follow us the whole way. That does not matter, so long as they are willing to work loyally with us, and do not attempt to force on the Association anything that would be contrary to its foundation principles. The Association was never designed by its founders to be controversial in its methods. Indeed, the text that has always been taken as its motto is "That they all may be one." That is the ideal, each one doing his bit, striving towards the great end, and not frittering away time and energy in attacking those who view Truth from a standpoint other than their own. The foe is before us, and we have no time to waste in quarrelling amongst ourselves.

***

YOU can rarely win or influence a man by attacking him, but Love is always conqueror in the end, and the great need, the supreme need, of our soldiers and sailors to-day is that they may know the Love of God as revealed in the Son of Man, who was at the same time the Strong Son of God. The Y.M.C.A. has been able to help in the present crisis, because it is sound on the great fundamentals of the Christian Faith—the Divinity of our Lord, the authority and authenticity of the Holy Scriptures, the essential unity of all believers and the responsibility of every Christian to participate in the great work of the evangelisation of the world. "Jesus Christ and Him crucified" has always been, and ever will be, the central theme, the conquering message, of the Y.M.C.A.

***

WE often wonder what the beloved founder of the Young Men's Christian Association, Sir George Williams, would have thought could he have seen the work of the Movement that owed so much to him occupying the position it does to-day. We are convinced that no one would have rejoiced more in its success and sympathised more fully than he with the recent developments of the work.

***

SOME people speak of him as narrow-minded, but no man was more ready to adapt his work to changing conditions than he. He was always a little ahead of the time in which he lived. The message which meant so much to him is the message that finds utterance on all Association platforms to-day.

***

WE shall never forget the inspiring lead he gave to the Movement on what was, to all intents and purposes, his last public appearance. It was on the occasion of one of the great World's Conferences held in Paris. Some 4,000 Association men and their friends from all parts of the world were gathered together. There seemed to be one question on every lip, and that question was, "Is he coming; is he coming?" At last he came—a little, old man, leaning upon the arms of two younger and more vigorous men. He walked with tottering steps, and as he advanced to the platform the whole assembly, without any preconcerted signal, made way for him, and formed a living aisle from one end of the room to the other. He was followed by Association leaders from every country in the world. He mounted the platform, and spoke in a firm, clear voice, emphasising three points, and three points only. "Young men, give your hearts to the Lord Jesus Christ whilst you are young." Thank God! that has always been the dominant note of the Movement. Our aim has ever been, and must ever be, not merely to please men or interest them, but to win them for the Saviour.

A. K. YAPP.



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2D SOUPS

THE PREPARATION OF A FIGHTING MAN.

By the HON. MRS. STUART-WORTLEY.

A Speech Delivered at the Vale of Health Y.M.C.A., Hampstead, on February 26, 1916.

AT a time like the present, when within a few miles of us the issue of the war may be at stake, when the cause in which we have embarked is hanging in the balance, and men's lives are being sacrificed by the thousand for principles of right and wrong, we must pause—give ourselves time to think. Time for thought is not time wasted; the soul grows stronger, the spirit finer, the resolve deeper.

Before the Battle of Agincourt King Henry V., one of our finest soldiers, made all the men kneel down in prayer, and when they had prayed they rose up and fought and won the battle against fearful odds.

The preparation for fighting, the quiet preparation of the mind, the heart, and the soul, does so much to strengthen a man's fighting power, so that the more leisure for thought you can secure the better.

May a hut like this give some of you the chance. If, besides the material comfort you get here, you can also find in it that atmosphere that helps a man to calm and reasoned thought, the boon it confers will be immense.

It is not only thought we need, it is what I call enhanced thought, or imagination, to see and appreciate all the significance of the experience we are living through. God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform, and though the upheaval of all established things almost stuns us with the tremendous force of the cataclysm, our imagination, rising on wings above the dust of shattered idols and the mists of dissolving institutions, catches hold of a thread which leads to where peace prevails again and the future shines serene.

We realise that perhaps this upheaval was necessary, that otherwise we could never have freed ourselves from the slavery of materialism, that only in the lightning flashes of the storm could we clearly see the right value of men and things.

Just as the recruit has to strip to pass inspection for the Army, so men and nations are bared to the very soul, and stand to be judged by their qualities alone, irrespective of rank or position or wealth.

How do we value a duke or a dustman or a Cabinet Minister? By what they can do; not by what they profess.

How do we judge between the great American nation and poor little Serbia or Belgium. Brag and bluster do not impose, nor money, nor mere numbers.

So I say that if we have imagination enough, and faith, we know that our universe must rise stronger and better, purged and purified, from the great ordeal.

Faith and imagination—perhaps we are lacking in both: our stolid natures are afraid to launch out on the waters of faith: we don't trust ourselves away from the shores of the visible, material world, though even reason tells us that spiritual forces must necessarily be stronger than material and human.

May I tell you a story of the simple Russian people. About ten years ago there was added to the calendar of saints in the Greek Church a fresh name, that of St. Seraphim. St. Seraphim's tomb is now a place of pilgrimage, the scene of many miracles. Amongst other pilgrims came the Czarina, praying for a son. A son was born to her, and Seraphim's wonder-working power was confirmed, and his fame grew.

In his lifetime Seraphim was a holy man, who took a vow of silence, and kept it for thirty-three years. Though silent, he enjoyed the reputation of being very wise, for he was seen to be in communion with Divine things, and his spirit sought counsel of God.

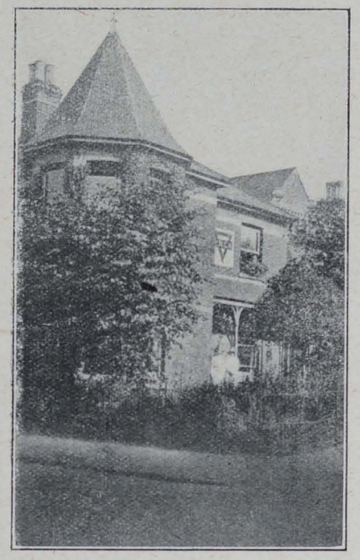
During his period of silence came the invasion of Russia by the Napoleonic armies. The enemy swept over the country to the very gates of Moscow, the sacred city. The people came to Seraphim with a great hope: "Oh, Seraphim, put yourself at the head of our armies, and we shall drive out the foe; God will give us the victory." But Seraphim answered not a word, and seemed not even to hear; his eyes looked out over the supplicating crowd, and gave no sign, and the people went away, wondering. Yet, though Seraphim raised not a finger in his country's defence, his faith and his prayers conquered. Of Napoleon's huge army hardly a man got back over the frontier. Thus was material force met by spiritual. It was the spiritual energy of St. Seraphim that vivified the faith of the Russian people, and made them capable of the self-sacrificing act by which they destroyed their holy city and laid waste the country to starve out the enemy. The stored-up results of the saint's years of contemplation and communion with Divine things acting on a highly sensitive and imaginative nation gave them the strength to prevail, though the balance of material power seemed heavily against them.

Can we not back up our men at the front by such an intense effort of prayer and faith and will-power that nothing could resist us?

Let us throw every ounce of strength, mentally, physically, and spiritually, into the contest, dedicating ourselves, as did the knights of old, by prayer and preparation, for the sternest fight the world has ever seen for right and justice against the powers of wit, oppression, wrong, and robbery.

AT THE SIGN OF THE RED TRIANGLE.

News and Notes Gathered from All Quarters.



WOKING Y.M.C.A. HAS JUST CELEBRATED ITS FIRST BIRTHDAY.

It is with great thankfulness that week by week we find ourselves able to record great and generous gifts to the constantly enlarging work of the Association.

Among those that have come to us between February 21 and 26 are the following:—

	£
Bryant and May, Messrs.	1,575
Dunglass, Lady S.	661
Douglas, Mrs. J.	611
Profumo, Charles	500
Pearce, Lady	500
Braby, Mr. C.	450
Mackinnon, Mrs. D.	450
Port, Miss	450
Vanderbilt, Mrs. French	350
Cheylesmore, Lady	300
Morley, Mrs.	100
L. and Y. Loco Works, Horwich (employees)	100
Newcastle Y.M.C.A.	78
Stair, Lady	75
Paget, Mr. E. L.	50
Westgarth, Miss	50
Griggs, Mr. E.	50
Tyler, Mrs. A. M.	50

Still We Want Gramophones.

The recent appeal in the columns of *Y.M.* for gramophones has hardly had time to bear fruit, but it is very desirable to again impress upon friends of the movement how urgent it is to have a number of these instruments as quickly as possible. Requests continue to flow from all parts of the country, from France, and other centres overseas. In some of our centres where no piano is available it would be a real boon to have a small gramophone and a few records to entertain the soldiers, and the appreciation of the men would be ample recompense for any sacrifice the gift may entail.

We know that readers of this journal find it difficult to respond to all the claims made upon them, but really this appeal is of the most urgent character, otherwise we would not impose this paragraph upon our readers' attention. May we urge special care in the selection of suitable records.

A New Hut at Thetford.

Thetford now rejoices in the largest Y.M.C.A. hut in East Anglia. It is the generous gift of Mr. Ronald P. Jones. The design is particularly good. The main portion is fitted up with two full-sized billiard tables and small tables for reading and writing, while a lending library also will be installed there. Each end of the building is constructed in the form of a "T." One of these sections is intended for a lecture-room, and can be shut off from the main building by means of folding doors. The other is used for canteen, staff accommodation, &c.

The hut was recently opened by Mr. Jones, Mr. Le Warner presiding at the ceremony, and Major-General Kelly proposing a vote of thanks on behalf of the troops.

The residents of Thetford have collected some £275 towards the finishing and equipment of the interior of the building.

A New Hostel at Coventry.

In common with all similar areas, Coventry has found itself without the necessary accommodation for the influx of war population. A new hostel has now been opened at 10, The Quadrant, the ground floor of the premises having been placed entirely at the disposal of the Y.M.C.A. Ten single bedrooms are provided in the new wing, whilst there are six other rooms, in which from two to four boarders can sleep. Boarders pay from 18s. 6d. to 25s. a week. There are large sitting, dining, and smoke rooms, whilst the men who use the hostel are entitled to avail themselves of the billiard tables, tennis courts, library, &c.

New Y.M.C.A. Soldiers' Club at Harrogate.

On Saturday last the Harrogate Y.M.C.A. Soldiers' Club No. 2 at the Presbyterian Schoolroom was opened by his Worship the Mayor of Harrogate (Councillor T. H. Fleming), who said there was no commendation, in his opinion, too high and no thanks too great to be accorded to the Y.M.C.A. movement for the good work they had done.

So great has been the pressure on the Association's rooms in Station-parade, that we were compelled to make an effort to meet the growing demands, and in the first place it was suggested that a Y.M.C.A. hut should be erected, but the work in connection with such a project under present conditions was so great that the scheme had to be abandoned, and the committee then set to work to find premises ready for occupation, and the Presbyterian friends kindly came to their aid, proffering their commodious hall.

Y.M.C.A. Hut at Sheringham.

In the presence of a large and representative gathering, the Bishop of Norwich recently performed the opening ceremony in connection with the new hut at Sheringham.

The Bishop, in declaring the hut open, spoke of the world-wide welcome the Y.M.C.A. was extending to our soldiers and sailors, and the generosity of those who were assisting to carry on its work. He believed the Y.M.C.A. was doing great national service by making it easier for our men to keep themselves in training. His lordship also spoke of the friendships the men were able to make as a result of the Y.M.C.A.'s efforts, and said one of the most pleasing to him was that the Y.M.C.A., in undertaking this social work, signed it with the sign of the Cross. "Long may the Y.M.C.A. flourish, and when the war is over we hope that its excellent plans made for the benefit of the young men of our country, military and civil, will go on and last as a permanent influence amongst us."

Londonderry's Munificent Gifts.

The Londonderry Y.M.C.A., having raised £1,000 to erect and equip huts for the troops at Boulogne and Salonica, have now inaugurated a scheme to provide accommodation on similar lines for the men of the 4th Battalion of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers at Clonmany, County Donegal.

Friends in Malta.

We hear from Mr. Wheeler in terms of warm appreciation about the kindness with which he has met at the hands of Messrs. Downs and Johnson, marine engineers, Valletta. Mr. Wheeler writes:—

"From the first this firm has been of the utmost help to me. They are housing our cars without making any garage charge. They are always ready to lend me one of their own motor-cars, merely on our supplying petrol. It is through them that I have been able to get a most efficient Maltese driver, whose inclusive cost to our fund is 25s. a week. Mr. Johnson is constantly acting as my driver in any emergency. Further, the firm have undertaken to equip our marquees with acetylene lighting sets for the mere cost of the labour employed in the erection."

The Late Trooper A. B. Campbell.

Mr. Robert Duncan, general secretary of the Aberdeen Y.M.C.A., writes:—

"Trooper A. B. Campbell, of the 1st Scottish Horse, was an Associate member with us, and he was a great favourite with his fellow-members. Prior to mobilisation he was captain of our swimming club. He likewise took a lively interest in the social and literary side of our work. He was a keen



sportsman, a fellow of very genial and likeable disposition, whose presence is sorely missed among us."

NOTES ON DAILY READINGS.

For the Junior Department Branch of the Scripture Union.

By the Rev. A. J. COSTAIN, M.A., Headmaster of Rydal Mount School.
Author of *Life of Arthur Jackson, The Day-break Call,* &c.

Saturday, 4th.—John iii. 14-24. I expect you know the sixteenth verse of this chapter by heart. They tell a story of a little girl who once found a scrap of paper with half this verse on it, and she clapped her hands and told her mother gleefully that she knew God loved the world. "How do you know?" "'Cause it says here that He gave something to show His love. I don't know what He gave, but it shows He must have loved us." But it means much more to us when we know what it was that God gave. The greatness of the gift is the measure of His love. You can test love—your own love—by what you are prepared to sacrifice on behalf of the person loved. What must the love of God be like when it led Him to give us His only Son?

Sunday, 5th.—John iii. 25-36. What do you think was the most striking thing about John the Baptist? I like best of all his modesty and his loyalty to Christ. Loyalty is one of the finest and one of the rarest things in the world. Most people of ability find it very difficult to "play second fiddle." The story of modern politics would furnish many illustrations of this fact. Yet really it is one sign of greatness to be able to appreciate the greatness of others. "He must increase, but I must decrease," says John the Baptist, and at that very moment he looms bigger than ever before our eyes.

Monday, 6th.—John iv. 1-14. Christ gave us some of His best teaching almost as though it were accidentally. You would have thought that He would have gone carefully and systematically through a series of teachings about God and life, but, as a matter of fact, what happened was this: He met someone, or saw something, or was interrupted by a friend or an opponent, and the chance incident drew from Him words that have shed a light down the centuries. Here it is a question of water at a well side, and Christ goes on to speak about the water of life. She was a woman, a Samaritan woman, a woman who had sadly missed her way in life, but Christ counted her worthy of teaching like this.

Tuesday, 7th.—John iv. 15-30. The woman naturally does not understand Christ. She is thinking of the weary journey to the well side—it was work so unpleasant that the women had to do it! So Christ startles her by His insight into her life and character, and she sees Him for what He is, and asks Him where God should be worshipped. Note the answer: It is not a question of where, but how! God must be worshipped inwardly in the heart and outwardly in the life. What God asks of us can be summed up in one word, Devotion—which covers your prayer by your bedside and your conduct in the playground.

Wednesday, 8th.—John iv. 31-32. This woman was the first missionary—at any rate, the first woman missionary. She did not understand much about Christ, but she had felt His touch on her life. She understood that He had read her heart, He had shown her her heart, and she gave the best of all invitations to her old friends—"Come and see." It isn't really desirable that boys should talk too much about religion, but if a class, or a club, or a Sunday school, or a church means something to you and to your life, surely it is possible to say, "Come and see." "From that city many of the Samaritans believed on Him, because of the word of the woman."

Thursday, 9th.—John iv. 43-54. This is the record of Christ's second miracle. This nobleman was a man of some distinction. "a courtier" (the word means perhaps an official under Herod Antipas). Christ was never anxious to work miracles for the sake of the mere wonder of them. Was this nobleman a mere seeker of a sign? "Lord," cries the father, in an agony of entreaty, "come down ere my child die." To such a cry of need Christ was never deaf—"Go thy way, thy son liveth." In joy for this great boon the nobleman and his household ranked themselves with the followers of Christ. Perhaps this nobleman was Chuza, Herod's steward (see Luke viii. 3). A mother who had received her son back from the gates of death might well tend Jesus to the very last (see Luke xiv. 10).

Friday, 10th.—John v. 1-18. It is the pool of Bethesda. Around are lying the sick and the halt, the blind and the withered, waiting till the waters are troubled. Day after day they lie there, and nothing happens. Then suddenly the water bubbles up, and there is a rush of the sufferers, madly anxious to be rid of their infirmities. But there are some too feeble to reach the waters unaided, and there is none to help them. Sad, almost despairing, they lie there, hoping against hope for better fortune. Upon such a one did Christ's eye fall as He stood by the pool-side. He hears the story of a man who has been paralysed for thirty-eight years. Can you imagine what it meant to him when Christ said, "Lift thy mat and walk"? Read verse 14, and try and remember that Christ's gifts are to be used and not abused. It would have been a tragedy if, after Christ had given him new life, he had gone back to the old life.

A GOOD TIP!



Take the advice of seasoned soldiers. They will tell you that the secret of keeping fit and fresh on the march is—an occasional piece of Wrigley's SPEARMINT Chewing Gum. A soldier can carry no more wholesome or beneficial confection—it's an "Extra ration" in itself—the ration that sustains and invigorates you.

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Messages for Men.

GOING TO THE FRONT.

By the Very Rev. J. E. C. WELLDON, D.D., Dean of Manchester.

YOU are going to the front. I congratulate you. The post of danger is the post of honour. I thank you for the services you will render to the nation and the Empire. They who stay at home, however unwillingly, turn their eyes with gratitude and admiration to the men in the trenches.

What shall I say to you? You are engaged in the highest and holiest of causes. You are fighting for justice, for honour, for freedom; you are fighting for the very life of your country. Will you try to show yourselves worthy of your cause?

Think of your home, of your childhood, when all your life was bright and pure, and you knelt, perhaps, at your mother's knee, and she prayed with you, and for you, and you promised or resolved that you would always keep yourself from giving her pain. Think of the Church in which you worshipped. Think of the hymns which you sang, and of the prayers which you offered there. Remember your Confirmation, if you were confirmed there, or your first Communion, or your marriage. Try to be what you thought, and meant, to be then. The friends whom you leave behind do not forget you. They pray for you, week after week, and I think their prayers will give you strength in danger and difficulty, and, if it must be, in death. There is no Christian who does not deplore and condemn the spirit with which Germany has waged the present war.

German militarism is the reaction against the individualism which has been thought by the Germans to sap the energy and the unity of Great Britain. It is for you to show that the spirit of free Britons can conquer the force of militarism. Freedom has won its great reward in the splendid loyalty of the colonies and of India, and will win a reward greater still when, in the hour of victory, it shall emancipate the Germans themselves from the moral slavery which they have mistaken for patriotism.

I can understand many feelings and many actions which I do not approve; but I am at a loss to understand how any working man in the British Empire should refuse to make any sacrifice necessary for the defeat of the German tyranny which aspires to dominate the world.

I ask you to practise the virtue of self-control. "Better," says the wise man, "is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." It was Peter the Great who exclaimed, "I can reform my people, but I cannot reform myself." Consider what Russia has done, and what France has done, for the sobriety of her armies. Do you, too, avoid all strong drink?

In the story of the Indian Mutiny, it is told how the city of Delhi, which had been stormed by the British Army in the morning, might have been retaken by the natives in the evening had they known how many of the soldiers who had conquered them were drunk.

Great Britain to-day calls upon all soldiers to be sober. Not less strongly does Great Britain call upon them to be pure. You hold in your keeping the good name of your country. Let it be known that the British Army respects the sanctity of womanhood.

You have read of horrors wrought by the German soldiery in Belgium. I hope and pray that you will deliver the British Army from such a reproach.

Say to yourself that you would far rather suffer than let others suffer through you; and you will be safe if you trust for strength and grace to the sustaining, sanctifying power of Jesus Christ.

So I end by pointing your eyes and your hearts to Him. "Thou, God, seest me." Let that be your motto. It was the motto which the late Earl Roberts loved to repeat. God sees you, and he has sent His Son into the world to be the Saviour of all who trust in Him. When you are at the front religion will probably mean more to you than it means at home. A man who is going down into the trenches needs to feel that he is at peace with God.

I have seen how the soldiers in France value the ministries of the Church. Not long ago I took a motor-drive of many miles to confirm a man, who, as soon as he was confirmed, went down into the trenches. If you have ever been ashamed of saying your prayers, you will be ashamed no more.

You will, I know, not use the language of cant. You will make no loud religious profession. But you will try to keep yourself straight. It may be that the best way of keeping yourself straight will be to lend a helping hand in keeping others straight. If you are brave enough to speak up for Jesus Christ among your "pals," you will be strong enough, with His grace, to fight temptation. I pray God to bring you home in health and safety. But I pray yet more earnestly that you may be "a good soldier of Jesus Christ"; that you may "follow" Him "whithersoever He goeth"; and, at the last, may be with Him in Heaven. J. E. C. WELLDON.

To some people all makes of coffee are the same. This is hardly likely to be true of camp-leaders, who care so much about providing the very best in their respective huts. Still less does it hold of Tommy, who may cheerfully put up with less than the best if he can get nothing else, but who knows a good thing when he tastes it. The proof of the coffee is in the drinking, and it behoves caterers to make trial of all, lest they should miss the best. Messrs. Clark offer special terms to Y.M.C.A. purchasers of their well-known "Optimus" coffee extract.

The wonderful food value of nuts is not easily available to all of us, on account of dental defects, but Malted Nuts overcome this difficulty. They can be eaten sprinkled upon fruit or fruit salad, spread upon bread and butter, or mixed with water they make a clean and wholesome substitute for meat extracts. Bromose is a similar food, put up in caramel form, and is recommended for all who need to make good fat and blood. The International Health Association of Stanborough Park, Watford, offers to send to anyone mentioning *Y.M.* ½ lb. of Malted Nuts and 1 lb. tin of Bromose for 2s. 6d., post free. The analysis of both these foods indicates their marvellously sustaining character.

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(Regd.)

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invaluable for slight cuts and bruises. Order from your Chemist Now.

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CARR'S 1d. PACKETS OF BISCUITS ARE HANDY & SATISFYING

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PUT LIFEBUOY SOAP ALONGSIDE THE FIELD-MARSHAL'S BATON YOU CARRY IN YOUR KNAPSACK.

L 97—11

Snapshots *from* Home



We reproduce on this page a few of the "Snapshots from Home" sent in by our workers.

These are representative of scores of thousands of pictures which have been sent to cheer our brave fellows on Active Service

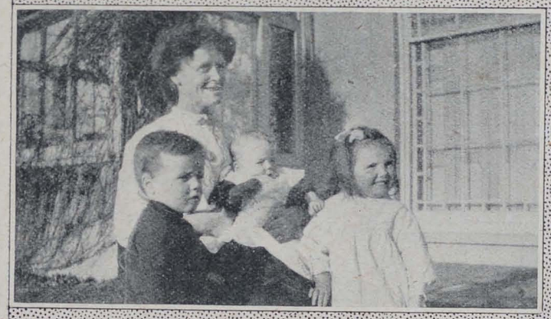


















TRAINING SCHOOL NOTES.

Mr. Lyddon Cook has been placed at Berkhampstead, but the hut has had to be closed for the greater part of the time since his arrival. This has given opportunity, however, for attention to redecoration, furniture, &c. The hut is to be in full swing again shortly.

Mr. A. Shaw is at the "Rodney" hut for munition workers, where he has had charge of the cubicles. He was soon at home, and has settled down into the team quite happily.

Mr. J. Howison sends us news again from Canterbury, reporting busy times at St. Margaret's Hall. A great deal of help is given by the ladies' party.

Mr. F. G. Murley reports from Woking that the men are most appreciative of the Association's efforts. He has been able to give help in the way of dramatic readings, &c.

Mr. T. P. Churton is at the Queen Alexandra hut in Aldershot, where they find plenty to do, with a lot of counter work and a good concert programme. He is specialising as far as he can in the library, for which he is making a catalogue.

Mr. F. Stayt writes from Tring, where he is serving at Hulton Park East. He has found his week of training helpful.

Rev. T. H. W. Barber, writing from "somewhere in France," also refers to the school, which he "enjoyed enormously."

Mr. C. Campbell has been finding work at Shoreham most interesting and enjoyable. Referring to his week's class he says:—"You frequently referred to the word 'team.' Up to that time the word meant to me little more than persons working methodically together for the accomplishment of a certain task in the most satisfactory way. *Now*, however, it means much more, viz., a band of companions loyally co-operating with each other in delightful work, in a cheerful atmosphere, and under conditions which enable one to do his best without stint."

A good discovery to have made, and we think that a good many other men have made it in our Y.M.C.A. centres since war broke out.

Mr. J. W. Jones writes from Crowborough in high praise of the camp and its surroundings. Sussex readers will appreciate a Welshman's testimony to the charm of Sussex pines, heather, and hills. But Crowborough *mud* has driven him into quotation:—

In the morning when we arise
There are but the rainy skies,
And the MUD.
Nine inches deep it lies,
We are mud up to our eyes,
In our cakes and in our pies,
There is MUD.

This ditty I have written,
In the MUD.
For wherever I've been sittin',
There is MUD.
It has covered every spot,
On my hands there's quite a lot;
When I'm dead, O plant me not,
In the MUD.

But they manage to get splendid concerts and Sunday evening services. The staff are very happy among themselves and under Mr. North's leadership.

Mr. L. W. W. Litting finds Purfleet much more comfortable than he thought a camp hut could be. He has been put in for the office work chiefly, and finds his work at the school of real service to him now.

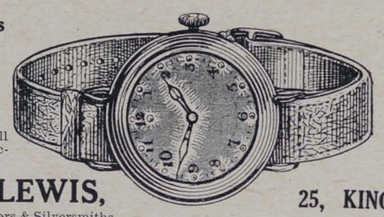
Rev. J. W. Hughes is having a very happy time at the Drill Hall, Woolwich. "Very grateful for the opportunity of such service as I am trying to render." A Sunday evening service is held, varied by an occasional sacred concert. The war roll has been very useful among the men. B. H.

A Service Wrist Watch for your friend at the Front!

The best value in Luminous Wrist Watches ever offered. Strong Dustproof Nickel case. Pigskin or Suede adjustable strap. Keyless action. Enamel dial.

Perfect Timekeeping. Visible at Night

Luminous Spots and Hands. **12/6** Cash refunded in full if not entirely satisfactory and approved.



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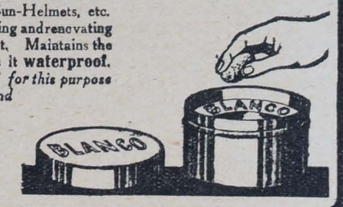
Made in 3 Kinds.

"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.



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Is being used in many Y.M.C.A. Huts and Canteens, both at home and abroad. It is the soldiers' favourite everywhere.

Write for samples and full particulars of our Sun Coffee, also of Tea and Ground Coffee, which we can supply on the very best terms.

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Y.M.C.A.' Camp Leaders' should always stock **MAZAWATTEE TEA DEE and ESS COCOA, NELSON'S COFFEE EXTRACT, NELSON'S PINE TREE TABLETS,** and **JOLLY BOYS TOFFEE.**

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55, PETHERTON ROAD, Canonbury Station. Board-residence, late dinner. Bath (h. & c.), gas, and piano. Every convenience. From 15/- per week. 5

"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. Telephone: Museum 1736. 53

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

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CANONBURY, N. A comfortable home for Young Fellow. Nice room, substantial breakfasts and teas, and full board Sundays, 14/-.—8, St. Paul's Place, St. Paul's Road.

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3 minutes from King's X, St. Pancras, and Euston Stations.
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Terms from 25/- No Extras.
Most Central for Business and Pleasure.
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A COMFORTABLE HOME (CENTRAL).
Terms from 21/- weekly, inclusive.

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29, CARTWRIGHT GARDENS, Seabrook House. Board and residence, electric light, baths. Three minutes St. Pancras, King's Cross. Access to garden. Proprietress, Mrs. Privott. 54

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

BOARDING HOME FOR YOUNG MEN
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(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

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Close to the West End, Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, Hampstead Heath, and on main road, with Tubes, Trams, and Trains to all parts.
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☞ *Special Tariff for Visitors.*

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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'Hote, 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

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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,
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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.
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☞ *Terms by arrangement for Board and Residence.*
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BLOOMSBURY HOUSE,
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Central situation. Within walking distance of City and West End. The Club is fitted throughout with Electric Light.
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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.**
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Miscellaneous.

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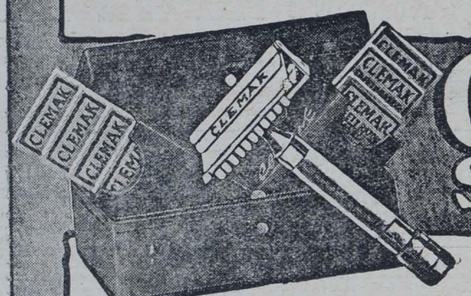

CLEMAK 5/- Safety Razor

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

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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.**

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The Clemak Book will interest you.
Write for a Copy to-day.

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Y M C A

No. 61. Vol. 2. MARCH 10, 1916. [Registered as a Newspaper.] Price 1d

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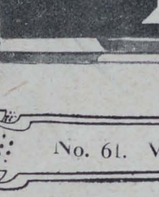
Specially made to hold the Boxes supplied to the Expeditionary Forces.



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A BOON TO ALL ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

Nickel ... ... 1/- each
Dull Black Finish ... 4½d. „
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Obtainable of Outfitters Stores, Tobacconists, &c., or direct from:

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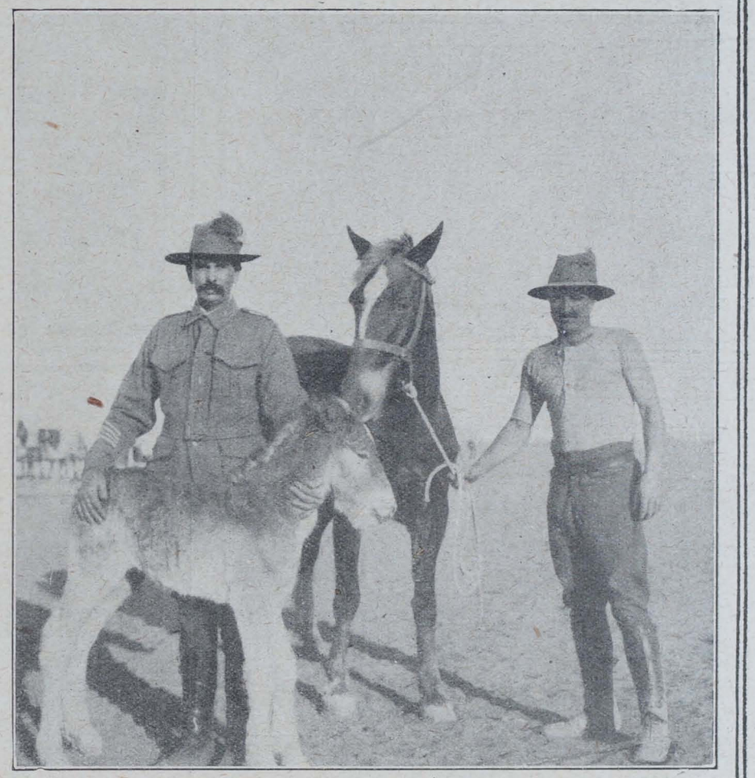

BORN IN CAMP—BUT NOT YET OF MILITARY AGE.

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BLACK OR BROWN

KEEPS THE LEATHER SUPPLE & WATERPROOF AND IS A DUBBIN THAT WILL LAST ON THE BOOT.

Use EVERETT'S EXTRA TAN for Brown Boots, Belts, Bandoliers, etc.

Send some tins of

NESTLÉ'S MILK

to your soldier friend at the Front

Extract from a letter written by a Scots Guardsman at the front to his friend in Glasgow, who had sent him some tins of Nestlé's milk.

"I had not had a bite for 48 hours as I lay wounded on the battlefield. I made a hole with my jack-knife in the tin of Nestlé's Milk you sent me, and drank the most of it, and I think it gave me strength to hobble back to the Dressing Station—a distance of three miles."

Soldiers want milk more than anything. Make it a practice to put a tin or two in every parcel you send to your soldier friend.

Obtainable at all Grocers, Stores, and Canteens.

To Y.M.C.A. LEADERS.

WHEN YOU ORDER **COFFEE**

You should HAVE **"THE BEST"!!**

Make a Special Note to order

"OPTIMUS COFFEE"—and you will have it!!

(28 Gold and Silver Medals and Awards for Purity and Excellence.)

In Quarts and Gallons for making large quantities.
Also 6d. and 1/- bottles for retailing to the troops.
(A WAR SEAL is attached to all 6d. and 1/- bottles.)

Special terms to Y.M.C.A. | **CLARK'S OPTIMUS COFFEE EXTRACT LTD.,** Optimus Works, QUEEN'S ROAD, LONDON, S.W. | Established 1883.



Use the Cleaner that Cleans

Some "cleaners" hide the dirt on Web Equipment all right. But that's not good enough for men who use Mills Equipment Cleaner—the original cleaner that gets the dirt out, restores the web to its correct colour, waterproofs it, and preserves it. Quite easy to use, not messy. Approved by the War Office. Cost negligible.

3d. per Packet at Canteens. Sample Packet sent for 4d. in stamps.

MILLS CLEANER CO., 16, Nile Street, City Road, London, N.

"Frae the Land o' Cakes."

GRAY, DUNN & CO.'S

Camp Dainties.

PENNY CHOCOLATE LUCERNE.
Wafers filled with rich cream icing, and covered with chocolate.

PENNY SHORTBREAD.
Neat moulded cakes of finest Scotch Shortbread.

PENNY ELGIN CAKES.
Little fruit cakes, delicious and sustaining.

PENNY GINGERBREAD CAKES.
Old favourites, and increasingly popular.

Ask for them at your Canteen.

Made by

GRAY, DUNN & CO., GLASGOW.

Y. YMCA M.

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

No. 61. Vol. 2. MARCH 10, 1916. PRICE 1d.

LORD ROSEBERY.

IF a Scot were asked who is the most popular living Scotsman, he would reply without a moment's hesitation, "Lord Rosebery." If a critic of literature were asked who is the ablest writer among living statesmen, he would reply, "Lord Rosebery." If one were asked who is the most truly eloquent speaker in the United Kingdom, the answer would be "Lord Rosebery." His pre-eminence in these and other fields of activity is undoubted, and it does not exhaust the record of Lord Rosebery. Probably there is no living nobleman with such an exact knowledge of art and curios, or with a more thorough acquaintance with the intricacies of European politics. And yet the possession of all these gifts has not been an unqualified advantage. An intimate friend and contemporary of Lord Rosebery said some years ago that the misfortune of Lord Rosebery was that he had gained every prize too quickly and easily. He had been Prime Minister, and won the Derby, before his fiftieth birthday, and had attained other heights which are supposed to add to human happiness. As to his brief term of office as Prime Minister, I heard this story: A friend was alluding to some incident which, he said, "happened when you were Prime Minister." "When I was Prime Minister?" said Lord Rosebery. "I was never Prime Minister. I was only the Official Receiver for a bankrupt party." It was a remark which had in it a bitterness which recalled the trials that made Lord Rosebery's Premiership a time of misery to himself. He was a victim of insomnia, and had, in addition, conflicting elements in his Cabinet which hampered him. Lord Rosebery has never "suffered fools gladly," and he is impatient of opposition. It is a rare gift to be able, as certain statesmen have been able, to preside over a Cabinet of All the Talents, and manage to get the best out of each member of his mixed team.



LORD ROSEBERY.
Photo: Elliott and Fry.

Lord Rosebery will enter on his seventieth year on May 7, although it seems impossible to count him among the veterans. He began public life as a very young man, and was Under-Secretary for the Home Office by the time he was thirty-four. No critic can ever chide him with indolence, for ever since he has been serving his country in important ways. Not the least valuable of his services has been his ability to act as an unbiassed adviser to the Crown in the last dozen years. King Edward and King George have appreciated Lord Rosebery's exceptional opportunities of ascertaining public opinion. So the Ploughman of the Lonely Furrow has often been called into consultation. No more charming companion could be found than Lord Rosebery, with his splendid memory, his wide reading, and his knowledge of most of the men and women who have achieved success. But there is just a touch of melancholy, a suggestion of the loneliness which comes to those who climb to the top of the ladder of fame.

An aspect of Lord Rosebery which deserves allusion is his lifelong interest in education. He cares profoundly for the future of the young men and women of his race. He wants to see a revolution in our educational methods, so that we may be equal to the tremendous problems that will await solution at the end of the war. An Imperialist in the best sense of the word, Lord Rosebery looks forward to the day when Britain's sons and daughters will be trained to sustain worthily the high responsibilities that belong to the Empire. During the war his public utterances have had a thrilling note of inspiration that rings with an optimism based on faith. The preachers and teachers that win Lord Rosebery's admiration are the men of faith, not the prophets of failure. And, like them, his eye is ever on the rising generations. He recognised swiftly the importance of the Scout movement, and declared that it was "the finest that has been started in my lifetime." Football matches have often been witnessed by him, because he knows the game has had, on the whole, an influence for good on the young men of to-day. The whole country respects Lord Rosebery, and in that respect is an element of affection which he would value most of all. The recluse is not seldom a pathetically misunderstood man. Though Lord Rosebery may love a studious solitude, he is a very real humanist.

READING.

By the RT. HON. G. W. E. RUSSELL, Author of "Collections and Recollections," &c.

WHEN I was writing the other day about remedies for despondency I assigned a prominent place to Reading, and to-day I would amplify my advice on that head.

Definite reading, reading with a purpose, reading which eviscerates the subject, is indeed admirable, but is often exhausting. I am writing for those who, under the stress of this sad time, need not an additional task, but a pleasant distraction; and to them I strongly recommend desultory reading. Of course, I do not recommend it for those who are studying with a set purpose and for a definite object. They must cultivate accuracy, system, and thoroughness. Archbishop Benson coined a good epithet for vague and shallow knowledge—"Unexaminable." But then he was a don and a schoolmaster, and had flourished under that system of universal examination which ever since 1802 (when the first Public Examination was held at Oxford) has done so much to devastate human life. The object of that examination was, in Dean Church's words, "to enforce thoroughness of work, not to give honour to cleverness." What it meant in detail is well illustrated by an entry in Mr. Gladstone's diary for May, 1830, when, though he had nearly two years to run before he faced the examiners, he was already reading from ten to twelve hours a day:—

"Prospectively, I have the following work to do in the course of this term. (I mention it now that this may at least make me blush if I fail.) Butler's *Analogy*, analysis and synopsis. Herodotus, questions. St. Matthew and St. John in Greek. Mathematical Lectures. *Æneid*. Juvenal and Persius. *Ethics*, five books. A Latin poem on 'Themistocles Greciæ Valedicturus.' Something in Divinity."

Fifteen years later John Burgon, afterwards Dean of Chichester, wrote this account of his reading:—

"The Examination is over, but I cannot fully realise the notion that the heavy labour I was going through is all ended. It seems impossible that I may go to bed at twelve if I like; that I may breakfast without Butler's *Analogy* before me, or drink tea without reading so many hundred lines of a Greek Play."

Now, this was indeed reading with a purpose, reading for an object—that object being immediately academical distinction. All was thorough, accurate, and systematic. There was no room for desultory reading. And Lord Morley, tracing Gladstone's life through the years of strenuous youth, thinks that he discerns an ulterior object, lying far beyond honours in the Schools. "Whether in Gladstone's diary or in his letters, in the midst of Herodotus and Butler and Aristotle, and the rest of the time-worn sages, we are curiously conscious of the presence of a spirit of action, affairs, excitement. It is not the born scholar, eager in search of knowledge for its own sake; there is little of Milton's 'quiet air of delightful studies'; none of Pascal's 'labouring for truth, with many a heavy sigh.' The end of it all is, as Aristotle said it should be, not knowing, but doing." The much-quoted Grammarian "decided not to Live, but Know." Gladstone "decided to Live."

To train oneself in early youth for the task of administering an Empire is an experience not granted to many men in a generation; but we most of us have purposes or objects for which definite study is at one time or another requisite. We may be going to deliver a course of lectures in the United States; or we may be anxious to prove our fitness for a professorship soon to be vacant; or we may be going to write a superfluous book, or to edit one which, besides being superfluous, is also forgotten. For practical objects of this kind the most accurate study is requisite; but, having bestowed it, and even having attained our purpose, we may find ourselves—or be found by our friends—very dull dogs after all. I knew a Senior Classic who, in his examination for a Fellowship at Trinity, handed in a series of absolutely faultless papers. "What an intellect!" we all exclaimed; but the Master of Trinity, the famous and fastidious Thomson, said—"Yes; and, on the whole, the least interesting mind that has ever been elected to a Trinity Fellowship."

The standing and colossal warning against the practice of reading with an object is the late Lord Acton. He lived to be nearly seventy, a student from his earliest days. He had a keen, subtle, and penetrating intellect, unbroken leisure, and full command of all intellectual resources. His aim, from his boyhood onwards, was to write a History of Liberty. No nobler occupation for a life of learned toil can be conceived, but the book was never written. Once he gave Lord Bryce a taste of what, had it been written, it would have contained. "It was as if the whole landscape of history had been suddenly lit up by a burst of sunlight. I have never heard from any other lips any discourse like this, nor from his did I ever hear the like again." Professor Maitland was convinced that Acton could himself have written all the twelve volumes of the *Cambridge History*. Yet, dying, he left behind him only a bundle of Essays and Lectures, and as to the History of Liberty which absorbed his life, "all that there is of it, all that there ever was of it, except books and notes—materials for others to use—consists of two lectures delivered at the obscure town of Bridgnorth in 1877."

Lord Acton's was no doubt an extreme instance of reading for a purpose, and it is made pathetic by the fact that the purpose was never fulfilled. Almost as extreme a case, in the opposite direction of desultory reading, was Matthew Arnold. When once he had secured his Fellowship at Oriel, he had no special object in reading, except, in his own phrase, to "keep his mind from putrefaction." His knowledge of Greek, Latin, and English literature was exhaustive, and it was supplemented by a wide acquaintance with German, French, and Italian. All his life he was a busy, and not seldom an over-busy, man; but, through all the press of official duties and bothers, he kept his sacred time for what he called "disinterested" reading—reading, that is, with no special object, no practical purpose, but merely for the sake of constant intercourse with the best that is known and thought in the world."

From a student such as Acton and a scholar such as Arnold it is rather an abrupt transition to John Bright; and yet he has his place in this connexion, for he had his own method of reading, and that method had its own results. To begin with, he was almost uneducated, as the learned count education. Little Latin and less (or no) Greek represents his classical equipment. He was, I fancy, unacquainted with modern languages, and his knowledge of English literature was extremely circumscribed. He yielded a kind of perfunctory admiration to Shakespeare, but was repelled by Falstaffs and Bardolphs and Grave-diggers. He had read, in a rambling sort of way, a good deal of Spenser, Pope, Wordsworth, and Cowper; he had a too-indulgent feeling towards the Epic of Hades and the Bigelow Papers; and he would often declaim, with majestic elocution, some fragment of haunting verse or sonorous prose which he had picked up he knew not where. But he lived on the Bible and Milton; and his speeches, fashioned on those immortal models, will, I believe, have a permanent place in English literature long after the most ambitious orations of his classically educated contemporaries have disappeared into deserved oblivion.

Happily, reading has no limits, except such as are imposed by time and space and the term of human life. Forty years ago Matthew Arnold wrote as follows to his sister:—

"I have just had a letter from the State of Maine, in America, from a young man who writes to tell me that a friend of his, lately dead, has been especially fond of my poem 'A Wish,' and often had it read to him in his last illness. They were both . . . of a class too poor to buy books, and had met with the poem in a newspaper."

If my students do not know "A Wish," I urge them to read it; and then, I think, they will feel with me that there is a singular pathos in the story of that dying lad, sustained in his last hours by the poetry which he was too poor to buy.

THE HERO OF THE REGIMENT.

A SKETCH. By M. H.

JIMMY was not exactly popular in the regiment. It was not because he was moody or disagreeable, or even stuck-up. The boys themselves didn't know quite what was the matter with the fair-haired, blue-eyed boy who took life very quietly, and merely smiled and shrugged his shoulders when a Jack Johnson temporarily disturbed his equilibrium. The fact, however, was that Jimmy was shy. He had lived a lonesome sort of life. He had a burning desire to make friends, but he ruefully told himself that he hadn't the knack of being popular, and that he would have to do some very wonderful deed before the regiment, or even his company, made him more acutely conscious of the great comradeship of the Army. "I don't fit," sighed Jimmy—and he left it at that.

They were in trenches in a moderately quiet part of the line. They were used to the Huns. Snipers had no terrors for them. Even the sergeant-major did not inspire fear. Their great horror was the rat. Great big Tommies, six feet in their khaki socks, shrank from the sight of a rat unless they were daring enough to chase the stealthy little animal that means agony in the trenches. They had tried dogs. The captain had brought over a couple of ferrets on his last leave. Still, the nuisance continued.

"Don't mind fighting the bloomin' Huns," said one of the boys, contemptuously. "But to give up a job as a shop-walker to go and fight a lot of mangy rats what one wouldn't never see at home—well, that makes me sick."

Jimmy was very distressed about it. He loathed the wretched things. He saw visions of A Company still struggling with rats when the army of occupation was in Berlin. Then one day a mystic message came to him and he forgot the rats.

"You've got leave," he was told. "Five days."

Jimmy didn't look very pleased. Fact was that he hadn't any friends in England. Most of them had emigrated, and Jimmy was thinking of doing likewise when the war broke out and he made up his mind that as khaki was likely to be the most fashionable wear for months to come, he might as well be in the movement.

So when he reached London on a very misty, foggy night in the middle of February he was rather pleased when a kindly man, wearing a red brassard, conducted him to a strangely comfortable little club that had once been a theatre. It had a red triangle above the door. Jimmy knew that it would be all right. . . .

In the club he met several other soldiers, most of them on leave from the front. And their topic of conversation was not the impregnable German line, nor the Kaiser, nor the muddles made by generals, nor the wickedness of sergeant-majors. It was rats, and rats, and still more rats.

"Tell you what, sonny," said a bronzed-faced Canadian, "ferrets aren't any good. Believe me, what you want is a mongoose. Some killer! The Blankshires have one. They haven't seen a rat since Christmas. The cute little mongoose is the goods, take my word."

At that moment there came to Jimmy a certain resolve. He would buy a mongoose. It was the obvious thing to do.

Very quietly Jimmy left the dining-room. He looked up maps and directories, and after reluctantly turning in for a night's rest, he was soon asleep. Early next morning he set out on the great adventure. He knew something about the funny little animal shops of London. He had enough money with him to buy a mongoose. The thing was to find one.

The first dealer shook his head ruefully.

"Sorry I can't oblige you, mate," he said. "I had three officers in this morning. I may be able to buy a mongoose back from a private customer, though I doubt it. If I can, I could sell it twenty times over. You see, they aren't importing any now. They come from Ceylon."

Jimmy was not daunted. He hunted London for a mongoose. But the animal shops all said the same thing—the mongoose was a treasure beyond price. But it was not to be found. Three days of Jimmy's leave were up. He was now a little uneasy, when it suddenly occurred to him that an advertisement might be useful. So the public of a certain newspaper learned the next morning that a private soldier would be very grateful if someone would sell him a mongoose to take back to France. That, to use Jimmy's expression, did the trick. The mate of a boat that had landed at Tilbury wrote to say that a foreign seaman had a mongoose to sell for two pounds. Jimmy went down and bought it.

It was a friendly little animal. Jimmy liked it at once. He was perfectly happy when he set sail for a port somewhere in France, the mongoose carefully concealed with his kit. For Jimmy was not at all certain that some obscure Army form did not forbid the importation of fearful and wonderful animals into the war zone.

Jimmy reported himself, and then he gathered together a few of his comrades, very much to their surprise.

"See here," he said, "I think the little beastie will about finish the demon rat."

He displayed the mongoose, amid the greatest exclamations of delight that ever echoed in a trench. The lance-corporals told the corporals, and the corporals told the sergeants, and the sergeants told the sergeant-major, and the sergeant-major told the junior sub., and the junior sub. told the captain, till at last the major and the C.O. knew of Jimmy's exploit. Then Jimmy was sent for.

He appeared before the major with a sinking heart. He was afraid he would be severely reprimanded. Perhaps he had committed some awful offence. He hung his head, and waited, after a faintly uttered:

"You sent for me, sir?"

But the major was all smiles.

"Of course, I don't know whether it was quite in order," he said, "but we are all most grateful. In fact, life will be possible out here now. My heartiest thanks. And the Colonel wishes me to say that he will not forget your thoughtfulness."

This was high praise. But more was to come. Jimmy returned to his fellows. The sergeant-major collared him.

"Shouldn't be surprised if you were in for a D.C.M.," he said.

"District court-martial?" burst out Jimmy. "But the major seemed——"

"No, you silly ass! Distinguished conduct medal. That little beast had strafed a hundred rats already. My boy, you are the hero of the regiment."

And very softly from a long line of trenches came the old English tune, "For he's a jolly good fellow." Jimmy after that was the pet of the regiment, and the latest rumour has it that he has officially been appointed mongoose-buyer-in-chief to the British Army. Certain it is that Jimmy knows for the first time in his life what popularity means.

THE SPY.

By SENIOR SUBALTERN.

FOR the traitor spy one can feel nothing but undiluted abhorrence. The man or woman who betrays his or her country to an enemy, whatever the reason may be, is the most fallen of God's creatures. But the spy who goes forth from his people into the territory of the enemy seeking to glean information is in a very different category. We may from an ethical point of view disapprove and regard the profession of spying in all its phases as absolutely outside the pale of what is decent. Whatever may be our feelings on the subject in the abstract, few of us can feel other than admiration for the qualities displayed by a man who cheerfully, for love of his country, leaves comparative safety to go forth among the enemy in the perilous guise of a spy. The first German spy that I saw was of this latter type. I was billeted at the time in a farmhouse on the outskirts of a ruined and deserted village. The farm was occupied by a man and his two daughters. They were the only civilians in the neighbourhood. A few months previously the man's wife and five of his children had been killed by a German shell. This terrible tragedy had rendered both himself and his remaining daughters indifferent to the dangers of the place, and they plodded stolidly on at their farm work undisturbed by the roar of our batteries near by and the bursting of occasional shells from the Bosches. It was whilst I was talking to one of the daughters that I saw the German spy pass along the road in charge of a party of our men. He was dressed in the uniform of a captain of the corps of interpreters. They placed him in the guard-room for the night, but the next morning he was marched off to Brigade headquarters. I saw him going off to his inevitable doom. He was debonair and apparently unconcerned. As his escort passed the guard on their left the usual order of salute, "Eyes left," was given, and the prisoner, gracefully, with a smile, paid the guard the compliment of saluting them.

I understand that it is the most usual disguise for a spy to dress himself in the uniform of the enemy. It is certainly the safest guise near the firing line, where in or out of the trenches you are always meeting officers and men whom you do not know. Say you are billeted in a large town. Naturally, when off duty, you seek variety of company and refreshment at the estaminets and rare hotels. If you are an officer, you probably get into conversation with other officers whom you have never seen before. If you are wise you avoid all topics embracing information which may be of use to the enemy, for you can never be absolutely sure of the *bona fides* of your companion. He may speak perfect French or English, but that is no criterion that he is what he seems. The German spy can often converse in the language of his *rôle* as well as he can in his own tongue.

Soon after I arrived in France I heard a remarkable story—I believe it was absolutely true—which aptly illustrates the above fact. One sunny summer morning a major appeared in the trenches of a certain part of the British lines. Nobody took any particular notice of him. Explaining that he had been attached for forty-eight hours to a battalion further down the line for instruction, he very affably introduced himself to the officer in charge of the particular part of the trenches he was then passing along. It was a very plausible story, for officers up for instruction were wont to wander away from their temporary regiment. I believe that now the movements of attached officers in the trenches are more restricted. Now, the particular major I am telling about was very communicative about himself. Among other particulars, he stated that he was retired from the Regular Army when war broke out, but that since he had joined a Kitchener unit.

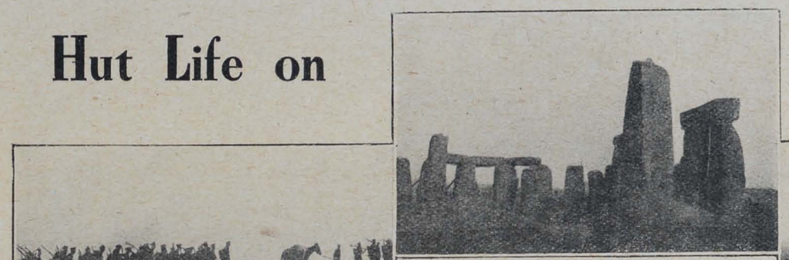
To make perfectly clear to the uninitiated the point of the next development of this story I must digress a little to explain that sometimes Territorial officers wear on their tunics a metal badge, with the words "Imperial Service" engraven upon it. As everybody knows, originally the man joining the Territorial Force only took on the obligation for home service. However, officers, and, I believe, N.C.O.'s and men as well, could voluntarily add to their obligation by signing on for Imperial service. This entitled them to wear the badge, which was much in vogue among Territorials at the beginning of the war. It is purely a Territorial decoration. Now, the officer who met the peregrinating major noted that the latter wore an Imperial Service badge. When he learned from the man's own lips that he was an ex-regular who had joined Kitchener's Army the astute officer became suspicious. He knew that his colonel was on his rounds through the trenches. Conversing freely with the major, he led him on along the trench until they met the colonel. To him, out of earshot of his companion, he briefly told his suspicions. The major was at once put under arrest, and the investigations which followed soon proved the man to be a German spy.

Of course, many of the stories one hears about spies are apocryphal. I often wonder if the following tale about a man I saw, but never suspected of being a spy, was true. He was a dull, stupid-looking yokel type of individual, about fifty years or so old. At the time that I saw him he was ploughing a field close up to the firing line. A big engagement was being fought, and we were in reserve just behind the trenches. It was a curious sight to see the man stolidly engaged in one of the arts of peace whilst all the arts of war were being practised all around him. I watched him for a short time as I passed to my billet through the field in which he was working. This was the only time I saw the man, for we were moved away from the place a few hours later. Some days afterwards I was told that he had been shot as a spy. According to the story, some soldiers, idly watching him through a hedge, noticed that he went several times to a hillock of manure or earth, at which he knelt down on one knee. As they could not see what he did, their curiosity was aroused. Seizing a moment when his back was turned towards them, and he was ploughing in the opposite direction, they went up to the place and discovered a field telephone. They arrested the man at once. It was said that the wire ran into the German lines. To me it seems impossible, but the story was so generally believed that it appeared in the English newspapers.

The espionage system of Germany is wonderful. It is not the creation of to-day, to meet the exigencies of the present situation, but is the outcome of years of far-seeing preparation. Twenty and thirty years ago men were sent out from Germany to England, France, and other countries to settle in them and become part and parcel of their domicile. Some of them became eminent business men in the countries of their adoption, and so successfully played their parts that, far from people imagining them to be spies, everybody who knew them regarded these men as people who hated their own fatherland. Frequently these men have gone so far as to become naturalised citizens of the countries they have betrayed. One such man that I know of was discovered in a ruined village immediately behind our trenches masquerading in woman's clothes. By some means or other he learnt that the soldiers were after him. He tried to escape, and eventually ran into the communication trenches leading from the village to the fire trench. He was eventually captured in our support trenches.

In the course of my short article I have avoided speaking of the woman spy. She, alas! exists, if all the stories one hears are true. I prefer to believe that all the tales told of them are apocryphal, and that no woman has been shot by us or our Allies for spying.

Hut Life on Salisbury Plain.



By the REV. SPENCER ELLIOTT.

Y.M.C.A., Larkhill Camp, Salisbury Plain.

YOU have heard of a thing called a wilderness, though you may not have seen one. In winter, at any rate, this part of Salisbury Plain has a right to the name. We look out on a dreary stretch of waste, broken by ridges of chalk where the practice trenches are, and the mud lies almost knee-deep in all directions. To walk on the road is like walking in a sea of thick soup; to walk off the road is like walking in plum pudding at the stage when you call in the family to come and stir. The other day our motor-van was up to the axles in it, and four perspiring men worked for an hour to tow it out with the help of a second motor-van from the other side of the Plain. For most of the time it was impossible to distinguish the rescuing van from the one to be rescued, both being in like plight, and each giving futile tugs at the other.

The Camp is destitute hitherto of any sort of drainage system, and in other respects also it falls far behind the ordinary standards of civilisation. Yet this winter is described as a time of cheery comfort in comparison with last. A year ago the Y.M.C.A. here was under canvas, and Mr. Thompson (the Larkhill secretary) and his band of workers shared with the soldiers the severe privations incident to cold and flood, unprotected by even the simplest contrivances of comfort. But even in the huts life is far from easy. Amongst us, within the last few days, we have acquired experience of bad colds, earache, deafness, neuralgia, dysentry, loss of voice, violent indigestion, rheumatism, backache, and boils! We begin to understand the soldier's motto about "sticking it out." You just register the fact that it is not nice, and then you go on and take things as they come—the yellow-hued water that is undrinkable till boiled; the camp bread of most indigestible consistency; the tiny shack where you choose between sleeping without ventilation and sleeping in the rain; the oil-stove that gives off dense vile fumes; the restrictions as to washing, which make one thankful that at least one's teeth can be clean. We won't talk cant about a fellow-feeling with the men in the trenches, for no doubt it is bliss to be here rather than there. But equally we ought to deprecate the unsympathetic nonsense that is talked about the purifying effects of "the simple life." This life is by no means simple; it is complex, and its direct effects are not exactly purifying in a physical sense. And I doubt very much whether camp life, in itself, is helpful rather than hurtful to the spiritual life. One's attention is apt to be engrossed by trivial problems relating to material affairs, and this may be sadly deadening to one's prayers and religious thought. In every Y.M.C.A. hut "family prayers" are the rule every morning and evening, so the workers are secure at least from spiritual starvation. But experience proves how intensely difficult it must be for soldiers in training to maintain at a high level the private exercises of devotion, while the opportunities of corporate worship are of necessity very rare. The temptation recurs to let things go—prayers, Bible, Holy Communion; and it requires definite resolution to hold fast what is good. The Army chaplains have an official opportunity once a week for a brief hour on Sunday morning, and men have been known to declare that they would rather be deprived of their breakfast than of Church parade. But it is of immense value that the compulsory parade can be supplemented in the Y.M.C.A. huts during the week by the daily evening prayers and the frequent religious addresses, and still more by the constant opportunities for Christian workers to come into individual touch with the men.

It was a great disappointment not to reach Larkhill in time to see the Manchester "pals." They are spoken of here with great regard; and our Manchester diocesan inspector, Rev. R. W. Balleine, who is with them as chaplain, is held in high esteem. At Heaton Park (Manchester), at Grantham, and at Larkhill, Mr. Balleine invariably made full use of the Y.M.C.A. for his work, and the advantages of such a partnership were mutual. Canon Richardson, too, who came here on a visit last summer, had a great influence for good, not only amongst the soldiers, but in his cheering association with the Y.M.C.A. workers. The Bishop of Manchester paid a notable visit here shortly before the Pals left for the front, and his addresses in this hut are remembered as most impressive. Since the Pals went



THE PATHOS OF THE SITUATION—



—AND THE IRONY OF IT!

this end of the camp has been only in partial use, and we have had to be content with smaller audiences on some occasions this week. But even so, the occasion is not to be despised when thirty or forty men have gathered round, almost informally, and listened with upturned faces strong with solemn thought. And I cherish a sacred memory of our Holy Communion last Sunday, the more wonderful by reason of the rough surroundings amidst which it was celebrated. The stove at that end of the hut always smokes badly in the mornings, so we preferred not to have it lit. We shivered a good deal as we knelt, and the hands held out to receive the Sacrament were blue with cold. But it was good to be there.

GODSPEED TO THE WEST YORKSHIRES.

Y.M.C.A. Hut, Hurdcott Camp, Salisbury Plain.

Three battalions of West Yorkshires and one of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry are amongst those who for two months past have occupied the central part of Fovant Camp, two miles from here and eighteen miles from Larkhill. Knowing that several old Leeds friends were included amongst them, I was specially grateful to Mr. Foster, the Y.M.C.A. secretary for this district, for his invitation to come across here in time to say good-bye to them as they were leaving for the East. The men were in excellent spirits on their departure, in spite of many disappointments regarding "final leave." In some cases men had actually made part of the journey North when they were recalled, and in most cases relatives at home were awaiting the men, ignorant of the sudden change of instructions. Small wonder, therefore, that there was a run on the telegraph department of the camp post office. Messages poured in so rapidly that they had to be sent in to Salisbury by train, the camp telegraph being unable to cope with the heavy rush. The Y.M.C.A. postal counter did its share of extra work in the sale of postage stamps and the receiving of letters for despatch, and in the provision not only of stationery, but of brown paper and string for parcels, while at the refreshment bar there was an incessant sale of pocket foodstuffs and other little comforts for the journey. For the greater part of the twenty-four hours of the last day the work of the hut went on at extraordinary pressure. Yet with all the haste to supply the men's material wants, it was possible to "close down" the counters for threequarters of an hour for a service of farewell and a message of "Godspeed." Never shall I forget it. The spacious hut was crowded, and to the furthest corner of it there was a stillness as of men in the Divine Presence. The thoughts of all turned naturally towards home—the busy factory towns or the glorious moors and dales of the North. It had been disappointing to have to write the good-byes instead of saying them, but the men would hold in mind none the less those who were thinking of them and following them with their prayers, and would strive to keep themselves worthy of their love, so that when the time for reunion came there would be cause for pride and honour untinged by regret. In the experiences of the next few months they would learn to view many things in a new light. Their prayers might be very short ones, but they would be very real ones. They might not have opportunities of kneeling down, but they would learn the meaning of true fellowship with God. The Testaments and Gospels, that had just been distributed amongst them in scores, would be a storehouse of comfort to them. Religion would be shorn of its conventions and would be their most precious possession, and God would be the supreme reality. Then, for those whom God permitted to return safe home, strong in all that these new experiences had taught them, there would be the privilege of conveying new truths of the Unseen to those who had watched and waited during their absence.

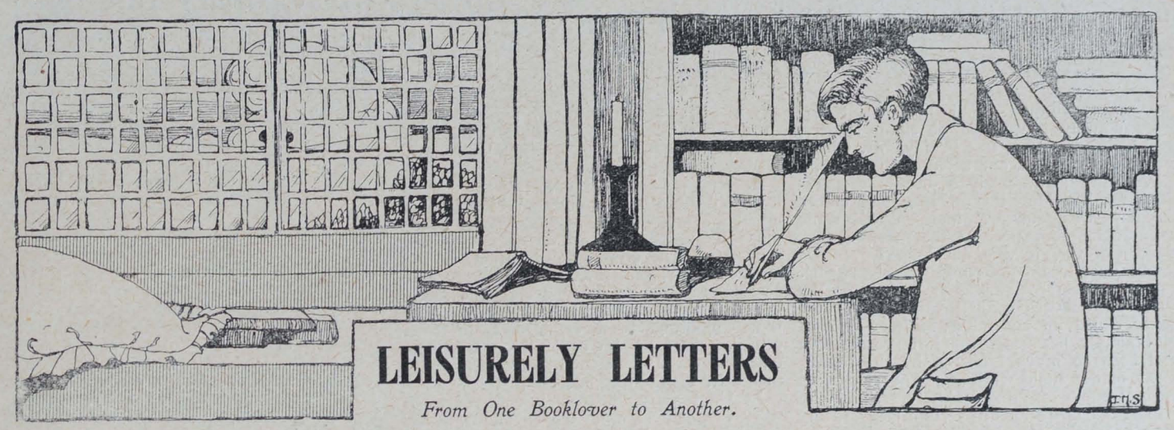
Such were the thoughts in our minds as we stood to pray for protection for the loved ones at home, and for courage to face the heavy tasks that lay ahead, and for grace to be worthy to be used of God somehow to fulfil His purposes. Read through the hymn, "Lead, kindly light"—read it slowly word by word—and imagine how we sang it that Saturday evening. But unless you have been present on some similar occasion, you can scarcely imagine how, commending those at home to the Heavenly Father's care, we found new meaning in the farewell hymn, "God be with you till we meet again," nor what throbbing touch with an unseen world there seemed to be as we sang the refrain after every verse—

"Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again."

HOW TOMMY SPENDS SUNDAY EVENING WITH US AT IPSWICH.



EVERY NIGHT THE PUBLIC HALL, WHICH SINCE OCTOBER, 1914, THE CORPORATION HAS LENT US FREE, WITH HEATING, LIGHTING, AND CARETAKER, IS CROWDED FOR USE AS A "HUT." ON SUNDAY NIGHTS WE HAVE SERVICE.



LEISURELY LETTERS

From One Booklover to Another.

MY DEAR A,—Ever since Harold Ashton wrote those four articles for *Y.M.* entitled "The Star of Youth," I have been hoping to see a book by him about Tommy. After the days with the Fleet, which he described in that series, he went, as all the world knows, to France, and gave us the story of his experiences as a special correspondent in *First from the Front*. What I wanted, however, was sketches of the men he met, even more than brilliant despatches, and I believe you were on the lookout too. Well, here you are. I don't think you'll be disappointed with *Private Pinkerton, Millionaire* (Simpkin, 1s. net). The war may not yet have revealed the second Kipling for whom we are all waiting, but these stories are distinctly suggestive of a European *Plain Tales from the Hills*, or *Soldiers Three*. Mr. Ashton has created a splendid trio—though perhaps I ought to say that he has introduced us to them, for in his preface he says that though the tales must be read as fiction, they are founded on fact. So the millionaire, the burglar, and the Herculean piper are not to be set down as "delicious, but impossible." Whether the situations into which the redoubtable three are thrown will strike you as probable or not I won't venture to predict. Only this I know, that you will read without stopping how they defeated a German patrol by dint of the skilful use of bagpipes, old bully-beef tins, and the exercise of the human voice; how "Brownie Boy" got his shiners, held up a crowd of Germans by sheer devilry and good horsemanship, and lost his gallant life after all; how the burglar went on leave with the millionaire and won the heart of Lady Angelica, incidentally teaching the rector a new way of gambling; together with a dozen other laughable, pathetic, and heroic happenings. Suffice it to say that Mr. Ashton knows Tommy as well as he knows Jack.

To save misconceptions, let me say that I have *not* developed into "a jolly, fat old gentleman, with a shiny bald head, comically ringed with little curls below the ears," since I saw you last, so it was not I who "gave out a hymn with such gusto" in the Waterloo Hut at 2 a.m. But I have experienced surprises as great as was his when Bill Bailey, carried away with—

"Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass,"

led the other Tommies in "Rule Britannia" as a fitting and immediate sequel. The incident of the "bright-eyed damsel, with vermilion lips and a priceless ostrich feather curling saucily over her left ear," who danced up to Pinky when he landed outside Waterloo long after midnight, and ended by showing him to the Y.M.C.A. hut, and giving him sixpence for coffee and cake, is beautifully conceived, and I believe it brings us nearer to the truth of her deplorable trade than we sometimes get. Incidentally, it adds emphasis to the need and the value to leave-men of those station huts.

Perhaps, after an hour or two with Pinky and his pals, you may think I'm rather drawing the long bow when I tell you that right up at the front, where a brigade works with three battalions in the trenches and one resting just outside the zone of fire, the men who are resting will listen for two hours at a time to a course of lectures on modern history, and will keep the lecturer answering questions till he wishes that he had carried an encyclopædia with him. However, they do—perhaps because there are so many Pinkertons among the men of the New Army. It is a situation that would have made Napoleon or Wellington stare. Even in the days of the Boer War nothing of that sort was heard of. But it seems to me to augur well not only for our success in the present struggle, since zeal according to knowledge is to be prized in war as much as in religion, but for our national well-being after the war. Of course, it is not everybody who has the power to hold the men in this fashion. But a man who can is a man not to be lost sight of as a writer, if he does write, because he obviously has the growingly rare faculty of singling out the points of practical importance in a political situation, and putting them in a fresh and incisive style.

Since circumstances rob you of the chance of meeting the man who has been lecturing with such effect in circumstances which you and I would have set down as impossible, you may be glad to know that he has not only written a book, but that it is practically a transcription of these so romantically delivered lectures. Don't take fright at the title, which, I admit, is not fascinating. But I must needs give it you for the purpose of identification. The book is called *The War: Its Origins and Warnings* (George Allen, 2s. 6d. net), and the writer is my friend Frank J. Adkins, M.A., known at a good many "Somewheres" in France as "The Professor." Indeed, he is no other than the cool person whose bedroom in a Y.M.C.A. hut not far from the firing line was bombed, with disastrous results—though only to the bedroom, fortunately, he being out at the time. You will remember the incident, which was recorded in the article written by an erstwhile colleague of his about P—— the other week.

Mr. Adkins devotes a brief introduction to a justification of his conviction that "hard thinking based on knowledge of the historical facts is as real an element of strength to us as are howitzers and machine-guns." Your cynical assertion the other day that you are constantly but vainly searching, like Diogenes with his lantern, for the slightest of either, commits you at any rate to test this attempt to help people to a modicum of both. When you have read the four essays comprised in the book, and dealing respectively with "Germany: Its Growth and Culture," "France: The Pioneer of Civilisation," "The Slavs and Their Problems," and "England and Sea Power," you will be a wiser man—in many respects! Certainly, if you want to make some lectures of your own (and again your high-and-mightiness owes it to the unenlightened among us to make your own attempt, and stand up to be shot at like the rest), here is a man who can show you how, and in a highly interesting manner too. I shall expect to hear in your next that you have read Mr. Adkins' book, and have ordered several copies to give away.

By the bye, lest your eagle glance should light on the date, November, 1914, at the end of the preface, let me say that the Professor's knowledge of facts is as sound as he desiderates in other people, and though he may wish to make additions in the new edition which will doubtless be needed later on, he will not require to change anything of what he has already written.

Yours always,

B.

These books, or any others, may be purchased at our Book-room, Y.M.C.A., Tottenham Court Road, W.C., or will be sent by post on receipt of published price, plus postage.

CAMP LEADERS' CONFERENCE.

Some Vital Questions at Last Friday's Meeting.

TO the delight of all present at the monthly conference of camp leaders, held at headquarters last Friday, Mr. Cicero Smith was with us, and acted as chairman.

We were summoned to discuss preparations for the March campaign, and before the day was out we had enjoyed some memorable moments. At the morning session, however, it was not long before we found ourselves comparing notes and discussing grave problems as to the men on the staffs of the various districts who are now being called up under the Military Service Act, simply because campaign preparations had been so much hindered by the taking away of our male workers. The refusal to exempt some of these is likely seriously to cripple our operations in certain centres, and even to involve the closing of huts.

How the Military Service Act Affects Us.

Said one district secretary: "It is the keen men in our work, men who are enthusiastic with regard to its traditions and character, whom it is so hard to spare. Where there is most life and vim and attractiveness the work is being done by young men. The older men may administer the business part well, but they cannot gain the same personal touch with the soldiers. It will be very difficult for us to justify our claim to the title Y.M.C.A. in the days to come, if all our younger men are taken for military service. I am only too ready to release all the young men possible from my area; I want only half-a-dozen men of military age left to me, but these are key men. Without them we may have to consider whether we can keep certain of our centres open at all."

In reply to a criticism reported by one secretary as having been made by M.P.'s who had visited France that "there are too many young men eligible for military service in the Y.M.C.A. huts over there," it was pointed out that numbers of these are ordained men who have adopted ordinary lay costume while serving there.

Emphasis was laid upon the value of the work that could be done by Y.M.C.A. men for the Association after joining the colours, though it was recognised that this was naturally less than a man might do if he were not called upon to join.

Standing of Secretaries After the War.

It transpired that some trained Y.M.C.A. secretaries who are now being called up have had misgivings about their standing in the Association after the war. Mr. Yapp said that they might feel perfectly sure that if they had been serving the Association as secretaries before war broke out, they would be regarded as even more valuable to it if they got through all right. "We certainly should not treat them worse than a business firm would do." The national secretary went on to urge the leaders to seek the help of the clergy and ministers who would visit the huts in March as recruiting agents for Y.M.C.A. workers.

March Campaign Prospects.

When we settled down to the discussion of campaign arrangements and prospects, we found that the prevailing note was one of happy expectation. "The work in many of the huts recently has been a continuous religious revival," was the report from Salisbury Plain. "We've been having exceptionally good times in our area. The recent return visit of Mr. J. R. Moodie was followed by really remarkable results," said Mr. Hedley Burrough.

At Hull a campaign covering three days in each hut has been already carried through, all the arrangements for speakers being made by a local committee of clergy and ministers. The ordinary occupations of the hut, coffee-bar, games, &c., were in every case closed down for an hour during the meeting, and permanent work has, as a result of the campaign, been established in each centre. The Bishop of Hull, at Beverley, had seventy-six personal interviews with men after his evening address there.

In Canterbury a special conference of workers was held, and Colonel Adams, senior chaplain, conducted a service for some fifty-three of them in St. Anselm's Chapel. In the Winchester area sectional meetings of workers have been held with great advantage, the co-operation of chaplains as chairmen has been secured, many chaplains are going from hut to hut, having personal chats with the men preparatory to the campaign, and arrangements have been made for the chaplains to follow up the campaign and conserve results by keeping in touch with men who have been influenced.

"Give Us a Fortnight."

From another division comes the declaration that "If no other result were obtained, the getting of our workers together in spiritual matters would justify the campaign." The senior chaplain for that division, when approached concerning the campaign, said, "This is our opportunity; give us a fortnight!"

Mr. J. W. Hayes reported that troops had already been moving from his area, so a programme of meetings was carried through. A hundred men made decision on the opening night in one case. On the Sunday the Brigadier gave one of the finest addresses that Mr. Hayes had ever listened to. Another interesting experience was recorded by Mr. Clinch, who said that of a certain battalion that went to Gallipoli 300 had signed the war roll a year ago. Several of these had now returned, and were proving willing helpers in preparation for the campaign.

Campaigners in Conference.

After the meeting of the National Executive in the afternoon, a conference was held with a large number of the ministers and clergy who will be helping in the campaign. Sir John Barran presided, and the Rev. R. D. Rees conducted a devotional session. The Rev. E. G. Miles, of Crouch Hill, author of *The Soul of the Ranker*, opened the conference with a stirring account of his experience during three months spent as a Y.M.C.A. worker in France. Mr. Miles summed up the points of an effective message to men so admirably that the Editor has induced him to write an article for this issue embodying his address.

Practical question and answer as between the campaign secretaries, the visitors, and the district secretaries occupied the remainder of the time before and after tea, a most valuable contribution being made by Mr. W. R. Lane on personal work after the meetings. Mr. Lane has an article in this issue covering the ground of his speech.

The conference separated with a sense that great things will happen between March 12 and March 26.

AT A LONELY OUTPOST.

STONEYWOOD is one of the more remote upland outposts of our home defence force, yet even here in the byways and hedges the active pioneers of the Y.M.C.A. are on the alert to render their ever-ready and welcome "first aid" to all comers.

To cater for the comforts of these men, there, just without the inner fence of the barbed wire barricades, stands the typical Y.M. hut, holding forth an open invitation, symbolised by the ever-evident inverted red triangle on the eastern gable. Outwardly it appears to be a "hut" merely, but once inside a revelation comes to the stranger of an atmosphere of cosy brightness, and the cheerful greeting of welcome extended to one and all by Mr. and Mrs. McCulloch makes one feel "at home" "from home." Indeed, the earnest solicitude for the individual welfare of their clients is a striking feature of the gratuitous sacrifice of service rendered by the manager and his lady helpmeet that appeals, attracts, and holds the appreciation of the stranger within their gates. The equipment is up to date and complete, including electric light by night, piano, gramophone, billiard table, literature for all tastes, current newspapers, and ample supplies of stationery, &c., &c., besides a well-stocked store of goods sold at infinitesimal profits.

The most talented local entertainers seem to vie with each other in giving of their best at the concerts held at regular intervals, while lectures, pictorially illuminated and musically illustrated, prove rare surprise treats. For example, as this was being written Mr. J. J. Virgo, accompanied by the local "general," paid the place a flying visit, and in himself exhibited the moving spirit of the Y.M.C.A. organisation. He came like a whirlwind and enveloped the intense attention of those present as in a vortex of magnetic attraction. He entered into the interest of the games and recreations going on as he found them, joined in song and chorus with the men, himself presiding at the piano, and, after delivering a direct appeal as man to man, to the better and finer feelings of the soldiers' natures, every word a telling one, he left us "wondering"—yea, not almost, but altogether, persuaded that Christ is in it all.

UNCLE JOCK.

Anonymous letters are generally to be disregarded. The following is to be cherished. It is a copy of anonymous letter sent to a lady worker at the Crystal Palace Y.M.C.A.:—

'Men are born to fight and women to weep.

"In the present national crisis the women of England are doing their utmost to share the burden and heat of the day. The men are comforted by the help of the women. Nurses in hospital oft appear to the sick and wounded as angels. The silent workers are oft forgotten. The women workers of the Y.M.C.A. are as much angels as the nurses. Some of you cheer us by your presence, encourage us by your attention, spoil us by kindness, and make us realise an indebtedness to you."

ADD a little
O-T
to every drink.
Improves flavour.

A CAMPAIGNER'S MESSAGE.

By the Rev. E. G. MILES, M.A.

This Article has been written by the Author of "The Soul of a Ranker," who spent some time at work for us in France, in response to a request that his stirring speech on Friday last should be put into permanent form.

THIS is not meant to be a piece of advice. It is the result of one man's experience, so that from it another may judge what to avoid, how to improve upon it, and perhaps sometimes where to follow.

It is often asserted that the spiritual temper of the men in the home camps differs in so many ways from that of the men at the front that an address given to men abroad is hopelessly unsuited to men in the home camps.

In the earlier stages of the war this might have been so; we listened in reverent wonder to stories of the deep religious mood of our armies in France, while at the same time the religious work in the home base was disappointing. I remember a conversation with a man after a parade service, where the chaplain spoke of the horrors which the men before him would soon be called to face; this man told me, "If ever you speak to the troops don't talk of the sad side and that sort of thing; just buck them up a bit." I heard others who made light humour over the address of a preacher who dwelt on the hundreds of little white crosses in Flanders. To-day there is quite a new atmosphere in our home camps. The great horror of war has come much nearer home; numbers of men who not long ago regarded anything outside their military duties and pleasures with indifference are now prepared to listen to the Christian message. In meeting this change and the new needs it evokes, our forthcoming mission finds its sanction. I have heard many addresses delivered to the men sometimes on one subject and sometimes on many subjects. There are speakers who are specialists and know how to reach men when dealing with themes such as Courage, Cleanliness, Prayer, Bible Study, Character; others, whose appeal is to the conscience, and who present Christ as an all-sufficient Saviour in ways that men cannot resist; and there are others whose talent seems to be the power of conversing with men about the huts and camps.

Looking over this work, there seem to be three great themes, and practically all that the men need to-day will be found somewhere under these three headings.

I.

Clear the minds of the men from all doubt as to why we are fighting. If a speaker is not quite sure of it himself he will fail to reach the men. Soldiers in the mass have a quick instinct for sympathy in these things. Wherever a number of men get together they discuss things in their billets, and when the weather is atrocious and the work distasteful, someone says, "What's the good of it?" or "Is it necessary?" I cannot recall a single occasion when the note of the righteousness of our cause failed to reach home. This is the secret of the wonderful success of Mr. Will Crooks as a speaker to soldiers; he knows how to touch the chord that vibrates to the appeal for sacrifice in the name of liberty and honour, and home.

I remember at one crowded religious meeting the speaker toward the close of his address used the words, "—and if we win," when a man stood up in the body of the hall and shouted out, "Not *if* we win, sir; but *when* we win," and the whole crowd was thrilled with the interruption, and yelled approval. Of course, one needs to guard against overdoing this side.

II.

No address to soldiers that is given in the name of Christ can be complete if it fails to tell of what Christ can do for men who are face to face with death. That is a specific contribution which is not expected from politicians and patriotic orators, but which is expected from the Christian preacher. Judging from the outward appearance of life in camp, one might be excused for imagining that the thought of immortality never entered the mind of the soldier. My eyes were opened in a daily Bible study class in France. Sometimes this class numbered over a hundred men, but the unforgettable feature of it was that the discussion always came back to our belief in immortality. The message of the New Testament came to crowds of men as a revelation full of wonder and hope; it was a side of Christian teaching of which many knew nothing, and previously had cared nothing. Those who can address men with conviction, and clearness, and common sense on this great theme, are rendering a service which men will not forget when they are facing the ten to one chance of certain death.

III.

The essential element in the work we seek to do among the men is to bring them into living fellowship with their Saviour. On this matter you cannot follow any rule, and every man must approach his task in the way best suited to his powers. There are evils in all our camps which men cannot fight successfully without Christ. Any camp leader could name you the half-dozen vices that do the soul-wrecking in our armies, and we need straight speaking on definite vices and dangers, calling the sin by the name most generally recognised, whether blasphemy, pruriency, gambling, or drink.

Unless we can bring Christ as a living condemnation of these things, and as the One who alone can save, then our "righteous cause" and our "defiance of death" will be so much wasted breath.

In this work it is good to remember that in every audience there are men who are waiting for every word, who are thirsting for the message we bring. We should not forget that a cheerful confidence springing from our whole-hearted belief that God is with us is an irresistible attraction to men whose life for many months has been anything but romantic; and finally we should speak to men as though we expect God's great hour to strike for the coming of His Kingdom. "For the Son of Man shall come on the clouds"—who knows but the clouds of war are His choice?

A VERY GALLANT GENTLEMAN.

Y.M.C.A. Hut No. 4,
Witley Camp, Milford, Surrey,
March 7, 1916.

DEAR SIR,—Daily are we reading of brave and noble acts performed by our soldiers—officers and men—at the "front." But surely none can be braver or more noble than the act of Lieutenant C. H. Tisdall! And of special interest is this heroic story to "Y.M.C.A. Hut No. 4," Witley Camp. For many months, ever since the hut was opened, have Mrs. Tisdall and her daughter, Miss Elise Tisdall, come over to help us, each Monday evening, with other friends from the village of Burbridge, near Godalming. On some occasions Lieutenant C. H. Tisdall came with his mother and helped us behind the counter and in the ticket office. We hear that there is a probability of the greatest military honour which our king and country can give—a Victoria Cross—being presented to Mrs. Tisdall, in recognition of this noble act of self-sacrifice on the part of her son. The story was told to the soldiers in the hut last evening, and they—like me, the "helpers"—were greatly impressed by it. May we who are connected with this Y.M.C.A. hut—both soldiers and "staff"—be allowed to offer here to Mrs. Tisdall, and her family, our very great appreciation of the noble conduct of her son, and also our sincerest sympathy in her great loss?

Yours very truly,
MAURICE ACHESON.

We quote the following account:—

"Particulars have reached Godalming of the circumstances of noteworthy bravery under which Second Lieutenant Charles Henry Tisdall, 9th Battalion Royal Sussex Regiment, was killed in action in France whilst saving the life of a private soldier who had been buried alive. On February 13, eleven days before his nineteenth birthday, Second Lieutenant Tisdall's platoon was in a trench which had been practically destroyed by heavy shell fire. All who could crept away to a shelter, but one soldier was buried alive, and Second Lieutenant Tisdall stayed behind to dig him out. He was fully exposed to German snipers at a distance of 150 yards whilst he was working with his shovel. A letter from the commanding officer says:—"He utterly ignored the danger he was in, his one thought being to save the poor soldier. He had just succeeded in getting him out, and still had the shovel in his hand when he was shot. The soldier whose life he saved and two others who witnessed Lieutenant Tisdall's noble act have signed a certificate, which the general now has, testifying to the details of the occurrence. Lieutenant Tisdall was very young and very brave, and fought like a Briton." The gallant young officer who thus met his death was the son of the late Mr. A. W. Tisdall, LL.D., of Dublin, and of Mrs. Tisdall, of Ellesmere, Tuesley-lane, Godalming."

ABOVE AND BEYOND THE COFFEE URN

By "Moung Gee."

THE jostling crowds at the coffee-bar, the serried ranks of tea-cups, the smoking soldiers shouting songs, the elbow-spread lines of letter-writers, might lead a stranger visiting a Y.M.C.A. hut for the first time to imagine that the spiritual side is being lost sight of in the rush of the merely material. There is, however, much definite result, and the man who will glean most for the Master is he who has made a study of what Henry Drummond defined as Spiritual Diagnosis. The diagnosis may need to start very low down, and a knowledge of midnight Parisian cafés may be as useful as intimacy with the routine of quiet Christian homes. If you have studied life at first hand in the great Eastern ports, such as Calcutta or Said, as well as in the windings of your own wayward heart, God can use you to an extent limited only by your lack of subjectivity to Christ. Dare I, as a mere layman, suggest that the average cleric too often does not know men on their worst side; indeed, most men shrink from revealing their grosser self to one of the cloth. "Of course, I couldn't tell a clergyman what I've just told you," said a penitent roué to me, as he unburdened his soul of the mud that had clogged it.

May I quote from an average day I spent on Salisbury Plain? There is a lull in the work at the counter, and you stroll around gathering empty cups, perhaps; or you may even be puffing at a pipe or trolling a comic song; but you really have every faculty alert looking for men that may need you. You fling a joke here and there, and gradually draw near to the pair of eyes that follow you wistfully; the owner of the eyes has no idea you have seen his signal of distress, but you are summing him up, even as he is taking stock of you. He is scrupulously neat—has thin, ascetic face—seems aloof from the men about him—is reading a novel by Mason—cannot be more than eighteen. His age makes approach easy, but a certain nervous refinement in his features bids you be wary lest you startle him into those unplumbed depths of British reserve. An empty cup serves your purpose. "Thanks, d'you mind passing me that derelict? . . . Decent yarn? . . . We have a library in connection with this hut if you run short of reading."

He shyly responds. You sit on the table, still holding the cups, and explain that you're an amateur waiter, but thoroughly enjoy the experience. Within three minutes he overflows with the question that has seethed in his soul; he had been destined for the priesthood, but had run away from the seminary to the camp—has he turned his back on God?

Humbly seeking to be *en rapport* with Christ, you answer this and other questions that arise in a day's personal work.

The lady worker in the post office beckons you, and stamp purchasers must perforce wait while she whispers in your ear, "Man in trouble over there—go and speak to him." You make a bee-line for the warrior in trouble—hulking man of middle age—coatless and bullet-headed—boots bearing stable traces. You clap him on the shoulder; delicacy of approach would not appeal to this man. "Hullo, old chap, what's the row?" He lifts his head from his screening hands, and you are not surprised at a suggestion of alcohol in both countenance and breath. But he is in deep distress; from his standpoint it is calamitous that he is refused leave for his old father's funeral—he makes certain lurid remarks about his commanding officer—says he will desert that very hour—has just sent off a telegram for the necessary details—"never been in one of these yer huts before." Fixing his gaze, you gently but firmly insist that past records may have adversely influenced his superior officer. His eyes avoid yours; "I swear I've kept straight for—days," he protests. Then you suggest that going to the funeral will not benefit the dear old dad, for he will be in Heaven by this time. "You never spoke a truer word," he asserts. "If ever anyone were sure of the Other Side of Jordan, it's my old dad." He has given you the opening, and you drive in the first wedge to upset the old thoughtless life he has lived. . . . To judge from your crushed and numbed fingers after he has shaken hands ten minutes later, he is grateful that you spoke.

A lanky, fair-haired soldier boy sits frowning at a blank piece of writing paper in a secluded corner of the hut. You laughingly inquire what it is he cannot spell. As you anticipate, he greets your sally with a smile that tells of pain. You change your bantering tone, and he explains: "It's my mother. You see, I'm all she's got left, and we have never been parted before. It was her birthday, and I did'nt even write. Work was heavy last week, and—well, I've had a stinger of a letter from her." You suggest that his life is far more strenuous than when he was a city clerk, and that it would be worth writing mother an exact table of the duties now performed each day. With just one query anent your knowing he had been a clerk, he tackles his letter, and comes with radiant face two days later to tell you that mother understands. You have won an entry into a big boy's heart.

You are serving at the coffee-bar, and have taken a copper for a cup of tea, and the drinker—who is also a drinker of stronger drinks than coffee—vouchsafes the remark that "ish not bad stuff." A weak, bloated face and watery blue eyes confront you, but you note a refined air that beer has not yet effaced. You lounge over the counter and remark that he has been accustomed to "something better than this." Your long-suffering co-worker bustles himself; he knows you will be deaf to business for some minutes, and he deftly draws the customers away from your immediate neighbourhood. Your soldier friend is loquacious, and produces photos of his wife and "Teddy, five years old, and the jolliest little rascal." "Very proud of his soldier dad?" you surmise. He eyes you doubtfully: are you "getting at him"? You *are*, and he stoutly asserts that the training of children depends "ab-slute-ly" on the mother. You cruelly insist that the boy always makes his father his hero, and follow with the assertion that he cannot really love his son if he soaks himself at the boy's expense. He tries to pull himself erect, and shakes hands with a promise to come to the hut instead of to the canteen. Which he does, and you are at the beginning of a stern fight which Christ alone can convert into a victory.

Diagnosis may sometimes be much astray, but always you must proceed warily, feeling you way. For instance, two keen, intellectual faces glower upon you, stopping your progress one Monday evening. He in the pince-nez accuses you of being the speaker at the previous evening's meeting. You plead guilty, and he proceeds to criticise with a schoolmasterly precision (both are ex-teachers); he demolishes "this idea of signing pledge cards and war rolls, and this conversion business: why, I have argued out the idea as preposterous with many clergymen by the hour together." You are overwhelmed, and look for an avenue of escape; your Gospel is a simple one, and you are not capable of any keen theological argument. You just venture to suggest that it is often the definite step that men need to make, possibly for men of their intellectual calibre there are other avenues of approach. A smile you cannot interpret overspreads their faces, and you wait for enlightenment. It comes. "Sure! we both signed the war roll last evening after your address. And mean it to the last full stop." Decision has cleared their spiritual skies, committed them to a definite Christian course, and brought the Sonshine to their faces.

As your head rests on your pillow that night—your first consecutive five minutes' meditation that day—you marvel at this and other physiological metamorphoses (there is a simpler word, but I hate technical terms that grow commonplace from excessive employment). Fifty men have stepped forward after your address the previous evening, and signed that war roll as attested followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. There had been no pressing, simply an unadorned statement of what Christ can do for a man, with examples culled from life. You marshal the reasons, and chiefly you lay the credit on that five minutes' wrestle that the hut leader and yourself engaged in before the meeting; it was there you had both acquired the tact necessary to grip that crowd of fifteen hundred soldiers crammed into that hut from floor to roof.

We are too little ambitious in matters spiritual when we have the unfailing resources of Christ to draw upon, and we so underrate the mass of spiritual longing in these new armies where there are so many souls waiting for a glimpse of God's sky from their own windows.

EVENINGS ON THE LOUNGE.

See Illustration Opposite.

ONE of the most noticeable features at Tottenham Court-road is the band of ladies who occupy the lounge every evening dispensing light refreshments. In the early days of the war it was not anticipated that such a thing would be necessary in a large Association, but as days went by it was evident that the feminine touch was absolutely necessary if the men who were coming from home were to retain those finer qualities which the good woman always keeps a man up to, and which camp life and the rough-and-tumble of military duties so quickly does away with. Miss Hoare and her lady friends have earned the Association's deep gratitude, and letters from all the fronts testify that the men have received lasting benefit from the many talks that took place over a cup of coffee served by a lady.

Miss Hoare has now relinquished her task, having taken up hospital work, and has passed on her command to Mrs. Hubert Barclay, whose deep interest in the men and their welfare is only equalled by that of Miss Hoare herself.

Corporal F. Meerton (R.A.M.C.), a well-known Swinton swimmer, writes to the *Journal* from Rome, where he is with the headquarters staff of the British Adriatic Mission. He writes as follows:—"The Italians treat us with the greatest courtesy, and we are made very comfortable. The Italian branch of the Y.M.C.A. is thrown open for our free use, with a small charge for refreshments, just as in England. Before this opened we missed our tea very much, for the only drinks here are wine and *caffe e latte* (coffee and milk)."

THE RED CROSS HELPS US.



In the Lounge at London Central (see note on opposite page).

WE HELP THE RED CROSS.



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Y. M.

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

Organ of the Y.M.C.A. in

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THE EDITORIAL OFFICES of "Y.M." are at the CENTRAL Y.M.C.A., TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, 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.

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 PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

By the Rev. W. E. SOOTHILL, M.A.,
Headquarters Secretary for Religious Work.

WE are not advertising the campaign. There is no necessity. The men are in our huts. They are ready and waiting. And we have got the right men to help them. Our panel of speakers has been cheerfully filled by well-known clergymen and ministers, many of whom have put pressing engagements aside at this all-important call. They have engaged, each of them, to remain three days in the hut to which they are sent. Each has his platform message, but, better still, he wants to meet men personally, frankly to consider with them their difficulties, in no *ex parte* spirit, but with a keen desire to find a real solution. Nevertheless, they go not so much for discussion as for inspiration. They have the assurance in their own experience of the reality of God and of salvation in, through, and with the living Christ, and we believe they will be able to help willing men into the spiritual liberty and courage which are included in the doctrine of Christian salvation.

The present campaign is limited to some 250 huts in the Southern and Eastern areas; other parts of the country will be visited later.

It will interest many to know that the moment our leaders in France and in Egypt heard of the March campaign they immediately arranged for a simultaneous effort in those two countries.

The time for preparation has been very short. Sometimes the best work is done on the shortest notice. Certain it is that the success of the effort will not depend upon the time spent in organisation. This is as we would have it to be. Not by might, nor by power, nor by "organisation," but by My Spirit, saith the Lord. And it is the help of the Spirit that we seek above all things. To this end a prayer card has been quietly circulated amongst our camp workers, amongst a limited number of earnest Christian soldiers, and amongst the chaplains and speakers. What we chiefly ask for is intercession for speakers, workers, and hearers.

Our committee is of a very representative character. Its chairman is the Rev. Cyril Bardsley, hon. secretary of the C.M.S., and others of its members are the Revs. W. Temple, Tissington Tatlow, R. C. Gillie, Dr. Selbie, Thomas Yates, W. L. Hannam, P. T. Thomson, Tolfree Parr, W. E. Soothill, B. A. Yeaxlee, Messrs. A. K. Yapp, F. J. Chamberlain, and J. J. Virgo. The two secretaries on whom the chief burden of the work has fallen are the Rev. W. E. Soothill and Mr. W. Gordon Sprigg.

Some of the speakers have had experience of camp conditions, many have not. For the guidance of the latter a little booklet has been compiled by men experienced in speaking in the camps, giving hints and suggestions. It is also being supplied to each camp leader.

An inspiring conference of camp leaders and speakers was held at the London Central on Friday last, the 4th inst., when for two and a-half hours questions were asked and answers given. Mr. Yapp opened the conference with an admirable statement of existing conditions, the Rev. E. G. Miles, who has had valuable experience in our huts in France, threw much light on the right mode of approach, and Mr. W. R. Lane closed the meeting with an inspiring account of his experiences in the camps.

Mr. Yeaxlee has been getting out a large supply of special literature in the shape of leaflets, some of them written for the occasion by members of the headquarters staff, others excerpts from St. Augustine, Bunyan, Brother Lawrence, and Robert Browning.

The musical part of the programme has not been overlooked. A panel of soloists has been provided, but in most of the camps musical arrangements of a special character are being organised by the leaders on the spot.

It will be seen from what has been said that the committee is relying little upon the mechanism of organisation. What we are relying upon is the right state of mind of speakers, chaplains, workers, and Christian soldiers. Still more are we relying upon the Spirit of God to take possession of all hearts, subduing them to receive His impress, inspiring them to express themselves in ways accordant with His holy laws and the welfare of humanity.

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H. G.

WAR means to most men the valley of the shadow as it never has meant hitherto in the whole military history of mankind. You may be killed within a few days of landing in France, and literally without ever having seen a German soldier. The modern instruments of destruction are 500 per cent. more deadly than those of even 30 years ago. The fatal shell may come hurling upon you from several miles away. You await it in trenches which, though vastly better than they were a twelvemonth ago, are cramped, cheerless, and often inevitably wet or filthy. This demands more courage than a dashing charge or a dogged resistance in open square formation. The task is laid upon men whose primary vocation was not that of the soldier, and who did not run away, as boys, to enlist. They are there to fulfil the demands of "Duty, stern daughter of the voice of God," and to get back to home and business as soon as they have accomplished the aim of the war.

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MOREOVER, the majority of men in the fighting forces to-day are consciously offering their lives, not simply for hearth and home, but in defence of a great spiritual principle. Having committed themselves to the cause of truth, honour, and freedom, they are anxious to be worthy of our national traditions, and chiefly of that ideal humanity which only the New Testament fully sets forth. So they are searching themselves. Their moral depends upon an enthusiasm which is ethical if not religious.

***

THEREFORE they are asking certain profound questions. "How comes it that in the twentieth century of Christianity the two great Protestant nations are at each other's throats, while the Romanist and Greek Christians are in the same case?" "Can we be sure that it is Christian to maintain Christian principles by force?" "Can I kill a German and yet profess to follow Christ?" "If a man die shall he live again?" "How may I know Christ personally, for myself?" "Can Christ really break the power of sin, as well as forgive it?" "What sort of a world can we look forward to after the war?" "How may we make sure that such ghastly things shall never happen again?" "What will give me courage to face not death, but what is after death?"

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MEN do not rush up and make feverish enquiries on such topics. It may be that they still suspect formal and organised religion, and expect no help from the Church, the Chaplain, or religious literature. For that we are to blame. The fact remains that they are asking these questions in their hearts, sometimes discussing them among themselves, and turning hungrily to anyone whom they think likely to give them a clear, unhesitating, unambiguous answer. "I have known men read the New Testament through from cover to cover in search of certainty," writes one who is working in a camp. No man who has had the chance of standing up, whether in the midst of a smoking concert, at the few minutes devoted to family prayers when the day is over, or in the quiet of a Sunday evening, to utter his message to the men in a Y.M.C.A. hut will ever forget the intense expectancy that instantly permeates the atmosphere and springs to the faces of his hearers.

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THE religious work has been throughout an essential element of our programme. We have refused compromise on this question. But the general policy of refusing also to buttonhole men, or to force religious meetings in season or out of season, has been justified by the response the men have made to our campaign of friendship. Having come to look upon our workers first and foremost as friends, they have come to them day and night for quiet chats on religious questions. It has also been possible for our leaders, who have thus got to know the men, to interpolate many a winged word without being "preachy" or formal.

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BUT there are occasions when the direct statement of the simple features of "a man's faith" and a straight appeal for surrender to the Saviour of men are called for. Soon, in the natural course of things, many thousands of the men who have been trained during this last winter will be over on one or other of the fighting fronts. They themselves are asking for replies to such questions as we have quoted. Therefore, in a large number of our Southern and Midland camps, three successive nights have been set apart between March 12 and March 26 for straight talks on "A Soldier's Religion." Able speakers have been supplied by all the churches, and will back up our own local men. It is for our supporters everywhere to take their part by regular and definite intercession.

***

THERE will be nothing spectacular or sensational about the campaign. It will be simply a quiet effort to meet the end of which men are conscious. We are merely concentrating on one aspect of our ordinary work during these days. But we would rather succeed in this than win the most glowing encomiums on all our social and educational work, highly as we value the latter. The best omen is the expectancy with which workers and soldiers alike, as we learn from the article in another column on our Camp Leaders' Conference, are looking forward to our campaign fortnight.

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Summary of Report presented at the Sixty-seventh Annual Meeting held on 2nd March, 1916.

ORDINARY BRANCH.—The number of policies issued during the year was 68,785, assuring the sum of £6,619,218, and producing a new annual premium income of £457,217. The premiums received during the year were £5,157,516, being an increase of £121,891 over the year 1914.

The claims of the year amounted to £4,330,768, of which £145,536 was in respect of War Claims. The number of deaths was 11,358. The number of endowment assurances matured was 25,559, the premium income of which was £137,797.

The number of policies in force at the end of the year was 935,514.

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH.—The premiums received during the year were £8,506,063, being an increase of £329,861.

The claims of the year amounted to £3,938,596, of which £425,499 was in respect of 25,379 War Claims. The bonus additions included in the claims amounted to £276,721. The total number of claims and surrenders, including 15,505 endowment assurances matured, was 429,510.

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 88,384, the number in force being 1,984,523. The number of free policies which became claims during the year was 51,417.

The total number of policies in force in this Branch at the end of the year was 20,859,887; their average duration exceeds thirteen years.

The War Claims paid during the year, in both Branches, number 26,826 and amount to £571,035. The total paid up to the present on this account since the outbreak of War exceeds £750,000 in respect of over 34,500 claims.

GENERAL BRANCH.—Under the Sickness Insurance Tables the premiums received during the year were £9,065, and £5,468 was paid in Sickness claims. The whole of the Fund of £16,955 is reserved for future liabilities.

The Assets of the Company, in all branches, as shown in the balance sheet, are £94,794,798, being an increase of £3,592,454 over those of 1914.

The Directors, after careful consideration, feel justified in paying a bonus on all participating policies of the Ordinary Branch which become claims either by death or maturity during the financial year, but in view of the present unsettled conditions it is not proposed to make a general distribution of bonus, and the shareholders will not therefore receive any part of the profits of this Branch. The interests of participating policyholders are safeguarded by a Special Contingency Fund of £700,000.

The provisions relating to Industrial Assurance contained in the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act, 1914, have resulted in a severe strain upon the Company's resources, which has reduced the surplus shown on the operations of the year, and whilst these provisions remain in force the strain must continue. In these circumstances the Directors have not felt justified in drawing upon the £300,000 set aside last year to meet contingent liabilities created by the Act, but have met the loss out of revenue, and in addition have felt it necessary to increase the amount set aside by £50,000. The Courts (Emergency Powers) Act Reserve therefore stands, as at 31st December, 1915, at £350,000.

The profit sharing scheme in the Industrial Branch provides that after payment of a fixed dividend to the shareholders any surplus profit shall be divided into six parts; one part being retained by the shareholders, one distributed among the outdoor staff of the Company, and the remaining four parts being allotted by way of bonus to the policyholders of the Industrial Branch. The sum which has already been paid or allotted under this scheme by way of bonus to the Industrial Branch policyholders and outdoor staff amounts to £2,825,000.

The amount of surplus shown this year does not permit of any increase being made to this sum, there is, however, a substantial balance still remaining, from which bonus additions will be made to the sums assured on all policies in the Industrial Branch of over ten years' duration which become claims either by death or maturity of endowment from the 3rd of March, 1916, to the 1st of March, 1917, both dates inclusive, as follows:—

Premiums Paid For.						Bonus Addition to Sums Assured.
10 years and less than 35 years						£2 10s. per cent.
35	,,	,,	40	,,		£5 ,,
40	,,	,,	45	,,		£15 ,,
45	,,	,,	50	,,		£30 ,,
50	,,	,,	55	,,		£40 ,,
55	,,	,,	60	,,		£50 ,,
60	,, and upwards					£60 ,,

The strain imposed upon the Company by the operation of the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act, and the necessity of reserving funds to meet the liabilities which this Act unnecessarily and inequitably creates, are in a large measure responsible for the temporary suspension of the profit sharing scheme; this year there will be no surplus profit sharing by the shareholders or by the outdoor staff, while the fixed dividend of the shareholders will be reduced by £100,000.

In addition to the reserves held against the liabilities shown by the valuation the total amount reserved for contingencies, including amounts carried forward, exceeds £4,100,000.

The Balance Sheet includes amounts totalling over £13,000,000 in War Loan and Treasury Bills. The increase in the holding of British Government Securities compared with last year is £11,849,133, against a decrease of £8,276,885 in the Balance Sheet item "Railway and other debentures, and debenture stocks and gold and sterling bonds—Home and Foreign." Apart from the purchase of 4½ per cent. War Loan, this is principally due to the sale to the Government in July last of the whole of the Company's holding of United States securities.

The following letter was received from the Chancellor of the Exchequer in connection with the transaction:—

[COPY.]

TREASURY CHAMBERS, WHITEHALL, S.W.
4th August, 1915.

Dear Sir,

I have to thank the Prudential Assurance Company on behalf of His Majesty's Government for the patriotic spirit they have shown in placing the whole of their American securities at the disposal of the Treasury at a fair and reasonable price. The transaction has been of considerable assistance in facilitating Exchange operations, and the greatest credit is due to the Company for its prompt action.

Yours very truly,
R. McKENNA.

G. E. MAY, Esq.,
Secretary,
Prudential Assurance Company, Ltd.

The six Prudential Approved Societies formed under the National Insurance Act, 1911, continue to make satisfactory progress, and the valuable services rendered to the members by the Agency Staff are highly appreciated. The amount distributed in benefits to the members at their homes during the year amounted to £1,414,109, making a total exceeding £4,400,000 since the commencement of the Act.

It is with feelings of pride and satisfaction that the Directors are able to report that no fewer than 9,221 of their staff are either serving with the Colours or have attested or been rejected for service: 1,305 from the indoor staff and 7,916 from the outdoor staff.

Messrs. Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths and Co. have examined the securities, and their certificate is appended to the balance sheets.

THOS. C. DEWEY, *Chairman.*
W. J. LANCASTER, JAMES MOON, } *Directors.*
J. BURN, *Actuary.* A. C. THOMPSON, *General Manager.*
G. E. MAY, *Secretary.*

The full Report and Balance Sheet can be obtained upon application.



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THE PRIVACY OF GLORIOUS NOISE.

Campaign Methods and Camp Experiences.

By W. R. LANE.

IN a few days our great soul-winning campaign will commence. From Sunday, March 12, to Sunday, March 26, nearly 250 evangelists (ministers and laymen) will be telling out simultaneously the good news of God. From the cities and prairies of Canada, from the far-away Antipodes, from South Africa, from the West Indies, and from every corner of the British Isles many thousands of the Empire's bravest and best men will hear again and again the story of redeeming love.

The rough-and-ready camp work in the Y.M.C.A. huts may be somewhat new and strange to some of the brethren who are taking part in this great movement. The Editor has thought, therefore, that a few words from one who has been at it since the war began may be of some use. Let me say, at the very start, that from the camp leaders and their helpers, with whom we are to co-operate for a few days, we shall, I know from experience, get a hearty welcome, and it will be no small privilege if, while seeking to win the troops for Christ, we can cheer and strengthen these busy workers by our fellowship and prayers. That by the way.

Gospel work in a military camp is, of course, not quite what we are used to in missions in civilian life. The surroundings and the atmosphere are so entirely different. The confusion of moving tongues and moving feet in the Y.M.C.A. hut does not seem to promise much for a quiet and solemn meeting, and we may find that some of our best addresses and long-tried methods will not exactly fit in. The Gospel, however, if it is alive, has a knack of making its own way, and, while dispensing, if needs be, with old methods, creates new ones to meet new needs. Perhaps in the quiet routine of our work in normal times we had almost forgotten this until the tragedy of these abnormal days sent us back to the Acts of the Apostles, to read again the record of its royal progress and its wonderful victories in most unlikely places. "Thus mightily," it is said, "did the Lord's message spread and triumph," referring to what had happened amid all the sin and din of old Ephesus!

Our Audience.

The nightly scene in camp at the sign of the Red Triangle is just a hutful of men, mostly bent on recreation and social enjoyment. All day long they have been tied to the necessary duties and training of soldier-life, and, being let go, they wend their way to the Y.M.C.A. It is Liberty Hall there—bright, warm, and genial. Friendliness is everywhere, and the ladies at the bar seem to give the place a kindly touch of home. No wonder the dear chaps sometimes become as frolicsome as a lot of overgrown schoolboys! But, mind you, that—if we can get it—is our audience; and we have in our hearts what they all deeply need, whether they know it or not.

During the three days of the missioners' visit the hut leaders, I understand, will do their best to secure a quiet and reverent hearing. The usual routine of things will be turned down for about an hour, and the hut crowd will, as far as possible, become a religious meeting.

Each speaker will be free to work along his own lines, and methods will differ according to individual judgment and experience. It is, however, the message, not the method, that ultimately and really tells. The route he chooses is of small account so long as he gets there and "delivers the goods." All the same, as everybody knows, the exercise of a little humanness and cheerful tact will generally find the nearest cut to the heart and conscience of the crowd. This is specially true, I think, of the soldier-crowd.

Meetings Without a "Meeting."

In my own work, if I may refer to it, I have not held "meetings" in the ordinary sense of the word at all except on Sundays. To me it has been a long series of Y.M.C.A. meetings for men without a "meeting"; when the hour for my innings comes, I take the platform, or at first, if it seems better, just stand on the floor in the midst of them, and without hymn or audible prayer (the leader, perhaps, saying a word of introduction), I make a beginning. Just a talk, about something or other, it does not much matter so long as it leads somewhere. It may take a quarter of an hour or so of chat, banter, and smile to gather the crowd to the platform end, and get it settled down to listen to the things that really matter. They may listen or not and stay or not, as they feel disposed and interested. The routine of the hut goes on in the usual way, and so nobody gets ruffled because when he comes shivering in out of the cold he cannot get a cup of coffee. But time and again we have seen things stop of their own accord. The bustle and rush of things has quieted down. The message has gripped, and the interest of it has spread, until almost the entire crowd has become an earnest audience. The half-finished Woodbine, the pipe resting between the fingers, the pen lying on the table beside the unfinished letter, the hundreds of men sitting around the platform or standing in the distance, with their bronzed, eager faces turned to the speaker, have demonstrated the unfailing power of the Gospel and its winsome charm over the human heart.

One reason for choosing this irregular mode of work is that I think I get the ear of a much larger number. Some, perhaps a good many, would not stay to an announced meeting, but they find themselves in a meeting before they know it, and the Saviour, so to speak, takes them by merciful surprise.

Some of my brother speakers may be led to work along similar lines. Others may feel that, although they may not have quite so large a crowd, they can do their best work in the more regular "meeting" way. So be it. "There are diversities of operations," but it is the same God which worketh all in all.

"After Meetings."

I am sometimes asked if it is possible, in the midst of all the noise and confusion of hut life, to do anything like "inquiry room" work.

Well, not always just in the old way, although many huts have now a "quiet room," which is a splendid acquisition for the purpose. Nevertheless, a real work can be done even where they have not the convenience and seclusion of the quiet room. Many instances of this come to my mind, notably at Witley, in Mr. Allan Frost's area, at Brentwood, as Mr. Hayes will remember.

Let me try to describe in a line or two what happened one night at Felixstowe, in Mr. F. Daldry's division. We had a crowd of 400 or 500. It proved a very impressive time. A number of the troops were leaving immediately for the front. Much prayer was being offered by civilians and Christian soldiers. An intensely solemn feeling pervaded the audience at the close of my address. After the prayer season—for, although we begin without audible prayer, we never by any chance close without it—before they dispersed I invited all the really earnest men to stay a little while longer with me at the end of the hut. About sixty responded. One or two brief prayers and a few further words explaining the way of eternal life, and we all seemed gripped with the thought that we were in the valley of decision. "Men," I said, "we MUST make our choice now; and I suggest to you that we can do it best on our knees." Then and there, without the least hesitation, every one knelt down, notwithstanding there were many others still in the hut. Nothing but the power of the Holy Spirit could have moved those soldiers to act thus under the circumstances. While we were kneeling I suggested that it might help some of them to speak out audibly to God, and one after another in broken tones prayed: "God helping me, I will now accept Christ as my Lord and Saviour." Others, unable to speak out, lifted their hand in token of a like decision. That hour with the "Suffolks" can never be forgotten. It was a marvellous time. In other days, we might have said it was a bit of old-time revival! And so it was! A closing prayer, a verse of "God be with you," many a handshake, and we parted. Quite a number of those lads were on the train at nine next morning for the front. An "after-meeting" like that is not, I know, always workable, but it does show what may sometimes be possible if God will be mightily with us.

Personal Dealing.

But, failing the more formal after-meeting, the coming days will bring us wonderful opportunities for close personal dealing after our service is closed and they are again scattered over the hut. Some who would be a little cautious about the quiet room will sit down beside you for a chat in the midst of the bustle of the surging crowd. He feels that he is not conspicuous there. I have had quiet talks with many a soldier-man on the plains of Salisbury, on the downs of Sussex, and under the pine trees of Bramshott Common as we have strolled a little distance away from the distractions of the madding crowd, but some of my most sacred personal conferences have been in the hut, with all its movement and noise buzzing in our ears. "Leave to the nightingale her shaded nook," says Wordsworth to the soaring skylark, "the privacy of glorious light is thine." The poet's paradox is exceedingly fine. I know another just as true, though not nearly so beautiful: the privacy of rampant noise in a Y.M. hut.

Friends of London Central are asked to book May 27 as the date upon which the Nonconformist Choir Union will give one of its celebrated concerts at the Westminster Central Hall on behalf of the funds of the Y.M.C.A.

THE QUEEN AND MISS LENA ASHWELL'S CONCERT PARTIES.

The Royal Matinee at the Coliseum.

IT is an open secret that the first lady in England has a keen personal interest in all our work. No one is better informed concerning the new phases and the fresh problems which it presents from day to day. Queen Mary has a quick eye for the really strong and good features of any such enterprise as this, and to a warm, practical sympathy unites a sure and critical judgment. She has recently paid surprise visits to several of our London centres, and has first-hand knowledge of Y.M.C.A. work elsewhere in England. Her presence, accompanied by Princess Mary and Prince Albert, Princess Marie Louise, Princess Christian, and "our" Princess Victoria, at the special performance given in the London Hippodrome on Tuesday afternoon, marked her appreciation and approval of the concert parties so splendidly organised for service in France by Miss Lena Ashwell. Artistes selected for this work go out under the personal supervision of Princess Victoria, who hears them all before they are approved and sent. They will now feel that an even greater distinction has been conferred upon them, and though, as they all agree, they feel when they face the enthusiastic crowds of Tommies in the Red Triangle huts over the water, it is as easy to give their very best as it would be impossible to be second-rate in such circumstances, a new seal will be set upon their service by the Queen's kindness.

"At two o'clock I couldn't get a ticket for half-a-guinea," complained one disappointed friend. For three hours a crowded house enjoyed a brilliant programme rendered by the kindly men and women who gladly gave of their choicest to help on the good work being done by fellow-members of their profession. There was magnificent singing by Madame Elsa Stralia, a ballad in his bravest style from Ben Davies, a song of sailors and soldiers sung with telling simplicity by Miss Lily Elsie, and a characteristic vocal contribution from Miss Violet Loraine. Mlle. Lydia Kyasht, Mlle. Alice Delysia, and Mlle. Adeline Genée took us from Fairyland to prim mid-Victorian days, and back again. All motorists (especially Y.M.C.A. drivers) sympathised with Mr. Harry Tate's hardships on "the road." Mr. George Graves convulsed even his partner in dialogue with the irresistible humour of his household cares, and Mr. Fred Emery's old lady was by turns pathetic and realistically comical in her difficulties at the stile. The most loyal of Jews must needs have laughed at Mr. Augustus Yorke and Mr. Robert Leonard, so splendid were those Jewish merchants. As for Mr. Du Calion, with his ladder, and Mr. Frank von Hoven, in the capacity of magician, their cleverness was complete.

Sir J. M. Barrie had prepared a special surprise for the occasion, and when it turned out to be a good-humoured skit on American cinema shows, with its most humorous modern travesty of "Macbeth" on the movies, everybody settled down to enjoy the fun provided by the united genius of the author and of the well-known actors who "played" the film. With Sir Edward Elgar conducting his own music and Sir Henry J. Wood to lead the final rendering of the National Anthem, a rare programme was complete. Not least welcome was the last item but one, in the form of a three-minute speech by Miss Lena Ashwell, who has an enviable power of putting the case for concerts at the front in a fashion both charming and forcible. We were all ready to say thank you to the performers, and to Mr. Oswald Stoll and his hard-working, generous staff.

Doubtless the financial result of the afternoon will be such as to help and hearten Princess Victoria, her committee (including the Duchess of Marlborough, the Duchess of Rutland, Lady Lister Kaye, Miss Lena Ashwell, the Lord Mayor of London, the Earl Howe, G.C.V.O., the Earl of Dunraven, K.T., and the Lord Islington, G.C.M.G., P.C.), and particularly Miss Lena Ashwell. It ought, however, to be in the matter of public support what it was in that of professional talent and effort—just a sample of the ungrudging and continual contribution that has been and is to be made to the morale and the good cheer of our soldier men across the sea.

The Queen herself invited 120 wounded or maimed men, with their nurses, to the performance, and other hosts entertained similar parties. As one saw a couple of fine young officers, each of whom had lost a leg on active service, go on crutches up the steps, one felt again that our best in every sphere is all too little to offer to the men as they rally at the bases for reinforcement of the firing line, rest in billets just behind it, or lie in hospital suffering for our sakes. On this clear fact the Queen, by her example on Tuesday, laid added emphasis.

Mr. J. W. Moodie, well known as the soldier evangelist, who recently returned from a long tour among the camps in the North, tells a stirring story of the eagerness with which the Testaments are everywhere welcomed. "While evangelising among 20,000 troops on the eve of their departure for the front," he says, "we were tremendously struck with the vehement desire of the troops to possess a copy of the Scriptures. Every copy we had with us—as well as five hundred more belonging to the camp leader—was given away, and still the men were asking for more. When told that all were gone a cloud of sadness came over the faces of the seekers. 'What!' exclaimed one man, 'have I really to go to the front without a New Testament? Have you nothing you can give me?' At last one of the Y.M.C.A. staff parted with his Testament rather than see the soldier go without one. This abnormal desire for the Scriptures," Mr. Moodie goes on to say, "is not confined to the rank and file. Officers gladly ask for a copy as well. Within a few hours of the division marching off the Brigadier-General most heartily accepted a copy of the New Testament, with remark, 'It is kind of you to think of me in this way.'"

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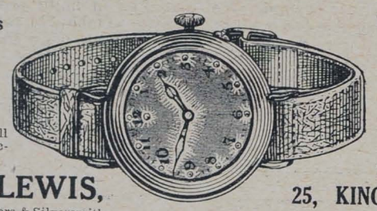

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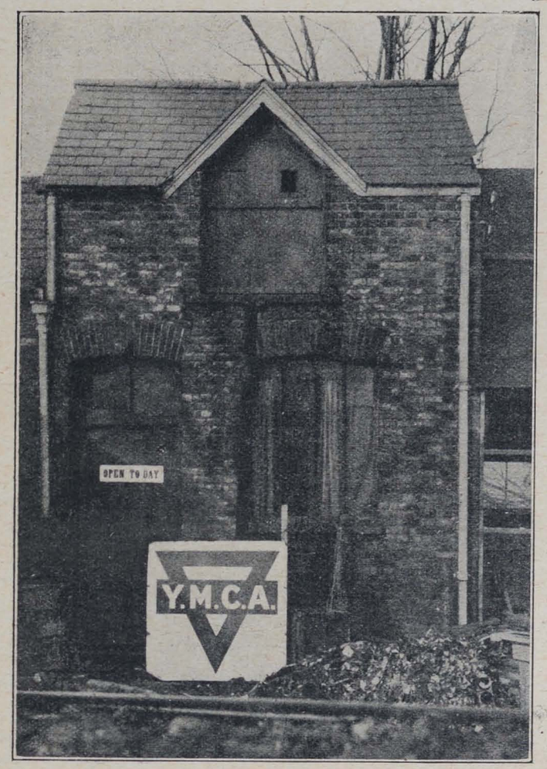
OUR BABY Y.M.C.A. AND WHY IT WILL GROW



WE had made a further advance somewhere in Middlesex, and had consolidated our position, when the news came that a high explosive factory was entrenching itself along the banks of a canal two miles away. Our scouts were sent out, and, after a period of absence, returned to report that the invading forces were preparing their position with feverish haste.

We were not armed, except with the utensils of a well-equipped kitchen, and so decided to survey the invaders' supply column. After a few hours' close observation, we discovered that this was non-existent. Here lay our opportunity. We advanced cautiously, prepared for a frontal attack.

There in front of us, even whilst we were preparing for the charge, wooden huts appeared to be springing out of the ground, as if by magic, whole fields were being covered by isolated buildings. Soon, again, as if by magic, an army of munitioners populated this entrenchment, and quickly gave evidence to prove that they were steadfastly purposed to carry out their contract.

We made our charge, and were received with open arms at a time when the fire of enthusiasm was waning through lack of food—when the munitioners were feeling the effects of the absence of a supply column.

Snow, hail, and floods came and continued several days and nights. The occupants of the huts were being rendered incapable of work through exposure to the cold; still they struggled on both day and night, fighting against terrible odds—the elements had decided against them. The command came: "You must make greater sacrifice;" not one munitioner shirked. The product of their handiwork was to save the life of their brothers and sons.

We are now established in the invaders' country. We are their supply column. We have helped to make it possible for them to carry on their work. All night long and all day, too, we work in a stable 15 feet square, with the hay-loft, its chaffcutter still intact, as a rest-room. Here at every minute of the twenty-four hours can be enjoyed the steaming coffee and tea, and the smiles of those who serve.

T. B. S.

AT THE SIGN OF THE RED TRIANGLE.

News and Notes Gathered from all Quarters.

The Ever-Flowing Stream.

We have pleasure in acknowledging the following special contributions among other generous gifts that we received between February 28 and March 4:—

	£
Wimbledon Hut Funds	1,001
Scottish Brotherhood	900
Liverpool Bank (Blundellsands and Crosby Hut) (Transfer)	560
Mercers' Company, The	500
Fletcher, Fletcher and Co., Messrs.	500
Nourse, Limited, Messrs. James	250
Jacob, Messrs. W. and R.	250
Reid, Mr. H. M.	125
Naylor, Benzon and Co., Messrs.	105
Hockmeyer, Mr. V.	100
Bombay and Baroda and Central India Railway Company	100
Newcastle District (Transfer)	63
Miller, Mr. R. W.	50
Kent, Mr. Edward	50
United Lankat Plantations Company	50

We have also received up to date the following sums from the employees of Messrs. Vickers and Co., Barrow:—

	£
Engine Department, Draughtsmen	175
Joiners, Engine Department	160

A Splendid Effort at Torquay.

Our friends at Torquay, when they heard of the loss by fire that we suffered on Salisbury Plain, straightway resolved to try to secure the money for a hut to replace the one at Larkhill, which was burnt out a few weeks ago. They have just raised £480 by a street collection, and are to be highly congratulated upon both their practical sympathy and their businesslike energy.

Do the Soldiers Want Us?

It has been suggested by certain critics that men in mufti are the last persons to serve acceptably, in camp, those who have sacrificed everything in order to enlist. A little story from a certain camp may help to correct that mistake. A man who has been working for us there, without taking even expenses, was refused exemption by the local Tribunal, though we appealed for him as indispensable. Before he left camp to join the

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colours the colonel paraded the regiment, and in its name presented our worker with a wristlet watch. When he announced that the appeal had been rejected by the Tribunal, the whole regiment cried "Shame"—and the colonel, though unable to utter his agreement, left nobody in doubt as to his cordial assent!

A Message from Admiral Jellicoe.

Pontypridd has now a Tipperary Club under the sign of the Red Triangle, which was opened last week by Lady Jellicoe in the presence of a distinguished company, including Lord Pontypridd. Her ladyship said that in times like the present it was a boon to have a club where they could talk about their anxieties to sympathetic friends. These clubs were not hindering, but were improving home life, they were out to "Keep the Home Fires Burning." She sincerely hoped that when their husbands returned they would find that they had gained by their connection with the club, that the homes would be cleaner and the children better cared for. She said she had a message from Sir John Jellicoe to give to the men who cut the coal. "Without you the Grand Fleet can do nothing, so will you go on and do your best?" Lady Jellicoe consented to the request of the members that she would allow the club to be known in future as the Jellicoe Club. She read to the meeting a wire from her husband, which said: "Tell the Y.M.C.A. to-morrow how deeply their work for the services is appreciated by us all, and how much we honour them for it."

Bishop Welldon and Y.M.C.A. Religion.

Bishop Welldon made a striking speech, in which he said that he had been a lifelong supported of the Y.M.C.A., mainly because the work of the Association was based on the Bible. It was not a namby-pamby religion the world wanted to-day, but a manly religion. A religion that showed the highest manhood, the truest godliness made the best man, and the Y.M.C.A. had always pointed to the simple Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Seaford's Anniversary.

A large gathering of Y.M.C.A. workers and their friends and officers and men of the various units at Seaford last week heard a splendid report of the work done in the three huts there since No. 1 was opened by Earl Brassey in March, 1915. A strong feature of the programme has been the religious work, including addresses by well-known ministers and clergy, a regular Bible-class, and a special temperance campaign, in the course of which over 2,000 pledges were taken. The educational element has been well organised, a fine list of lectures and classes having been carried through. Concerts and other forms of entertainment have been frequently arranged, and always with great success. Lady Gertrude Lawford and her daughters, who were the hostesses of the day, are among the keenest of the workers. During the past week the work of the Association has been extended by the opening of yet another large hut. The anniversary gatherings were presided over by Lieut.-Col. Logan, of the Loyal North Lancashires, and addressed by Mr. Yapp and Mr. Virgo.

"Nowt in Mansfield But the Y.M.C.A."

"There's nowt in Mansfield but the Y.M.C.A., and if we hadn't this place, I don't think many of us would trouble to come into the town." This was the characteristic remark of one of the West Yorkshiremen now at Clipstone Camp after he had enjoyed a tea in warm and pleasant surroundings in the big Y.M.C.A. hall at Mansfield on Saturday evening, and was settling down to listen to the weekly concert. The remark was hardly fair to Mansfield as a whole, but was certainly a tribute to the work being done there at the sign of the Red Triangle.

The New Camp Song-Book.

The music edition of the Camp Song-Book (1s. 6d. net, paper) has now been reprinted, and contains the tunes of the songs lately added to the words edition.

Opening of the Y.M.C.A. Hut at Hound Point, So. Queensferry.

On Saturday, March 4, a Y.M.C.A. hut was opened at this important point on the Scottish coast defences. There is, perhaps, no more needy place; the men are isolated, and have a long, weary job night and day.

The company present at the opening ceremony included Lieut.-Col. Stevenson, who deputised for General Gardiner, commanding the Scottish Coast Defences; Major Bell, 1-5th K.O.S.B.; Rev. J. R. P. Sclater, M.A., New North Church, Edinburgh; Mr. J. Duncan Millar, K.C., M.P., and Mrs. Millar; Mr. H. Lightbody, J.P., Wishaw; Mr. A. Forrester Paton, J.P., Alloa, and the Hon. Mrs. Forrester Paton; Mr. James Macdonald, W.S., Edinburgh, who collected a good deal of money for the hut. Mr. Lightbody presided, and the hut was well filled with soldiers, who look forward eagerly to the comforts provided for them by this hut. The institute will be staffed entirely by lady workers.



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Messages to Men.

A LETTER FROM CANON HICKS.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—The Editor of *Y.M.* has asked me to write a message in preparation for the great campaign, March 12-26.

I am delighted to do so.

I am speaking through the pages of *Y.M.* to men and boys who understand something of what self-sacrifice means. Many have thrown up good jobs, many have left wives, mothers, sisters, sweethearts, many have left comfortable and even luxurious homes, not because they WANTED to do so, but because they felt that they OUGHT to do so in response to the call of duty to one's King, to one's country, and to one's God.

You have, many of you, *already* made great sacrifices, but some of you, who read this paper, are bound to be called upon to make the supreme sacrifice—*i.e.*, to lay down the life which you rightly value very highly—for King, for country, and for duty.

This great spiritual campaign is going to be held after much prayer and preparation, so as to help all the men and boys in our camps and barracks to examine themselves and to ask themselves whether they are prepared to face not only the discomforts of active warfare, not only to face the fire and artillery of the enemy, but to face suffering, disablement, it may be death.

Forgive me for introducing a personal note. I am always going about, here, there, and everywhere. Naturally I take great care that all my worldy concerns are in perfect order, and that my will has been properly made and properly attested, but what really makes me feel quite happy and content is the fact that I know my spirit is safe in the keeping of God, whatever may happen to my body.

This life is, as we all know (though we often forget or neglect to think about it), but a preparation for the great eternity of the beyond—and men, I know this, that though I have oftentimes sinned terribly, and made a great mess of my life, in many matters both moral and spiritual, yet God knows (for He knows the secrets of all hearts and the hidden things of all lives), that though I have deeply sinned, yet, like St. Peter, I have deeply repented, and do, I trust, deeply love.

Therefore I am safe in His keeping, in life or in death, for time and eternity. Is it not so with you, my brother?

Many of you have made your wills and left your worldly concerns in perfect order. Many of you will have been home to say good-bye to those who love you and constantly pray for you; you are all, of course, looking forward to a safe return when the war is over, but it is wise to remember that you MAY NOT return to your home on earth.

Are you taking with you across the water (if I may so put it with all reverence) the best friend and closest companion that any man can ever need or want? Are you taking Jesus Christ with you as your own personal individual Saviour, Friend, and God?

My message to you is this—whatever the past has been, whatever you have said or done or been amiss, whatever mess you have made of your lives, whatever good you have left unsaid or undone in the past, remember this:—

(1) There is no soul so stained with the sins of the past, no soul that has wandered away so far from the fold, but what there is a welcome for the soul that returns in penitence to the fold, but what the blood of Jesus Christ can cleanse that soul from sin, provided that soul is truly penitent of its sin and longs to be forgiven.

(2) There is no man or boy so weak, so tempted, so cowardly morally or spiritually, but what the power of the Spirit of God can, through prayer, through the Word of God, and through sacrament, help that boy to become strong to conquer his temptations, to forsake those sins to which he has given way in the past, to witness day by day for his God, for his Church, for purity, and truth.

That God may grant to every officer, every N.C.O., every private, every trooper, every gunner a true repentance, a living faith, and a deepening love, is the earnest prayer of your sincere friend,

WALTER HICKS,
Prebendary of Lincoln.

A letter from the firing-line, describing the visit of one of Miss Lena Ashwell's concert parties to the Y.M.C.A. huts at the front, says:—"The crowded audience of men packed the hall. Each man had his rifle in hand and his gas helmet over his shoulder, ready to go instantly to the trenches if necessary." The message sent back by a certain gallant colonel is:—"Tell all who have sent you here that we bless them. If they only knew they would send firing-line parties out in crowds."

OUR MOTHERLAND IS CALLING.

OUR Motherland is calling
Her sons from near and far,
To meet the Hun in battle
Where rolls the tide of war;
To foil the foreign foeman
Who lifts his haughty hand
To strike our brave Britannia
And violate her land.

Hurrah for brave Britannia,
The Queen of ocean wave;
Who would not die, with rapture,
So fair a Queen to save?

Our Motherland is calling,
And well we know her voice;
The voice that spoke to Nelson—
The hero of her choice.
Now from her hills and valleys,
And from her lands afar,
There comes the tramp of heroes,
The shout of men of war.

Our Motherland is calling
Her sons to flood and field;
Her flag is waving o'er them,
Her mighty sword they wield.
And 'mid the roar of battle,
And flashing fires of death,
They cheer for brave Britannia
With life's departing breath.

Our Motherland is calling
Her soldiers from the field,
And with her thanks rewarding
Her "sure defence and shield."
For, once again, Britannia
Has laid a tyrant low;
That Freedom, Truth, and Justice
Still on the earth may grow.

THOMAS TIPLADY (Rev.).

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LIME JUICE

is still unsurpassed

THE DRINK THAT KEEPS YOU FIT!

DELICIOUS, WHOLESOME & REFRESHING. (Insist on having ROSE'S.)

NOTES ON DAILY READINGS.

For the Junior Department Branch of the Scripture Union.

By the Rev. A. J. COSTAIN, M.A., Headmaster of Rydal Mount School.

Author of *Life of Arthur Jackson, The Day-break Call,* &c.

Saturday, 11th.—John v. 19-29.—In these verses Christ makes a great claim for Himself. He is the Son of Man, and is to be the Judge of all. We sometimes say that it is God, Who made us in our frailty, Who will be our Judge. It is even more to know that Christ, Who has shared our frailty, will be our Judge.

"Thou knowest, not alone as God, all-knowing;
As Man, our mortal weakness Thou hast proved;
On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,
O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou hast loved."

Could there be a clearer claim to Divinity than is involved here? Surely only God can judge.

Sunday, 12th.—John v. 30-47.—Christ here supports His claim by evidence. (1) John the Baptist has borne testimony to Him. (2) The miracles are a witness to the fact that He has been commissioned by God. (3) The Scriptures also support His claim. Note, in passing, that Christ definitely sets Himself above the Old Testament. You must read verse 9 in the Revised Version if you want to understand it.

Monday, 13th.—John vi. 1-14. This is the only miracle that all the four Gospels narrate. St. John tells us the interesting fact that the bread and fishes were obtained from a small boy, who had five poor barley loaves and two little fishes in his basket. But he was a lucky boy, because he was in the right place at the right time. He gave Christ all he had, and that multiplied by Him was enough for all. 0 × 1,000 = 0; 1 × 1,000 = 1,000. There does not seem to be much difference to begin with, but there is all the difference in the world when the multiplication is done. Christ can either make nothing of you, or everything of you. It is up to you.

Tuesday, 14th.—John vi. 15-27. The parables of Christ are miracles; the miracles of Christ are parables. We have here this story of the Lake, an instance of the way in which Christ appears to us amid the storm. "It is I, be not afraid." There is every reason for courage with Christ at our side. It means everything to know that we are not alone.

Wednesday, 15th.—John vi. 28-40.—Suppose you took your little brother down the town, and lost him there. You didn't know where he was. For all you knew he might have been kidnapped or run over. What would you feel like when you went back and told your father? You felt very big when you walked away from the house with him, but you felt very small when you went back without him. He had been entrusted to you, and you had lost him. Now, God the Father has given you to Christ. Your father and mother, too, gave you to Him in baptism, when they gave you a Christian name, a "Christ's name." Christ doesn't want to lose you, and God doesn't want Him to lose you. "And this is the will of Him that sent Me, that of all that which He hath given Me I should lose nothing."

Thursday, 16th.—John vi. 41-58. In this passage we have some of the deeper spiritual teaching of Christ. He proclaims Himself "Bread of Life," and when the Jews wonder what He means, He hints at His death: "My flesh is meat indeed, and My blood is blood indeed." It is this that makes the Holy Communion what it is. What Christ does there in an especial measure He does always and everywhere in due measure. He gives Himself to us, and we can live by the strength that He imparts.

Friday, 17th.—John vi. 59-71. When Christ began to speak of His death, many who had expected to hear Him talk of His triumph and of His entrance into His kingdom fell away, utterly disappointed. It has been suggested that Judas Iscariot came now to a turning-point in his career. He did not absent himself from the company of the disciples, but he ceased to be one of them in heart and spirit. It is ill to think that a man could live in Christ's company and yet be faithless to Him. Was ambition the rock on which he split? "Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition: by that sin fell the angels." Is it not right, then, to cherish ambition at all? When does ambition become sinful?

RELIGIOUS WORK AT WINCHESTER.

THE appointment of a special worker to help the district secretary in the organisation of religious work throughout the Winchester area is already proving most fruitful. The Rev. T. Prothero has been busily engaged in various ways, and sends most encouraging reports of the condition of things he finds, but also, which is better still, of the readiness to make advance which he meets everywhere.

He recently accompanied Canon Hicks on a fortnight's tour, and pays a high tribute to the Canon's power of helping. He says, "His *bonhomie* and charm of personality predisposed men to listen to him and form an invaluable witness to the essentially healthy and jolly character of a truly Christian life. Often before, always after, every meeting he shook hands and had a hearty word with every man present as far as possible."

Mr. Prothero remarks with much appreciation on the help rendered by chaplains, and speaks of meeting various ex-Y.M.C.A. leaders, including Privates Victor H. Copestake, Percival H. Rice, and N. Harland. He points out the value of securing a nucleus of Christian men to help in religious work wherever possible, though, as he points out, soldiers in mass shun attempts to "get at them," and indirect methods have been found most successful.

We hear also of a special visit to the Dinam hut of Mrs. Jasper Pink, the well-known temperance advocate, who spoke at a specially arranged social gathering for soldiers with much effect.

In Winchester itself a series of Sunday evening Gospel lantern services has been started in the Picture Palace. At the first the Mayor presided, and the illustrated story, "Saved by His Bible," was given.

The Girl he left behind him
WILL BE PROUD TO WEAR
The Badge of his Regiment or Ship

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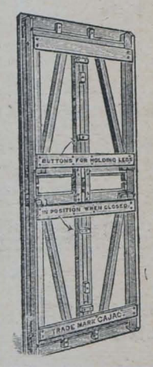



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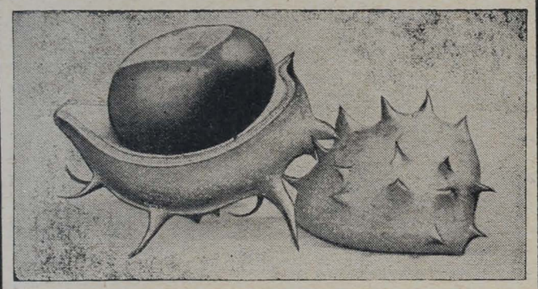
A RIPE HORSE CHESTNUT WITH ITS RICH DARK BROWN GLOSS.



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"The contents were A1, especially the Cocoa and Milk. You may send as much of that as you like."

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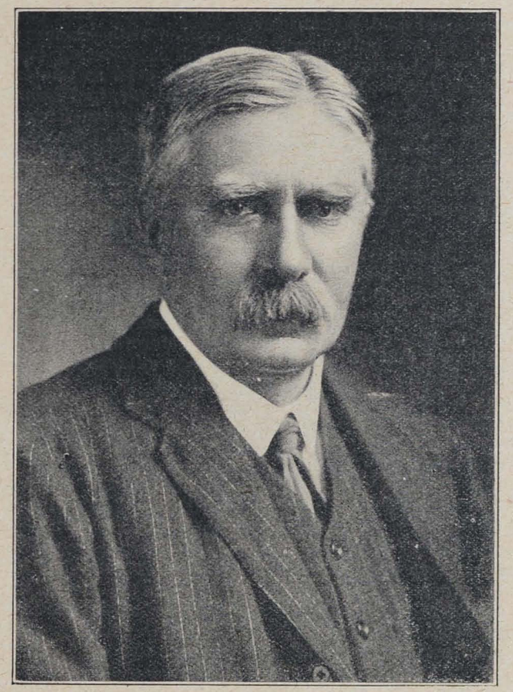
The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 63. Vol. 2. MARCH 24, 1916. PRICE 1d.

A. C. BENSON.

THERE can be few families in this country which have given to literature so many and such varied gifts as the Benson family. The late Archbishop Benson was a well-read scholar, but his immersion in the arduous duties successively of head master of Wellington College, Bishop of Truro, and Archbishop of Canterbury, left him only a little leisure. Consequently, his literary output was slender, and he left unfulfilled more than one project. His three sons have between them published at least one hundred volumes. The most prolific of this remarkable trio of authors is Mr. A. C. Benson, who has about fifty books standing to his name already, not counting certain volumes which appeared anonymously. Quite lately two books from his pen were issued almost simultaneously—one acknowledged, the other anonymous. But an overlooked similarity of certain paragraphs in the anonymous volume was discovered by a lynx-eyed reviewer, and A. C. Benson admitted the authorship. He has been writing ever since he was a schoolboy, and publishing his work for the last thirty years. It was, however, when he turned to essays that he made his great reputation with *The Upton Letters* followed quickly with *From a College Window* and other kindred books. The charm of these volumes is in the pellucid style, and in the atmosphere in which important problems of life are discussed by an intellectual, broad-minded man, with sympathetic eyes for Nature and quick ears for the music of good English.

Of course, after being a master at Eton for eight years, it is natural that A. C. Benson should speak and write frequently on educational problems. He has decided views, founded on his own experiences, and they are never very far out of sight in his essays. There is, however, a sweet reasonableness in his essays which disarms criticism, just as Mr. Benson's own personality wins respect and affection among those who meet him. And yet, I think, he loves arguing. He wants to convert his readers to belief in his own views, and sets about the task with very adequate equipment, for he has mixed, from boyhood, with people of the keenest intellectual powers. Having a remarkably good memory for what he has heard and read, he is able to illumine his essays with many a pleasant reminiscence. We are all interested in hearing personal details or echoes of conversation relating to the great men and women of the day, and Mr. Benson has had the amplest opportunity of enriching and enlivening his books with such incidents. Queen Victoria—of whose correspondence he has been joint-editor with Lord Esher—Mr. Gladstone, Archbishop Temple, and many other famous personalities, flit through his pages agreeably. One advantage which A. C. Benson has over most essayists is that he has led an active, purposeful life. He has played football, climbed mountains, shot game, and bicycled thousands of miles. So, though he is a voracious reader, there is always an "outdoor air" correcting the aloofness of a scholar. To the present generation he has become what "A. K. H. B." was to many of our fathers and mothers—a guide, philosopher, and friend. Two other qualities in his work call for emphasis. He is essentially Christian in his outlook on life, with the faith of a man who has met and vanquished phantoms of doubt. Next, he is a poet, possessed unmistakably of the imagination and insight which are the springs of true poetry. I select the following sonnet as one example of Mr. Benson's verse:



ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON, M.V.O.
Photo: Elliott and Fry.

MY SOUL'S MANSION.

In my soul's mansion there are many rooms,
Chamber and oratory, hall and dome.
And some are bare and cold, some dark, and some
Noisy with humming of a hundred looms.
But one pavilion by the water's brim,
Hid in the pleasaunce, for myself I keep,
Where swinging roses through the window peep,
And stockdoves murmur in the elm-trees dim.
The voices of the morning call me thence—
The harsh, laborious voices,—and I know
That some day my mysterious Lord shall come
To thrust me from my sweet familiar home.
How will He greet me when He bids me hence,
My master? Will he call me loud or low?

One criticism of Mr. Benson's essays may be permissible. He takes rather too rosy a view of things. It is life on rubber tyres, life in cosy college rooms, or in a pleasant country mansion, which he takes for granted is the lot of most people. His own life has been so sheltered that he fails to realise the intensity of the "struggle for life" of the vast majority of folks. I am sure he sympathises with the poor, for he shows a generous interest in various philanthropies.

Mr. Benson is a first-rate lecturer, as those who have heard him lecture on Abraham Lincoln will testify. He has a sense of humour, in addition to all his other gifts. This endears him alike to the Fellows and to the Undergraduates of Magdalene, of which he not long ago became head.

CRANKS.

By the RT. HON. G. W. E. RUSSELL, Author of "Collections and Recollections," &c.

I COULD wish that my title were a prettier word. "Crank," unless I am mistaken, was imported from America, and American additions to the English language are seldom euphonious. Our forefathers would have conveyed the same type of character by the term "Humourist." Addison wrote of himself that he was "a great humourist in all parts of his life." Sir Roger de Coverley, "amidst all his good qualities, was something of a humourist; and his virtues, as well as imperfections, were tinged by a certain extravagance which made them particularly his." Miss Edgeworth, in her admirable satire of *Manœuvring*, announces the returning Nabob as "a humourist, who must not be opposed in any of his oddities." Washington Irving described the Squire in *Bracebridge Hall* as "something of a humourist, as Englishmen are apt to become when they have an opportunity of living in their own way." But the uses of words change; so, on the whole, "Crank," unmelodious though the word is, best expresses the intended type. I was writing last week of "Hobbies." He who rides his hobby too persistently is apt to become a Crank.

Though a Crank, or Humourist, may be, and often has been, a genius, we have no guarantee that eccentricity or crankiness implies cleverness, or even serves any useful purpose. In the early days of the Co-operative movement it was a heavy trial to Charles Kingsley that Co-operation drew into its current all sort of abnormal and eccentric characters. At an important deputation he was quite upset and silenced by the appearance of a bearded comrade in a straw hat and blue plush gloves. He did not recover from the depression produced by those gloves for days. Beards, then rarities, have been common enough since the return of the Guards from the Crimea, and straw hats have nearly ousted the hideous "Topper" of Victorian gentility; but blue plush gloves would still handicap the best of causes, and we should be justified in regarding their wearer as a Crank.

Eccentricities of costume are the most harmless form of crankiness; and yet, because they are useless, they are the most irritating. I well remember a vigorous politician who again and again failed to get himself adopted as a Liberal candidate because he wore knee-breeches, scarlet stockings, and a jockey cap. There is an eminent man still living who might have been Speaker long ago if he had not enraged his friends by wearing a blue coat and a buff waistcoat at evening parties. A "soulful-eyed young man" who wears sandals instead of boots is an irritating object; and a bare-headed youth with his hair plastered down the nape of his neck may be a "nut" (or even a "K-nut," which, I am told, is the intenser form), but, if I were electioneering, I would rather not have him on my platform.

Eccentricities of diet, though occasionally inconvenient, are rendered inoffensive by the fact that they often proceed from moral scruples. I once stayed in a country house with the late Edward Maitland (who, in concert with Anna Bonus Kingsford, invented a humanitarian religion), and, being sought at breakfast-time, he was found perched in an apple-tree, breaking his fast with that homely fruit. I am all for liberty of conscience in these matters. If my friend likes cheese and nuts for dinner, why should I persecute him with chops and steaks? If his conscience revolts at the thought of animals' sufferings, why should I insult him with the hideous spectacle of a roast hare? "It hath no speculation in those eyes," or rather sockets; and should be tasted but not seen. On the other hand, I claim from my vegetarian friends a consideration which they do not always accord to the flesh-eater. It is startling to hear one's hostess say, "I believe you eat corpse-foods—do you prefer an arm, or a portion of the bosom?" Such a query makes one feel first cousin to a cannibal.

But in spite of all that has come and gone, I hold a brief for the Crank. Every great cause has had its Cranks, who, when the cause became victorious, were hailed by the more euphonious title of Enthusiasts. Of such an one it was written:—

"Many men have laughed at his rhetoric, and made themselves a reputation for wit by telling stories of his behaviour. Such men have probably never read the second part of *Don Quixote*. The Knight was, after all, a true gentleman of fine mind, and his death was pathetic."

William Wilberforce was a Crank when, by an act of deliberate and calculated sacrifice, he consecrated youth, wealth, eloquence, Parliamentary position, and intimate friendship with an all-powerful Minister to the cause of the slaves; but he lives for ever as the great Emancipator.

Gladstone was, in the judgment of the worldly wise, a Crank when he plunged into the political dungeons of Naples and proclaimed to Europe the horrors which he found there; but a free and united Italy is to-day the result and the memorial of his generous passion. He was a Crank when, fired by the tale of the Armenian massacres, he prayed God to "send a speedy end to the (governing) Turk and all his doings"; but to-day all Europe says Amen to the prayer. He was a Crank when, at the outset of his career, he pledged himself, without heed of consequences, to the rescue of the outcast and the lost; but to-day all men, save the basest, give thanks for the high example.

The earliest workers for Temperance were Cranks to their finger-tips. The eccentricity of people who, in an age sodden with brandy and port and strong ale, declined to drink intoxicating liquors was regarded as akin to lunacy—nay, even as tainted with heresy. They were denounced as Puritans, and Ascetics, and Manichees. William IV. insulted a brother-King at the dinner-table of Windsor because the guest had the temerity to ask for a glass of water. In 1840 a leader of the Evangelical party wrote with reference to a like-minded friend:—"I am distressed to find Trotter going into the House of Commons. *It is almost as bad as throwing open his Park for a Temperance Society.*" In days more recent, men like Sir Walter Trevelyan, and Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and the late Bishop of Chichester, and the present Archdeacon of Westminster, "endured measureless calumny and passed through torrents of abuse" for the cause which they held dear. But to-day the reform in our drinking habits which has permeated every grade of society is a cause of thankfulness to all good citizens.

The opponents of scientific torture have long since become thoroughly habituated to the title of Cranks, and indeed may count themselves lucky when, on expressing their opinion in public, they are allowed to escape without physical maltreatment; but this meed of success, at any rate, they have attained—that the advocates of brutality no longer vaunt the deeds which "are done of them in secret," but shrink with ignoble prudence from the censure of enlightened humanity. Samuel Plimsoll, when he bounded on to the floor of the House of Commons, and hurled simultaneous defiance at the Government and the Opposition, the Speaker and the shipowners, was a Crank; but he redeemed our mercantile marine. Even the despised and caricatured Æsthetes—the Postlethwaites and Maudles and Bunthornes of *Punch* and *Patience*, rendered a permanent service to civilization by delivering us from the age-long tyranny of conventional ugliness.

Chief of the tribe of Cranks was the great Lord Shaftesbury, who once and again declined the great prizes of political service, in order that he might devote all that he was and all that he had to the service of the helpless and the oppressed. For fifty-seven years he served as the unpaid Chairman of the Lunacy Commission. Once when he was presiding at a sitting of the Commission, a medical witness, seeking to prove a lady's insanity, said: "Are you aware, my lord, that she subscribes to the Society for the Conversion of the Jews?" "Indeed," replied Lord Shaftesbury, with his grimmest smile, "and are you aware that I am President of that Society?"

A TRAGEDY OF ALSACE.

By VALENTINE HEYWOOD.

GLANCING idly through the pages of one of the French illustrated magazines devoted to war news, I came across a photograph of a little group of French soldiers, whose heroism in a difficult situation had won them promotion and honours. Standing out from the others with what in the circumstances seemed curious distinctness was a face I had seen but twice in my life, but which recalled instantly to my mind an incident of those first weeks of the war when Germany appeared to be crushing all in her path, and the whole world seemed to wait in hushed expectancy.

* * * *

I saw him in a barber's shop off Fleet-street. He met my glance in the mirror as he gently tucked the white napkin around my collar. A slim, grave, pleasant-faced man, with the grey eyes and fair complexion of the Saxon, but the features and the quick deftness of the Gaul.

"You not go to the war? No?" he queried, with that little tell-tale hesitancy over the "th."

"No," I said, and indicated a physical unfitness. "Me, too"—with a quick movement he exhibited the results of an injury to his hand and arm. But he wielded scissors and razor cleverly enough, I noticed.

"Not," he continued in a little burst of candour, "that I am very eagaire to go to the war."

He glanced up suddenly, and in the glass again met my gaze studying his face. He flushed a little. "Monsieur will not think," he said with dignity, "that I am afraid to go to the war!"

With an expressive gesture he touched himself on his left breast. "Madame and the little ones. One must think of such things, eh? Duty to the family. Is it not so, monsieur?"

Absently I nodded acquiescence, and only his quick care saved a portion of my lip parting company from the remainder. "Carefully, monsieur," he warned.

He chattered on; with the inevitable inquiry as to the suitability of the razor. As suddenly he returned to the universal topic. "Everyone talk of the war," he murmured, as though in apology. "The" very nearly became "ze" when he spoke quickly; several times he repeated the difficult word, as though chagrined at the lapse.

His manner became confidential. "But it will be terrible," he said, in a low, anxious tone. "Monsieur thinks so? Even in this safe country? Yes?"

He was cutting my hair now, and in the click of the scissors I was listening for an odd inflection of his voice which struck the ear occasionally—a certain harshness not usual in the Gaul.

"What is your nationality?" I asked curiously.

"Nationality?" Again he looked at me in the mirror—somewhat resentfully, I thought. Then a little thrill came into his voice as he answered, "I am British—now. For fifteen years a British subject." Again that little egotistical pat on the breast. "A subject of King George."

He picked up the little feather brush and absently dusted the severed wisps of hair to the floor. "Before that," he continued slowly, "I was a German subject—legally. But not," and there was a little glitter in his eyes now, "but not a German."

"Yes," he said, catching my glance as the explanation flashed across me, "from Alsace."

For a few minutes the scissors clicked busily, and then he went on, sadly: "Every year, when the young men are reaching eighteen, they cross the frontier in thousands rather than serve the Prussian Kaiser. Cross the frontier, nevaire to return. There are thousands of us in London, in Paris, in America—everywhere. But we meet. Here in London we meet, and we talk. But we nevaire go back—not yet." He uttered the last words hopefully.

"You hope to one day?" I asked. He shrugged his shoulders. "One hopes, monsieur. Who knows? Perhaps soon. Les Belges! They beat the Kaiser's troops. And France? She is in Lorraine again. Perhaps, one day. When the war ends."

Presently he reverted to Madame and the family, who, I discovered, numbered three. There was a queer little look of distress on his face as he spoke.

"Where are they?" I asked.

Another shrug and a hopeless little gesture of the hands prefaced his answer. "Monsieur, I do not know. They leave me a month ago for their holiday on the Continent, and for three weeks now I hear no word of them. I write. I telegraph. But comes no reply. No piece of news."

I expressed my sympathy—a little awkwardly. Where had they gone? To Alsace-Lorraine?

"Worse, monsieur. They went to the North to stay with German relatives. When last I hear of them it was on the Russian frontier. Not a pleasant place, monsieur, eh? With the Prussians and the Cossacks!" He gave a little shiver.

The rest of the little tragedy was soon told—spasmodically, between the click of the scissors. He had endeavoured to get money through to the hapless family, but without success. The rupture with Austria increased his despondency. He knew little of the relatives to whom his wife and children had gone from Lorraine. His wife could not have much money left. They might be starving! On that terrible frontier! And all he could do was to wait—to watch the papers and wait. And news of any sort was little enough, as Heaven and monsieur could witness.

But still he hoped. "It is Danemark I hope for," he added. "Perhaps they get through to Danemark. And then cross to England. You think so, monsieur?"

Monsieur thought they could—a little doubtfully.

He talked of the war again as he handed me my hat and brushed my coat. Two generations of inter-marriage with Germans had not stilled his antipathy to official Germany or watered his love for France. He spoke hopefully of victory for the Allies.

"And France will regain Alsace-Lorraine, monsieur?"

"Yes, France will regain Alsace-Lorraine."

"And a little piece more? Perhaps a little piece more?" he suggested hopefully.

"Perhaps a little piece more," I agreed, as I turned to go.

* * * * *

I saw him again a week later. He was still waiting for news. A little haggard, a little more distressed, but still hopeful.

* * * * *

Months had passed before I again traversed that narrow court leading off from the Street of Adventure. I found the little shop locked up, and the windows dimmed with the dust and dirt of weeks. Pasted over the panel of the door was an agent's bill—"To Let."

A CENTRE IN FRANCE.

BY DR. PERCY DEARMER.

THERE are six Y.M.C.A. huts in this town of "A.P.O.S.I.," and also some outlying centres in neighbouring villages. The prevalent colour of the town is khaki, with occasional streaks and dots of the pretty blue which the French Army has adopted since the war began. The French have no such institution as ours, and it is a mystery to them how an association can be officially recognised by the Army which is not *laïque*—in other words, which is professedly Christian. It is good for them to have this object lesson of the fact that religion in Britain is a friendly thing, and not engaged in a demoralising and unsuccessful struggle with the nation. But the masses of the French people have, I am afraid, no idea of what our initials mean; sometimes they think that *l'ymca* is a common English word for a plain wooden building in which buns and woodbines are sold; and though most people have learnt that *Ygrec em cé ah* really are initials—they avail, indeed, so well with sentries that I have not once as yet been asked to show my papers—I fancy that most people have a vague idea that they stand for Ypres Military Co-operative Alliance.

The British Tommies (for we do really call ourselves by that simple name) understand what we are. And they like to have a religious institution looking after them. Many of them—yes, most of them—doubtless resemble Lord Palmerston, who said that he was not exactly a pillar of the Church, but a buttress, because he supported the Church without ever being seen inside. But I feel pretty sure that the bulk of the men would not like us to be secular. Even those who sit writing letters in the main hut of the "A.H.T.D." of a Sunday evening while service is going on in the adjoining lecture-room, I fancy, like to feel that the service *is* going on.

Amid the many hardships of camp-life—worst of all, the aching home-sickness which we all suffer from—the Y.M.C.A. does try to make the lot of the men happier and better by supplying the wants of body, soul, and spirit; and undoubtedly it succeeds—is, indeed, one of the real, solid successes of the war. Frankly, simply, and without artifice, it provides the men with what they want—and what they want is generally what they need; tea and sandwiches for the body, boot-polish and bachelor's buttons for the clothes, the frank hilarity of cinemas and pierrot shows (which are like a newspaper I remember years ago that said, "Our only object is to amuse: we have no loftier aim"). And above this, concerts, which *can* be made a source of deep and splendid inspiration—and *will* be, I know, as soon as Mr. Geoffrey Shaw arrives to carry out his musical mission at the front. And then there are the classes, debating societies, and lectures, which are constantly stimulating the men to think, and giving them something to talk about, which steadily raise both the intellectual and the spiritual level, and help all to think more nobly and more Christianly about the great problems of to-day.





MESSRS. JAMES, NEALE, O. MCCOWEN, MEGSON, AND DOBSON, WITH ANDRE.

Men crowd to the lectures, and I find that they turn up and attend almost as well when there is no attraction of lantern-slides as when there is. They like religious subjects as much as secular (if any are really secular: to me the very essence of Christianity is at stake in the questions of righteousness, freedom, justice, and brotherhood which we discuss); they are enormously interested in such subjects as "Christianity and the War," and they have come in great numbers, and put most intelligent questions, in my special evenings of "Questions on Life and Religion." These evenings are, I believe, a most valuable institution—certainly an invaluable experience for the speaker himself. They are easy to arrange: they should be announced in good time, with an appeal for questions, and with the proviso that questions on *any* subject are welcome, and that the speaker isn't out to be shocked; it is best to have a biscuit-tin on the counter, with a notice, and a slot in which written questions can be dropped, because some men are shy of getting up to put them orally. Sometimes one or two of the more thoughtful may themselves help to answer a question, or make some remarks on the subject raised.

Here are a few programmes for the week, taken quite at random. M.T. Hut:—Sunday, Services; Monday, French Class; Tuesday, Lantern Lecture on "Yorkshire," by Capt. Horne; Wednesday, Boxing; Thursday, Debating Society, "England After the War," opened by Mr. Dobson; Friday, Cinema; Saturday, Sing-song. A.H.T.D. Hut:—Monday, Address by Mr. Bonsey; Tuesday, Concert by a Cambridgeshire Regiment; Wednesday, Course on the Lord's Prayer, by Mr. McGibbon (C. of S. chaplain); Thursday, "What We are Out For in the War," by myself; Friday, a blank; Saturday, Concert. Here, again, are some of the subjects taken from one week at the different huts:—Bible-classes, Wednesday Services, Lecture on the town where we are by Mr. Neal; Lecture by Private Thomas on South America; Lantern Lecture on Russia, our big brother, by myself; French Class by a French interpreter; Debating Society, impromptu speeches; History Class.

In smaller huts everybody listens. In big huts with a lecture-room many remain outside in the main hut, but the lecture-room is full, and with the pick of the men. Nor does the influence stop when the lecture is ended: a knot of men often gather round the speaker, and an animated talk follows. And, above all, lines of thought are set going, forgotten things are revived, new topics are suggested to the men's minds, conversation goes on for days afterwards, the influence passes on its spreading ripples to many who have never been to a lecture.

So the dangerous vacancy of camp-life is counteracted; the good is always pressing out the bad; ideals are held aloft, and the tone of our comradeship gets better. Few will be the same after the war; and all over the British Empire the Y.M.C.A. will have greatly helped to make men realise all the fulness of noble life for which Christianity stands, and to bring them nearer to God and to our Master and Elder Brother, in Whom our hopes are fixed.



THE MEN COME THROUGH THE SLOSH AND SLEET TO GET WARMTH AND LIGHT.

MY EXPERIENCES AS A BARMAID AT THE MERCERS' ARMS.

BY LADY BADEN-POWELL.

IT is hardly light yet, and a raw cold creeps through the little draughty house. Mimi, the kitten, is mewing to be let out of her night quarters, and Jock, the Airedale, is sniffing at the door, eager to go to keep guard over "Boots," the rabbit.

We had four boxes of matches about the place overnight—but in the early dawn it is difficult to find even one. I get the old box and handle out the cinders from the grate in the kitchen range, scrape out the ashes, and lay the new fire. With a chopper as blunt as a brick one splits the fire sticks. A touch of paraffin, a layer of cinders to prevent the fire being swamped by the wet black grit which passes for coal, a flaring newspaper in the flue to start an up-draft, and the fire is under way.

Pots and kettles are put on the hot plate for early tea and bath water, and one has breathing space in which to sweep out the kitchen, fold the towels and clothes which have been hanging to dry overnight, and to get to work with the scraping knife and brushes on the shoes which, too, have been recovering in the oven from last night's tramp through the eternal mud of the camp.

I am orderly to-day. The three of us take it in turn to get up early and do the housework and cooking in our little cottage near the camp.

At ten comes our first turn of duty at the bar. Men, tired already from their several hours' work, come hurrying in for a steaming cup of cocoa or tea during the half-hour's law that is allowed. We hand out brimming cups continuously, and then quite suddenly the hut is empty again, and we have time to clean up and get ready for the next lot.

"We," I must explain, here, is the staff of the Mercers' Hut, consisting of a leader and three or four other men and two or three ladies, all of whom are members of our great Scout brotherhood.

Perhaps I should explain, too, what the Mercers' Hut is! It has been christened "the Mercers' Arms," and is a great wooden room presented to the Y.M.C.A. by the Mercers' Company in London, as an institute and refreshment and recreation room for the soldiers quartered in this camp, which is on the outskirts of a town "somewhere in France."

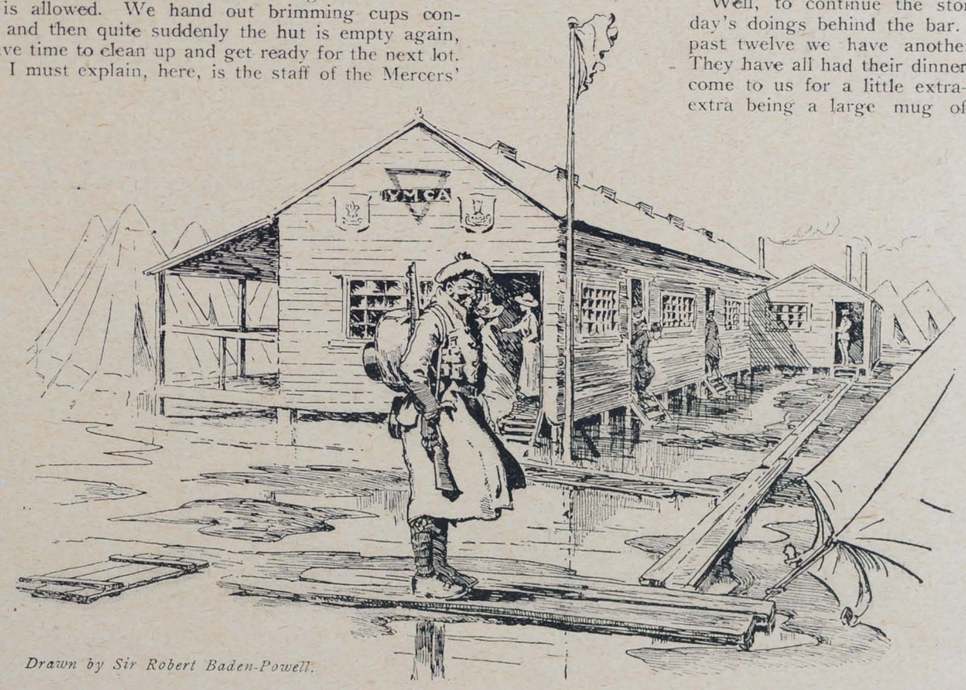
The building contains a big hall with a very good stage at one end and the bar at the other.

Behind the stage is the silence room and library, while behind the bar are the office, mess room, and sleeping rooms for the men of the staff, kitchen, store room, &c.

Along the outside of the hut is a verandah, where in the summer the men could sit and watch their fellow-workers playing games in the field beyond; while inside the hut are chairs and tables for the men to write letters on.

Sunday is the great letter-writing day, and the room is full all the afternoon, and silence reigns supreme as they all send their messages to those they have left behind them—those who are in the matter of distance so close, but who seem so far away after the many months of absence. I hear many little family histories as the men come to me for writing paper; they like to speak of the wife and family at home.

Well, to continue the story of our day's doings behind the bar. At half-past twelve we have another "rush." They have all had their dinners, but they come to us for a little extra—the little extra being a large mug of cocoa or



Drawn by Sir Robert Baden-Powell.



MANY HAPPY RETURNS TO MISS AGNES WESTON, LL.D., BORN IN LONDON ON MARCH 26, 1840.

tea, and very often two big hunks of cake! The pouring out becomes a sort of race! Will the tea in the urn last out, and will the supply of cups run out before the formidable queue of patient, waiting men has come to an end? Each one has a smile or a little nod of good morning for me and from me—they are so cheery and so nice.

"Good morning, miss; another of those cakes same as you gave me yesterday, please"—as if one could remember among the hundreds of orders. As it happens I luckily remembered this man and his taste because he had such a cheery smile, and I had thought him like a Boy Scout. I asked him later, when I got to know him, whether he had been. No, he had only been in the fire brigade. But I think he will be in the Scouts some day!

"Good morning, milady. I was Patrol Leader in the —— Troop of Boy Scouts. Last time I saw you was at Birmingham." Here was a Boy Scout, and I remembered him, for he was in hospital there, and we had been to see him. And this is one of many. It is so nice when ex-Scouts come to have a chat; and also many come to tell me of the doings of their boys who are "in the Scouts."

A very much-thumbed note-book is produced from a grimy tunic, and a rather faded photo is handed across the counter for me to see. "That's my little Johnnie at home. He's in your corps," says a gruff voice nodding towards my Scout hat, "and he tells me he's just got his Second-class Badge."

"Please, mum, can I have a private talk with you?" I explain that I am here for such purposes. "Yes, how can I help?"

"Well, it's this way. I haven't heard good news from home. My wife writes that the rent has been raised. She has got the kiddies to look after, too. Who ought the missus to see about it?" And so on.

But the hardest work comes in the evening, especially if it be, as it generally is now, a wet and freezing night. The men come out of their thin windy tents in the dark, through the slosh and sleet to get warmth and light and dry standing, if only for an hour or two. They have worked hard all day, and now they flock into this great room to smoke and chat with friends. Their clothes are dirty as you like from the workshops and the mud.

The atmosphere becomes somewhat stifling; but it is "great" to see the happy crowd of men enjoying their evening under this roof. They are so well-behaved and jolly, and are so grateful for the little we can do to make their life here more bearable.

Sometimes there is a concert, and the hall is packed from end to end with a critical but wildly enthusiastic audience. On other days there is just a ceaseless hum of talk. The day's news is read out by the Leader, and this is listened to eagerly and attentively, and you could hear a pin drop, even though before and after the place is a veritable babel.

As bedtime draws near our busy time begins. There is a steady move towards the urns of hot drinks, and we have to "hustle some" until the dreadful moment when the lights are put out, and reluctant buyers are sent away by reluctant sellers. And then we splosh back to our little cottage, made happy by the thought of the little friendly chats that one has had—little words of no great meaning, perhaps, but with a world of good-fellowship in them.

The fact that one is here solely to try and help them in "doing their bit" is, I think, wonderfully appreciated. One said to me not long ago, quite simply and without the slightest trace of self-consciousness or desire to flatter, "You don't know what it has been to us chaps to have you ladies here." Then I felt that it was "worth while" to leave home and babies to try and do my little bit!

By kind permission from Headquarters Gazette.

FOR HONOUR AND HOME.



SAPPER L. DAVIES, R.E., DIED OF WOUNDS, MALTA; PRIVATE P. ELLWOOD, G.G., KILLED IN FRANCE; PRIVATE MALCOLM GUTHRIE, LIVERPOOL PALS, KILLED IN FRANCE; CORPORAL DUNNING, C.S.R., DIED OF WOUNDS; ENG.-LIEUT. C. PARRY, LOST ON THE "KING EDWARD"—ALL OF BIRKENHEAD ASSOCIATION.

LECTURING AT THE FRONT.

"The People Perish for Lack of Knowledge."

By FRANK J. ADKINS, M.A., Author of "The War; Its Origins and Warnings."



EARLY in May, 1915, I landed in Havre, bent on trying an experiment. Six months' previous lecturing experience in England had convinced me that the British public was by no means so deficient in intellectual interests, nor so incapable of sustained mental effort as those who usually cater for it are apt to take for granted; and, fortified by this discovery, I was determined to try the same lectures on the soldiers—lectures designed to show by rapid surveys of the more recent history of each Power in turn how each of the combatants came into the war, and what each expects out of it. By dint of a certain amount of walking—"Put not your trust in motors" has been my motto from the beginning—I gave roughly ten lectures a week; and when I found that the men of one of the camps had cancelled a football match to attend my lecture on Italy—then on the eve of hostilities—I regarded my experiment as a success.

From that moment onward my progress towards the Front has been steady, though slow. Calais seemed quite perilous in those days, yet I worked in Calais for three months, with a weekly run to a centre half-way towards General Headquarters, which at that time represented our extreme advance. But since last autumn matters have moved rapidly, and early in December I found myself actually within range of Fritz' guns. Already the shelling of that delightful excursion centre, P——, has been described in these pages; I can therefore economise space by referring to an earlier number. Nor need I elaborate the conditions prevalent in the safer and prettier centre of B——, which receives only bombs from Taubes on sunny days; descriptions are, in fact, unwise, if not actually forbidden. All I need say, therefore, of this latter centre is that it formed the pivot of the most interesting six weeks' work I have ever undertaken. At one point I was actually enabled to visit the front-line trenches, and see those of the enemy—through a periscope, of course—about two hundred yards away across No Man's Land. My journeyings by night were full of interest—sometimes also not without excitement. The horizon a-quiver with the slowly moving star-shells; the sudden flash of a distant howitzer; the stab of a searchlight through the sky; the winking of signal lamps; the sentries who challenged me, and seemed suspicious of my "civies," as the soldiers call ordinary dress; all these experiences seemed a good deal more like war than did the continual movement of supply wagons of all sorts, and the marching in of soldiers to their Divisional baths which constitute one's daylight experiences. Unless, indeed, the kite balloons were up, or they were shelling an aeroplane, in which case the falling shrapnel and shell cases of our own guns are somewhat disconcerting—it was only too easy to forget the nearness of the Germans in one's constant anxiety lest a mule-cart or motor lorry should drive one off the *pavé* into the morass which flanks it on either side.

Routine and monotony are indeed the chief features of this war; fighting is an interlude; lethargy and stagnation are therefore the great dangers to be combatted; hence the number of little huts and shanties run by the chaplains—often with the help of the nearest Y.M.C.A., who occasionally enter into possession when the Division moves on; hence, also, the vogue of that greatest of the Chaplins—one, Charlie, whose adventures I have many a time printed out for cinema posters in my hours of ease. In P—— and in B—— fully equipped entertainment halls are kept going by various Divisions (the Division of 20,000 men is the working unit at the front), and the performers are regularly enlisted soldiers, whose gifts have come to light, and who have been told off to amuse their fellow-fighters as their military duty. The "Fancies" of P—— put on a show equal in some ways to the Follies of Pellissier's day. The Canadian enterprise at B—— is run more as a concert hall, with specially good band performances.

My own part in the business of recreation was to give lectures. These I divided equally between Canadian and Imperial centres; and as a rule I had for my audience a unit which had come out of the trenches some two miles away for the six days' "rest" it secures in twenty-four. On certain occasions a Canadian unit paraded for my lectures, and I have also enjoyed the opportunity more than once of lecturing to audiences of officers only. The Canadians proved exceptionally good audiences. Quick, keen, alert, and thirsting for knowledge, they would listen—often lying full length on the floor of a hut—for an hour and a-half to the unfolding of the Balkan tangle, or the growth of Germany or Russia. Once a battalion of the Princess Patricia's, containing 500 University graduates, asked me to lecture on the attitude of the United States and of Japan on the war; and when I had finished they settled down to heckle me in downright earnest. But however well-read they may be on specific points, they share with Imperial units a very considerable ignorance of modern European history, and of the point of view of different European peoples. As a rule, they confessed that what I had been giving them was quite new to them, and that, on the whole, the worst place to discover the why and the wherefore of the war or the lines of its general progress in all its theatres at once is in the actual firing line. From time to time, however, one gains unexpectedly clear light on obscure points from the men themselves. Among the Canadians one is nearly sure to find recently naturalised Serbs, or Poles, or Russians, or Roumanians, who can give one far more of an insight into Slav or Balkan problems than one gets by reading. And on one occasion I was delighted to find a soldier step forward out of an audience of over 500 with a request that he might read a letter to the meeting. He was, it appeared, an American citizen, who had re-enlisted in his old regiment in England; and the letter he



THE "RAE-JCNES" AND "BRIAN CROSSLEY," TOGETHER MAKING ONE OF THE LONGEST HUTS IN FRANCE. ON THE EXTREME RIGHT THE "BRIAN CROSSLEY" ANNEXE, USED AS A QUIET ROOM.

read was signed by a number of his fellow-townsmen in the States. They were all German Americans, and the letter urged him to fight his hardest against the Germans. From which he concluded that I had exaggerated the danger of the German American problem in the States.

Among the Imperial units I had an equally encouraging reception. For I think the first time in my experience, I was asked for a lecture on France. As a rule, the soldier's attitude is that he has had about enough of that blessed country—about which he knows so little and understands still less.

One of my most interesting lectures was, however, one I gave in French to a Belgian aviation corps on the ancient and continuous relations which exist between Great Britain and the Netherlands.

On my return, as I crossed the Straits two hours after the sinking of the "Maloja," I had the opportunity on board of explaining to Lord Bryce and to other members of the Inter-Parliamentary Committee returning from Paris the scope and nature of my lecturing among the troops. I found them as interested and surprised as everybody else is who learns that the soldier has intellectual interests and a desire to learn.

Now that I am back for a few weeks I have the leisure to reflect on my lecturing experience, and to draw certain conclusions therefrom. In the first place, it seems to me that we have, in the strength of this demand for information, the best means of forging the connection between the permanent work of the Y.M.C.A. and its temporary development among the troops. Without such a connection for irrigating and fertilising the permanent work with the energy evolved in the emergency work, the latter, great and glorious as it now is, will wilt and wither when the circumstances which have stimulated it are altered without having strengthened the permanent work to any extent.

Much of our war work will be no longer needed when peace is signed. Refreshments and recreation will be provided by the ordinary channels in each town; the service of religion will also resume its normal course. But in the things of the mind, in intellectual interests, there is no normal course as a rule to be resumed in England. The demand is a fresh one. The men, finding themselves makers of history on the battlefield, naturally need to know something of the earlier stages of the work they are engaged upon. Living a common life, devoid of privacy, and in which reading is usually very difficult, they find an intellectual exercise of sorts in continual talk and discussion. Usually it is *in vacuo*, but if the men can only be given enough hard facts for their discussions they sharpen their teeth upon them just as a dog does on a bone. They no longer churn the void of their own speculations; they become avid after facts; imbibe them by the hour and a-half at a time, argue, quarrel, and bet about them in the interval between one lecture and another.

Now, after the war the number and seriousness of the problems to be discussed and settled will be very great; and the men who will have to settle them will very largely be returned soldiers. If, therefore, we can induce the men now to look on the Y.M.C.A. as a place where they can obtain honest, impartial information of the sort required for the solution of their problems, the Y.M.C.A. will continue to supply their intellectual needs in the future when the supply of refreshments and of recreation will no longer be necessary.

After the war again we may be faced with this fact; the discipline which has largely checked criticism during the war may be continued, and liberty of discussion and of study may be less widespread than it was a couple of years ago. If such be the state of affairs, a centre wherein men can still learn the facts they require, a centre entirely free from trammelling connections with Grant-giving authorities central or local, will establish for itself a reputation, and will exercise an influence in the moulding of the future second to none in the land. The Y.M.C.A. should become the Free Forum of England. It has the opportunity in its hand; the moulders of England's future now in our camps feel well disposed towards it; feel indebted to it—for comforts and for social amenities. Can the Y.M.C.A. render that indebtedness still more vital and lasting by contributing also the knowledge for the lack of which the people perish?

Again, after the war we shall be met with the old cry that arose after the Boer war—the cry for improved technical and scientific training. And undoubtedly improvements in these directions is urgently needed, but the great fault of English people hitherto has been to regard education as merely a utilitarian, bread-and-butter business. The result is that undue concentration on these lines has defeated its own ends; manufacturing processes are now so automatic that they have long ceased to yield mental exercise for the bulk of the workers, who are in consequence suffering from mental atrophy, and have therefore not even the brain power necessary to adopt the new ideas and methods which their own business requires. Increase of technical training, and nothing more, is, in short, merely a hair from the dog that has bitten us.

What we really need, then, is such a liberal and general training in ideas and subjects of humane interest—history, literature, drama, and so forth—that our national mind regains the powers it has lost, and is therefore able to attack with vigour any and all of the problems that confront it.

Nothing has pleased me better during the past day or two than the covering up of all those wretched posters to stimulate recruiting. The French stir themselves by *thoughts* of Joan of Arc, and of the great principles of their wonderful Revolution. They draw inspiration from the literature which is a real common possession of the various classes of Frenchmen and bond between them, as I know from personal experience. We, on the other hand, are so ignorant of the glories of our history and literature, so dead to what England has accomplished, that our rulers can think of nothing but wretched tags about caps fitting you, best boys in khaki, March too on March 2 to stimulate us.

AFTER ZEPS—AEROPLANES!

Our Flying Corps Service.

ON Wednesday, the 15th, the family of Y.M.C.A.'s was very substantially increased.

The Munition Workers' Auxiliary Committee of the National Council had made its influence felt at Hendon, and, thanks to the initial enterprise of Mrs. Winston Churchill, and later to the energy of the Hon. Mrs. Anthony Henley, a centre for welfare activity has proudly reared its head.

The 15th was the occasion of the informal opening of two charmingly bright mess-rooms for men and women, and an equally large and delightful recreation-room, to be run for the benefit of the workers at Messrs. The Grahame-White Aviation Company, London Aerodrome, Hendon, N.W.

The first meal was served at 1 p.m., when well-chosen fare was enjoyed by some 250 men and women.

After the meal, nearly half-an-hour remained before the return to work.

No one knew exactly what would happen during this period, but on such an occasion the diners evidently expected somebody to say something.

Happy speeches were made by Mrs. Winston Churchill, the Hon. Mrs. Anthony Henley, Mr. Grahame-White, Mr. Paine, and a stirring address by Mr. A. K. Yapp, all of which were heartily applauded. The spirit of cheerfulness was abroad, and everyone was happy.

It may have been the brightness of the room, it may have been the speeches, or it may even have been the dinner—all these contributed. But the spirit of brotherhood was abroad. The helping hand of the Association had been offered, and had been eagerly grasped by the aeroplane-makers.

"Goodwill towards men" was the keynote of the gathering, and everyone was thrilled by the joy of helper and helped.

Messrs. The Grahame-White Aviation Company have very generously provided the mess-rooms, and the Association has added the recreation-room.

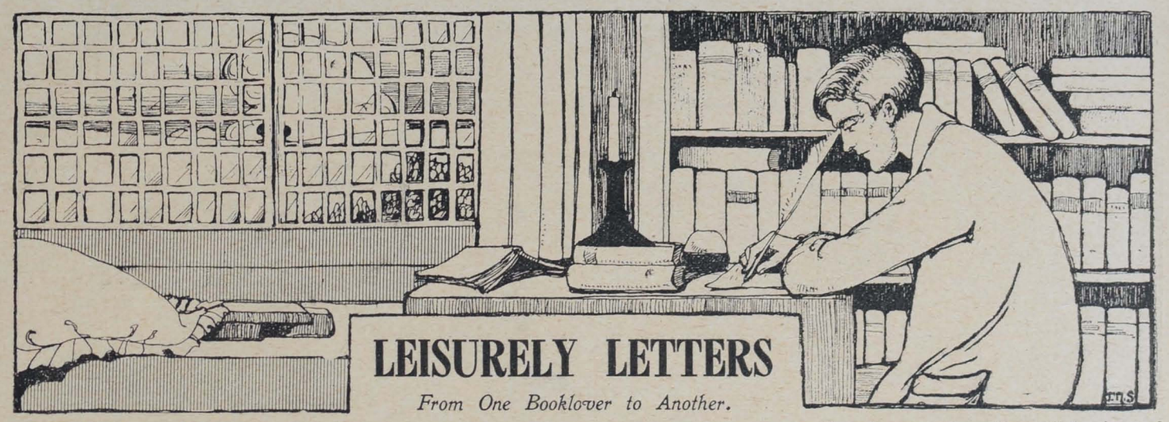
It is part of the scheme here to provide sleeping accommodation, but the cubicles are not yet complete.

Nearly a week has passed, and, as a result of ever-growing popularity, extensions in building and equipment are already in hand.

The development of the social and religious sides of our work has already commenced. The keenness displayed by the men, and their expressed desire to co-operate in every possible way, are good omens for the future.

T. B. S.

O-T aids Digestion and wards off Coughs & Colds.



LEISURELY LETTERS

From One Booklover to Another.

MY DEAR A.,—When a book is praised in high terms by both *The Times Literary Supplement* and *The Labour Leader*, treated with cautious discrimination by *The Westminster Gazette*, and castigated in *The Daily Chronicle* with elaborate sarcasm by Mr. H. G. Wells, you will immediately recognise its merits! Obviously, it is very much alive. I have already pointed you to three towers of commonsense, crowned with prophetic flame, rising out of the sea of balderdash written about the war. This, believe me, is another, so now we stand foursquare. Romain Rolland's *Above the Battle* (George Allen and Unwin, 2s. 6d. net) I certainly rank with Scott Holland's *So As by Fire*, G. K. A. Bell's collection of essays on *The Kingdom of God and the War*, and Dr. Oman's *The Church and Problems of the War* as books that I shall probably read again, when the war is over, and we are back amidst the old battles for a new world. Gibe at me as much as you like for browsing so much and feeding so little. Even to read dozens of books once with no thought of ever returning even to the best is, you must admit, to go one better than you, with your lazily cynical habit of passing them over altogether because not one in a dozen is worth while. Even you will have to read Rolland, you old battener on other people's brains, if only to find out what all the pother is about.

"Pacifist," "academic," "superior"—yes, I know, and a dozen other adjectives if you like. But remember this, *amice mi*, that when, during that perplexed but stimulating week-end in the country just after the war broke out, you were the fire-eater of our house-party and I was the pacifist, we neither of us really knew where we were. In fact, we each occupied both positions by turns. Now that we are pretty much in the same boat, and feel fairly settled on an even keel, we ought hardly to objurgate the man who has the courage not only of his opinions, but of their history. One of the fascinating elements in this noble-minded Frenchman's book is to see, as he dares enable us to do by publishing papers written at intervals from August 29, 1914, to April 19, 1915, how, like the rest of us, he finds logic yielding to instinct: "All wars are wrong; this is a war; this war is right." His soul revolts against anything so uncivilised, so destructive of both material and spiritual possessions as war. Yet he sees and smites with righteous anger the sin of the Hohenzollern. He refuses to believe that the German people is really guilty of what its rulers have forced it to say and do. None the less, he knows that the war cannot be stopped—ought not to end indecisively. At the same time, he would urge us not to embitter and prolong it by the insidious cultivation of hate, and would have us set ourselves to get what good we can out of an evil such as we must all acknowledge it to be.

Too much attention has been fastened upon the article that gives its title to the book. That is human nature, of course. Equally human is it of Rolland to suppose that he has been persecuted by the Press because editors didn't put in his contributions, or, worse still, asked for articles and then politely ignored them. For personal reasons, I confess that I sympathise with the editors rather than with Rolland! Poor chaps! they can't always afford to be "above the battle"—with paper at such a price and the public so amazingly skittish! So read his introduction, as, of course, all wise men read these second thoughts which are rarely best, after you have finished the book—if you don't forget! And remember throughout that he wrote while actively engaged in work for prisoners of war from all the combatant forces in this extraordinary mix-up of nations.

Patriotism, like "the grand old name of gentleman," is "soil'd with all ignoble use." Rolland's patriotism is too pure for the Philistine. It is because he lives so near the heart of France that the destruction of Rheims draws from him a scalding rebuke. But listen to his reason for seeming to care more about a cathedral than about human casualties:—"A piece of architecture like Rheims is much more than one life: it is a people, whose centuries vibrate like a symphony in this organ of stone. It is their memories of joy, of glory, and of grief; their meditations, ironies, dreams. It is the tree of the race, whose roots plunge to the profoundest depths of its soil, and whose branches stretch with a sublime *élan* towards the sky. It is still more: its beauty, which soars above the struggles of nations, is the harmonious response made by the human race to the riddle of the world—this light of the spirit more necessary to souls than that of the sun.

"Whosoever destroys this work, murders more than a man; he murders the purest soul of a race. His crime is inexpiable, and Danté would have punished it with an eternal agony, eternally renewed."

Again, what finer analysis of the fatal defect of Germany's qualities could you have than this? "Our disagreement is not only as regards the facts of the case; it is due to difference in mind itself. Between the spirit of Germany to-day and that of the rest of Europe there is no longer a point of contact. We speak to them of *humanity*; they reply with *uebermensch*, *uebervolk*—and it goes without saying that they themselves are the *uebervolk*."

I have read nothing more gloriously straight and strong than his sentences about German *Kultur* in "The Idols":—

"Who shall break the idols? Who shall open the eyes of their fanatical followers? Who shall make them understand that no god of their minds, religious or secular, has the right to force himself in other human beings—even he who seems the most worthy—or to despise them? Admitting that your *Kultur* on German soil produces the sturdiest and most abundant human crop, who has entrusted to you the mission of cultivating other lands? Cultivate your own garden. We will cultivate ours. There is a sacred flower for which I would give all the products of your artificial culture. It is the wild violet of Liberty. You do not care about it. You tread it underfoot. But it will not die. It will live longer than your masterpieces of barrack and hot-house. It is not afraid of the wind. It has braved other tempests than those of to-day. It grows under brambles and under dead leaves. Intellectuals of Germany, intellectuals of France, labour and sow on the fields of your own minds: respect those of others. Before *organising* the world you have enough to do to *organise* your own private world. Try for a moment to forget your ideas and behold yourselves."

It is the home truth involved in the appeal to France, as well as to Germany, at the end, that has proved unpalatable. Romain Rolland insists on the truth, so well put in his quotation from a Spanish manifesto: "We set out from the principle that the terrible war which to-day is rending the heart of this Europe of ours is, by implication, a *Civil War*." Yet, unless we see and hold to this, what future can we hope for? He protests with perhaps too emotional an eagerness against the "ferocious absurdity," the "Neronian dilettantism" of the theory "that love of our country can flourish only through hatred of other countries and the massacre of those who sacrifice themselves in the defence of them." But his fervour is not negative or timid. He is on fire "to build higher and stronger, dominating the injustice and hatred of nations, the walls of that city wherein the souls of the whole world may assemble." In his passion for reconstruction, he may seize too quickly upon whatever may offer signs of an Eirenic spirit, and approve organisations which he knows only by their professions. But his is a soul aflame. And I believe he will appeal to soldiers because the finest fighters are the poorest haters—and are generally men with a vision.

Yours,

B

CINGALESE PLUCK.

The Story of a Torpedoed Ship.



THE leader at our Corn Exchange centre at Northampton made an interesting discovery when doing a bit of personal work among the Middlesex Regiment. Noticing several of the "boys" were darkies, he got in touch with them, and, strangely enough, the first man spoken to proved to be Mr. R. Wyndham, the honorary secretary of our Association at Jaffna, Ceylon. The two secretaries soon "got going," and a third secretary was quickly introduced—Mr. W. R. Maartensz, hon. secretary of Galle Association, Ceylon.

Mr. Rodhouse, the president of the Northampton Association, invited all the Ceylon lads to a "Bubble-and-Squeak," and in the course of a jolly evening an interesting story of British Ceylon pluck came to light. The first draft of Ceylon fellows who had volunteered for Imperial service numbered 35, and were sent to England on a French passenger boat last December. On Christmas Eve they were torpedoed, and in a few minutes the boat sank. Several of the Ceylon men assisted in improvising a raft. Wyndham saw a young lady struggling in the water, and, being a strong swimmer, quickly got her to the raft; this accomplished, he turned round and saw another lady in distress; he made for her, and succeeded in again reaching the raft. By this time the raft was so loaded that only one other passenger was possible. The lady was pulled aboard, and young Wyndham swam alongside until some hours later, when they were rescued by a passing steamer.

It has been a real pleasure to our Northampton workers to come into close touch with these splendid fellows, who have only one fault to find with their English experience so far, and that "the wretched climate."



THE KING'S CUBICLES. *Photo: Harrods.*

ROYALTY AT RODNEY.

A Gala Day at Vickers'.

MESSRS. VICKERS, MAXIM take the keenest possible interest in the welfare of their employees, and on Thursday of last week H.R.H. Princess Christian, who was accompanied by H.H. Princess Victoria, laid the foundation stone of a fine new recreation building near the works. There were present Lady Henry Grosvenor, Miss Vickers, Sir Vincent Caillard (director of the firm), Lord D'Abernon (chairman of the Liquor Control Board), Mr. T. K. North, Mr. J. T. Bettany, and representatives of the Y.M.C.A.

Subsequently the party made a very thorough inspection of the Y.M.C.A. hut, being received by Lady Henry Grosvenor (who pluckily played her part in the proceedings despite an unreduced dislocation of the knee), the ladies of the committee, Mr. H. A. Dennis, and others. The lady workers, in their becoming uniform, provided a guard of honour along the centre of the hut, and tea was served at the top. The decorations and catering were splendidly carried out by Harrods at Messrs. Vickers' expense, and the works band provided music.

The Princesses were particularly interested in the suite of cubicles given by his Majesty the King, of which we are able to give a photograph. These form one side of a quadrangle.

BEGINNING OUR CAMPAIGN AT CANTERBURY.



The Canterbury staff and hut leaders for the district outside Canterbury Cathedral after a special service held there through the kindness of the Dean, the sermon being preached by Col. the Rev. W. J. Adams (in centre of the group).

ROYALTY AT RODNEY.



H.R.H. Princess Christian and H.H. Princess Victoria take tea in the Hut. *Photo: Harrods.*

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IMPORTANT.—Every Card reads as from the Soldier.

We are supplying the Y.M.C.A. in all parts of the Globe.

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3. The Famous Illustrated Real Life Song and Hymn Cards. All the Latest Songs in verse and picture, including "Keep the Home Fires Burning," and "A Little Bit of Heaven."

4. Big Selection of Camp Comics. Really funny, without being vulgar. Cards that we know sell well. Everything for the Soldier to send.

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6. Regimental Crest Match-Box Covers. Sale or Return. You can deal in this class of goods on our system without fear of loss by dead stock.

7. Treasury Note Cases. For Regimental Passes, Treasury Notes, "Treasured" Notes, etc.

Send us along an order for an assorted 1,000, or a gross, and we will guarantee that you will be satisfied with our goods. Show Cards sent with all orders.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

To Hut Leaders who have not tried our goods, we will forward free of all charge a ¼-gross as a trial sample. Write now.

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MALTED MILK



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that gives and maintains health, strength, and all-round efficiency.

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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 water only.

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Also available in the form of delicious food tablets to be dissolved in the mouth. Relieve thirst and prevent fatigue.

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 6d. and 1/- each.

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OUR OUTLOOK

H. G.

ENCOURAGING reports are coming to hand regarding the progress of the Religious Work Campaign that is now taking place. From certain quarters we hear of inadequate preparations and disappointing results. Sometimes the reason given is insufficient notice; in isolated cases it may possibly be accounted for by lack of interest on the part of the leader responsible; in other cases men who are working night and day for the good of the soldiers have not been able to devote the time they would like to have done in preparation for the campaign. Their reports generally, however, are most cheering. Leaders, workers, and soldiers alike have thrown themselves wholeheartedly into this special effort to advance the Kingdom of our Lord, whilst it has been remarkable how readily the missioners who have had no previous experience of camp life have adapted themselves to the changed conditions under which they have had to work.

***

WE rejoice in the opportunity the Campaign has given to the Association of demonstrating the interdenominational aspect of its work. Clergy and ministers of many denominations have co-operated in this movement, which has had the wholehearted support of the Chaplain-General to the Forces and the leaders of the Anglican and Free Churches. We need hardly say that the Y.M.C.A. is not out to form another church, but as far as possible to strengthen the work of all the churches. We believe we have a definite contribution to make to the life and work of the churches, and we know there are hundreds of ways in which the Church can help us.

***

WE welcome the Campaign, not only for the sake of the good that will be accomplished immediately, though we believe that will be very great, but still more because we believe it will lay the lines for successful work in days to come. With a Christian Association as with an individual, to maintain spiritual life needs constant, sustained effort. The Y.M.C.A. will altogether fail to achieve the purpose it has in view if it degenerates into a mere "canteen." The great need of the men in camp is spiritual help, and we are confident that we can count on the support of Christian people generally if we are true to the call that comes to us anew through the Campaign.

***

UNDOUBTEDLY the greatest need of the day is for prayer. Prayer changes things—through prayer we are able to achieve the impossible. Prayer brings the human in contact with the Divine. Prayer places at our disposal the resources of the Infinite. A young worker stationed in one of the Y.M.C.A. centres, one of the "warmest spots" in Flanders, wrote home a few days since:—"We do need your prayers. These past few weeks I have learnt more than ever the value of prayer. Bombs and shells are frequent, and make our work harder."

***

THOSE of us who cannot go to the front, and those of our readers who are unable even to help in the home camps, can do very much to strengthen and help forward the work generally through prayer. It must never be forgotten that the great majority of our own men have joined the Army or Navy, and that responsible work has had to be placed on inexperienced shoulders. The workers generally, who are doing magnificently amidst great difficulties need all the support it is possible for us to give them.

***

CERTAIN criticisms regarding our work have recently appeared in a section of the religious Press, and though we have no intention of replying in detail to these criticisms, there are some facts concerning the war work of the Y.M.C.A. that need to be made perfectly clear. We feel sure it is only necessary to give the explanation to enable our friends to realise that the work is being carried on along right lines. For instance, we have sometimes been criticised for allowing Roman Catholics to use the Y.M.C.A. huts for their services. The position we have always taken is this—where there is no Roman Catholic church near the camp, and no other building available, we are only too glad to extend the hospitality of the Association to the Roman Catholic chaplains, not for propaganda work (that would obviously be improper) but that members of their own communion may have the opportunity of worshipping God in their own way. That does not in any sense commit the Association to Roman Catholicism, but it does mean that a priest cannot possibly say to his men, "You must not go to the Y.M.C.A." The result is that on many occasions we have as many Roman Catholics as Protestants present at our own religious services. One instance suffices. A report has come to hand this week of one of the Campaign services, in which twenty-six men signed the War Roll. Out of the twenty-six eleven were Roman Catholics. Apart from this, where we receive Government grants we are under obligation to the Government to allow the chaplains of all denominations, including Roman Catholics and Jews, to use our huts as they may be required by the military. We do not want to shelter ourselves behind this rule, but are glad to have an opportunity of acting in a Christian spirit with regard to those who view truth from a standpoint totally different from our own, but are in many cases, equally sincere.

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The Badge of his Regiment or Ship

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ELECT **Cocoa**
It Increases Energy

SOME of our friends have taken exception to the entertainments that are held in the Y.M.C.A. huts, tents, and other centres. Here, again, it should be made perfectly clear that the Y.M.C.A. is working amongst all sorts and conditions of men, and the only rule we make with regard to our concerts and entertainments is that there must be nothing unclean or suggestive in any song sung or recitation given. We welcome clean humour, and almost invariably find that the troops themselves, realising what the Association stands for, are amongst the first to stop any objectionable song. A strong leader will sometimes take up a phrase from a comic song and make it the basis of his straight talk to the troops. Some of the best opportunities for getting home to the men on spiritual things we have ever known in camp have followed a doubtful song. It is almost always possible and expedient after the address to close with a hymn or helpful song. The following is the official ruling of the War Emergency Committee of the Y.M.C.A.:

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"THE social atmosphere of the place should receive careful attention. As far as possible, the Y.M.C.A. should be a home away from home. There should be a plentiful supply of games, but *playing cards should not be included*, as they frequently lead to gambling. There should be a popular sing-song every week evening, and the men themselves encouraged to take part. *Clean humour should be encouraged, but vulgar or suggestive songs should not be permitted under any circumstances.*"

***

ANOTHER point that needs all the emphasis that can be given to it is that we take the utmost care we can in the selection of our leaders. In no case is a man trusted with leadership unless reasonable care has been taken to make quite sure he is in full sympathy with the ideals and aims of the Association, but it must not be forgotten that we are up against a difficult proposition in manning our work, so very many of our best men having been drafted into the Army and Navy.

***

ANOTHER point that is sometimes misunderstood is the Association policy with regard to Sunday. Perhaps the best way of dealing with this question is by emphasising the definite ruling laid down by the War Emergency Committee, and loyally observed by the District Committees throughout the country.

***

"SUNDAY in camp is a difficult proposition. It is usually the day of greatest temptation in the whole week. The men have more time on their hands; the canteens and public-houses are open; and every possible effort must be made to make it the happiest and brightest day of the whole week. *Trading should be reduced to a minimum, and only necessaries sold.* (Individual leaders must be guided as to what should be included in the word "necessaries.") Noisy games like ping-pong, Badminton, billiards, &c., should be excluded, as it is most important that Sunday should be made different from other days. *Cards should not, under any circumstances, be allowed.* Here again we would emphasise that it must not be made more dull but brighter than other days.

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"ON Sunday evenings it is possible to fill up hours of the men's time with the singing of popular hymns. Nothing is more appreciated than Gospel hymns or choruses conducted by a good leader—a man who can not only sing himself, but, what is more important, induce others to sing. *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. K. YAPP.

AT HIGH BEECH.

EPPING FOREST is glorious in winter as in summer, but there are parts of it surprisingly remote from the nearest suburb of London, and, much as we revel in this on fine days, the soldiers quartered at High Beech miss the amenities of town these long and often wet evenings.

We previously had a tent in the district, but now, by the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Wise, Sir Victor and Lady Buxton, Sir Daniel and Lady Hamilton, Mrs. Boake, and others, a fine hut has been provided, and will be "run" by Mr. Montagu Goodman, assisted by a fine staff of voluntary lady workers headed by Mrs. A. Culey, Mrs. McInnes, Mrs. McCabe, Lady Hamilton, Miss Johnson, Miss M. Goodman, Mrs. Lewis, and Miss Goodman.

The hut was opened on Monday by Princess Victoria, Sir T. Victor Buxton, presiding, and Sir Francis Lloyd, also taking part. A feature of the occasion was the subsequent dedication of the hut by the Bishop of Chelmsford. The ladies also entertained the men quartered in the neighbourhood. Colonel Pitt, O.C., spoke in highest appreciation of the work of the Y.M.C.A., and said he would give one day's pay a month towards the upkeep of this hut, while the men agreed to give 2d. per man per week.

Some people will not forget the evening. As a Y.M.C.A. car picked its way through the fog which had descended during the evening a sentry suddenly emerged and said, "Go carefully; there are two ears in the ditch, one on either side!" One was the bishop's, but his lordship manfully stuck to his own car and triumphantly rode home in it.



H.H. PRINCESS VICTORIA OPENING THE HUT AT HIGH BEECH.



SNAPSHOTS FROM HOME.



SAILOR, SINCE DROWNED WITH WHOLE CREW OF HIS SHIP. BRIDEGROOM WOUNDED, RETURNED FROM THE FRONT, MARRIED, AND GONE BACK AGAIN.



New workers are again enrolling at headquarters in gratifying numbers, and there are many other indications of a quickening of interest in our movement, now that the winter is really within measurable distance of being past. We are looking forward to a busy time in the near future, and we would again ask all concerned to give us their hearty support. We cannot carry on without the applications from the men, which prove to our workers the demand for Snapshots from Home; and although the dealing with these is by no means any longer the only purpose of our labours, it is still a very important one, and we must continue to rely very largely upon our friends in the huts, marquees, and other centres, to keep the ball rolling, and to help us to make snapshots from home as great a success as all the other branches of war emergency work to which we have set our hands these past eighteen months.

Give us your aid, and let us have any suggestions or criticisms that you may have to offer.

We cannot do without the first, and the last will always be received in the spirit in which it is tendered. Even if it is not handed out kindly, we feel strong enough to bear it—we have not been ministering to the needs of a variety of classes of people for the past nine months without having acquired a cuticle the first sensitiveness of which has worn off!

We are surprised to find that there are still a few curiously constituted people who labour under the delusion that the be-all and end-all of Snapshots from Home is simply the sending of any kind of photograph to soldiers and sailors.

We are told by our critics that postcard portraits can now be obtained at "so many for 1s." or "1s. for half a dozen."

It is our main object, but not our sole object, to provide our men on active service with photographs of their homes and people.

As we have already stated, the visit of his people to the studio of a professional photographer does not necessarily provide Tommy and Jack with a glimpse of home as he knew it before he went away.

The taking of the professional type of portrait does not involve the visit of a kindly worker, on personal service bent, to the home.

There is not the same spirit or intimate personal contact engendered in a visit to the professional studio by a man's relatives. There is not the same opportunity for subsequent friendly interest and help. Above all, because the one is a purely commercial transaction, while the other emphatically is not, the first lacks the essential feature of the last—that is the manifested desire to do something for the man and his people, because *he* is doing what he is and *they* may be suffering in consequence.

It is not a question of whether or not a man's relatives can afford to have the photographs taken. Many of them can afford to do so, but Tommy or Jack does not get his pictures, or, if he does, they are not the kind of pictures he wants, because they do not show the hen-run, as he knew it, or the little back garden plot with the clothes line and the dust-bin in their accustomed places. *That* is what Tommy and Jack want to see.

There is no comparison between the Snapshot from Home proper and an ordinary photograph. The latter may be, and possibly is, better than nothing so far as the man on active service is concerned, but it is the process which goes to its making which gives a Snapshot from Home its peculiar significance and value.

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. PER 4d. TAB. EDWARD COOK & Co., LTD.
Order from your Chemist Now. IN METAL BOX. The Soapery, Bow, London, E.



THE "STAFFORD NORTHCOTE" HUT AT PEMBRE, WITH SIR STAFFORD AND LADY NORTHCOTE.

AT THE SIGN OF THE RED TRIANGLE.

News and Notes Gathered from All Quarters.

Friends New and Old.

Among the contributions received March 13 to 18, 1916, are several for which we are particularly grateful, representing as they do the continued approbation of our work concretely expressed in repeated contributions from the same generous donors, while, also, there are towns' contributions and gifts from new friends:—

	£
Transfer from N.E. Division	3,000
Pilkington Bros.	1,000
Edge, Ald. Knowles (for Bolton Hut)	1,000
Anonymous	1,000
Day, Miss	650
Paul, Mrs.	650
Drapers' Co., The	600
St Columba's Church Hut	516
Bradford Dyers' Association, The (Hut)	500
Carr and Co., Limited, Messrs.	250
Rufson, Mr. H.	200
Roberts, Mr. H.	200
Mason, Mr. and Mrs.	125
Kennedy, Mr. E. F.	125
Lilley, W.	100
Jackson, Mr. F.	100
Waddilove, Mr. J. K.	100
Houlder Bros., Messrs.	53
Bank of Australasia, The	50
Kearley and Tonge, Messrs.	50
Young, Mr. A. W.	50

A Pekingese and a Waltzing Parrot.

We have received the offer of a brown Pekingese dog, nearly two years old, and shall be glad of an offer from any of our readers.

We have also received an offer of a parrot, the proceeds to go towards the War Emergency Fund. The owner says, "The bird is a great companion, very amusing, and can waltz beautifully."

Sale-time.

Mrs. Oliver McCowen has very kindly consented to receive any things suitable for a sale of work in London. If things are sent to her at the Y.M.C.A., Tottenham Court-road, she will take care of them until a suitable opportunity occurs for a sale of work.

Bravo, Scouts!

We have just received eight guineas from Scoutmaster R. E. Spiller, 67, Leaside-crescent, Golders-green, N.W., a contribution from twenty-five Boy Scouts belonging to the 1st Finchley Troop, B.P. The Boy Scout demonstration was held on February 26 at Stephen's Memorial Hall, North Finchley, some artistes, soloist, reciter, and humorist lending valuable assistance.

The boys planned for the work, and raised the sum of £8 8s. after all expenses were paid. Audience of about 300 delighted with concert and demonstration.

What Australians Think of the Y.M.C.A.

Mr. F. W. Roe, leader of the Chickerell Y.M.C.A., Weymouth, the chief Australian base in England, has both an album and a prayer album, presented, for use by the troops, by the devoted choir led by Mr. Pascoe.

Both albums throb with human interest. We cull the following spontaneous testimonies to the place the Y.M.C.A. fills in the camp life of the men:—

"Altho' I am an Australian,
And my home is far away,
I have found me now *another home*—
It is this Y.M.C.A.
"(Signed) ALFRED ZELMAN."

"Bianca,
"Wattlevalley-road,
"Canterbury,
"Melbourne.

"I have travelled on every continent, and through most countries thereof, and found the Y.M.C.A. most helpful and beneficial.
"(Signed) T. W. CORKHILL."

"The Y.M.C.A. has been my great friend in every country I have been in during this great war.
"(Signed) PTE. A. B. ROBERTSON,
"A Co., 2nd Batt., A.I.F."

"An All-Powerful Counter-Attraction."

Major J. MacGillicuddy, of the 3rd Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers, writes as follows from Aghada, Co. Cork:—

"Now that the extension of the Y.M.C.A. hut in the large camp here is practically completed, it is due to the National Council that, on behalf of the large number of soldiers deriving benefit from the kindly consideration shown by the Council, some senior officer should express the deep gratitude felt by all ranks. The striking promptitude with which we were blessed with the convenience of this hut so shortly after our arrival here last summer, and the equally gracious consent to the enlarging of the hut when this became desirable for the comfort of the men, have indeed made us the debtors of the Y.M.C.A. It is impossible to exaggerate the inestimable boon conferred upon the troops here during the past months in the conveniences so generously afforded. The recent installation of the cinema plant has piled Ossa upon Pelion, so to speak, and has offered an all-powerful counter-attraction to the life of the canteen. The men have now by this kindly provision a club, as it were, by day, and a pleasant and instructive entertainment each evening. Allow me to convey to you, and through you to the National Council of the Y.M.C.A., an entirely sincere expression of lasting gratitude on the part of the C.O., of our officers generally, and also from the N. Coms. and men of the battalion."

What Chaplains Think of the Y.M.C.A.

At a Sectional Conference held recently at Portsmouth (Winchester Division) six of his Majesty's chaplains who were present all took the opportunity of expressing their incalculable indebtedness to the Y.M.C.A. and its leaders for the co-operation given and the increased opportunities afforded them for definitely spiritual appeal. The results obtained at some of the centres represented were most inspiring and cheering.

Wanted—Horace Adkins.

Mr. James H. Adkins, of the Salvation Army Assurance Society, 80, Bostock-avenue, Northampton, sends the following inquiry:—

"I am writing to ask if you can, through your workers in huts, find my boy, Horace Adkins. He left home on Saturday, February 19, and we have not seen him since. We think he must have enlisted, and consider he will make for Y.M.C.A. If a notice could be read out at your meetings, saying his mother was ill, and that all was right with his father, he might write, for he thinks I would bring him home, as he was only 16. Now he has gone, I should let him stay. He is 5 ft. 8 ins. high, has blue eyes, and an open face.

"I have made every inquiry at our local

Army and Navy offices, and they have no such name, and we have no clue whatever. He spoke of the Navy, and also the Royal Flying Corps."

At Dovercourt.

Brigadier-General M. L. Carlton opened the new hut at Dovercourt, Mr. H. D. Phillips presiding. The Chairman said that, although the hut was a new one, it did not represent a new work. Through the generosity of the Co-operative Society they had been enabled to carry on their work in the Co-operative Hall. Now the hall was wanted, but, thanks to a very generous donation from a London friend, Mr. Perrin, they had been able to put up that magnificent hut. He went on to refer appreciatively to the work of officers' wives in helping behind the counter, and to the interesting fact that the leader of the hut is Mr. Frank Young, who is home on furlough from Y.M.C.A. work in Burmah.

Still More on Salisbury Plain.

A new hut has now been opened at Sling Camp by Major Sylvester Bradley, the popular O.C. of the R.A.M.C. training centre in the district. The leader of the hut is Mr. McElland.

The Red Triangle to the Rescue.

A Naval Officer, writing from Castletown, Berehaven, Bantry Bay, says:—

"The hall is going on well, and has been in great form this last day or two with the survivors from the T——. The place was a godsend to them."

Honour to Whom Honour is Due.

Even public speakers sometimes delude the poor editor, and in our report of the opening of our Horseferry Road hut last week we inadvertently gave a wrong account of the origin of the splendid disinfecting plant which is at present a unique feature of the equipment there.

Lady Askwith conceived the idea, owing, as she says, "to circumstances which forced it on her attention!" She planned it with the Westminster Sanitary Authorities, and got it through the War Office and Board of Works. She is hoping to see the development of similar arrangements in other places, and all who desire information about it should inquire of her.

Lincoln Anniversary.

Our friends at Lincoln rejoice in the celebration of their forty-sixth anniversary, and the year has been one of special prosperity, as well as of most varied and constant activity. The total membership for 1915 was 417, and nearly 100 members have joined the colours, while five, including Lance-Corporal L. J. Keyworth, V.C., have laid down their lives.

Losses at South Shields.

The public, social, and religious life of South Shields has sustained a severe loss by the death of Alderman G. T. Grey, a former Mayor and one of the warmest friends of our work.

We also regret to hear that Lieut. W. H. Bainbridge, son of the late Mr. T. H. Bainbridge, president of the Newcastle Y.M.C.A., and Mrs. Bainbridge, of Eshott Hall, Northumberland, has died of wounds received in action. His brother, Lieut. Lindsay Bainbridge, fell in Flanders last spring.

We offer our sincerest sympathy to the relatives and friends of those who have in this way gone gloriously out of life, the one after many years of hard service, and the other in loyal response to duty.

PRESENTATION TO THE LADY ORGANISER OF Y.M.C.A. MUNITION CANTEENS AT WOOLWICH.

SEVERAL very nice presents were given to Miss Shaw, who has for several months acted as organiser of the munition canteens at Woolwich, which are conducted under the direction of Lady Henry Grosvenor, acting for the Y.M.C.A.

These canteens have served very largely as a model for canteens which have recently been started in all parts of the country. Testimony to their efficiency is found in the fact that over 4,000 meals a day are served in the five canteens now opened at Woolwich, and that two of these centres are opened day and night.

Under Miss Shaw's able management the catering has been done very efficiently, and in such a manner as to win the goodwill and friendship of the ladies and the staffs doing service in these canteens.

Altogether four beautiful presents were handed to Miss Shaw, who is leaving Woolwich to take up an important Government appointment in a Midland munition centre.

The voluntary lady workers, known to some as the "Purple Ladies," presented a set of ivory brushes; the superintendents chose for their gift a morocco leather handbag. The day and night staff thought that one of the surest means to ensure that Miss Shaw should remember her work at Woolwich would be to present her with a silver calendar to stand on her desk, while the paid staff of the Arsenal selected for their present a fitted dressing-case.

Although Miss Shaw leaves to take up a Government position, she still intends to remain a wearer of the "Red Triangle" badge, and to continue her interest in the work of the Y.M.C.A. She carries with her the good wishes of those with whom she worked.



Your Best Pal when Marching

is a bar of the world-famous **Wrigley's SPEARMINT Chewing Gum.** A wonderful help on the march—keeps you fresh and fit—saves thirst—stimulates and prevents fatigue. Every veteran in the Army swears by

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM

the "extra ration" of the soldier in the field. Besides, the delicious fresh mint flavour is so enjoyable. It captures your fancy at first time of tasting. Buy Wrigley's **to-day**—you will always want it in your Knapsack when you realise how good it is.

5 bars 2½d.—40 bars 1/6

Sold by all Confectioners, Chemists and Stores, and all Branches of Boots, Cash Chemists.

WRIGLEY'S LTD., 8, Lambeth Palace Road

On Sale at all Y.M.C.A. Refreshment Depots.

AN EVENING AT THE FRONT.

Messages for Men.

"Wonder Succeeded Wonder."

THIS certain evening was spent in one of the Y.M.C.A. huts in the "forward" area. The men were just up from the trenches for a few days, and were once again realising the pleasure of a "Y.M." evening. The hut was packed with these war-worn men. There was a rugged picturesqueness about their uniforms. They were men from "over the Border," and wore khaki tamoshanters and long, flowing mackintosh capes. Their faces were drawn and white from exposure, and their eyes had the hard, strained look of men who had seen terrible things, and yet here to-night in this Y.M.C.A. hut even these faces beamed with an expectancy of good things to come. The programme this evening consisted of a conjuring entertainment, to be given by a young Y.M.C.A. worker with special abilities along this line.

The platform was bedecked with flags and contained the usual mysterious paraphernalia of the mysitian. The time for opening the performance drew near. At last the conjurer appeared before his audience. Immediately things began to disappear under the spell of the great man. His made his cigarette vanish, and other articles followed. The audience entered into the fun with a splendid "forgetfulness" of their surroundings. The guns were booming heavily, so heavily that the poor conjurer had a great difficulty in making his voice heard. The rain pattered down furiously on the roof of the hut. Men fell from their uncertain points of vantage in the rear, but none of these distractions disturbed the audience. Forgotten were the trenches, the Germans and all! Wonder succeeded wonder. The men were quite contented to be in this mystified state. One felt that the conjurer was accomplishing a great work in enabling these men to forget their hard life and here for a little while to have a time of enjoyment.

For one hour and a-half this entertainment lasted, and at the close the secretary said a few breezy words to the men. The evening prayers followed. The manly words of the hymn, "Fight the Good Fight," rang through the hut. "Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide," was the cheering thought the men took away with them. Then, with the petition to keep us from all the perils of the night, the audience dispersed and returned to their billets, with their hearts cheered with this evening of enjoyment at the Y.M.C.A. hut.

The guns were still roaring, and the starlights were still bursting over the trenches, but yet life did not seem quite so hard. The to-morrow could be faced with a fresh courage and a new hope. Perhaps the wonderful magic of the conjurer was real magic, after all.

J. H. H.

Soldiers' Teas at Witley.

Mr. J. H. Dallimore writes:—"Witley began this good work as far back as May 30 in the village institute under the management of the vicar, Rev. E. J. Newill, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell. The charge to the soldiers and their friends is but 3d., and the supply to each is *ad lib.* The appreciation is seen by the figures. In January they were 697, making a total since opening of 2,241. The year ended with a balance of £1 7s., owing to kind gifts of cakes, money, &c. This good work on the Sundays is in addition to Mrs. Mitchell's active assistance in the week at the Y.M.C.A. huts at our camp. A noticeable feature is the large number of soldiers who stay for the evening Church service."

A FACT AND A PRINCIPLE.

By CANON E. H. PEARCE, M.A., Assistant to the Chaplain-General.

I SUPPOSE that we can all of us feel what a flood of light has been thrown by the war upon two things at least—upon the fact of sin and upon the principle of sacrifice.

Let us try to get back for a moment to the thoughts we were thinking before the clash of the long-dreaded conflict was first heard. What did many men say at that time, when sin was mentioned?

Generally they would express their thankfulness that we were gradually getting rid of our old sense of sin as a fact. After all, it had been a very unpleasant companion—this idea that, left alone, we are not fit to stand in God's sight; it had kept us constantly out of conceit with ourselves; it had meant a perpetual thought of God's anger instead of God's loving-kindness and tender mercy. But various well-intentioned people took to administering comfort to us. God, they said, is in all things, and especially He is in us as the highest products of the creation. Therefore, everybody is potentially good. We are getting steadily better. Evolutionists have taught us that by sure degrees we—

> Move upward, working out the beast,
> And let the ape and tiger die.

Suddenly we were at war, but we found that this war was not the old, inspiring clash of armed men in the tumult, but an underground and undersea struggle in which the most advantageous method seemed to be that which was most underhand.

Thank God there has still been room for the play of straightforward Christian manliness. But certainly there have come to us fresh convictions of the fact of sin.

Or look at the careless times before August, 1914, and ask whether there was any clear sense of the principle of sacrifice. In other words, did we really understand what is valuable, and why it is of value, and what would be the value of our readiness to give it up?

In large measure here, and in much greater measure in Germany, the bookshops in the great cities and the newspaper kiosks at the great stations were making a display of highly illustrated books about the physical development of the human body.

The war comes, and with it a readiness to count sinew and muscle as mere dross for the excellency of the glory of the great cause.

With these two discoveries in our mind we are asked at this time to have quite a new look at the Lord, Who endured the Cross because He never wavered as to the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and Who despised its shame because He realised the eternal value of giving up all that He held dear if He could but fulfil the will of the Father. We are asked to acknowledge that, whereas the old, old picture of "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world," had somehow become blurred and weak in definition, it is now sharp and clear, and unmistakable. Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift.

Wherever there are soldiers and "smokers" you may hear "Mary Lee" sung. It will interest our readers to know that the composer of the song, Mr. T. L. Bacon, is a resident at London Central, and is not yet eighteen.

As a delightful temperance drink

ROSE'S



LIME JUICE

is still unsurpassed

THE DRINK THAT KEEPS YOU FIT!

DELICIOUS, WHOLESOME & REFRESHING. (Insist on having ROSE'S.)

NOTES ON DAILY READINGS.

For the Junior Department Branch of the Scripture Union.

By the Rev. A. J. COSTAIN, M.A., Headmaster of Rydal Mount School.

Author of *Life of Arthur Jackson, The Day-break Call,* &c.

Saturday, 25th.—John ix. 13-25. "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see." This is the unanswerable argument. The man whose sight had been restored was not prepared to enter into any theological discussion: in that he would have fallen an easy prey to these clever Jews. But he was certain about two or three things: he had been blind, he could now see, and it was Jesus who had restored his sight. And so to-day. If the religion of Jesus Christ gives you a new vision of life and a new strength to live out your life in obedience to that vision, you can leave cleverer people than yourself to argue about these things, for you have quite enough to go upon in what you have yourself experienced at the hands of Christ. If you have the marks of the Lord Jesus on you, let no man trouble you. Anyway, any man who tries to rob a boy of his religion is a cad. Kicking is too good for him. Take no notice of him. Believe me, there are those who are able to deal with him.

Sunday, 26th.—John ix. 26-41. You see here Jesus' care for the man He had healed. He hears that he has been cast out of the Synagogue. Excommunication is a terrible punishment. I have heard of men dying of sheer horror, even in our day, after they have been excommunicated by a certain church. So Christ seeks the man out, to give him the comfort of a closer fellowship with Himself. He reveals Himself to him, and leads him to an act of fuller confession. The once-blind man sees Christ for what He is, and falls down and worships Him. Thus he gains what more than compensates him for what he has lost. I like to think of our Lord going out of His way to look for this man. The Gospels do not record many instances of Christ's seeking out individual men: it was generally the other way about. But this man's special need gave him a special claim on Christ.

Monday, 27th.—John x. 1-18. "I am the Door." At Hebron, a few years ago, a traveller, noticing that the sheepfolds were mere C-shaped walls, asked a shepherd why they had no doors. He answered, "I am the door." At night he lay down in the entrance. That must be what Christ meant. He places Himself between His own and all the rest of the world. No sheep can wander out without passing over Him, nor can any ravenous beast enter in to devour save over his body. There you have the comforting idea of safe shelter. The night is robbed of its perils. And for the day—He leadeth them out. When the shelter and quiet of the night season are overpast, and the sun is up in the heavens, the sheep fare forth, but not alone. The "Fair" Shepherd goeth before them, and they are safe with Him.

"So shall no part of day or night
From sacredness be free;
But all my life, in every step,
Be fellowship with Thee."

Tuesday, 28th.—John x. 19-30. "He hath a devil." This is akin to the saying which, according to the other evangelists, provoked that terrible saying of our Lord's about the unpardonable sin. They said He did His miracles through Beelzebub, the prince of the devils. So to interpret the works of Christ was to prove that for them evil was good, and good was evil. For such men forgiveness is impossible, because repentance is impossible. But there were some of the Jews not so utterly blind as this. They applied the true test to His life. They judged Him by His fruits. That is the truest of all tests.

Wednesday, 29th.—John x. 31-42. There will be something like a revolution in England in the course of a few years. Things are in the melting-pot to-day. A new England is being moulded and made. We shall have to keep our minds clear and our sight keen, that we may distinguish between the false and the true. It is not good to think that stoning has been the fate of prophets all through the centuries. I wonder whether we shall be wise enough to welcome the prophets who will arise to interpret the will of God for the next generation, and to build a new and fairer world upon the ashes of the old!

Thursday, 30th.—John xi. 1-16. Good old Thomas! He was a brick. He can see nothing but trouble ahead of them, and he says, "Let us also go, that we may die with Him." He was a pessimist, if you like, but the right sort of pessimist. I don't suppose any leader would like all his followers to be Thomases, but he would be only too glad to have a fair sprinkling of them. It is easy to be brave when the sun is shining, but Thomas was brave in the dark. He was a dour, downright, dogged sort of man, who couldn't see very far in front of him, but was prepared to go all the way. Good old Thomas!

Friday, 31st.—John xi. 17-31. That was just the difference between Mary and Martha—Martha couldn't sit still. But she shows up rather better in this incident than in the other, in which we find the two sisters' characters strongly contrasted (see Luke x. 38-42). When all was said and done, Martha loved both her sister and brother very truly, and she had a real faith in Christ. . . . The words that our Lord speaks here (verses 25, 26) are words that have comforted many a mourner. It is because of Him that we no longer say, "Farewell, farewell, for ever farewell," as we part from our honoured dead. Christ, by His life and death and resurrection, has conquered death, and given us a sure and certain hope. It is something to have such a hope as He can give in days when the whole nation is plunged into mourning.

"THAT TOMMY WILL NEVER FORGET."

ABOUT midnight a police officer arrived at one of our Y.M.C.A. Station huts with a young man in civilian clothing, and left him in charge of the secretary. His coming was noticed by one of the ladies on duty for the night, who observed that he went straight to bed and asked for no food. On his coming for breakfast, she got into conversation with him, and learned that he had just joined the Guards, and was on his way to Caterham.

He had never been in London before, having spent all his days on a farm.

Directions as to how to proceed to London Bridge seemed hopeless, so the lady offered to escort him, and on the journey he pointed out all his hopes and fears, and incidentally how fearfully lonely he felt.

Arrived at the barrier at London Bridge, the ticket-collector voluntarily offered the lady access to the platform, and the lad was seen off, the tears filling his eyes as he tried to express his deep gratitude for the hospitality and help of the Y.M.C.A.

"Poor lad," said the ticket-collector on the lady's return, "you could see he was one of the lonely ones; it's good to know someone cares for the lonely Tommy."

That Tommy will never forget the Y.M.C.A., and it is for such that the London Central is attempting to raise £550. They have got half in twenty-five days, thanks to the splendid effort of the staff of Messrs. Sharpe, Perrin and Co., under the direction of Mr. Blandfield, who on Saturday night last, at a splendid concert, handed over, per Mr. Perrin, the head partner, and also the London Central chairman of the finance committee, the magnificent sum of £75. The committee of the fund will be very grateful for any subscription from members and friends of that centre whose eye happens to scan this paragraph. Remittances should be sent to the Organising Secretary, £550 in Fifty Days, Y.M.C.A., Tottenham Court-rd.

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FOR ABSOLUTE SECURITY
JOHN TANN'S SAFES
STEEL CASH CHESTS for Y.M.C.A. and ARMY TRAINING CAMPS.
Estimates and Expert Advice Gratis. Descriptive Catalogue Free.
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MAZAWATTEE TEA
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NELSON'S COFFEE EXTRACT,
NELSON'S PINE TREE TABLETS,
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JOLLY BOYS TOFFEE.

INDISPENSABLE!
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BRANSON'S COFFEE
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SAMPLE AND PRICES ON APPLICATION TO—
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"THE LAST ONE!"
Daddy's been eating them!
Even "grown-ups" never grow out of a liking for the toothsome Mackintosh's. And as for the kiddies—well, give them some coppers and a free hand, and nine times out of ten it's Mackintosh's.


Nothing could be more pure and wholesome than this sweetmeat—which never satiates nor palls on the palate.
L0.24
MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE DE LUXE MINT DE LUXE
Just Butter, Sugar, and thick rich Cream blended in the "Mackintosh Way."
We take as much care in selecting and blending our Peppermint as we do of the other ingredients in Toffee-de-Luxe.
4 ozs., 4d., and in tins at 1/1.
Of all Confectioners.

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Manufacturers of Disinfectants.
Jeyes' Fluid.
Best and Safest for all purposes.
Jeyes' Parasitic Soap
2/6 per dozen Tins.
For destroying all body parasites in the Trenches. Dissolve contents of tin in half-a-gallon of water, and lather the body (especially the hair). Treat similarly the inside of clothing, along the seams, allowing the lather to dry on.
Prepared in accordance with the recommendation of a Lt.-Col. of the R.A.M.C.
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USE POWDER MONKEY for Scrubbing Floors, Tables, Dressers, Cupboards, Sinks, and for Cleaning Gas Stoves and Cooking Utensils.
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PENNY CHOCOLATE LUCERNE.
Wafers filled with rich cream icing, and covered with chocolate.

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Neat moulded cakes of finest Scotch Shortbread.

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Little fruit cakes, delicious and sustaining.

PENNY GINGERBREAD CAKES.
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DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

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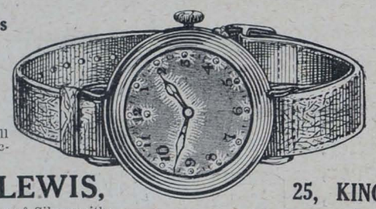

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DR. WILFRED T. GRENFELL, C.M.G.

THE doctor with the largest practice in the world, judged by its area, is Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, C.M.G., who has just been paying a flying visit to England before returning to Labrador. He lectured a few nights ago at our headquarters in Tottenham Court-road, and gave some deeply interesting incidents of his experiences as a doctor working with an American unit at the front. "Grenfell of Labrador," as he is always called, told the writer that he "had to" come and lend a hand to the brave men at the front, so for three months he has been busy in France dealing with the wounded. When the first news of war came to far-off Labrador the immediate wish of Dr. Grenfell was to "come home," but it was not possible for him to leave his post for more than a year. He looks as fit as ever in his khaki uniform as a major, and has a budget of stories to tell of the rapid and efficient way in which casualties are handled in time of war. The courage of the soldiers has touched him deeply, although there is plenty of heroism among the deep-sea fishermen of Labrador. I once asked him what was the most heroic deed he had ever seen, and he replied: "It is not easy to say. I have known so many, and actually seen so few, that any brave man would not do. Here is one fine incident. A fisherman's daughter went out to rescue her brother and a friend. She had to go over the ice most carefully or she would have been drowned. She lay down on the ice and wriggled onwards until one of her knees went through the ice, though it was tough salt-water ice. She managed, however, to get hold of her brother, and held him tightly, by lying perfectly still on the ice. She was in peril every moment lest she should break through or lose her hold. A boat was launched, and at last cut a way through the ice, and rescued both the girl and her brother. Unfortunately, it came too late to save the friend, who was drowned."

Dr. Grenfell is delighted to hear that Newfoundland and Labrador have adopted prohibition of liquor. There is little crime on the mainland, which, though it covers 400,000 square miles, has only about 4,000 inhabitants. In the fishing season about 30,000 fishermen come to Labrador. Dr. Grenfell is a magistrate, and he had once to make a gaol out of a clubhouse for the benefit of a solitary prisoner who had stolen some money. The man was allowed to go to work each day, and was trusted to return to his "prison" every evening. In a life of constant risk Dr. Grenfell has had many experiences of danger. He was once on his way to help a sick man when he found himself adrift on loose ice. To save his life he was driven at last to kill his beloved dogs who drew his sledge. "I took their legs and made a flag-staff of them, to hoist my flannel shirt as a flag of distress. In the night the 'flag' became frozen, but in the morning it was seen, and rescuers came to my aid. My poor dogs saved my life, and I have put a memorial to them in the hospital at St. Anthony."



GRENFELL, OF LABRADOR—AND FLANDERS.
Photo: Elliott & Fry.

A French explorer once described Labrador as "the Land which God gave Cain." In this desolate part of the world Dr. Grenfell has worked with unwearied zeal for twenty-four years. He has built four hospitals, and some institutes for the seamen who come in such hosts to Labrador. Some years ago he introduced hundreds of reindeer, and he has instituted co-operative stores, which have been of great value to the fishermen, who used always to be in debt.

Dr. Grenfell is one of many men who have come to fame who were impressed in early manhood by D. L. Moody. He is "very sure of God," and his book, *A Man's Faith*, may be recommended as a tonic to doubting souls. In the American universities of Yale and Harvard he has inspired the students with a great interest in Labrador. Medical students in their fourth year often come for a few months to work among the deep-sea fishermen, and the American public has a warm affection for Dr. Grenfell. Here, in his native land, he has won thousands of friends, who rejoiced when, in 1906, the King conferred on him the honour of the C.M.G. "Some people," he once remarked, "were always looking forward to the happiness associated with a harp and a crown, but the happiness I like best is that which comes from helping 'lame dogs' over stiles," And that kind of happiness has been gained by Dr. Grenfell in his busy and beneficent life.

[*See also p.* 292]

SPRING-CLEANING.

By the RT. HON. G. W. E. RUSSELL, Author of "Collections and Recollections," &c.

WHEN one ventures on a quotation which one wishes to make impressive, one commonly attributes it to "the hand of a master." In the present instance I invoke the hand of a mistress, and quote from Mrs. Beecher Stowe, yet not from *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. For a hundred people who have read that tremendous indictment of slavery there is scarcely one who has read the more tranquil, but not less moving, story of *The Minister's Wooing*. The book was published in 1859, and had, I fancy, no great success, at any rate in this country. About 25 years later I brought it under Mr. Gladstone's notice, and his warmly-expressed admiration carried it into a new edition. It is, as it professes to be, a picture of "the life and manners which existed in New England in the earlier days of her national existence," and it depicts, with winning grace, the conflict of human affections with an ironbound theology. To-day, however, I am not dealing with the book as a whole, but only with a passage which aptly illustrates the subject of this paper.

"When once the spirit of enterprise has fairly possessed a group of women it assumes the form of a prophetic fury, and carries them beyond themselves. Let no ignorant mortal of the masculine gender at such hours rashly dare to question the promptings of the genius which inspires them. In spite of all the treatises which have lately endeavoured to prove that there is no inherent diversity between men and women, we hold to the opinion that one thorough season of house-cleaning is sufficient to demonstrate the existence of awful and mysterious differences between the sexes, and of subtle and reserved forces in the female mind before which the Lords of Creation can only veil their faces with a discreet reverence."

Spring-cleaning is all very well as long as it confines its operations to halls and passages and the unseen regions of the basement. It ought never to be wanted in a bedroom, which should be swept by the winds of heaven all day long, and should be as clean at Christmas as at Midsummer. It may have free access to the dining-room, where even those most happily endowed in point of appetite cannot spend more than three hours a day, and to the drawing-room, which is by nature so uncomfortable a room that a little extra dusting and scrubbing cannot make it more forbidding. Many are the imitators of Mrs. Gargery, who "had an exquisite art of making her cleanliness more uncomfortable and unacceptable than dirt itself." But I draw the line—or would, if I could—at the invasion of my own "Denn." I spell the word as Bunyan spelt it, and I remit to commentators the task of discussing what precisely he meant by it. For my own part, I mean by my "Denn," or, as the moderns spell it, "Den," a room where I can do just what I like; where no one penetrates unbidden; where every article of furniture exactly fits the corner in which it stands and the use which it is designed to serve; and where I can live surrounded by what Mr. Kipling calls "the little things a man cares about"—pictures and books and letters; armchairs which invite to repose, and tables on which one can spread one's elbows.

In brief, a "Denn" is the exact opposite and contradictory of a drawing-room, and it is in a "Denn" that spring-cleaning works its most unholy havoc. I dislike having my writing-table "tidied"; I dislike having my papers buried out of sight in unthought-of holes and corners; I dislike having all my scraps and fragments and odds and ends, which to me mean much, though to others nothing, swept away under the contumelious name of rubbish. In days gone by, when I dwelt among the Barbarians, and shared their sports, I have seen a fox's brush, which had been hardly earned in an historic run, dragged from its place of honour over the chimney-piece and used as an implement of destruction for cobwebs or a weapon of assault on moths. All these are odious incidents of spring-cleaning, but, beyond all, I resent the violation of my book-shelves. Why are women such implacable enemies of books? Why do they ram them so close together that I cannot take one from the shelf without tearing its back from its sides? Why do they, in arranging a series of, say, twelve volumes, begin with 2, and go on to 6, 3, 9, put 1 in the middle, and culminate in 4? Why do dusting women become, at least temporarily, afflicted by colour-blindness, and insert the sea-green back of *Tono-Bungay* between the vivid scarlet of Mr. Trevelyan's Italian histories?—why, by size-blindness, so that they match Lord Morley's towering *Gladstone* with the blue dwarfs of the *Golden Treasury* series?

Why, indeed, should they ever dust a "Denn"? "The clartier the cosier" is a Scottish proverb which, though a little too unguarded in reference to humanity, yet has its application to a "Denn." I know a great house in London where the windows of the principal drawing-room are never opened because the walls are covered with a brocaded silk so gorgeous that no dust may ever be allowed to touch it. Give me in my "Denn" plainly papered or distempered walls, open windows, and as much dust as chooses to visit them. The dust will not hurt my books; but the housemaid will. The dust can be blown off; but she can only be blown up—and that when the mischief is already done. So again about my pictures. If I possessed "The Blue Boy" or "The Fighting Temeraire," I suppose that it would hang in my drawing-room, and would be guarded with jealous care until such time as I could exchange it for American dollars. Even a housemaid knows how to respect £100,000 in a frame. But, in handling the humble decorations of the "Denn" she is restrained by no sacred awe. When she dusts the bust of my political leader, she chips off his nose as light-heartedly as if she were immolating a bluebottle. When she sees an oil-painting of an ancestor looking a little grimy—and nothing is so distinguished as a grimy ancestor—she scrubs him with soap and water and ammonia till his eye is blended with his cheek. If I cherish a sketch of the Hill at Harrow, or a photograph of an Oxford group, she sends the handle of that devilish implement which is rightly called a "Turk's head" through the glass, and professes to be extremely sorry when she finds that she has also transfixed the picture. But, as she observes behind my back, it was a rubbishy thing—frame and all couldn't have cost half-a-crown. Her repentance is only skin-deep, and produces no effect upon her subsequent behaviour.

No, let the fierce onrush of spring-cleaning sweep the house from garret to cellar; let it turn the staircase into a cascade, and the front hall into a stagnant pool; let it carry everything before it in a headlong and promiscuous flood; but at the door of the "Denn" let its proud waves be stayed. Enthroned in my traditional arm-chair—a chosen companion and most faithful friend ever since Oxford days, a chair which has heard St. Mary's chimes at midnight, and has known the odour of tobacco and the savour of small beer—I will bid defiance to the invading tide.

King Canute (as interpreted by Thackeray) shall be my model.

Straight the King's great chair was brought him by two footmen able-bodied,
Languidly he sank into it; it was comfortably wadded.

* * * * *

"Will the advancing waves obey me, Bishop, if I make the sign?"
Said the Bishop, bowing lowly, "Land and sea, my Lord, are thine."
Canute turned towards the ocean—"Back!" he said, "thou foaming brine.

From the sacred shore I stand on, I command thee to retreat;
Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy master's seat;
Ocean, be thou still! I bid thee come not nearer to my feet!"

But the sullen ocean answered with a louder, deeper roar,
And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling, sounding, on the shore.

A DAY WITH THE ORDERLY OFFICER.

BY THE B.O.S.

THE sergeant-major tweaked his already fierce moustache, and shaded his eyes as he peered along the line; lines of mud they were, intersecting the drab huts of a soldiers' camp "somewhere in England." (These streaky paths, frozen on the top and horribly sticky below, were designed for the purpose of keeping men off the grass plots, as they were called—a mere enthusiasm for patches of mud differentiated from other mud in that it had a few odd blades of grass in its composition.) It is really worth while chronicling the fact that the sergeant-major shaded his eyes; for it was one of those rare afternoons when the sun had actually struggled through the fog.

Fatigue men, armed with pails, mops, and brooms, moved about here and there, quickly or more leisurely according as they were merely on duty or undergoing punishment.

One of the unfortunate things about my having a tonsure of a certain hue is that I am easily spotted in a crowd.

"Sergeant," shouted the S.M. with that raucous voice that could be heard by the whole battalion in the teeth of a gale.

"Sir," I answered, at the same time performing the peculiar duck-waddle known in Army lore as the "steady double."

As my heels clicked to attention, three paces from the owner of the voice, my countenance and tonsure aforementioned merged to the same ruddy hue.

I was in for it. I looked steadily at the orderly-room window over the S.M.'s shoulder, and speculated in an impersonal way what "it" could be.

"Wait here." I waited, nervy and uneasy. It was becoming monotonous, this continual keelhauling for petty omissions.

Army discipline is a deadly thing. It consists of one long ragging from reveille to retreat, and sergeants bear the brunt. Sergeants get too much to do (so ran my thoughts). If all the sergeants were to go sick to-morrow the Army would crack up.

Nobody knows aught about anything but the sergeants. And they get all the "rows." Sub-lieutenants are the worst, and S.M.'s next. Officers! Pouf! Some of them were in my Boys' Brigade at home. What a change! *There* (how long ago?) I was a minister—a personage—with a standing. These "officers" doffed their hats to me, and I graciously acknowledged the salute with a kindly smile, and an inquiry as to the health and well-being of their mothers, fathers, and relations generally.

But *here*—ah, me! What am I? A number—a nonentity—a doormat for the feet of the commissioned, whose smile is bliss, whose frown is lasting disgrace, whose mouths utter brazen blasphemies in an Oxford accent.

"Are you *deaf*, you blighter?"

It was the S.M. again.

"Sorry, sir. I—I was looking at the sunset!"

To my utter amazement he smiled. I had never read of it—nor had I heard of it. But there it was, from ear to ear, a broad grin on the face of a sergeant-major.

I could almost hear it creak as his face was jerked to its natural frown. Then for about the twentieth time in my hearing he described me by his well-worn formula:

"You're the adjectival limit! But look here. Sergeant G. is ill. You are Battalion Orderly Sergeant to-morrow in his place. That's all!"

Strange how these people forget! I had preached to this man. He had sat with a rapt look on his face, as of a devout worshipper. And yet—his adjectives!

Recently married, too, in spite of his moustache with its aggressive spikes on each flank of his expansive mouth. Yet, I had seen him smile. That was something. Once, too, I had seen him furtively tuck a letter in the pocket of his sporran and strut off to his quarters with a gait rather more hurried than the customary stately stride characteristic of his rank. There's a human bit about him somewhere, I am almost certain. When all this is over, I shall venture to speak to him in my official capacity, and I shall say, "You have been very kind to me, for I suppose that Army discipline is a real kindness when properly viewed." And beginning in that tactful manner, I shall continue: "But you know, Mr. So-and-so, what you really need is a gentler kind of kindness. Cultivate the charitable view of another's faults. Learn to sympathise with those who err. Strive to comfort those who are sorry because they have fallen short. Be more gracious and winning in your manner, and then I venture to think that should another war come along, and you be appointed as S.M. in your old regiment, the result of these virtues will be very apparent."

Thus it was that I mused, as I thoughtfully returned to my former duty, which was to supervise the scrubbing out of the wash-houses.

I "carried on" at that humble but necessary work until retreat, and the following morning at reveille saw me launched on my duty as B.O.S. for the day.

No one could call it a pleasant experience when, at 5 a.m. on a wild, wet morning in the dead of winter, the door of the hut is opened about six feet wide and the head of a sleepy bugler is pushed into the aperture as he calls, "B.O.S., five o'clock!" in a very shrill treble that adds another shiver to the one that the draught has already caused.

You never realise how comfortable you can feel below a rough Army blanket until you are called at 5 a.m. I had felt a vague longing for my own bed at home the night before, but as that piping treble pierced the curtain of my slumbers, I was loth to leave my blanket and my board.

I lit my candle and shaved with water that nearly froze on my face, and felt that I could never work up a sense of humour again. Half-an-hour later I was shivering in the blast that swirled around the orderly room, and, according to Army use and wont, waited 15 frozen minutes before the orderly officer arrived.

When I resume my interrupted civil (*i.e.*, civilised) life, I intend to speak to that officer also. I heard him for quite a minute before he appeared, and it was very cold to have to take my hands from my pockets to hold them to my ears. As it was, he mistook my natural gesture for a double-handed salute, which he duly returned.

"Carry, on, sir?" "Yessir."

The bugler appeared at the guard-room door, a squat silhouette with bow legs, and seemed on the point of exploding as he blew the long reveille.

Then slowly and carefully, because of the frozen mud, we went along the lines, and 30 times I opened a door and shouted, "Ord'ly officer. 'Tion!" and 30 times I turned round and said, "All up, sir!" Exactly how many inaccuracies those 30 reports contained I shall probably never know.

The last door banged behind me as the dull grey murk of a new day was just appearing. We had been an hour at the work (from which fact it may be calculated that some men may sleep an hour longer than others), I leading on and shouting, and the officer following and dumb.

"What next, sergeant?"

You see how, when it comes to actual work, the sergeant is really the possessor of information.

"Cook-house, sir, 8.15."

We parted. I, late member of the greatest profession of all, musing about the homes represented here, by all these fine fellows who were even now jostling me on their way to the morning "tub," and he, ex-broker's clerk, second lieutenant in his Majesty's Army, probably filling his mental horizon with a huge cup of black coffee.

Differences in the Army go deep. Not only is our coffee different (I mean as between commissioned and non-commissioned ranks), but our cups are mugs or mess-tins, our chairs are backless benches, and our dining halls are cook-houses.

Excellent for discipline, all that!

We met again, he and I. And when he had drawn my

attention to the fact that I had omitted to salute him (I had really been most interested in the very evident *swagger* of his walk and the problems involved), we proceeded in the direction of the cook-houses, where the men were having breakfast.

Once more, banging the doors and shouting.

"Ord'ly officer. 'Tion! Any complaints?"

Of course, there were none. It makes no real difference either way. *Once,* an old 'Varsity man looked at the officer, then at me, and winked, and as I passed, plucked me by the kilt and whispered, "A complaint, sir! Private Muggins, at present eating peas, is in imminent danger of cutting his tonsils!"

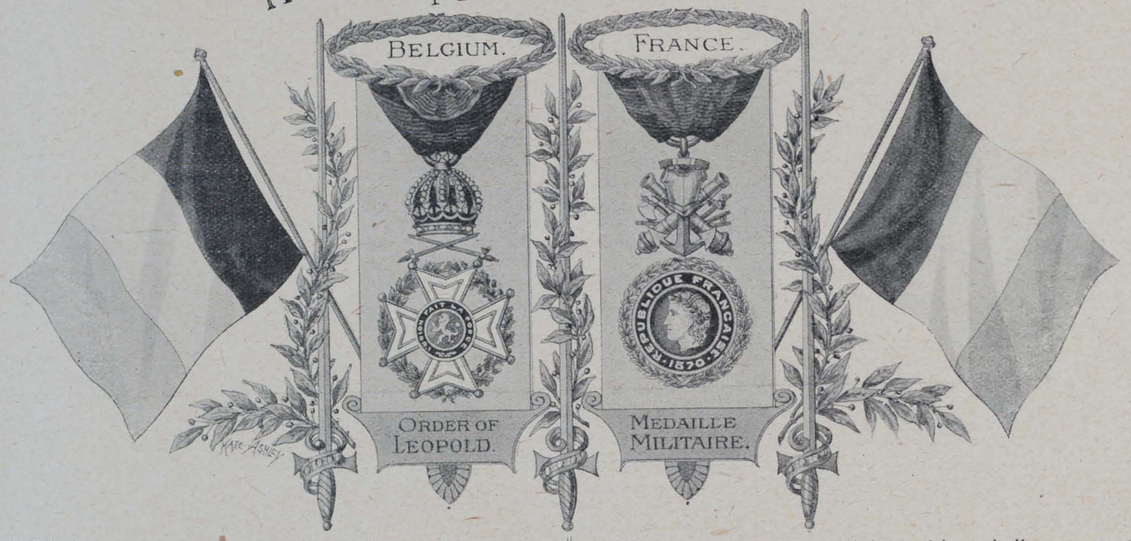
It was really most difficult to convince the officer that I was speaking to the certain private on a point of duty. But these brokers' clerks have no head for some things. He was almost rude enough to ask *what* had been said, but I deftly changed the subject to our next duty, which was to inspect huts and "lines."

Conversation between us lagged somehow. I was evidently expected at one point to corroborate a violent and lurid contortion of King's English due to the fact that a certain hut had its fire buckets half-full of dirty water. I pointed out then that I was "very sorry, sir," but I could not countenance such language even from an officer, particularly on the Sabbath. I didn't say it was Sunday, did I? Sunday—and my own little flock listening at the very moment to a strange voice speaking words of truth, and I, listening to the tumultuous blasphemy of a callous junior officer.

Picture a military camp—winter quarters—a place where they feed men, house them, clothe them, and keep them in repair every way but spiritually. All day long we went out and in, looked at everything and reported nothing. To report things means trouble and loss of time to the officer. Few things are ever reported. We turned out the guard. We inspected the picquets. We stopped and had conversation with the military police. We had a look at the horses, and the latrines, and in the evening one of us (unfortunately the officer, much to the further mutilation of his mother-tongue) collided rather violently with a little toy steam-roller in the dark.

At 10.15 p.m. the bugler blew once once, and this time it was the welcome "lights out." The ill-assorted pair of us made our final round, and wherever the faintest spark of light was visible, there we were in a trice, with voices raised in indignant protest. But, of course, we didn't report. We parted then. And as I crept under the rough, hard blanket in the dark, I remembered the officer in my prayers.

THE ORDERS OF OUR ALLIES FOR VALOUR.



THIS is the most important of Belgian orders for rewarding gallantry in the field. It was instituted in 1832 by King Leopold the First, and comprises the following:—Knight's Grand Cross, Grand Officers, Commanding Officers, Knights, and Chevaliers. It is of gold for all the grades excepting the last named; these receive it in silver. The Cross is enamelled white, and the wreath by which it is surrounded is green. The Gold Lion rampant of Belgium is on a black ground, and the ribbon bearing the motto "L'Union fait la force," is of crimson. The swords and crown by which the cross is surmounted are of gold, and the decoration is certainly a very handsome and effective one. The crossed swords are omitted when the order is used for other than military purposes.

King Albert has had many opportunities of using this decoration of late as a reward for courage; one conspicuous occasion being its reception by the soldier Lande, who killed single-handed a German Colonel and 14 men, besides capturing a regimental flag. Several members of our Expeditionary Force have also received it, and it will, without doubt, be greatly prized by them.

THIS is a decoration which is used in a similar manner to our Distinguished Conduct Medal, and is more coveted by soldiers than the Medal of the Legion of Honour. It was instituted in 1852 by Napoleon III., and is bestowed only upon general officers in command of armies, warrant officers, non-commissioned officers and privates.

It will be remembered that Viscount French received it before he left the Western front; it has also been bestowed upon the heroic King Albert of Belgium. The head in the centre of the medal is symbolical of the Republic, and is on a gold ground surrounded by a ribbon of blue enamel bearing the inscription, in gilt letters, "Republique Francaise"; beyond this is a laurel wreath in silver. Above is a trophy of arms, and the whole is suspended from a yellow ribbon with a green border. The reverse bears the words "Valeur et Discipline" in place of the head in centre. Like our Victoria Cross, this medal entitles the wearer to a military salute (in France). It is gratifying to know that it has been bestowed during the present war upon many of our brave N.C.O.'s and men.

KATE ASHLEY.

"HARVESTING IN INDIA."

By K. J. SAUNDERS.

II.—The Work of the Association.



CHRISTIAN WOMEN. *Photo: T. R. Ponsford.*

HIGH up upon the hillsides, which were once the battleground of the Moghues and the Marathas, a greater patriot than Sivaji has founded an institution which is to give his nation a moral equivalent for war. The "Servants of India Society" was founded ten years ago by the Honourable Mr. G. K. Gokhale, one of the many great figures of recent Indian history. The object of the society is to set free the knowledge and the skill of the most educated in the service of the poor and needy; and with this aim University graduates are received in the home of the society in Poona for five years, where they combine study with practical work. Another great object of the society besides study and service is the breaking down of antagonism and prejudice between the Hindu and Mohammedan, the high castes and the low.

The motive is religious in the broadest sense and patriotic: "public life must be spiritualised," "love of country must so fill the heart that all else shall appear as of little moment by its side," are watchwords of the society. Its members are loyal to the British Raj, but aim, like all true patriots, at self-government within the Empire. So earnest are they that after eight years' study none of them is receiving more than £4 a month. When I visited the headquarters in Poona I was struck by the spirit of ascetism and keen study which were manifest not only in the simplicity and vigour of the life in the home, but also in the mingling of the high caste leaders with the depressed classes, to whom they are teaching lessons of thrift and self-help.



A GROUP OF CHRISTIAN STUDENTS. *Photo: T. R. Ponsford.*

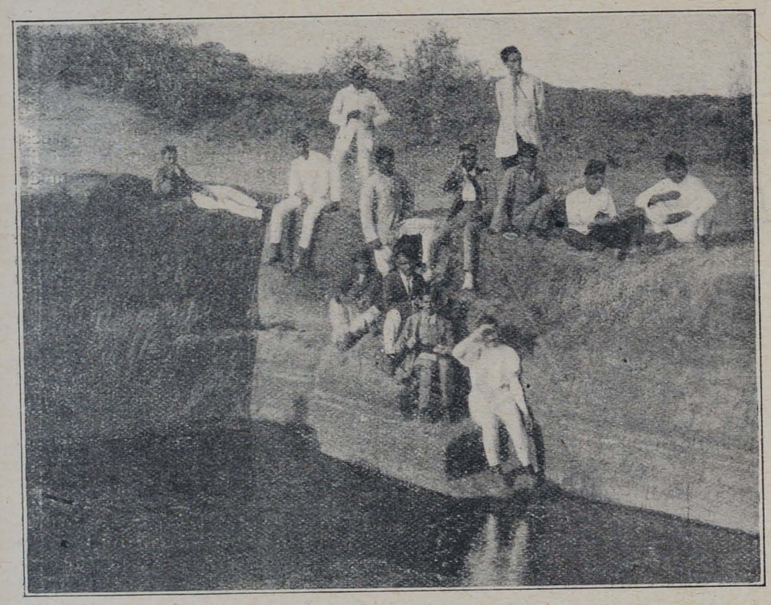
The Young Men's Christian Association in India aims at being a Christian "Servants of India Society." Founded about twenty-five years ago, it has grown very rapidly, and seems destined under God to play a great part in the history of this mighty nation. It is seeking to serve in the name of Christ the boys and men of India, of whatever race or creed. Like the "Servants of India Society," it has nothing to do with politics, believing that social reform must precede political emancipation, and that if India learn to seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, all else will in His providence be added to her. The aim of the Association is frankly religious in India as elsewhere, that Jesus Christ may be glorified, and that the long and passionate search of India for God may be rewarded. We believe that the best way to win men to Christ is to serve them in mind and body as well as in spirit, and that if the Christian life is to be vigorous it must be a life of service. We seek everywhere, therefore, to enlist the educated and privileged classes in the service of the more needy. The college student, for instance, is encouraged and instructed in Social Service, such as teaching poor boys in night classes or organising games for them; the Civil Servant and the doctor are given opportunities of serving, the soldier and the small clerk, and thousands are learning the joy and interest of a life of service. "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister," is one of its great principles. Another great principle of the Association is expressed in the words, "I am come that they may have life and may have it more abundantly." We are appointing in each Province an expert physical director, where possible a doctor, to train schoolmasters and organise upon Christian lines the games and sports of the country, and in a land where climate and other conditions tend to foster unhealthy

dreaming, the value of athletics can hardly be estimated.

One of the greatest signs of a new vitality in India is the new interest of the boys and men in athletics; new clubs spring up almost daily. For the British Army, too, much is being done in this and other ways, and the keener spirit and great decrease in disease and drunkenness are largely due to this increased emphasis upon games.

Still another principle which the Association has set before itself may be expressed in the words, "I am come not to destroy, but to fulfil."

We believe that there is much in the past of India, in her heritage of art and sculpture, as well as of religion, which is of God, and which must not be lost, and we seek by lectures and books to preserve this great heritage, and at the same time to show Christ as the fulfilment of all the best in India's past. The Association has set aside Mr. J. N. Farquhar and two other secretaries to study and to write, and to enlist other writers on these great subjects. Three new series of books are being published in conjunction with the Oxford University Press: *The Religious Quest of India, The Heritage of India,* and *The Religious Life of India,* and the Indian non-Christian papers are giving these a kindly welcome; though they naturally object to the claim that Christ is the fulfilment of the past, yet they welcome the scholarly and sympathetic treatment given to their own religions.



CHRISTIAN STUDENTS ON HOLIDAY. *Photo: T. R. Ponsford.*

There is yet another principle of supreme importance in India which the Association seeks to keep before it, "they must increase, but we must decrease." India must be evangelised by her own people, and the Western secretaries who have built up the great organisation are doing their best to hand it over to the Indian church by raising up Indian leaders. For this purpose we have a national training school for Indian secretaries, founded by Mr. A. C. Harte some four years ago, and associated with him and Mr. E. C. Carter in the national secretaryship is Mr. K. T. Paul, who is an Indian of the Indians, but a good friend of all Englishmen who know him. That the Association is raising up Indian leaders seems clear, and the first Indian Bishop received his training as a secretary in South India for more than ten years.

When the time comes and there are enough such leaders the work of the Western secretary will be accomplished, and his reward will be great in the knowledge that he has been privileged to serve a great nation. This task of self-effacement is not easy, especially to us proud Britishers, but we have leaders who are showing us how to do it; and some of the keenest and best young Indians are looking to the secretaryship of the Association as their life-work.

In our first article we saw that the fruits of Christian missions are to be seen in the mass movements, in the new spirit of nationalism, in the awakening spirit of social service, and in the leavening of thought with Christian ideals and aspirations. In each of these great results the Association has its share.

Take the mass movements: here is a village community now baptised and emerging from a condition worse than slavery. Careful shepherding is necessary, for the convert is not a full-grown saint; and the new Christian community is terribly poor and terribly tempted.

The Association in South India is doing what it can by village clubs, by night classes, and by the teaching of thrift and by the formation of co-operative credit societies to rescue these villagers from the clutches of poverty and ignorance, and here it has already established its claim to be truly a Christian "Servants of India Society"; but a work of limitless scope remains to be done.

Take again the new spirit of nationalism: how infinitely important it is that this shall be guided into sane and Christian channels, safeguarded from anarchy and false ideals. Like every other good thing, patriotism can degenerate and become a curse. In its debating societies and by its lectures, in its camps and hostels, where men of different race and social standing meet on intimate terms, and on its playing fields the Association is seeking to inform and guide this movement. By its books and magazines, too, it seeks to open the eyes of young India at once to the best things of India's great past and to their true fulfilment in Christ. In social service, too, much is being done to put before Indians sound principles and true motives of social regeneration; and I have never seen keener audiences than those which gather to hear lectures upon this subject.

This year Professor G. H. Leonard, who has guided the Student Movement in England, is to lecture in the chief student centres of India, and his visit is eagerly awaited.

Lastly, in India, as everywhere, half our work consists in personal work with individuals. Friendship is welcomed with a touching and humbling eagerness by our Indian brothers; and in these personal talks under the palm trees in some lovely camping ground, or in the hostel common room, or on the playing-field, Christian ideas are steadily circulating, and the friendship of God is being mediated, however unworthily; and there are seldom conversions which have not been preceded by such personal intercourse in the name of Christ. The missionary body more than any other has broken down race prejudice, and the best Indians owe more than they can tell to such friendships made for Christ's sake.

And so the day dawns, the fields grow white unto harvest.

Three years ago I stood on the great Maidan at Calcutta; two million Indians were gathered to see their King-Emperor. There were pageants and fireworks and much splendour. But their hearts were unsatisfied and hungry. Then at last the King with a gesture swept aside police guards and military escorts, and drove in amongst his loyal, patient people.

The scene is vivid before me as I write: that ever surging crowd as it swayed forward, striving to touch the wheels of his carriage, prostrating itself before its King.

That is a parable of the day of God which is at hand, when she sees the heavenly King in His splendour of loving trust and self-sacrifice.

Will she not respond with a whole-hearted devotion and a passion which shall put to shame our faint enthusiasm and our cold and calculating love?

Y. M. C. A. RELIGIOUS LIFE CAMPAIGN IN SCOTLAND.

UNDER the above campaign a series of three meetings were held in the Y.M.C.A. Institute, Cambusbarron, Stirling, from March 21-23. During the meetings sales at counter and all games were stopped. Nevertheless, the attendances were all that could be desired, the senior non-commissioned officers of the battalions being in special evidence. The atmosphere of the meetings was intensely religious, due in no small measure to the fact that many of the men came from the North and the Western Isles. The men joined very heartily in the singing each evening, and special music was kindly provided by choirs from Stirling.

The opening meeting was conducted by Mr. J. Golder, J.P., leader of the institute, assisted by Mr. Charles Quipp. Mr. Golder urged upon his hearers the importance of being on the Lord's side.

At the second meeting, Rev. Stuart Robertson, M.A., Pollokshields West U.F. Church, Glasgow, was the principal speaker. Mr. Robertson, speaking from the words "A man shall be as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," emphasised the supreme value of manhood against all drifting tendencies in life. He quoted Abraham, St. Paul, and Martin Luther as men who in times of moral crisis and uncertainty have proved themselves veritable rocks against the forces of evil.

The campaign closed with an inspiring address from Colonel the Rev. Patrick R. Mackay, D.D., who brought to his hearers from Sir Spencer Ewart, Commander of the Forces in Scotland, a message of congratulation on their noble response to the call of country.

Colonel Mackay spoke from the incident of Philip and the Ethiopian eunuch. Two figures stood out: Philip, the preacher, obedient to the Spirit's prompting; the eunuch, the hearer, so earnest and eager to be taught. Colonel Mackay assured the men the kingdom of Christ was not going back, and pleaded for a greater desire to be taught the things of that kingdom. Two out of many striking quotations are given from the address: "The man who wants to be an honest man is past the hardest part of the work"; "He loved us foul to make us fair."

In closing with an earnest appeal, Colonel Mackay told of a Highland mother whose son had gone down at Neuve Chapelle, but not before leaving with his brother this message to her: "All is well, for I am trusting Christ." Despite her grief, she bravely replied with a smile, "I am prouder of that message than if he had gained a hundred medals."



AT A CONCERT IN GOVAN.

HAPPY DAYS ON THE CLYDE.

How Govan Helps Jack.

THE Govan Association has been in the pleasant position of offering hospitality to both Services. After providing nightly for the soldiers billeted in the Town Hall at the beginning of the war, it has now acted as host to sailors who have found themselves in Govan. Jack is not only appreciative of kindness shown him, but is himself good at "making things go." The men provided many items at the ever-popular concert, and one of our pictures shows them enjoying the programme. The other illustration proves the popularity of draughts and the value of the writing-table.

Captain the Rev. Albert Mackinnon, M.A., S.C.F., Pres., Malta, writes in an article that appeared in the *Christian Endeavour Times*:—"At 6.30 p.m. I conducted the service in the big Y.M.C.A. tent, and the sight was an inspiring one. Seats were provided for about 500, but every inch of standing ground was also occupied, and round the doors as far as one could see the men crowded. I thought as I looked into those earnest faces of the loafers on our streets at home, to whom the church bells mean nothing. What a rebuke to them there was in that audience if only they could have seen it. One's pride in our soldiers increases daily, to them religion is a reality, and if only these men are spared to return to the homeland the day of the moral weakling will be past."

A single sentence did it. Mr. J. J. Virgo, recently passing through Dundee en route for Aberdeen, had an hour to spare, which he utilised in visiting the Dundee Y.M.C.A. "But why," said he as he surveyed the building, "don't you have the Red Triangle there?" The hint was taken. Two large enamelled signboards with the Red Triangle were secured, and are now affixed on the north and south gables, where they are seen from afar. Already several have inquired what the design stands for. Perhaps the Editor of *Y.M.* will supply a paragraph telling the origin and meaning of it! And so again a single sentence will evoke action.



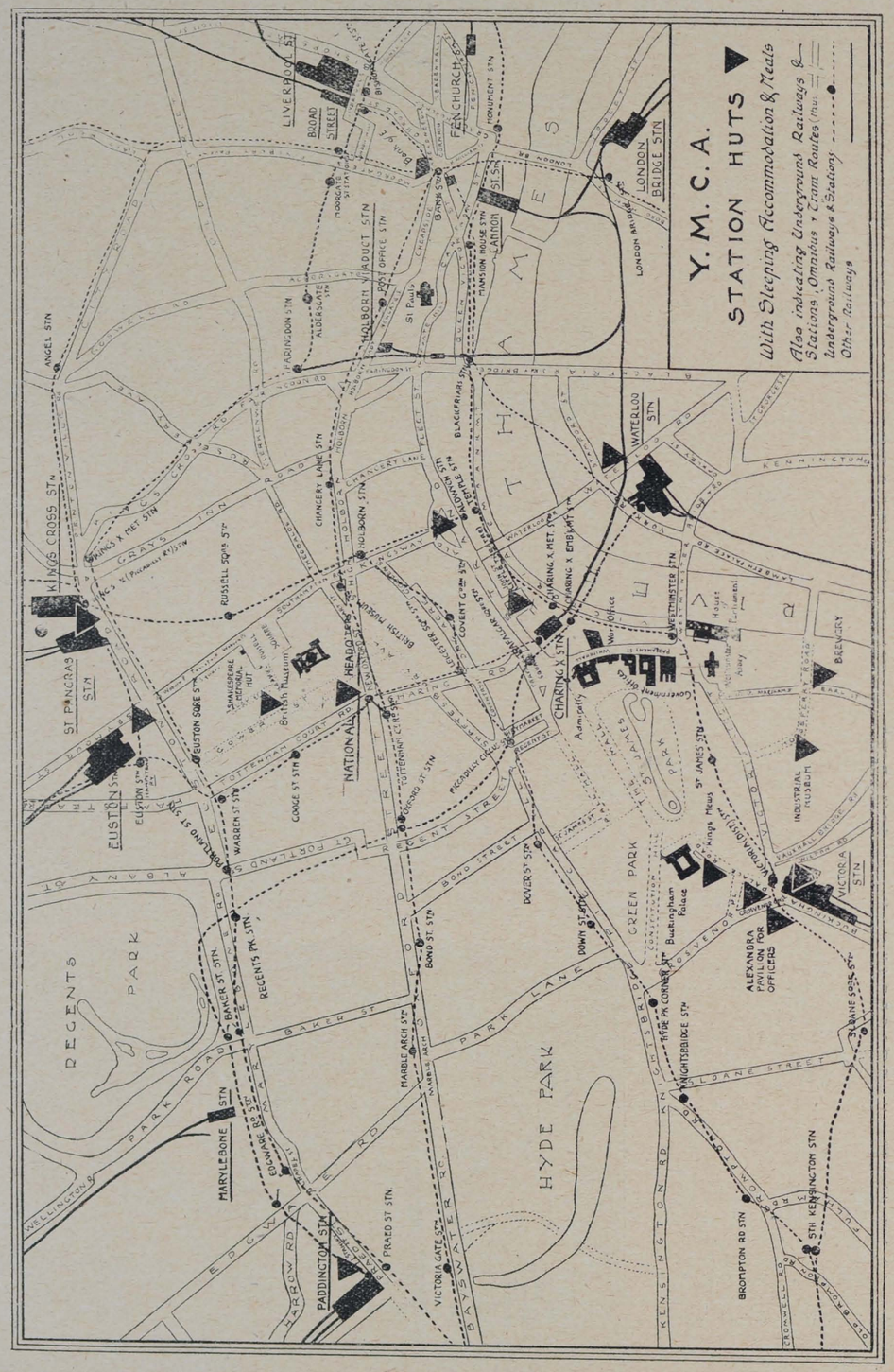
DRAUGHTS IN GOVAN.

[SMITH, ALFRED VICTOR, 2nd LANCASHIRES.

This hero with a common name
Has earned by death immortal fame.
Lay on his breast the prized V.C.,
Proclaim his deed to posterity.
Unhang the harp, unloose the lyre,
Hymn this hero of Lancashire.
Write in reverence o'er his grave,
"Saved others, himself he could not save."

J. H. HAYES.

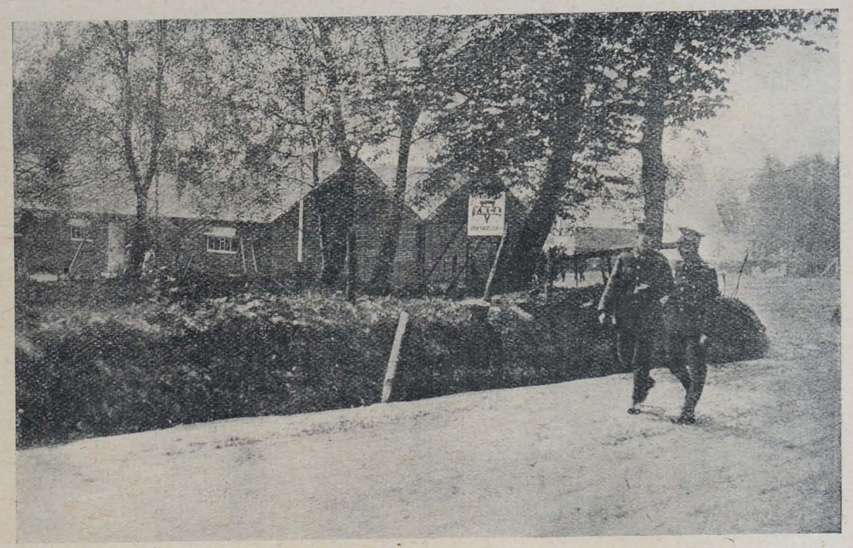
HOW TO FIND US IN LONDON.



The above map, in two colours, is to be had free from Headquarters, and is designed to help men to find the way between railway stations and our sleeping huts.

How the Lancashires Left Crowborough.

Two Memorable Evenings.



FOR a year the huge double hut at Crowborough, has been, as Lieut.-Col. Arthur Robinson, of the 2/4 East Lancashires, writes:—"The centre of the finest life of the camp." How much it has meant to officers and men alike was shown at the farewell gathering, at which the East Lancashires, who have been encamped at the Warren Hutments for nine months, took occasion to express their appreciation. A magnificent concert had been arranged by Miss Alice Lakin, who for twelve months has gathered together week by week a great array of talent for the entertainment of the men. Miss Lakin was the recipient of round upon round of cheers, and was called upon for a speech, but saying in response, "I am no speaker; I am only a singer, but with all my heart I wish you every blessing."

Mr. W. J. North, who has completely won the hearts of the men, referred in a farewell speech to the splendid gallantry of the 1st and 2nd Battalions of the 1st London Territorial Division, and to the great record of the Lancashire Regiment in Egypt and Gallipoli. He went on to deliver a message characteristic of all the work that has been done during the year in that it made a strong appeal to the religious instinct of the soldier. He dwelt upon the practice of the presence of God. In this connection, it should be said that one of the features of camp life throughout the year has been the Sunday night service, which, without announcement and without special speakers, has held the men in hundreds week by week.

Mr. North has received many splendid letters from officers and men, including Colonel Hodgkinson, commanding the 2nd/7th Lancashire Fusiliers; Captain Chas. Smith, C.F., of the 2nd/6th, who remarked that directly and indirectly the religious and moral worth of the hut is very great; Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Robinson, of the 2nd/4th; Captain G. Whitehead, President of the Officers' Mess, 2nd/9th Manchesters, who enclosed a subscription from the Mess; Captain G. T. Scott, C.F., 2nd/4th East Lancashires, who enclosed a collection taken at the Nonconformist Parade; Chaplain P. Moulden Johnson, Senior Chaplain, Church of England, 66th East Lancashire Division, who enclosed a cheque from collections taken at the Infantry Church Parades; Brigadier-General C. T. Gordon Steward, Acting O.C., East Lancashire Division; Captain H. Bruce Logan, Headquarters Staff of the 66th Division, who enclosed a cheque on behalf of the Divisional Sports Committee; the President of the Sergeants' Messes, 2nd/8th and 2nd/6th Manchesters, who each enclosed a cheque from the Mess; the N.C.O.'s and men of the 2nd/3rd East Lancashire Field Ambulances; President of the Sergeants' Mess, 2nd/4th East Lancashire Regiment, writing on behalf of the Warrant officers, Staff-Sergeants, and Sergeants of the Mess; and Major G. Sutcliffe, 2nd/5th East Lancashires, writing on behalf of Lieut.-Colonel A. S. Porritt and the officers and men of the 2nd/5th Battalion.



The Catholic troops attached to the division gave a special concert on Thursday evening, in the course of which a presentation was made to Mr. and Mrs. W. J. North by the Rev. Father Burt, R.C. Chaplain to the division, as an indication of the appreciation of the troops. In response, Mr. North said that in connection with its camp work the Y.M.C.A. always seeks to work in close co-operation with the chaplains, and since their advent at Crowborough, eighteen months ago, it has been their privilege to work in close harmony with and enjoy the personal friendship of all chaplains and acting chaplains of the Roman Catholic, Church of England, and Free Church Communions.



(The Hut, Miss Lakin, and a Tuesday Crowd.)

Y. M.

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

Organ of the Y.M.C.A. in

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

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HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

President: The Rt. Hon. LORD KINNAIRD.
Chairman British and Colonial Union:
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THE EDITORIAL OFFICES of "Y.M." are at the CENTRAL Y.M.C.A., TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, 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.

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.

A SCORE AND MORE.

Mrs. Alec-Tweedie's Success.

WE are now able to announce a long list of huts given in connection with Mrs. Alec-Tweedie's scheme. Something like twenty-five complete buildings will shortly be in full swing as the result of her efforts, and they will be found not only all over our own country, but far up in France.

The site of each one is practically determined, but inasmuch as a few have still to be decided, it is, perhaps, best to give only the list of gifts without specifying location. They are as follows:—Langdon Point (Dover), Farnborough, "Torquay" Hut, "T. R. Marshall" Hut, "South Devon," "Ulverston and District" Hut, "Kensington" Hut, "Graham" Hut (Miss Graham), "Chester" Hut, "Romford" Hut, "Woking" Hut, "Lymm" Hut, "Broughton Vale" Hut, "Hyde" Hut, "St. Marylebone" Hut, "Silsden and District" Hut, "Kettering and Rothwell" Hut, "Middlewich and Sandbach" Hut, Navy, "Epping," "Westminster" Hut, "Southwark" Hut, "The Exmouth and Helston" Hut, "The Mrs. Alec-Tweedie" Hut, "Boldre" Hut.

Of these above mentioned, the "T. R. Marshall" Hut is the very first to have been given, and is a memorial hut. Mrs. T. R. Marshall sent her contribution from Scotland last December, and has thus been able not only to commemorate the life of her late husband, but to stimulate gifts from many other people.

The Navy Hut is contributed by the officers and men of the Navy through the Naval canteens.

The record is held by Torquay, to which Mrs. Alec-Tweedie has written as follows:—"For Torquay to have collected £564 0s. 7d. in twenty-four hours with a total expenditure of £13 3s. 2d. is the most marvellous record of the whole of the campaign got up under the *Mrs. Alec-Tweedie's Hut Scheme*. Most sincerely and heartily I congratulate you.

"As you know, there was urgent need to rebuild the hut on Salisbury Plain that was burnt down. It was called 'Larkhill No. 1,' and it is a magnificent thing for the people of Torquay to have collected the money for this purpose. The work is now in hand, and the men, wanting shelter, eagerly waiting outside, will soon, I hope, obtain admittance under your hospitable roof.

"May I suggest that we call it 'The Torquay' Hut. It is a big one, as the money implies; it is in the centre of much military training; it is in a part of the country where such shelter is urgently required, and you have done a noble deed, for which the men who use the *Torquay Hut* will ever bless you. . . .

"In the last four months I have been able to collect, through the generosity of the public, twenty-four entire huts for the benefit of sailors and soldiers, and some thousands of pounds for their upkeep, but that is not nearly enough. I am greedy and want more."

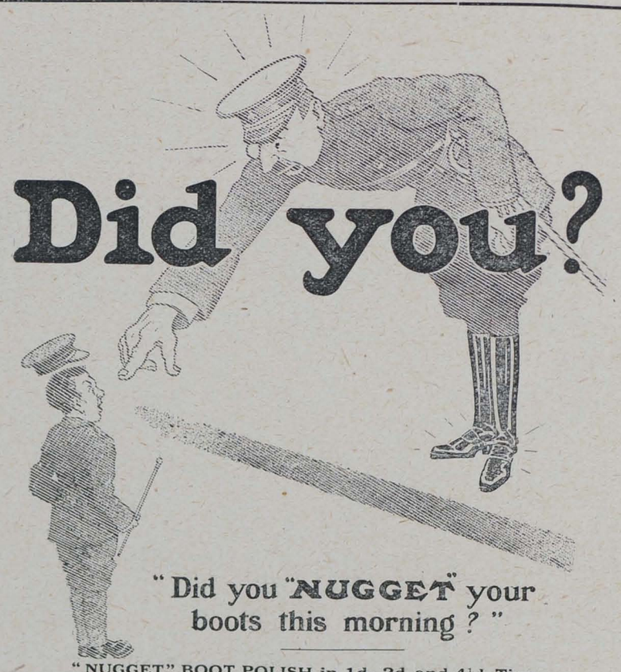
Mr. W. Eliot Thomas, of Torquay, is at work to secure huts representing Brixham, Dartmouth, Newton Abbot, Paignton, Teignmouth, as well as Torquay.

Ulverston is another distinguished town, for it raised £650 in a week, largely by collecting boxes.

What lies behind this splendid gift of huts may be gathered from a letter recently sent to Mrs. Tweedie:—

"One pound seventeen shillings and sixpence is a contribution from the Ham Working Men's Institute, the proceeds of a lecture arranged by them for this purpose. The 5s. P.O. has a pathetic interest. It was sent to one of our lads at the front for Christmas, but he was shot before it reached him, and the order was returned to his father, who brought it to me with the special request that it might be used for the huts fund, as his boy had been so much helped through it. The order is just within the three months' limit for cashing."

So ran the touching little letter, all the more touching to its recipient as Mrs. Alec-Tweedie's younger son was killed in action in France (R.F.A.) about the same time.



"NUGGET" BOOT POLISH in 1d., 2d. and 4½d. Tins.



H. G.

AMONG the questions asked of missioners and camp leaders with reference to the campaign just concluded is this: "What do you consider to be the results?" A glance through the reports shows that, with a very few exceptions, we can point to concrete facts of a most encouraging character. Here more than half the men in attendance have signed the War Roll, there a great impetus has been given to men already Christian, in one place a weekly Bible-class has been started, in another, "at the request of the men themselves, a small weekly meeting, formerly held in the back room of the hut, will in future be held for all in the hut itself."

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VERY cheering, too, is the testimony of the missioners to the value of our ordinary work. The success of the mission, says one, "is due to the earnest work for months past of the leader and his wife." Another remarks, "I was particularly struck with the atmosphere of the hut. The splendid tone of the place made the work of a stranger going in much easier." "They gave me every chance of doing my best," writes a third.

***

A DIVISIONAL secretary, in reporting upon the results for his whole area, adds, "The one week along these lines is possible only because the work is frankly spiritual in its aim at all times, and the men know it. For many months, in some huts weekly, in others nightly, prayer circles and Bible-classes have been held, and a weeknight service has been part of the programme. Previous to the campaign, 800 decisions for Christ had been quietly registered in the Y.M.C.A. huts of this district, and this represents the fruits of the labours of men who, with all consciousness of their limitations, have faithfully and continuously made it their aim to win men for Christ through the ordinary agencies of a Y.M.C.A. hut"—and these ordinary agencies in that district comprise a remarkably varied and excellent series of concerts, lectures, and other such items.

***

ALL this shows that our leaders are very fully alive to the necessity of "keeping the campaign going," so far as following it up is concerned. Naturally the first point of contact is with the men who, to the number of hundreds, and possibly of thousands, have signed the War Roll, and in so doing have professed to make the great decision, or registered themselves as Christian men. That roll reads: "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."

***

THE Religious Work Committee has already devoted a special session to the consideration of how to keep touch with those who have signed the Roll, and how to establish a link between them and the churches of various denominations. It is taking steps to put the headquarters of each denomination in possession of the names and addresses of all men on the War Roll who have declared their determination. We hope that in this way personal communication may be established between the man and the clergyman or minister within whose sphere of influence he falls at home.

***

QUITE obviously, however, our own leaders and workers have an unrivalled chance of carrying on the good work begun during the campaign. Mr. Yapp has outlined a number of definite suggestions:

(1) A personal letter should be sent to every man who signed the War Roll, intimating pleasure that he has professed to make the great decision, and urging the following aids to Christian discipleship:

A firm resolve to attend divine service at least once every Sunday:

To read a passage of Scripture every day; to carry always a pocket Testament or Gospel, and a copy of *Active Service*.

To kneel in prayer every morning and evening.

To do some definite work for the Master and for His sake every day.

To let his comrades know that he has made the great decision.

To do the right thing; to keep the right company; and to trust our Lord to help him to do what he could not do unaided.

To seek membership in the Church of his choice.

To treat the writer as a friend, and to communicate with him regarding difficulties as to life and conduct.

This letter should be signed, if possible, by the Missioner, or the leader of the camp.

(2) The co-operation of the chaplains should be enlisted forthwith in meetings for those who have signed the War Roll, such, for example, as Confirmation Classes. This is all the more important as the men will soon leave the camps in which they are now situated, but in many cases the chaplains will go with them, though it is possible there may be no Y.M.C.A. in the new camps to which they are going. In every case a list should be kept of the men in every brigade, battalion, or unit who have signed the War Roll, a secretary should be appointed from among themselves, and the list should be sent forward to the

POSTCARDS

Specially Selected for Sale in the Y.M.C.A. Huts.

IMPORTANT.—Every Card reads as from the Soldier.

We are supplying the Y.M.C.A. in all parts of the Globe.

The fairest dealing firm in the United Kingdom. ALL POSTCARDS ARE SENT ON SALE OR RETURN, therefore there is no chance of Leaders having dead stock.

OUR SPECIALITIES:—

1. The Most Popular Postcards for Camp use are the

SOLDIERS' VERSE LETTER POSTCARDS

Expressly written for Soldiers to send home to their Parents, Wives, Sweethearts, Children, Chums, Friends, etc. One leader sold 20,000 in less than a month.

2. Regimental Poem Cards, with Crest. Telling the Story of the Regiment in verse. Splendid Sellers.

3. The Famous Illustrated Real Life Song and Hymn Cards. All the Latest Songs in verse and picture, including "Keep the Home Fires Burning," and "A Little Bit of Heaven."

4. Big Selection of Camp Comics. Really funny, without being vulgar. Cards that we know sell well. Everything for the Soldier to send.

5. Relations' Birthdays. All nice gelatined Cards. Steady sellers, but sure. Wife, Father, Mother, Sweetheart, Sister, Children, etc. Try an assorted gross.

6. Regimental Crest Match-Box Covers. Sale or Return. You can deal in this class of good, on our system without fear of loss by dead stock.

7. Treasury Note Cases. For Regimental Passes, Treasury Notes, "Treasured" Notes, etc.

Send us along an order for an assorted 1,000, or a gross, and we will guarantee that you will be satisfied with our goods. Show Cards sent with all orders.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

To Hut Leaders who have not tried our goods, we will forward free of all charge a ¼-gross as a trial sample. Write now.

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CARR'S BISCUITS

Have you tried
Carr's Celebrated

PENNY GINGERBREAD?

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."

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are the neatly wrapped packets of

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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.

Y.M.C.A. in the camp to which they are going.

(3) A War Roll meeting for prayer and Bible study should be held at least weekly in each centre, primarily to help men who have signed the War Roll, and they should be encouraged to use their influence to get others to attend.

(4) A temporary Y.M.C.A. should be formed in each camp, consisting of Christian men who agree to work for Christ amongst their fellows in camp. There are a great many Christian men in every camp, and the danger is that they may drift unless we can find them something to do. Every leader should compile a register of men in camp who have taken part in Christian work before joining the Colours, and should use his utmost endeavours to enrol them for Christian service in camp.

(5) Wherever possible we should enlist the help of a group of Christian officers in each camp, who will be prepared to supplement our efforts.

(6) It will be worth any effort we can make to concentrate prayer upon each one of these groups, *e.g.*, if the Minister of a certain church has been conducting a mission in one of the camps we should try through his instrumentality to organise Prayer in his Parish, not only for the work in general, but specially for the men who have been led to Christ through his efforts.

(7) The League of the Spiritual War has been founded by a group of clergymen and ministers, to help men to keep in touch with those who have been working amongst them in camp, and to enable them to make contact with a church at home if they are not already members or communicants. It has been of service in many of our huts, and any men who wish to have particulars about it should write to the Religious Work Department, Y.M.C.A., Tottenham Court-road.

* * *

ONCE more we would urge the fact that prayer, organised prayer, spontaneous prayer, intercessory prayer—prayer that will take no refusal—is the supreme need of the Y.M.C.A.; and is it not England's greatest need too? If the German fleet comes out, as it may come, at any time, are we going to depend only on

Reeking tube and iron shard
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard.

Or will our sailors and soldiers be supported by a great army of men and women who know God, and who can say from their hearts, "Lord, it is nothing with Thee to help, whether with many, or with them that have no power; help us, O Lord our God; for we rest on Thee and in Thy name we go against the multitude. O Lord, Thou art our God; let not man prevail against Thee." That is the way of Victory.

THE CAMPAIGN IN EGYPT.

Lord Radstock and American Missionaries.

LORD RADSTOCK is doing invaluable work in Egypt just now. He writes from the Y.M.C.A. headquarters at Cairo on March 7, 1916:—

MY DEAR MR. YAPP,—First let me thank you for your kind messages through Johnson. I have written to you nearly every mail, but missed it last week through going to Port Said to meet Carter, of the Indian Y.M.C.A.

I think that the situation here may most aptly be summed up in the words of Elijah to Ahab: "There is a sound of abundance of rain."

The indications are widespread, and not exceptional: the spirit of God is at work already in a marked degree. Imagine 150 Australian men meeting for Bible study, ninety Australians meeting for special prayer for the campaign; at meeting after meeting numbers of them seeking the Saviour.

Our preparations for the campaign are well in hand in the various centres, and everything points to a time of great ingathering. Bishop MacInnes (Bishop in Jerusalem) has just given us the opening message at our weekly conference of camp leaders.

But the feature of special interest last week was the opening of two American mat huts at Sidi Bishr Camp, near Alexandria. They were used by the American missionaries for a summer resort by the seaside, but, owing to the war, this is impossible now. They have most generously placed them at the disposal of the Y.M.C.A., together with four of their missionaries who were set apart the other day at their conference for exclusive work among the troops.

Mr. Jessop and I went to Alexandria for this purpose, and I wish you could have seen the equipment and arrangement of these two places—quite admirable, everything provided for their wants, an excellent canteen, games, writing tables, &c., in one hut, while the other one is to be used for meetings and concerts.

Lady Carnarvon herself came and declared them open, in a very charming little speech. Mr. Jessop simply captured the men with his manly and at the same time humorous speech. Captain Bell, R.C.A.M.C., a celebrated surgeon from across the Atlantic,



A BIBLE-CLASS OF AUSTRALIANS IN EGYPT.

gave a very faithful message and testimony; also Mr. Boyd, of the American Mission, spoke, and I, representing the National Council, gave some account of the rise and progress of the work. Dr. Kennedy was in the chair; he is doing invaluable work, and has charge of the centres in the Alexandria district.

As soon as the huts were opened, the men swarmed in like bees, and simply took possession of the place, and at the concert at night the crowds were very great indeed.

All through the war the American missionaries have shown warm sympathy with the work, and have co-operated, as far as possible; but this is such a specially marked token on their part that it would be nice if you could get some account of this put in the *Y.M.* paper. It would be an appropriate recognition of their help, and timely also.

With warm Christian regards,
Yours very sincerely,
RADSTOCK.

THE CHIVALRY OF CHRIST.

John George Alec Scott.

WE have received news of the death of Second Lieutenant J. G. A. Scott, 16th Lancashire Fusiliers, from shell wounds, and the sincerest sympathy of Association



THE LATE LIEUT. SCOTT.

men will go out to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John T. Scott, of Rushden. He was a man of whom we were all proud. In the earlier months of the war he served with Mr. Arthur Johnson as a Y.M.C.A. secretary in the Tring area. He had charge of our centre at Slough for some two months, while the soldiers were being catered for in the Public Hall, and afterwards was in charge of our hut at Windsor. He was a fine leader, and proved most popular with the men. He joined the Sportsmen's Battalion, and subsequently obtained a commission. Keen athlete and cheery comrade, he had been captain of the Northampton Saturday Cricket Club, an expert billiard player, and a well-known swimmer. The Commanding Officer of his regiment wrote to his parents:—"Your son has done splendid work with us, and was one of the most promising of our junior officers. I had put him on special work, and found him eager and quick to learn. His company officer tells me that he showed great courage and coolness during the terrible bombardment in which he was wounded." He received his wounds while carrying a wounded sergeant to a place of safety, an action which will be to all who knew him characteristic of the spirit in which his life was lived. So did he prove worthy of the high calling wherewith he was called.

SPORTS MEETINGS FOR SOLDIERS—*(Concluded)*.

By HERBERT E. NAYLOR (Physical Director, London Central Y.M.C.A.).

Saturday, September 18, opened in fine style; the sun was up, and seemed determined to give the finishing touch to the programme. From 8 a.m. the ground was a hive of industry, marquees and tents being erected, flags hoisted, obstacles assuming a formidable array for the obstacle race, and from the quantity of refreshments arriving the Y.M.C.A. evidently expected a big day.

The officials were timed to assemble at 1.45 p.m., but trains are not always punctual, and it happened that the timekeeper and starter were not in attendance. Such an emergency had been provided for, and a pistol and stop-watch were handed to temporary officials. At 2.15 sharp the first heat of the 100 yards started, and successive heats were just as promptly decided. Starting-post entries were numerous, and as each race was in progress the post-entry steward forwarded the additional names to the clerk of the course, who included them in his list. The gate stewards had an exceptionally heavy time, and of all the tasks theirs was one of the unenviable ones, as they saw practically nothing of the sports. Press photographers were very busy securing pictures of close finishes, while the cinema operator gave his special attention to the pillow fight, sack race, and obstacle event.

Everyone who was not busy was merry, and when the close came the time had passed all too quickly. Before the last event had finished many of the spectators took up their positions near the enclosure set apart for the prize distribution.

As expected, there was a clamour for a speech from the famous statesman who made the presentation to the victors, and as his remarks dealt with an urgent question relating to the war the Press representatives recorded every word, and the sports meeting got the credit. The speech appeared in practically every journal of note, and pictures of the events were published on a scale unprecedented.

No wonder Mr. Alnews was so keen to obtain details of the visit!

At 6 p.m. the transport waggons were again busy, but it took far less time to dismantle the tents and clear the ground than it did to prepare same.



A Good Gym. Team in the West.

The Association materials were collected together, and left in charge of the Naughtiboys' School groundman until the following Monday, when they were returned to the London Central Headquarters.

The final meeting of the committee had been arranged for Thursday, September 23, and the treasurer promised by that date to have the accounts ready. The agenda for that meeting, therefore, read:—

1. Minutes.
2. Report of Sports.
3. Finance.
4. Letters of thanks.

Other business.

After disposing of the minutes the secretary presented a formal report of the sports, and the unanimous opinion was that everything had passed off satisfactorily. More interesting was the statement by Lieut. Cash of the financial position, which appears below:—

Receipts.

	£	s.	d.
Subs. from regiments	17	5	0
Donation from Salvation Army	1	0	0
Donation from headmaster Naughtiboys' School	0	10	0
Gate receipts	5	5	9
Chair receipts	2	18	9
Entry fees	9	14	10
Enclosure tickets	0	7	0
	£37	1	4

Expenditure.

	£	s.	d.
Faudels, prizes	2	14	5
Bravingtons, prizes	12	10	0
Collins, prizes	1	9	6
Lockwood, printing	0	2	6
Williams, printing	2	8	6
Richardson, stationery	0	1	0
Kenning, badges	0	10	0
Bandsmen, tea	0	10	6
Groundman, expenses	0	17	0
Timekeeper, expenses	0	2	6
Starter, expenses	0	4	6
Post entry steward, expenses	0	9	0
Special steward, expenses	0	2	7
Secretary's expenses	1	8	8
Postages	0	1	6
Gratuities	0	7	0
Sundries	0	4	0
Balance in hand	12	18	2
	£37	1	4

After a short discussion, a resolution was adopted that the balance of £12 18s. 2d. should be handed to the Y.M.C.A. in appreciation of the efforts of its workers in connection with the sports.

Votes of thanks were accorded all those who had rendered special service, and the proceedings closed with a new link forged between the Association and the officers and men of Campsbourne.

That there was nothing exceptional in the results achieved was proved at other camps, and there appears no reason why such a programme should not be repeated in every camp, both on this side and across the water.

(The Headquarters staff will always be happy to render all assistance possible to secretaries and leaders who desire to carry out such a meeting.)

A Service Wrist Watch for your friend at the Front!

The best value in Luminous Wrist Watches ever offered. Strong Dustproof Nickel case. Pigskin or Suede adjustable strap. Keyless action. Enamel dial.

Perfect Timekeeping. Visible at Night

Luminous Spots and Hands.

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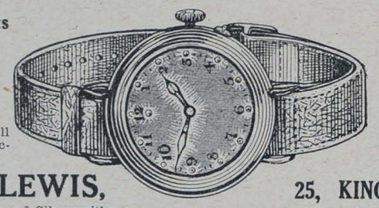
Cash refunded in full if not entirely satisfactory and approved.



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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 **4d.** TAB. IN METAL BOX.

EDWARD COOK & Co., Ltd. The Soapery, Bow, London, E.

AT THE SIGN OF THE RED TRIANGLE.

News and Notes Gathered from a Quarters.

During the period March 20 to 25 the chief gifts have been as follows:—

	£
Manchester Y.M.C.A. (Manchester and Salford Mothers' Hut)	766
S.E. District of Y.M.C.A. (Forest-row Hut)	600
Mappin, S. W.	300
Dorchester Hut (per M. H. Bradshaw)	300
Horsham Hut (per W. J. Hart)	216
Fernie, R. K., and Mrs. Bell	200
Pilkington, R. A.	200
Kelk, Sir John W., Bart.	200
Pilkington, Misses and Messrs.	150
Per Dennis, H. A. (Boys' Hut, Crayford)	150
Spencer, Miss	125
Carr's Flour Mills	125
Gosberton, Risegate, and Clough (inhabitants of)	105
Oldroyd and Sons, M.	100
Aitken, Mr. and Mrs.	100
Evans, P. and S.	100
Crosse and Blackwell, Messrs.	105
Judkins, Mrs.	100
Batten, per Miss (for Euston Hut)	84
Latta, W.	50
Latter, A. C.	50
Rhodes, R. P.	50
Noble, W. J.	50

An anonymous gift of 10s. 6d. was received from a friend at Kensington Chapel per Mr. Das.

A Memorial to Mr. Bernard Cory.

A very fine tribute has recently been paid to our work by a lady, who writes:—

"I am sending you the enclosed cheque, hoping you will use it for the Y.M.C.A. huts.

"You will probably remember the late Mr. Bernard Cory, who was killed in the Dardanelles last June. The £25 was left to me in his will, and, knowing how keen a member he was of the Y.M.C.A. and how highly he thought of your work, I decided the money could not be better used.

"Will you please use it in his name."

Manchester and Salford Mothers' Hut.

A sum of £765 17s. 3d. has been received through Mr. C. E. Derham for a Manchester and Salford Mothers' Hut.

The friends in Manchester hope to be able to raise enough money not only to build a hut for France, but to equip it and maintain it.

We hope many other districts will follow suit, and that the mothers of England may provide a number of these huts.

Corrections.

Misfortune was our lot last week. We give above a picture of the interior of the Lady Howard Hut at Pembre. By an unfortunate slip, to the portraits of the donors and the pictures of the outside of the hut and the staff of lady workers in last week's issue were attached the names of Sir Stafford and Lady Northcote. These should, of course, have been Sir Stafford and Lady Howard.

Then, too, the hut at Boulogne, of which a picture appeared on the cover, was misdescribed, owing to a typographical mistake. The hut was given by the Misses Butlin, of Bristol, and is named after them.

We apologise for this accumulation of errors.

The Conversion of the U.D.C.

The Oxford Association has taken over the furnished premises of the University Dramatic Club, in order to provide further accommodation for the soldiers in Oxford, and have opened up other centres in St. Aldates, where there are about 400 or 500 men billeted. In the latter centre there is a gymnasium and rifle range, which the C.O. is going to use.

The Oxford Association now has the flag flying in four places. Mr. Beaumont writes of the value that Oxford sets upon the services of Mr. Drake, and the extent to which he is missed now that he has undertaken the charge of the Workers' Department at headquarters.



Inside the "Lady Howard" Hut at Pembre.

At Grove Park, Lee.

A fine new hut has been opened by Lady North for the use of the troops at Pennington Camp, Grove Park. Major-General Sir Francis Lloyd was, unfortunately, prevented by illness from taking part. A large proportion of the cost, £585, was contributed by local residents.

An Addition at Roffey.

Lady Loder opened the newly added Quiet Room at Roffey Camp, presented by Miss Hammerton, and entertained a large number of visitors, the occasion being also that of the eighteenth anniversary of the Horsham Y.M.C.A. Colonel Lyle, O.C., and Mrs. Lyle were among those who were present. A fine statement of the year's work was presented by the secretary, Mr. W. J. Hart.

A New Hut at Newmarket.

A new hut at the Brickfields Camp was formally opened by Major-General F. H. Kelly, C.B., commanding the 60th Division. Colonel the Hon. A. E. Dalzell, C.B., commanding the 207th Brigade, presided. Both officers took occasion to speak in terms of high appreciation of the work of the Association.

In the Wirral.

A new hut erected on the camping ground of the 3rd Cheshires, Bidston, is for the most part used by the Derby recruits. Mr. Gershom Stewart, M.P., who was accompanied by Mrs. Stewart, performed the opening ceremony, being supported by Lieut.-Colonel A. Greg and the officers of the regiment.

Mr. C. J. Procter, J.P., president of the Birkenhead Y.M.C.A., who has accomplished such splendid things in the Liverpool district, has taken a special interest in the hut, and, with Miss Procter, was present at the opening.

At Fareham.

The new hut at Fareham was opened by Mrs. Arthur Lee, Colonel English, R.F.A., presiding. Mrs. Lee said she was glad to be present, because she knew of the splendid work being done in connection with these huts, and her husband often said what a very great blessing they had proved to the men.

Farewell to a Y.M.C.A. Derbyite.

Mr. Herbert Marshall has made a striking success of the work in Halifax. He is now called up in connection with the Derby scheme. A farewell supper was given him by the executive of the Halifax Association, and letters of high appreciation were read from Mr. J. H. Whitley, M.P., Mr. J. Parker, M.P., the Mayor (Councillor R. Hodgson), Sir G. H. Fisher Smith, J.P., and many others. Those present voiced their tributes in most cordial speeches, while also a parting gift was presented to Mr. Marshall.

Lord Wimborne's View.

His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Earl of Wimborne, writes as follows to the editor of the *City of Belfast Y.M.C.A. Magazine*:—

"It gives me pleasure, in reply to your request, to testify to the most valuable work performed by your society in the present war. I have had the pleasure of visiting several of your institutions, and have been much struck with the admirable way they are conducted, and the extent to which they are appreciated by those they are designed to serve.

"What soldiers would have done without the accommodation you provide for their comfort and convenience, both at home and at the different seats of war, it is, now that they are in existence, difficult to imagine, and I am glad to know that, not satisfied with your achievements, you are now extending like advantages to munition workers.

"I am sure that you may confidently rely on public support in an undertaking which has proved itself so practical and beneficial."

A Day of Intercession.

The next and sixth day of united intercession, arranged by the World's Evangelical Alliance, will be held in the Queen's Hall, Langham-place, W., on Monday, April 3, at 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. A large number of representative clergy, ministers, and laymen of the Metropolis will take part, and among the speakers will be the eloquent M. le Pasteur Reuben Saillens, who is coming over from France.

DR. GRENFELL AT THE FRONT.

Is There Enough Preaching?

DR. GRENFELL, in khaki, came into the London Central a few days ago, having just arrived from the front, where he has been in charge of an American hospital unit composed mainly of American university men. We booked him forthwith for a lecture, which he delivered a few nights later, this time appearing in mufti, since he is now on his way back to his beloved Labrador, having resigned his commission as Major in the R.A.M.C., in order to return to his motor-boat medical mission. We wish space allowed of a full account of his thrilling story. He had no praise sufficient for the R.A.M.C., which, as he showed, has reduced the ravages of "gas" and "tetanus" microbes, and the prevalence of pneumonia, until the percentage is 1.6 per 1,000 men, as against 3.3 per 1,000 in a civilian population. He told, too, of the splendid arrangements for baths and disinfection, though he ran a tilt against the use of khaki, and suggested a Labrador dress of leather as more hygienic and serviceable.

He said that he was going to tell his friends in America the difference between neutrality and impartiality, counting the former a sin where matters of right and wrong are concerned. At the same time, he told of Americans enlisting in the ranks of the Allies, especially of one young doctor who, witnessing German barbarity on the field, came to England to exchange his uniform for that of a private, and took out a group of Americans with him in the ranks to serve as combatants.

The doctor was full of rejoicing that Canada had just "gone dry," and showed how drink was the supreme enemy.

During his time of service Dr. Grenfell has seen a great deal of the life in our huts, and has spoken on religious questions in a very large number of them. In a particularly emphatic passage, which formed part of a very fine eulogium of Y.M.C.A. work as he has seen it, the doctor said, "People say there is not enough preaching done. I've seen it said lately. But it isn't preaching that is important; it is the translation of the message of love into the form most needed. No eloquence of preaching or correctness of theory matters so much as finding the best way to render the love of God through one man to another. The lives the Y.M.C.A. workers are living out there are doing this." He went on to speak with great feeling of the service rendered by the Y.M.C.A. to relatives of wounded soldiers summoned to France.

Confessing that he had never before been reluctant to go back to Labrador, Dr. Grenfell said that he went because his principle of life was to serve where he was most required. On that principle he based a stirring presentation of the claims of Jesus Christ to the life of every man present.

MISS ELISABETH RISDON, the famous leading lady of the cinematograph world, has taken the deepest interest in the work the Y.M.C.A. is doing for the men of his Majesty's forces, and is most anxious that through her efforts a Y.M.C.A. hut should be erected "somewhere in France." As many of our readers are well aware, Mr. Hall Caine's famous work, "The



Christian," has been filmed recently with Miss Risdon as "Glory Quayle." Wherever the film is produced, and it will be produced from end to end of England during the next six months, photographs of Miss Risdon will be on sale, each one individually autographed, the proceeds being for this hut fund. We hope our friends will co-operate in making this scheme a great success.

The London Film Company Syndicate, with which Miss Elisabeth Risdon is connected, have made most generous promises of assistance to our centres in London for concert work.

A GOOD TIP!

Take the advice or seasoned soldiers. They will tell you that the secret of keeping fit and fresh on the march is—an occasional piece of Wrigley's SPEARMINT Chewing Gum. A soldier can carry no more wholesome or beneficial confection—it's an "Extra ration" in itself—the ration that sustains and invigorates you.



WRIGLEY'S

SPEARMINT

CHEWING GUM

"The Confection that keeps you fit."

Since the outbreak of war the sale of Wrigley's has increased by leaps and bounds—sailors and War-workers as well as soldiers finding it an ideal thirst quencher and preventive of fatigue. Keeps the digestion good, too; and is 'simply splendid' for the teeth and gums.

Flavoured with the pure juice of fresh-gathered mint leaves; as delicious as it is beneficial.

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT Chewing Gum,

5 bars 2½d.

40 bars 1/6

Sold by all Chemists and Confectioners and all Branches of Boots Cash Chemists in ½d. bars; 5 bars 2½d. Mammoth box of 40 bars for 1/6. If you find any difficulty in obtaining it, apply direct to

WRIGLEY'S, Ltd.
Lambeth Palace Road, S.E.

That's what you want old chap, WRIGLEY'S



SNAPSHOTS FROM HOME.

News and Notes.

We reproduce below a few more of the many letters from recipients (and one from a would-be recipient) of Snapshots from Home which are now reaching us by every post:—

Corporal J. A. Baker, writing from Le Havre, says:—"I have just received through my wife, Mrs. J. Baker, of 84, Stoneleigh-road, Penny Barr, the snapshot of my family you so kindly took of them. Please accept my best thanks for these. It certainly brings one in touch with home again, when one can see our dear ones so plainly, and I am indebted both to yourself and the initiators of the idea, the Y.M.C.A. people. Surely if any deserved the thanks of the boys out here it is these people, who have done so much to brighten their existence."

* *

Private J. G. Newry, writing from Draycott Camp, Chiseldon, near Swindon, says:—"A few lines to thank you most sincerely for the photographs received, which were taken by your association. They are splendid and finished very nicely.

"I take this opportunity of thanking you for all the good work the Y.M.C.A. is doing here and elsewhere."

* *

Gunner Dangerfield, writing from Romsey Camp, says:—"My people have sent on to me one of the snapshots you kindly had taken, and we are all very pleased with them and thank you very much for same."

* *

Stoker H. Ball, of H.M.S. *Minos*, writes as follows:—"Just a line to let you know I have received your photographs (Snapshots from Home), and was very pleased with them.

"Will you please accept my best thanks for your kind favour?

"Wishing your excellent society the best of luck and prosperity."

* *

Private W. Paul, writing from Hurdcott Camp, Salisbury, says:—"I am writing to thank you for photographs of my father. I am much obliged to you for taking it, and I am rather loath to ask you to trouble to take one of my grandma at 11, Orcus-street. I would be very grateful if you could. Again thanking you, &c."

* *

Gunner J. L. Small, writing from France, says:—"I am in receipt of photo, and am quite pleased with it, and thank you very much for your kindness.

"I cannot express my thanks, but I will keep it and treasure it through thick and thin. I think it is a splendid movement, and I sincerely hope it will be a success."

Corporal Wm. Davidson, 19th Batt. Rifle Brigade, M.E.F., writes:—"I have just seen some of your little snapshots sent out here. They are 'simply great,' as expressed by 'one of the boys.' I would feel indebted to you if you could oblige me with one of the same of my two boys, who reside with their grandmother in Bathgate, Scotland. Trusting a favourable reply."

* *

Mr. George V. Nye, writing from 4, Albert Bridge-road, Battersea Park, says:—"I made an appointment with Miss C. to take her photographs at her friend's house on a certain day and at a certain time. She however, failed to keep the appointment. I therefore assume that she would rather not have the pictures taken, and return the voucher to you."

* *

Mr. Francis Fawcett, writing from 1, Salisbury Villas, Walpole-road, South Woodford, Essex, says:—"My usual fate upon calling at a house is to receive the remark, 'Can't you call on Monday?' This is despite the fact that I have written on Monday to state that I shall call on the following Saturday, and on Tuesday or Wednesday to say that I shall call upon the following Sunday, unless I receive a note to say that this is inconvenient. In each case I fix an approximate time within one hour. That is, I state that I shall call between 1 and 2 p.m., for instance. After my first experience I have enclosed a stamped addressed envelope for a reply. In no case have I received a reply. In *one* case has my appointment been met. In five cases the 'Can't you call on Monday?' has been my lot. In three cases, 'Mother's out!'"



* *

Mr. W. A. Sullivan, writing from 10, Chichester-road, Leytonstone, says:—"With reference to application No. 025636, enclosed, Mrs. N., when my wife called to make arrangements for me, made some rather sarcastic remarks regarding the quality of work produced by amateurs, and said she would have the photographs taken by a professional."

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NOTES ON DAILY READINGS.

For the Junior Department Branch of the Scripture Union.

By the Rev. A. J. COSTAIN, M.A., Headmaster of Rydal Mount School.

Author of *Life of Arthur Jackson, The Day-break Call,* &c.

Saturday, April 1st.—John xi. 32-46. The words in verse 33 paint a very vivid picture. They show us Christ with His lips quivering and His breath coming quick and short. Then in verse 35 we find Him bursting into tears. This is the verse that men have gladly fastened upon as an illustration of the kindly human sympathies of Christ. Quite what it was that made Him weep—who can tell? One has suggested, writing many years ago, "He wept for him, almost saying: 'One that has sailed within the haven, I am calling back to the billows; one that has already been crowned, I am bringing again to the contests.'" What is the difference between the raising of Lazarus and the raising of Christ? Is it not that Lazarus came back to the *old* life?

Sunday, 2nd.—John xi. 47-57. There is consternation in the hearts of the people's rulers. Jesus of Nazareth was perverting the people; it would mean the end of all things for the Jews if He were allowed to get the upper hand. There is only one way out of the difficulty. If either He or the nation must die, then it follows, obviously, that He must perish. "It is expedient," cries the High Priest, "that one man should die for the people." He spoke better than he knew; this was an unconscious prophecy. Even Caiaphas is among the prophets!

Monday, 3rd.—John xii. 1-19. This is one of the most beautiful stories in the New Testament. Mary's heart was overflowing with gratitude to Him who had given Lazarus back to her. How could she tell Him what she felt? She could find no words, and she despised herself for a weak, tongue-tied woman. But she took her precious ointment and anointed the feet of Jesus. There was no stinting of the gift. The whole house was filled with the odour of the ointment. Her Lord took it as His anointing for the day of His burial. What was to Mary all too poor a way of telling what she could not speak, was to Christ the fairest gift that human hands ever lavished upon Him. Don't forget that your eye or your hand can often speak when your tongue fails you.

Tuesday, 4th.—John xii. 20-36. This is a very dramatic incident which only St. John records—the coming of the Greeks to Jesus. Our Lord seems to have thrilled with exultation as He sees the Gentiles coming unto Him. Here was an earnest of His ultimate trial. It also meant to Him a searching of heart. Must He go the way of the Cross? Could He be saved from this hour? He chooses that the sacrificial love which is the glory of God should find its highest expression in His death. "Father, glorify Thy Name." He spoke like the Son of God that He was, and His choice was ratified by the Voice from Heaven. It is worthy of note that neither the transfiguration nor the agony of the garden of Gethsemane is recorded in St. John. This incident seems to combine features of both.

Wednesday, 5th.—John xii. 37-50. Do you really think that God has blinded men's eyes? Frankly, I don't, any more than I believe that God hardened Pharaoh's heart. This is a primitive way of thinking. Men used to ascribe everything to God. Surely the evil that we do is *our* doing and not His. There are none so blind as those who won't see. It's hardly fair to cast the blame on God, when you have really shut your own eyes. You remember the story of the little boy who had been told not to tread on some flower-bed. When his footprints were found there, he said, "I didn't mean to go, but God pushed me on."

Thursday, 6th.—John xiii. 1-11. Do you know what an anti-climax is? It is when a sentence begins on a high level and descends to a low level before its close. "In one day our hero lost his wife, his child, and his purse." Look at verses 3 and 4: "Jesus, knowing that the Father had given all things into His hands, and that He came forth from God, took a towel and girded Himself . . . and began to wash the disciples' feet." It was one of His great object-lessons. "I am among you as one that serveth." What does our high-lineage demand of us but that we should serve our fellows? There are no lowly tasks, no menial service. All honest work is high and holy, be it lighting a fire, or scrubbing a floor or running an errand. Jesus of Nazareth, at any rate, was not ashamed to work with His hands.

Friday, 7th.—John xiii. 12-26. Here Christ brings home to His disciples the lesson He has just taught them. He tells them what the feet-washing has meant. But even Christ's words would not have so impressed them as His act. How often in the after-years did the scene come back to them! They remembered it all—the dignity of His high calling manifest in every line of His face; their wonder as He girded Himself; their astonishment as He stooped to wash their feet. He had not only taught them something that night—they had learnt something. There is a big difference between the two things, isn't there?

Colonel L. G. F. Gordon, R.F.A., writes as follows:—

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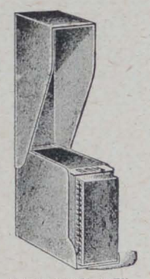

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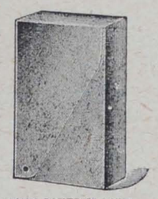

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A BLIND GYMNAST.

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JOHN BUCHAN.

ONE of the four or five British writers on the war who have increased their reputations and their readers is Mr. John Buchan. He is forty-one years old, and published his first book, *Sir Quixote,* when he was twenty. Since then there has been practically no year without a book, and the speed has accelerated lately. I suppose that since the war few men have been more industrious with their pens than Mr. Buchan. He believes intensely in the righteousness of our cause, and says, finely: "Britain is fighting to establish the greatest of all neutral rights—the right to freedom." Coming straight from the Grand Fleet the other day, he drew a graphic picture of the scene on which his eyes had rested. "It is not only those great monsters lying out in those northern waters, beaten upon by snow gusts and wreathed in mists. It is not only the extraordinary efficiency of the Service, the wonders of the gunnery and the equipment, but far more it is the spirit of the men. . . . I do not believe there is one man in the Grand Fleet to-day who is not as competent and as keen and as fresh as when the war started." Discussing sea power, Mr. Buchan says: "Sea power alone will not give victory over military power. By itself it is not even adequate for defence. But now, as in the time of Napoleon, it stands between the land conqueror and his ambition."

Mr. Buchan, in writing a history of the war, is able to draw on much personal experience. He saw the brilliant attack of the French last June in the Artois. "They went into action singing, with sprays of lilac and hawthorn stuck in their caps, and in the first big battle the Central Brigade went clean through everything, and got to the top of the Vemy Heights." That little phrase, "with sprays of lilac and hawthorn stuck in their caps," is characteristic of Mr. Buchan's style. But though his work has many "purple patches," its first and lasting excellence is its technical accuracy. His books, *The Watcher by the Threshold* and *A Lodge in the Wilderness*, proved his powers of description, and quite lately he has added to the already wide area of his published works by acknowledging the authorship of an anonymous piece of fiction of quite a different character. A man who can write a good novel, a volume on the law relating to the taxation of foreign income, a *Life of the Marquis of Montrose,* and a college history has surely proved his "infinite variety."

Writing books has in the last few years been only part of Mr. Buchan's achievements. He is a director of the great publishing house of Thomas Nelson and Sons, and is proud to call himself a bookseller. During the war Mr. Buchan has delivered many lectures as the result of his own visits to the Front as a special correspondent, and his careful collection of information as to the course of the war. He is a fluent speaker, and his audiences have enjoyed greatly his sparkling and impressive narratives.



MR. JOHN BUCHAN.

Mr. Buchan is a son of the manse, and hails from Peeblesshire. After being at Glasgow University, he had a distinguished course at Oxford, becoming President of the Union. An interlude of journalistic experience filled the next months. He was called to the Bar, and went to South Africa in 1901 as private secretary to Lord Milner. His life in South Africa has coloured more than one of his vivacious stories. I can hardly imagine that Mr. Buchan will rest content with the mild excitement of a publisher's career, even when it is supplemented by the work of an author and lecturer. It is possible that in years to come we may hear of him in Parliament, for he has a distinct gift for public affairs. He is a lover of the open air, as witness his acknowledged recreations—deer-stalking and fishing. In Switzerland and elsewhere the mountains have tempted him to climb to their summits, and describe his experiences afterwards in glowing prose. He married nine years ago a daughter of the late Hon. Norman Grosvenor, who shares his literary tastes. Already his *History of the War* has reached its tenth volume—they are not bulky volumes, of course—and one feels no sense of weariness as one proceeds with this long record of warfare, for Mr. Buchan contrives to sustain the interest in a remarkable way. He has every right to be very proud of the eulogies which have been passed upon his *History* by competent critics, including a large number of men who have themselves played a conspicuous part in the transactions he describes

COOKING.

By the RT. HON. G. W. E. RUSSELL, Author of "Collections and Recollections," &c.

A LADY writes:—"Your paper on Spring Cleaning is very sensible. Perhaps you would give us some hints about Cooking." Does satire underlie that seemingly kind invitation? Is my correspondent imitating Mrs. Gamp, who, in a fit of professional jealousy, said to the celibate and senile Chuffey: "Suppose you was to favour us with some remarks on Twins, sir, if you *would* be so good"? But, no! I cannot think so ill of the gentle sex; and I take the suggestion in the "simple faith" which Tennyson commended.

All definitions, except perhaps those of Euclid (and even they have required revision), are inexact, and the definition of man as a Cooking Animal is just as good or as bad as the rest. I have seen an elephant make tea, and I daresay that some traveller will tell us that in the forest of South America monkeys roast mangoes in the sun. But for the present purpose it is enough to say that the animals which we know best do not cook their food, whereas we do, and that herein lies one of the clearest differences that separate us from them. It is true that as a rule the usage of modern life restricts the glorious privilege of Cooking to womankind, but the greatest cooks of the world have been men. Beauvilliers wrote the *Art du Cuisinier* in two octave volumes, and Francatelli is still the "Cook's Guide" wherever the English language is read. If it be objected that Cooking may be an occupation fit for "Darned Mounseers," but is unworthy of a true-born Englishman, let the highly indigenous names of Hopwood, Huggins, Barge, Pratt, House, Mills, Farmer, and "Dick Wood," all counted worthy to be written in Hayward's *Art of Dining*, repel the unworthy insinuation.

The Cook, like the Poet, is born, not made, and I doubt not that he is as often born in England as in France or Italy, and much oftener than in Germany; but here the social atmosphere is against him, and he seldom attains maturity. When I see a boy making toffee or roasting chestnuts, I recognize the germ of what, properly tended, might be a beautiful and beneficent growth; and, when I was young, the great seats of national education did much to develop it. I well remember the curiously leathery arrangement of eggs which passed at Harrow as an omelette, and the vivid contrast of black outside and red within which marked our *filets-de-bœuf*. A recent writer on life at Harrow has observed with perfect truth that "Fair work can be done with a Dutch oven in front of the fire, but a sausage toasted over the gas is seldom good." It may be true that our attempts at creative cookery were a little crude, but we were really experts in that domestic operation which is called "Hotting-up." We bought our food for breakfast, or, if we were fags, our masters' food, at the Tuckshops, and, after carrying it, say, half-a-mile through the frosty air of a December morning, we coaxed it back at the fire to an acceptable temperature.

In all sound schemes of education each stage should develop further the proficiency attained in the last; but at Oxford it was not so, and the fact that one could get anything one liked by merely asking for it tended to repress and discourage culinary ambition. Some undergraduates, indeed, made messes of chocolate in their rooms, and some of oatmeal porridge; but such exercises as these I can scarcely dignify with the name of cookery; and so it comes about that a natural gift has been allowed to lapse into disuse, and that, instead of the Artist that I might have been, I am merely a critic. The late Lord Nozoo—I purposely suppress his name—was wont to say in his declining years: "I have long ceased to be hungry, but, thank goodness, I still am greedy." That last word grates a little on the ear of refinement, so I prefer to say with a worthy divine, "I am not ashamed to confess that I am an alimentary man." My taste is absolutely catholic, and ranges from the dream-like delights of the "Haute Cuisine" to bread and cheese and beer at a wayside inn, or the substantial delicacies of a farm house tea. As Thackeray pointed out long ago, it is the greatest of delusions to imagine that all nice things are expensive. New-laid eggs and fresh butter, toasted cheese, beef-steak pudding, boiled pork and pease pudding, broiled ham, broad beans and bacon, tripe and onions, Bubble and Squeak, Toad in the Hole—I protest that my eyes run over with tears of gratitude as I enumerate these inexpensive dainties.

Forced and unnatural things are never half as good as the fruit and vegetables of the season. Mushrooms are infinitely nicer than truffles. Food need never be expensive; but, in my humble judgment, it should (except in the dog-days) be hot. I feel with Dickens that Mr. Dombey's collation in which "a cold preparation of calf's head" played so prominent a part was "more like a dead dinner lying in state than a social refreshment."

It is, I think, a pity that our food should be always roast or boiled. Roast meat has a way of announcing its presence before it comes to table, and the odour which it produces, though said to have been acceptable to ancient gods, is disgustful to modern man. Boiled beef is good, but much of its goodness depends upon the dumplings, and so is derivative and, in a sense, illegitimate; and even capers and turnips will never make boiled mutton interesting. As Cowper "sang the Sofa" I sing the Stewpan, or, as our fathers said, the Hotchpot; into which everything that is eatable can be thrown, where every atom makes its contribution to the whole, and in which meat and vegetables combine in a perfect and seductive harmony.

"'It's a stew of tripe,' said the landlord in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, smacking his lips, and 'cow-heel,' smacking them again, 'and bacon,' smacking them once more, 'and steak,' smacking them for the fourth time, 'and peas, cauliflowers, new potatoes, and sparrowgrass, all working up together in one delicious gravy.'"

The French housewife has less generous materials to work with, but her *pot-au-feu* is the loved companion of her industrious life. Into it goes very little meat, for the French are not carnivorous, but every fragment and shred that is left from Sunday's dinner, with all the herbs which we tread under foot, and all the crusts which we throw to the birds. She tends the pot as she would tend the baby, and becomes, by life-long practice, the best soup-maker in the world.

In what I have just written we touch the blot on English cookery. We all eat too much meat. "Ils mangent comme les ogres!" was the comment of a French maid on the eating habits of an English family; and a glance at a common cookery-book or bill of fare will justify the verdict. It is now about thirty-four years since the great surgeon, Sir Henry Thompson, published his *Food and Feeding*, and showed at once a wholesomer, a cheaper, and a more agreeable system of eating than had previously prevailed in England. The reform which Sir Henry taught has made its way slowly, but surely, and the consumption of animal food in the ordinary diet of the well-to-do classes has visibly declined. He claimed for eggs and vegetables and cheese their rightful place in domestic economy, and waged unrelenting war on the "legs of sheep and oxen" which Harold Skimpole disliked, and the "chops, bloody ones, with gristle" which our strenuous eaters and writers love.

In Mr. Edward Carpenter's Dinner of the Future, "The central dish—say, some golden-orbed substantial omelette, or vast vegetable pie, or savoury and nutritious soup, or solid expanse of macaroni and cheese, or steaming mountain of rice surrounded by stewed fruits, or even a plain bowl of fermenty—would represent the sun or central fire of our system, while round it in planetary order would circle such other viands as would give the housewife a minimum of trouble to provide—chunks of bread and cheese, figs, raisins, oatmeal cakes, fresh fruit, or what not."

That is very prettily conceived, and the meal sounds very spiritual. It would do capitally for a Friday in Lent; but I am convinced that before very long the great law of Reaction would begin to work in me. Tennyson has told us how he felt after "ten long weeks of the table of Pythagoras"; and, sheltered by his august example, I am not ashamed to say that, in something less than that period, I should yearn for the sound of crackling or the odour of Irish stew.

GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

A Brief Sketch of English Military History up to 1792.

By the HON. MRS. STUART-WORTLEY.

WHATEVER may be said against the Feudal system, at any rate it made for military efficiency and created a nation in arms. Each man, whatever his rank, was trained and equipped, and could meet a foe in defence of his country or for the glory of conquest. Moreover, it *was* a system (we have none now), and no Socialist can complain that it was anything but democratic, the obligation of military service falling equally on every class.

One of the outstanding features of the English method of fighting in Plantagenet days was the practice for all ranks to fight on foot. Knights might ride to the battle, but they dismounted to fight—the son of the noble and the son of the peasant fought shoulder to shoulder, and their comradeship in arms built up the strength of the British social order. This custom did not obtain in Continental armies.

The glorious adventure of the Crusades and the institution of chivalry did much to elevate the standard of the fighting man. Chivalry grew slowly in England, but by the middle of the fourteenth century its influence was fully felt. It did for the soldier of the Middle Ages what the cult of Mithras did for the Roman legions—it idealised the profession of arms. The nation woke to the beauty of a service which gave dignity to man's fighting instincts, which taught that it was not enough for him to be without fear if he were not also without reproach, which inculcated loyalty to leader and comrade, the protection of the weak, and that though the government of the world must always rest on force, yet mercy of justice must go hand in hand with it. The girding on of the sword was no longer a social act only, but also a religious one; it marked not merely the young man's entrance into public life, but his ordination to a great and noble function.

They were not afraid, either, in those days of making a pageant of war. Richard Cœur de Lion introduced the element of music from the Saracens, whose armies marched and fought to the sound of trumpets and drums. This exhilarating aid to valour was only discontinued in the sixteenth century. In these days our soldiers' wearied feet tramp along the sodden or dusty roads uncheered by anything but their own gallant voices. No colours wave them on, no rallying martial strain. The glamour of the battlefield is gone, symbolism is out of date. Even the regimental colours that so often served to rally a broken regiment are now relegated to the quartermaster's stores when a battalion goes on active service. All this is perhaps unavoidable, but it means that a fighting man to-day has very little to stimulate him but a stern sense of duty.

The English fighting man very early established a reputation that made him respected on the Continent. He had also the advantage of being well led. Richard Cœur de Lion was a brilliant general. The Black Prince was a soldier from his cradle. What finer example of impartial discipline could be found than his treatment at Crecy? It was the boy's first command. He was overthrown in a *mêlée*, and only saved by the devotion of a standard bearer. Arundel sent a message to the King asking for reinforcements for the Prince. "Is my son dead or hurt?" the King asked. "No, Sire, but he is hard beset." "Then return to those who sent you, and bid them send me no more messages while my son is alive, and tell them to let the boy win his own spurs."

Henry V. carried on the same traditions as Edward III. and the Black Prince. He was a disciplinarian, but no brutal martinet. The victories of Poitiers and Agincourt were won by generalship and moral superiority against numerical odds. At Agincourt the numbers were so weak that the line had been stretched thinly to face the enemy's front. It was the first example of English line against French column, and note this: as they stood in their ranks, Henry made them a short speech recalling to them the deeds of their forefathers; then the whole host knelt down in prayer, thrice kissed the ground, and rose upright ready for the fight in which they were to cover themselves with glory.

The truest disciples of the Black Prince and his military methods were the English Free Companies. These companies were military societies framed on the model of the ancient trade guilds, and were recruited from those adventurous spirits who disliked not hard knocks for the sport of the thing and the gold to be made. They hired themselves out to the kings and princes of Europe who chose to spend their revenues in fighting. The English like to combine adventure and profit, and the nation has been the gainer by these proclivities, for often and often when the Government has been too niggardly to pay for what it wants, the private individual has undertaken the cost and the risk. We have acquired most of our colonial possessions that way.

The greatest leader of free companies was John Hawkwood. The company he commanded, English to a man, was the terror of Italy, and not only the most formidable in the field, but the smartest to the eye, for its arms were burnished till they shone like silver. His monument in the cathedral at Florence records that he was the most skilful general of his age, a height of military fame that has been reached by one other Englishman only—John Marlborough.

It is sad to pass from brilliant achievements like Crecy and Poitiers and Agincourt, which won for us the possession of the greater part of France, and to have to record the gradual deterioration in the national fighting spirit. Discipline became relaxed in both Army and nation. The result was the loss of our conquests abroad and civil war at home.

With the Tudors came peace at home, and it looked as if Henry VIII., a young and ambitious monarch, might do much for the Army, which by this time was lagging behind the Continent in the adoption of modern methods. He did, indeed, take an interest in the development of the artillery, and may be said to be the father of the English gunner. But alas! a pernicious theory began to gain ground about this time that the best defence of England was the maintainance of her sea power. I say pernicious because the exaggeration of that theory led to neglect of the Army. With the loss of Calais in Mary's reign the upholders of the sea power theory were able to say, "Why keep an army at all, since we are now effectually cut off from the Continent as well for purposes of aggression as for defence?" From that moment England relapsed into an entirely insular position as regards the rest of Europe, and Mary, though she would have liked to keep up a standing army, was not allowed to do so. Elizabeth was too niggardly to encourage any increase of expenditure on the Army, and would have certainly lost her kingdom but for the private enterprise of individuals and the unquenchable spirit of the race, a spirit which the neglect, ingratitude, and red tapeism of authority has never succeeded in strangling effectually. Incidentally, it may be noted that the foundation of our world-wide Empire was laid when the official policy was strictly insular.

We can pass over the period of the Stuarts, for it brought no military *kudos*, and was remarkable only for the evils that helped to bring about the downfall of the dynasty.

Wholesale robbery and corruption undermined the military system. The root of the evil was to be attributed to the civilian Paymaster-General, who from the peculiarities of his position was accountable to no man. He robbed on a large scale, the contractor made what he could. Colonels took commissions and bribes to indemnify themselves for arrears of pay, company officers made false musters and pocketed the difference, each in turn was driven to dishonesty by the dishonesty of those above them. By the end of the second Charles's reign Cromwell's reforms had been swept away. In 1659 English soldiers were proud of their name and calling; in 1666 it had become a scandal to be a Life Guardsman. Recruits had been easy to find under the Commonwealth to make the military profession the business of their whole life, but from the Restoration the vilest methods of recruiting had to be resorted to. So unpopular had the

Army become that not infrequently the prisons had to be emptied of their inhabitants to supply the deficiencies in the ranks. The status of the soldier suffered grievously as a result.

I mention Cromwell's reforms, and must go back to that interlude in our history called the Commonwealth. Cromwell was the best friend the Army ever had, and his conception of what a soldier should be was a revolution in ideas.

In their first encounter with the Royalist troops, led by the impetuous Prince Rupert and other high-mettled, dare-devil cavaliers, the Parliamentary troops were worsted. Cromwell, seeing the havoc wrought by the Royalist cavalry, sought and found after the battle the cause of the inferiority of the Parliamentary forces. "*Your* troops," he said to John Hampden, "are most of them old, decayed serving-men and tapsters: *their* troops are gentlemen's sons and persons of quality. Do you think the spirit of such base and mean fellows will ever be able to encounter gentlemen who have courage, honour, and resolution in them? You must get men with a spirit which is likely to go as far as gentlemen will go, or you will be beaten still." Hampden heard, and shook his head; he was a wise and worthy person, but he had probably an idea that no men except such as those who had been swept into the ranks by the King and the King's father could possibly be induced to become soldiers. So he said that it was a good notion, but impracticable. Captain Cromwell set to work to show that it was not impracticable, and began to raise men, who, in his own words, made some conscience of what they did, and taught them discipline. He chose his recruits from the Puritan yeomen and farmers of the Eastern Counties, men who threw themselves heart and soul into the religious struggles of the time. "Who knew what they were fighting for and loved what they knew," and who thought it honourable to submit to a rigid discipline for so noble a cause.

Cromwell not only enlisted a good class of man, but he reorganised the entire system, with the result that the new model army was the finest force in Europe. The work it accomplished was the union of the British Isles and the consolidation of England as the predominant partner. Moreover, Cromwell, being a democrat, was allowed to maintain a standing army, a privilege that had been obstinately denied to kings, and by a greater irony still he used it to rid the country of their elected representatives in the Parliament called the Rump. Though a bloodless one, I am not sure it is not the victory the Army might be proudest of. The Rump had imposed itself illegally on the country, and its dismissal was fully justified. During the years that followed Cromwell's *coup d'état* the country submitted to military rule, which was in all respects most beneficial. Civilians at home were taught discipline, and for the first time after a long interval we were able to send abroad a force that did us credit.

The cry of "No standing Army" was raised again for party purposes after Marlborough's brilliant campaign. The greatest captain of his time, one of the greatest of all time, had been rewarded for his transcendent services with exile and disgrace. The splendid army he had created by his own untiring devotion to its needs and training was disbanded with as little consideration for their just claims as if they had been a gang of poachers. Walpole, in order to propitiate public opinion, reduced the establishment of the Army to a bare 18,000 men.

There were some who still thought this number too great, though it would have been impossible with such a force to defend the country. Dislike of the Army manifested itself in every possible way. It was considered even impolitic to risk public displeasure by building sufficient barrack accommodation. Soldiers were billeted in ale-houses, the only quarters allowed them by the Mutiny Act. No wonder the self-respect of the men suffered in consequence of perpetual attacks. Discipline was lost, the wretched soldier, certain of doing nothing right, made up his mind that he might as well commit all the crimes he was accused of.

While the nation was still protesting against the iniquity of a standing army, when the pernicious influence of the civilian element still undermined military discipline, and when the attitude of the ordinary citizen towards the soldier was unfriendly to aggression, a war was begun that was to last many a long year, the final results of which were to establish our rule in Canada, India, and West Indies. The elder Pitt was the inspiring genius that sent out expedition after expedition, some of them producing more glory than gain, and the glory bought at a fearful expenditure of human life. But, at any rate, Pitt's principle was a sound one in handling military affairs; he gave generals a free hand, and supported officers in the discharge of their duty, thereby creating a new school of officer capable of assuming responsibility.

If the elder Pitt showed ability in conducting simultaneous operations in many quarters of the globe, the same cannot be said of the younger Pitt. William Pitt came into power pledged to economy, and with misplaced zeal he proceeded to cut down expenses till even the small force that remained was short of every requisite of war.

This was our military position when the complications caused by the French Revolution plunged us into a prolonged war. There were only 15,000 men under arms in the country when France declared war on us, and an absurdly inadequate force of 2,000 men was sent off at twenty-four hours' notice, squeezed into transports calculated to hold only two-thirds of the number, and without medicines or a sufficient amount of ammunition. It seemed a truly pitable way of entering a struggle that was destined to change the destinies of the whole of Europe, and to terminate only with Waterloo.

I attempt no conclusion, and refrain from bringing this slight sketch up-to-date. The military history that followed the declaration of war with France on the death of Louis XVI. is too important to deal with so perfunctorily.

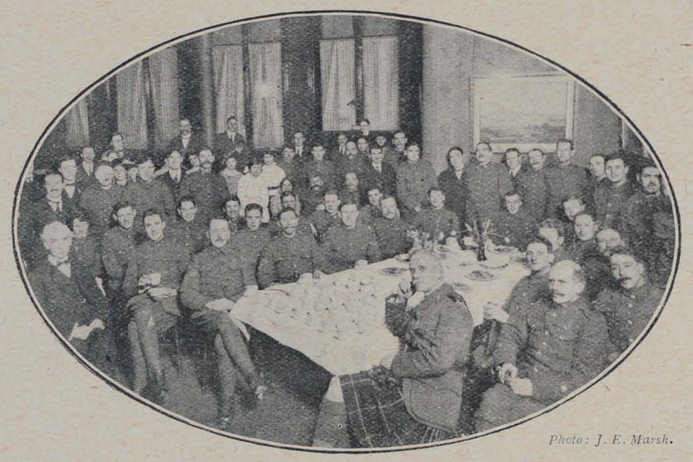


Photo: J. E. Marsh.

WITH THE CANADIANS.

A PARTY of 160 wounded Canadians were to have sailed from Liverpool on Saturday last, but were unexpectedly detained over the week-end. The Y.M.C.A. invited them to a specially arranged entertainment on the Saturday evening, when Major Pringle and local artistes provided a greatly appreciated programme.

On Sunday afternoon they attended the soldiers' service at the Y.M.C.A., and were addressed by the Rev. Arthur T. Guttery, who spent his boyhood in Canada, and has been with the Canadian contingent on Salisbury Plain and in France.

The company, comprising men from many different regiments, as widely apart as British Columbia and Newfoundland, were under the direction of Captains Sparling (Sask.) and Barton (Victoria), and Lieutenants Belcher (Edmonton) and Major (Halifax).

A Blind Gymnast.

SOLDIERS blinded in the war, and especially those who have been used to exercising themselves on the parallel bars and other gymnastic appliances, need not necessarily forego this pleasure owing to their affliction.

The young fellow shown in our photographs—Mr. Chas. Cowley, of North London—has been totally blind from birth.

A few years ago he had a strong desire to try his ability on the parallel bars. He accordingly sought out the open-air gymnasium in Finsbury Park, and, being possessed with plenty of confidence, found that by degrees he was making quite good progress as a gymnast.

People, however, were afraid some alarming accident would happen to him, and a gentleman wrote to the London County Council pointing out this possibility.

The L.C.C. were not anxious to deprive the man of a pleasurable and health-giving exercise in which he thoroughly delighted. Consequently a letter was sent instructing the gymnasium attendant—himself a splendid gymnast—to give a special eye to Cowley, and as far as possible prevent any harm coming to him.



ANOTHER PICTURE OF MR. CHARLES COWLEY.

The attendant at once took Cowley in hand, teaching him many skilful and, indeed, difficult movements on the parallel bars, until Cowley became more expert than many sighted young fellows using the gymnasium.

Visitors have been known to go to the park specially to see Cowley go through his exercises. He usually attends in the morning, when the apparatus is in least demand.

A little while ago, to the regret of many, the gymnasium attendant was taken suddenly ill and passed away. His blind pupil was overwhelmed with grief, and on the day of the funeral Cowley was seen sadly groping his way to the house of his instructor carrying a bunch of choice flowers, which he requested should be placed on the coffin of his friend whom he had never seen, but whose services had been so generously placed at his disposal.

C. H. CHANDLER.

FOR SOLDIERS AFTER THE WAR.

A Country Life and a Profitable Livelihood.

"THE Belgian guns were pounding away at the Germans, and the German bullets were flying over our heads, while we sat behind a haystack and discussed how many bees a man would need to keep in order to bring in two pounds a week." The speaker, Mr. J. C. Bee Mason, went on to tell how, at the outbreak of the war, he received an invitation to act as war photographer with the Belgian Army, and subsequently saw fighting on both that and the French front, but, when photographers were no longer permitted, went by a long route to Russia, only to find his hopes of further films disappointed. Reaching home again, he pondered on his experiences to such good effect that he saw a way of doing his bit by offering free tuition in bee-keeping down on one of his three farms to any disabled or unemployed soldier who had taken his discharge, but was without means of self-support.

Mr. Mason justified his claim to the proud title of the greatest bee hunter and bee farmer in the country by showing at London Central on Tuesday evening a really marvellous series of cinematograph films. So splendid were they that the manager of a famous London place of entertainment, who was in the audience, said he had never seen a finer set of pictures.

First Mr. Mason exhibited films showing how he had taken swarms from the roofs of houses, from an old water-butt, from a hollow tree, and from a scarecrow. Then came pictures of the life of a bee, "from the cradle to the grave," including a quite unique one of the birth of a queen bee. Next we saw most charming views of "Windmill Land," whither Mr. Mason went to visit a famous Dutch bee farmer, and followed Mr. Mason's voyage home with a million and a-half of Dutch bees. Perhaps the most fascinating of all were the films showing the enemies of the bee at work, including as these did a toad, a hedgehog, and a bluetit, eating their prey, and a scene of hide-and-seek between the bird and a field-mouse, while also the tit could be observed extracting the sting of the bee before consuming the body. This picture was the reward of efforts extending over no less than three years, since the bluetit is a most shy bird.

The presence of H.R.H. Princess Christian and H.H. Princess Victoria, who were attended by Miss Loch and Captain Little, was an evidence not only of their constant interest in all Y.M.C.A. matters, or of their appreciation of the intrinsic attractions of the subject; it also marked their frequently expressed sense of the necessity of finding useful and remunerative employment for the men now in the Army when they return to civil life, and their definite approval of the scheme generously proposed by Mr. Mason. Among the matters occupying the closest attention of a select committee recently appointed by the Y.M.C.A. to consider an after-the-war programme is this of helping to settle the men who have become the friends of the Association during the period of military training and active service. We understand that Mr. Mason has intimated his desire to work his scheme in close co-operation with us. As the Hon. Mrs. Stuart-Wortley announced in a very concise little speech at the close of the lecture, Mr. Yapp has in course of formation a Y.M.C.A. bee-keepers' association, of which it is hoped that Princess Christian will become president, with a view to helping men after their discharge to avail themselves of Mr. Mason's plan for setting them up in this pleasant and lucrative occupation. Mr. Brock, whom Mr. Mason introduced as his manager, and who will have the actual training of the men in hand, is himself a former sergeant-major in the Royal Engineers, though since his Army days he has had twenty years as a bee farmer, and is now the acknowledged expert. In a short speech he said how warmly he will welcome men to the farm, and how ready he will be to teach them to "turn honey into money."

Lady Rodney presided at Tuesday's lecture, and in the course of a charming introductory speech said that the two most homely sounds she knew, especially at such a time as the present, were the humming of the bees on a summer day and the song of the kettle on the hearth on a winter afternoon.

Mr. F. T. Carter, house secretary at London Central, is to be congratulated on the successful arrangements for the Royal visit, as also are the orchestra formed at the Central for the occasion.

A short pamphlet has been prepared by the National Council of Y.M.C.A., giving full particulars of Mr. Mason's scheme, which, we may add, includes not only free training, but also the gift of a hive of bees at the end of it. The pamphlet may be obtained by writing to the Editorial Department, Y.M.C.A., Tottenham Court-road, W.

A DAY IN THE GLASGOW DISTRICT.

Scottish Enterprises on Behalf of Munition Workers.

By A SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.

"WELL, you've brought pretty weather to Glasgow!" was the greeting of Sir Andrew Pettigrew, the chairman of the National Council of Scotland. The mere Englishman suffers many things gladly at the hands of Scotland, but that I had any responsibility for the blizzard was, of course, a joke which I repelled with the remark, "I found the weather here on my arrival."

We motored eighty miles in order to see what Scotland is doing for the munition workers, and it was a journey to be remembered. As the snow drove on to the front of the car it froze in icicles, and the coat of the driver was like a sheet of thin ice. It tossed about angrily and excitedly, and drove into the horn and prevented a clear note. It caked itself into every imaginable vantage point, and before the day was over the vehicle was in a curious plight. But the car was excellent, having been lent to the Y.M.C.A. for the period of the war by Lord Rowallan. My companions, Mr. George S. Orr, who has been a member of the Scottish National Council for many years, and is now serving as convener of the Munitions Committee, and Mr. Thos. Pollock, Secretary for Munition Work in Scottish munition areas, had so much to tell that was interesting that the long tour proved exceptionally agreeable and pleasant despite the Scottish weather.

Scotland has now proceeded with a definite scheme of munition work, and can show what has already been done and what is now in progress towards early completion. By the generosity of Messrs. Stewart and Lloyd a £5,000 scheme has been started at their works. Much difficulty is experienced by the men in securing lodgings, and to meet the need the Y.M.C.A. has been commissioned, at the cost of the firm, to erect cubicles, kitchen accommodation, and a complete institute, with billiard tables and all the necessary equipment. This is being hurried forward in time for the opening by H.H. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, who has graciously consented to visit Glasgow for that purpose at the end of April. Mr. Orr tells me that the firm has a fine reputation in the city for its treatment of the employees. The directors are concerned for the welfare and physical condition of their men, and, quite apart from the humanitarian side, realise that anything which makes for efficient work is a good investment. Possibly there are other firms in the city who might with advantage learn the same useful lesson.

We pursued our way in the afternoon to S——, thirty miles from Glasgow, where there are about 67,000 munition workers, of whom 45 per cent. are women. "There is no place so devoid of social and creative agencies as is S——," explained Mr. Orr. "The churches and the school premises are closed during the week, and there is nowhere for the war workers to meet except at the public-house. We are hoping great things from S——. If we can demonstrate what the Y.M.C.A. can do under these war conditions our institute will probably become permanent, and serve as a guide in other directions. As you will see, we have divided the institute into three separate departments—one for the girl workers, one for the youths, and the other for the men, each with their separate attractions."

Lord Rowallan has contributed one-half of the cost of the building, and Messrs. Nobel, whose employees will benefit by the institute, have given the other portion. So far it is the best of its kind yet erected in Scotland, and has been planned on wise lines. We travelled a long distance to see this development, notwithstanding some fears that owing to the blizzard we should not reach it, and the effort was rewarded. We recognised the fact that both the English and the Scottish National Councils are proceeding on identical lines. They have each caught the vision of the possibilities of agencies for the munition workers, and from the chats I had with Mr. Orr and Mr. Pollock in the course of the motor tour, I realised that Scotland possesses a keen desire to provide a positive influence on behalf of temperance, and supply that note of sympathy with men whose lives are frequently monotonous, and whose living conditions are far from satisfactory.

On the following day I discussed this point with a keen social worker in Scotland. Speaking of labour disputes and of the characteristics of the men, he remarked, "They are as thrawn [English equivalent would be "stubborn"] as anything, and you cannot drive them an inch, but they are as simple as a child, and you can lead them anywhere." These Y.M.C.A. institutes, if wisely directed, will prove of great service long after the war in bridging the gulf between capital and labour.

Architect and builder have both performed their task at S—— with considerable skill. The living rooms of the local secretary and his staff are models of their kind. Mr. Pollock himself is responsible for an artistic feature in the rooms, particularly for those designed for the girls. Several tall palm stands have been provided, and the colouring of the walls and the fittings generally give an air of brightness and comfort which is in direct contrast to the dwellings in the immediate neighbourhood. Scotland is probably not worse than England in the matter of housing conditions, but in many places they are very indifferent. They seem to offer the maximum of discomfort, as if designed for no other reason than to drive men to the public-house. These Y.M.C.A. cubicles and institutes are a definite contribution to the subject, and are worth any amount of mere frothy invective. They are a practical beginning, and promise great developments.

Crossing the Clyde by ferry we motored down to D——, where a social institute is already doing excellent work in the munition area. Its programme is varied, and includes the supply of meals to the guard at one of the establishments, and when I inspected the place supper for the soldiers had been packed in a basket ready to be sent to them whilst on night duty. Here I also saw the boy munition workers, for whom a portion of the hut has been screened off from that used by the men.

Mr. Orr and Mr. Pollock both impressed me with the fact that Glasgow is only just beginning its operations in the direction of the munition workers, and when Princess Victoria visits Scotland they hope to show Her Highness some notable developments.

I had an opportunity of seeing the Y.M.C.A. canteen at Maryhill Barracks, under the guidance of Mr. Andrew Bell, who gave me a striking fact concerning the value of the hut. The colonel stated that as the result misdemeanours had been reduced by two-thirds. Previously the men had nowhere to go in the barracks, and too frequently wandered off to the public-houses in the neighbourhood, or to most undesirable places. Now they gladly frequent this hut, which was given by Mrs. Hunter Craig in memory of her husband, who was formerly M.P. for Govan. Glasgow has also provided some excellent rest rooms for sailors and soldiers passing through the city. These are situated in Bothwell-street and Mitchell-street, and as many as 175 men have slept there on one night—an indication of the favour with which these clean and comfortable sixpenny beds are regarded.

C. T. B.

A CURIOUS INCIDENT.

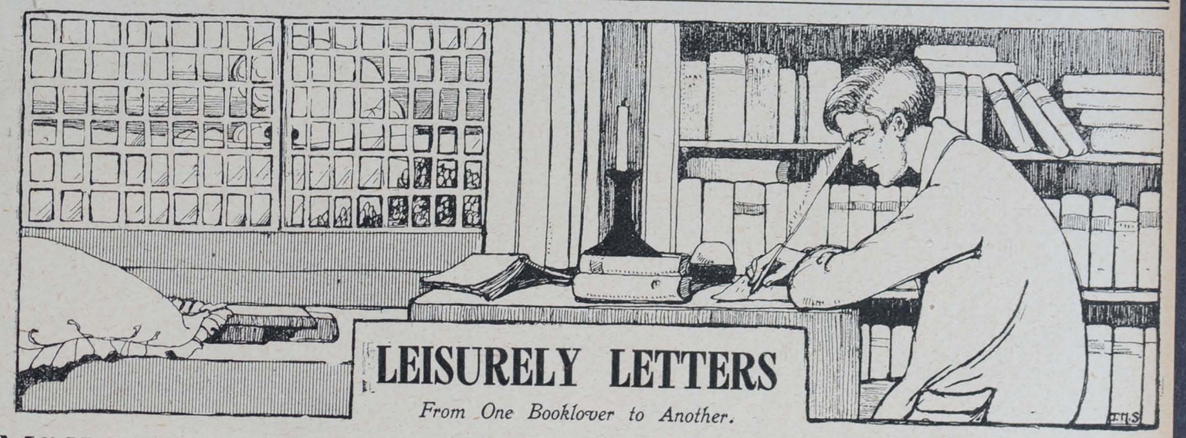
To the Editor of "Y.M."

SIR,—In a certain town a street collection was being made for a Y.M.C.A. hut. Various efforts were adopted to obtain funds for this purpose; among them I noticed a fine St. Bernard dog, who, with a box strapped round his neck, was very busy going from one to another of the passers-by, silently pleading for the cause. He was a noble creature, one of the true breed famed for their heroic work of rescuing travellers from perishing in Alpine snows. This faithful animal seemed perfectly conscious of his work, and looked up into each face with such a speaking appeal in his beautiful eyes that no one could resist his request, and as offerings were dropped in by rich and poor he gave a little wag of his tail and went on to the next person on the path. While he was thus engaged, two or three other dogs came upon the scene; one was a pug, with watery, divergent, and solemnly reproachful eyes, which seemed to keep a watch on both sides at the same time to see if anyone was misbehaving. He snapped and barked at the St. Bernard as if it disapproved of his action, and of the notice taken of him by everyone in the road. It was a highly respectable little beast, much esteemed no doubt in its own circle; it walked with head aloft and mincing steps, as if to say, "I am not as others are." Then there was a little terrier who seemed to live for fighting, and to attract notice to itself; it had a sharp word for everyone that crossed its path, and when it saw the St. Bernard it flew at him—discreetly stopping short, however, about a yard behind—and barked furiously with great indignation.

A thin, unhealthy looking dog came next into view, whose chief business seemed to be smelling at dust heaps or any unsavoury matter on the road; when it sighted the big dog its whole soul was moved with wrath, and it barked unceasingly at him, as if expecting the public at large to follow its great lead and annihilate the offender. But the St. Bernard took not the slightest heed of the objectors: he did not seem to know of their existence; once, it is true, he turned quickly round, and the three avenging furies fled with a wild cry and took shelter behind a passing cart, but the big dog never looked at them—he had responded to a call from someone who wanted to drop a gift into his box. *Why should he notice them?*—he was engaged in a noble work, and their yells and snaps were not worth attention.

I went on my way very much impressed by what I had seen. "Noble old dog," said I; "continue your splendid efforts, the public at large admire your diligence. Some dogs are very like humans, and some humans are rather like dogs."

J. H. TOWNSEND, D.D.,
President, Torquay Y.M.C.A.



LEISURELY LETTERS

From One Booklover to Another.

MY DEAR A.,—So Jim has been sent to India and not to France, after all. Well, whether he sees much fighting or not—and I suppose he is hardly likely to get to either of the fighting fronts before the war is over—he is getting the chance of a lifetime. India has always had a great fascination for me, and I think I remember his saying that he would rather go there than anywhere in the East if he had leisure and money to travel. I envy him accordingly this war-time opportunity of fulfilling a dream which in the days of peace seemed so far from all likelihood of ever being fulfilled. But a visit to India just now has an added value as well as a redoubled interest. Everybody feels that one of the great problems after the war will be that of the place to be given India, and the attitude to be assumed towards her national aspirations in view of her splendid loyalty and her glorious sacrifices during these critical times. The difficulty has always been that she never felt that we, the ruling nation, really understood her. There have indeed been men of quick sympathy and generous spirit among the governors, the civil servants, the business men, the missionaries, and the other Westerners whom business or pleasure has taken to the ancient and imperial land. As a people, however, we have been most reprehensibly ignorant and most cruelly indifferent. This has been the despair of our own representatives, as well as of Indians. You know how the discussion of Indian affairs in the House has almost always been signalised by a poor attendance of members, the majority being apparently content to allow the little group of well-read and personally interested enthusiasts to look after such matters. The visit of the King, when Prince of Wales, and the still more marked example that he set by going out after his coronation and holding an Imperial Durbar, did something to remove this characteristically British insularity and bourgeoisie. But still we are much more interested in Ranji as a batsman than in his relationship to us as ruling prince of a native State nearly as large as this little island of ours.

Jim and the thousands of other Tommies who are going out to India as a result of the war—educated men with a real sense of citizenship—are, in a very true way, a democratic embassy to India. Naturally they will add to their soldiering a little sight-seeing, and care is being taken that this part of their experience shall be to some purpose. Parties are being taken by the Association in India to some of the chief historic centres of interest, and these are not only put up at our places as they thus go on pilgrimage for their brief periods of leave, but are under the personal guidance of men who really know the country and understand the Indian mind. Moreover, little study and discussion circles are formed for the purpose of enabling men to get at the heart of the religious thought of India, which has always been, and probably always will be, the explanation of everything else in that wonderful and elusive land. Wherefore these boys of ours will come home with more than the globe-trotter's knowledge of India, and ought to prove the nucleus of a growing company whom our Asiatic fellow-subjects may well regard as "friends of India."

I want to recommend to you two little books that I have lately come across, partly because I know how deeply interested in such things you really are, despite your affected apathy, and even more because they are just the thing for you to send to Jim in answer to his request for books that are neither scrappy, prejudiced, nor dry-as-dust. One is a book of stories; the other is a little anthology of verse. Curiously enough, both are written for Easterns by Westerners, and lest this should seem to argue presumption on the one side, or a carelessness about their own classics on the other, which may appear to you a poor testimonial to the value for us of the Oriental literature from which the writers draw their material, let me remind you that this literature is so vast in extent, and so arid, puerile, or disagreeable in some of its parts that even an Indian, a Cingalese, or a Burmese may miss some of the gems. I heard a literary light proclaim at a dinner of bookish people the other night that no man living ought to be introduced to the study of Wordsworth except by way of Matthew Arnold's little volume of selections, and that to read all that the poet wrote was a punishment justifiable only in the case of a criminal or a man who is charged to write a book about him! Then, too, as far as the young Oriental is concerned—and the young Indian especially—we have so betrayed him into various pedantic schemes of cramming for British degrees that he no longer has time or taste for "the best that has been thought and written" in his own land.

In *The Indian Heroes* (Milford, 1s. 6d. net) Mr. C. A. Kincaid has told, after the manner of Kingsley's famous book on the old Greeks, the stories that make the *Ramayana* and the *Maharabhata* to India the most sacred and the most stirring of all her rich literature. Rama, Sita, and Arjuna afford to India her ideals of chivalry, of womanhood, of home, and of the State. Here you have their loves and loyalties, their victories over all conceivable powers of evil, whether in human, superhuman, or infrahuman form. The very first chapter gives a hint of the characteristic Indian point of view regarding honour, and at the same time a most interesting parallel to a New Testament story. Old King Dasharatha of Ayodhya had three wives and four sons. When the time came for him to nominate his heir, he wished to appoint his firstborn, Rama, the noblest and most kingly of them all. His counsellors agreed, and word went forth. Unfortunately, however, the old king had once promised Kaikeyi, the youngest of his wives, when she had nursed him back to life after he had been sorely wounded, two boons—whatever she chose to ask. She had never claimed fulfilment of this promise. Now she came to demand, in virtue of it, that her son, Prince Bharata be made king. The old man was dismayed, and even wavered, but Prince Rama reminded him that the word of an Aryan king must not be broken, and went into voluntary exile, that his father's promise might the more easily be kept, and his half-brother's position remain unchallenged. Promptly Prince Bharata followed him, to bring him back to the throne. What follows I leave you to read. Nothing more entrancing in the way of romance can be found in the literature of the West, and beneath it all is this high conception of *noblesse oblige*. And yet our friends of the "scrap of paper" incident reproach us for bringing "heathen" into the European struggle! They conveniently forget the perhaps extravagant praise that their own Schopenhauer bestowed upon the *Upanishads*, which he professed to prefer to the Bible, and they might more fittingly recall the fact, as we are proud to do, that these our brothers-in-arms share the honour of being Aryans with us, who also cherish traditional legends of heroes, who, like King Arthur, bade their knights before all else "live pure, speak true, right wrong."

Buddhism has almost perished out of the land of its birth. None the less, it is the religion of many millions over whom the British flag flies to-day. Among world religions, of course, it is the third of the faiths which can claim not only persistent vigour, but missionary activity, the other two being Islam and Christianity. You will remember the mutual friend who said that it was the most respectable rival of our own. Certainly it is worth a far more sympathetic study than we should give to a mere pretty antiquity, if only that it may be saved from the insult of being taken up in a patronising way by these suburban cults which

find it "so poetic and refined, don't you know?" It is a long time since you and I struggled with a sapless little text-book which set out in neat steps the Noble Eightfold Path. We gave up our efforts in despair, I remember, wondering whatever could have attracted so many millions of people to such a lifeless, dreary scheme of abstract belief, and thinking those folk who accepted it very lacking in *joie de vivre*. We never realised the humanness, the shrewdness, the infinite pity, and the humour in Buddhism. All these are in Kenneth Saunders' little book, *The Heart of Buddhism*, which has just been published by the Oxford Press at 1s. 6d. net. Kenneth Saunders is recognised as the first among younger scholars in Buddhism, and you will not need me to say that he possesses a unique power of seeing the other man's point of view, while not departing for a moment from his robust advocacy of the claims of Jesus Christ to absolute supremacy. He and J. N. Farquhar, as Literary Secretaries to the Association in India, have brought new lustre to the name of Y.M.C.A. because it has given them (and they have splendidly used) the opportunity of thoroughly and sympathetically studying not only the religions of India, but its life. They have attained to the power of a friend to introduce the Great Third, and to win to His allegiance the man who has learned to trust them. Here, in this little book, Saunders has gathered together, and most happily rendered, not passages from the philosophers of Buddhism, but songs and hymns which reflect the living belief of everyday disciples of Gautama. The charm and pathos of the creed are both set forth in verse that fits the varying mood of the old poets. Notes are added, at once brief and illuminating. There are some well-translated stories at the end, and a really valuable little introduction at the beginning. Again, you will find some remarkable parallels to the Bible stories that we learned as children (notably in the tale of the King's judgment between two women, each of whom claimed a child as her own). But there is no attempt to disguise the fact that the ultimate point to which true Buddhism leads is that set forth in the hauntingly beautiful, but terribly sad, verses:

"As some poor sufferer in prison pent
From year to weary year is racked by pain,
Longs for release and cannot find content,
But ever pines and chafes against his chain—
So do thou see in each succeeding birth
A prison full of untold misery!
Seek to shake off all chains that bind to earth
And from existence evermore be free."

I think you will agree that it is a happy thing to belong to an Association which counts the C the most important letter in its initials, and which is pledged to help all the world to understand what that C means.

Yours always,

B.

"THE GREATEST STORY OF ALL."

Men in camp are eager for something fresh in the way of literature. Chaplains at King George's Hospital have designed a booklet which we are publishing this week, and for which we expect a very large demand. It tells the story of Passion Week and the Resurrection in the words of St. Luke, without reference to chapter and verse, the passages being set out under striking headings, accompanied by a few explanatory footnotes, and prefaced by a brief introduction. Four of Mr. William Hole's choicest pictures from "The Life of Jesus of Nazareth" are reproduced in the booklet. The cover is in a tasteful red and black on cream. Many chaplains are using it for distribution at Easter, but it will have far more than a seasonal value. The price is 1d. per copy (post free 1½d.), or 7s. 6d. per 100 (post free, 8s.), from our Bookroom, Y.M.C.A., Tottenham Court Road. Leaders are advised to stock large quantities.





THE PRINCESS AT WATFORD.

Dr. Grenfell on Our Spiritua Work.

OUR new Watford hut was formally declared open by Her Highness Princess Victoria. Dr. Wilfred Grenfell presided.

Dr. Grenfell said that, having lately seen the work of the Y.M.C.A. in France, he was not going to attempt to describe the various ways in which the Y.M.C.A. were serving in this war. The one point he would like to make was that they were doing a most important branch of work. Man had a strong spiritual side to his nature, and no one could overlook the enormous value of the work the Y.M.C.A. were doing. Religion was very much in men's minds in a great war like this. Some people talked of relapse to savagery, saying that the veneer of civilisation had been scraped off, that Christianity was an absolute failure, and that we must find some new religion to give us peace on earth when the war is over. The Y.M.C.A. was helping to show that the religion of Christ was a thing not merely negative, that it was a thing men could not pass by, and that it was not a matter of creeds. Here was a place which made it easy to be good and harder to be bad. In war time they had seen their Allies restrict the sale of alcohol, and we had seen our King drive it out of his palaces. He could not help thinking that if we were depriving men of that to which they had been accustomed, they were bound to support the Y.M.C.A., which put in place of it that which was harmless, uplifting, and educating. We had to take part in the fight and lay hold of that eternal life which is the only explanation of life on earth, and which alone could justify the awful sacrifices being made by our brothers at the front. Their presence at the opening of the hut meant that they wanted to pay their part in the price of this great adventure. He thanked God that they could, in the name of Christ, do service in those huts. In conclusion, Dr. Grenfell thanked her Highness for coming there that day. That hut was a tiny tribute they were offering to God and to England, and they were proud that the lady who was going to open it was one of our own Royal Family. Her presence testified to that march of the spirit of love which could alone permanently link together those who ruled and who were ruled. That was the only spirit that could animate the hearts of Englishmen. That humble hut stood there as an emblem of opportunity. He trusted every man and woman who came there would come again, and if they could but strengthen one feeble hand and heart in this great struggle, they would have the right to hear from the Righteous Judge, "Well done."

OXO has many good qualities: it aids digestion and is warming and stimulating.

SERBIAN VISITORS AT HORSEFERRY ROAD.



Serbian Soldiers have been staying at our Horseferry Hut. Lady Askwith and Miss Boosey are here seen with a group of Officers.



A Visit paid to the Serbians at Horseferry Road by the Marchioness Inouye, wife of the Japanese Ambassador.

Photos: R. G. Horan.

National Council of Y.M.C.A.'s.

WAR EMERGENCY FUND.

Income and Expenditure Account for the period from 4th August, 1914, to 30th November, 1915.

EXPENDITURE.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Headquarters Account:—		
Buildings, Tents, and Equipment, including amounts expended as per Divisional Returns ... ... (See also amount included under France.)	251,189 12 9	
Hire of Tents and Equipment	9,831 5 11	
Motor Cars and Accessories	3,370 15 3	
General Printing and Stationery, Postages, Advertising Appeal for Funds, &c.	56,039 8 9	
Salaries and Wages	14,562 14 4	
Free Stationery for Camps, Testaments, Song Books, Games, &c.	23,074 11 3	
Travelling Expenses, Establishment Charges, Carriage, Insurance, and Sundry Incidental Expenses	10,988 19 0	
Grant in Aid of War Work at London Central Y.M.C.A. (in suspense)	8,000 0 0	
Interest on Loan	398 19 1	
		377,456 6 4
Divisional Accounts:—		
Trading Goods Purchased	£456,248 11 4	
Less Stocks on hand	40,440 6 10	
	415,808 4 6	
GENERAL EXPENSES:—		
Salaries, Wages, and Allowances, £42,625 17s. 7d.; Boarding and Accommodation of Workers, £26,250 14s. 8d.; Heating and Lighting, £6,405 13s. 11d.; Hire of Tents, Rent, Repairs, &c., £20,570 13s. 3d.; Travelling, Carriage, Cartage, and Motor Expenses, £15,830 3s. 6d.; Printing, Stationery, Literature, Postages, and Sundry other Expenses, £26,196 16s. 1d....	137,879 19 0	
		553,688 3 6
Sundry Grants to Camps (not included in above Divisional Accounts)		13,472 11 2
France:—		
Buildings, Tents, and Equipment	58,776 10 2	
Motor Cars and Vans	5,589 5 2	
Trading Goods Purchased	£146,809 6 5	
Less Stocks on Hand	34,042 12 0	
	112,766 14 5	
GENERAL EXPENSES:—		
Salaries, Wages and Allowances, £4,420 9s. 11d.; Boarding and Accommodation of Workers, £9,857 12s. 3d.; Heating and Lighting, £1,917 13s. 8d.; Rent, Repairs and Insurance, £2,803 1s.; Travelling, Carriage, Cartage and Motor Expenses, £8,786 14s. 2d.; Printing, Stationery and Sundry Incidental Expenses, £1,663 3s. 4d....	29,448 14 4	
FREE STATIONERY, ENTERTAINMENTS, &c.:—		
Stationery, Games, Testaments, Song and Hymn Books, £7,046 8s. 8d.; Gifts to Wounded and Hospitality to Relatives, &c., £2,612 0s. 9d.; Rescue Work, £483 4s. 3d.; Concerts, Pianos, Newspapers, Sports and Sundries, £225 9s. 5d.... ...	11,395 14 1	
Grants towards Buildings in France for Indian Work and International Committee	1,602 19 2	
		219,579 17 4
Grants in Aid of Work Overseas:—		
India, Mesopotamia, Egypt, Malta, The Dardanelles, and British East Africa		17,472 15 11
		£1,181,669 14 3

INCOME.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Headquarters Account:—		
General Contributions	405,438 16 8	
Government Grants	17,000 0 0	
Interest on War Loan Stock and Deposit Accounts...	£1,388 16 5	
Less Loss on sale of War Loan Stock	1,069 4 3	
	319 12 2	
Sundry Receipts	672 2 6	
		423,430 11 4
Divisional Accounts:—		
Total Sales (net)	520,563 17 10	
General Contributions	34,282 4 10	
Contribution Boxes	463 0 1	
Sundry Receipts	1,148 17 0	
		556,457 19 9
France:—		
Total Sales	146,446 6 5	
Cinema Takings and Donations	£4,089 14 11	
Less Expenses	3,865 18 6	
	223 16 5	
General Contributions	1,579 10 2	
Bank Interest	224 15 0	
Sundry Receipts:—Billiard Takings, &c	408 12 4	
		148,883 0 4
Balance being Excess of Expenditure over Income		52,898 2 10
		£1,181,669 14 3

GENERAL BALANCE-SHEET, 30th November, 1915.

LIABILITIES.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Accounts Owing for Trading Goods and Current Expenses:—		
Headquarters and France	47,592 5 7	
Divisions	72,816 11 5	
		120,408 17 0
Accounts Owing for Buildings, Tents, and Equipment:—		
Headquarters	23,889 10 6	
Divisions	30,756 14 1	
France	14,474 13 1	
		69,120 17 8
Sundry Creditors:—		
Divisions	2,178 3 9	
France	1,073 13 1	
		3,251 16 10
		£192,781 11 6

KINNAIRD,
President,

H. E. E. PROCTER,
Acting Hon. Treasurer.

ASSETS.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Buildings, Tents, Equipment and Motors:—		
Total amount expended ... ... £318,926 3 4 (Not included as an asset.)		
Cash at Bank and in Hand:—		
Headquarters	373 1 0	
Divisions	37,329 15 8	
France	43,591 10 5	
	81,294 7 1	
Less Bank Loans and amounts due to Savings Bank Depositors	37,178 7 2	
		44,115 19 11
Trading Stock on Hand (as taken by Y.M.C.A. Staff) **and in Transit:—**		
Divisions	40,440 6 10	
France	34,042 12 0	
Mudros	10,963 4 2	
		85,446 3 0
Stock of Stamps and Postal Supplies Account (Balance thereof):—		1,352 18 6
Sundry Debtors:—		
Due to Divisions	1,494 13 8	
Due in France...	7,473 13 7	
		8,968 7 3
Total Liquid Assets		139,883 8 8
Income and Expenditure Account, Deficiency as set out therein...		52,898 2 10
		£192,781 11 6

REPORT OF THE AUDITORS

To the National Council of Y.M.C.A.'s (Incorporated).

We report that we have examined the annexed Income and Expenditure Account for the period ended 30th November, 1915, also the Balance Sheet as at that date. The transactions recorded under the headings "Divisional Accounts" and "France" have been or are in course of being audited by local or other Auditors. We have accepted these Divisional and French Returns without further investigation, and have incorporated them in the annexed Accounts. Three Divisional Returns are not yet to hand, and consequently have not been included. Subject to these reservations, we report that we have obtained all the information and explanations required by us, and we certify that in our opinion the annexed Income and Expenditure Account and Balance Sheet are properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the War Emergency Fund according to the best of our information and the explanations given us and as shown by the Books of the Council.

28, BASINGHALL STREET, LONDON, E.C.
13th March, 1916.

DIXON, WILSON, TUBBS & CO.,
Chartered Accountants.

NOTE BY THE ACTING HON. TREASURER.

With reference to the above accounts it will be noticed that the deficit on the 30th November, 1915, was £52,898 2s. 10d. This, thanks to the generous response of the public, was reduced to about £42,000 by the end of January, and was still further reduced during February. It is hoped to completely clear this by the end of May, so that the work will not be hampered by lack of funds.

It will be observed that no credit has been taken for the amount of £318,926 3s. 4d. spent on buildings, tents, equipment, and motors, as their value after the War is, to say the least, problematical.

While fresh demands pour in continually necessitating further expenditure, at least £600 daily is required to maintain efficiently the work already undertaken in over 1,000 centres, and the Committee would earnestly appeal to all friends of the Association to assist them in carrying out this great responsibility which has been entrusted to them, and the efficient maintenance of which means so much to our soldiers.

The accounts for the Munition Work, the Prisoners of War Work, and the General Work of the Association are all kept quite distinct and will be published separately.

H. E. E. PROCTER, Acting Hon. Treasurer.

April 7, 1916. Y.M.C.A.

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 and Colonial Union:
HOWARD WILLIAMS.

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12 & 13, Russell Square,
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THE EDITORIAL OFFICES of "Y.M." are at the CENTRAL Y.M.C.A., TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, 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.

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.

OUR SUPREME TASK.

Reports on the March Campaign.

ABOUT half the missioners who took part in the March campaign have now reported, and a large number of the hut leaders have also sent in their statements of fact and impression.

The missioners appear to have found even greater opportunity than they expected, and many of them are eager to go again to the camps.

A notable point in their reports is the constant insistence upon the value of the "Quiet Room" and the repeated suggestion that where huts have not this advantage it should be afforded them as soon as possible in the interest of the spiritual development of the men. The missioners also dwell upon the value of evening prayers in the hut.

Among the comments of the leaders the following are typical:—

"The mission was a great success, and I attribute much to the fact that every night for a week previously I told the men that it would be a purely religious service. The attendance each night was over 500."

"The mission was an absolute success; it is the best thing that the Y.M.C.A. has done."

"I should like to advise that similar meetings be held oftener; the men were sorry when they closed."

"This was exactly the type of mission needed, and I would suggest that it be repeated every six months. The men are asking for further talks of a similar character."

"The missioner was a great help to the staff."

One leader says: "The March campaign in this area is to be followed up by a representative conference of Christian men from all the camps to discuss the 'follow up' work."

In this connection it might be remarked that not only is the Religious Work Committee closely occupied with the carrying out of plans for following up the campaign, but the monthly conference of camp leaders which meets to-day is devoting its chief attention to the question.

The sub-committee which recently made inquiries as to the kind of religious literature most wanted in the camps received a rich store of data, and is designing a new series of publications. The little booklet, *The Greatest Story of All*, described on another page, was designed by a group of chaplains, and is being published at headquarters. It should prove exceedingly useful, not only at Eastertide, but at all times.

The figures relating to the campaign are, of course, not yet complete, because of the fact that a number of reports have still to come in. This is particularly true of the War Roll figures, which are probably far below the actual results, since in a number of cases the reports do not state how many signatures were received. Moreover, one camp leader, in whose hut 132 men signed the roll, remarks, "I consider the mission to have been a greater success than the figures seem to show."

At present, however, the statistics are as follows:—

Aggregate attendance *nightly* in 109 camps, 20,440.

Average evening attendance at each of the 109 meetings, 186 men.

Gross aggregate attendance for the three nights in the 109 centres, 59,010 men.

In camp, even more than in the case of an ordinary evangelistic campaign, the counting of heads is perhaps the least valuable of all ways of measuring results. We have every reason for singing a "Te Deum" as we survey the evidence of a deep, far-reaching, and permanent spiritual movement among the men of the Army—and we believe that "the best is yet to be."

HORLICK'S
MALTED MILK
The Ideal Food-Drink

Horlick's Malted Milk has built up and increased the capabilities of a great number of leading athletes, and its use will also increase your strength and vitality in the same manner. It is pure, full-cream milk and 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 water only.

Served in Y.M.C.A. Refreshment Rooms & Tents

Also available in the form of delicious food tablets to be dissolved in the mouth. Relieve hunger and thirst and prevent fatigue. Supply sufficient nourishment to sustain for hours. Used very largely by men on Active Service.

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H. G.

ROMAIN ROLLAND has remarked that the young men who in time of peace would be producing the literature of the new generation are now writing letters from the battlefield, instead of the essays, poetry, or other accepted forms of composition which we might have had from them but for the war. The quotations that he makes, however, show that these same letters are literature of a kind that we have missed for many a decade. There is a feeling for the elemental that lends a touch of the immortal to them. Every one of us has a few in which we have "discovered" a friend, since for the first time he has really touched the deep things of our common life in an utterly simple way. Whether men write down for us what they are feeling under the stress of active service or not, the fact remains that they are all thinking more rapidly and thoroughly than they ever would have done without this stern stimulus.

***

ONE evidence of this is the eagerness with which our educational programme has been received by all types of men in every centre where we are at work, whether in the training camps or on the actual fighting fronts. Indeed, the nearer to the guns they are, the more enthusiastic do the men appear. Nor is this due to any catching at whatever will serve to distract the mind from the terrible experiences of every-day modern warfare. Our Army is splendidly serious, as it is magnificently gay. Apart from the fact that the proportion of educated men in the ranks is greater than has been the case with any army in the world's history, every man knows that he has taken up arms for an ideal, and he wants to work out its meaning in practical terms. Moreover, he is looking on to the end of the war, and he is determined that all the sacrifice of these many months shall not be made in vain. He wants to know what the finest minds of his own and other days are thinking about the social order of the future, and on what principles we are to set about reconstruction all round.

***

OF course, there are also those hundreds of younger men who have had to break into the middle of a course at the university or at some technical institution, to which they will never return, either because they will be too old or because they will no longer be able to afford it after the war. We know of a typical case in which a man is doing his best in leisure hours to finish his reading for his B.Sc. Another, a young officer, said the other day, "Before the war I neither knew nor cared anything about poetry; now I am writing it; I can't help it!" Every thoughtful man will admit that, whatever gains may accrue to the manhood of a nation by the experience of military training and active participation in war, there is a terrible risk of mental loss and set-back to civilisation owing to the interruption to intellectual development and the arrest of promising faculties, to say nothing of the sheer "war wastage" (to use Mr. Balfour's term) through the death of brilliant youths. It is, therefore, all the more heartening to find such ready response to the efforts that have been made to supply the place of ordinary means of intellectual training and companionship in our huts. It is doubly incumbent upon us to maintain and increase those efforts.

***

THE past winter has seen a very much greater range and system in this part of our work, owing to the quiet, steady service of a strong educational committee at headquarters. Representing in its membership educationists of every type, from dons and members of the staff of the Board of Education to those whose whole experience has been gained in connection with the Workers' Educational Association, the committee has had the advantage of being chaired by the Rev. W. Temple, M.A., who unites in himself the whole range, from an Oxford Fellowship to the presidency of a parish crèche! Of course, the committee would make no pretence to have done anything that our divisional secretaries and individual leaders were not doing before. Unification of effort, however, has meant that a larger field and a greater wealth of helpers has been opened to all.

***

THUS, in many of the southern camps at any rate, the weekly lecture has become, without exaggeration, one of the most popular events on the programme. This need excite no wonder when the list of lecturers is read. It would be invidious to mention names, and to give them all would require more space than can be spared for this whole article. Some indication of the quality may be gathered from the fact that among them are some of the best-known and most popular men on the lists of the Universities' Extension, the famous "Lecture Agency" ("Christy's"), the Royal Colonial Institute, the Navy League, the Council for the Study of International Relationships (of which Lord Bryce is the inaugurator and president), the National Committee for Patriotic Organisations, and similar bodies. The subjects range from "The Birth of a Star" to "Regimental Badges and Mottoes," from "Aviation" to "Shakespeare and Shakespeare's England." Fellows of the Royal Microscopical Society have given a series of fascinating exhibitions in the huts. There

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have been classes in French, in shorthand, in bookkeeping, and in other practical subjects. In munition areas we have been able to develop even more extensive work, partly because of the fact that the men are not so constantly moving, and partly because of the warm interest and material help afforded us by the Ministry of Munitions and the various firms. Naturally, we have been able to do most in hostel centres, but we have found half-hour lecturettes in canteen centres highly appreciated.

***

IN France lecturers of the highest experience and standing, such as Dr. Percy Dearmer, Mr. Geoffrey Shaw, and Dr. Holland Rose, have put in their three months at a time, while some, like Mr. Frank Adkins, have become permanent assets to our work there. The weekly programme of the huts in, say, the Rouen area is a magnificent achievement from the educational point of view. There are not only lectures, but classes, study circles, reading courses, debates, and similar items. Each district now has its specially appointed worker, who, while doing his share in other ways, is given as his first responsibility the oversight of the educational work, libraries, &c. We are hoping that each division at home will have a similar arrangement in force before long, especially those more remote from London, and therefore of necessity more dependent upon the work of a divisional committee, working in co-operation with the headquarters committee, for its supply of lecturers. If a certain number of good lecturers can be found locally, these can be supplemented from headquarters, especially by men sent down for a week to visit a number of huts.

***

OUR warmest thanks are due to the lecturers, who, with a few exceptions, and these mostly in munitions areas, where we have our grant to use, have given us freely of their best, receiving nothing but bare travelling expenses and hospitality where necessary. It is a satisfaction to hear their glowing reports of the welcome and the hearing accorded to them. We ought also to recollect also the service rendered by those who, often ministers, tutors, or professional men, who have gone to our huts as ordinary counter workers, and have added to the strenuousness of their life in that capacity by speaking upon topics with which their studies or their travels have specially acquainted them. The willingness of everybody to help has been the happy feature of this, as of every other part of our work. Thus in the matter of books for our hut libraries, the Camps Library has put the whole of its machinery for collecting, sorting, packing, and forwarding books—a colossal task, with which we could never cope—entirely at our disposal, making only the nominal charge of £2 per thousand, which is all too little to cover working expenses. Now the Fighting Forces Book Council has come into being to supplement the ordinary collection of books by obtaining those of a higher literary or technical standard for the use of those who wish to do a little more thorough reading. It works through the Camp Library, and is prepared to meet almost any request for a book or a set of books at the same insignificant charge. (All applications to either source for books, by the way, should by made through the editorial department at headquarters.)

***

ALL these things encourage us to look for still larger developments as the months go on, especially if the divisional committees are formed and get to work. It is true that the summer is coming on, and men will naturally look for out-of-door sports. The smaller groups, however, will want to continue their reading, and perhaps the opportunity there will be greater than ever. The small circles often lead to great movements, because they permit of closer friendships. The Shakespeare Tercentenary will, we hope, be celebrated in all our camps, but of this we hope to speak at length in our next issue. We may perhaps here remark that the summer will probably prove (under war conditions, which are totally unlike those of peace) the time to avail ourselves of the special help that the National Home Reading Union is ready to afford us. The executive committee of the Union has co-opted a member of our own headquarters staff, in order to make close co-operation possible, and is willing to construct special courses for our benefit, if we do not find among the many splendid ones that it has already issued just what we want. It is well worth the while of our workers to inquire of our own editorial department about the range and content of these notes prepared by the N.H.R.U.

***

WE are apt to overlook the splendid chance given us by the circumstances of the war, and the grave condemnation that will be ours if we miss it. We cannot be to the men in camp all that the university, the library, or the club is in normal times. We can help to save the soul of many a man, and to guide as well as to stimulate his thinking at a time when a new trend is being given to all his life and powers. Our splendid symbol pledges us to this, now of all times.

THE WORK OF THE NATIONAL HOME-READING UNION.

By Miss J. I. Swanson, Secretary of the National Home-Reading Union.

EDUCATION, books, reading, are all apparently threadbare subjects on which nothing remains to be said. They are topics which readers of *Y.M.* may feel to be inappropriate at a time when all long for action. There is, however, a place for good literature even—may we not say especially?—in war-time, for to many books have lately become of even greater value than in the past, sometimes for friendship and consolation, sometimes for more definitely educational purposes. It may not, therefore, be inappropriate to refer to the National Home-Reading Union, which is a great guild existing to link together readers of all ages and classes for companionship in reading.

The special objects of the National Home-Reading Union are to assist readers in the choice of books, by the provision of carefully selected lists compiled by experts, and to promote the formation of reading circles for mutual help and interest. A monthly magazine is published from May to October containing articles on the books and their authors and other items of interest. Membership of the union is classified into four sections:—The "Special Course," in which a variety of subjects are treated in detail and in a scholarly manner; the "General Course," in which a different range of subjects are rather more popularly dealt with; the "Introductory Course," containing four subjects selected from the General Course; and the "Young People's Course," intended for boys and girls up to the age of sixteen or seventeen. A small graduated fee secures membership of these sections, whilst honorary membership embraces all four.

The subjects dealt with vary from year to year, but include poetry, history, biography, travel, science, art, general literature, fiction, &c. Current matters are also treated when of great general interest. During the present session the lists contain six courses bearing upon the war:—"Problems of the European Situation," "The Balkan States," "Belgian Literature" (in French), "French Gothic Architecture," "Some of Our Allies at Home," "Patriotism and Poetry."

The ranks of the N.H.R.U. are recruited from people of all ages and all classes. The members are to be found all over the civilised world—in the British Isles, the colonies and dependencies, in France, Switzerland, Italy, Egypt, and other places, as well as at present in the camps, the trenches, the hospitals, and the fleet.

The office of the union is at 12, York-buildings, Adelphi, London, W.C., from which all information may be obtained of the secretary.

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and boots,
And then to seek for shelter each weary
worker scoots.

Though often they alarm us, with visits not
a few,
We do not find they bore us—the thrill is ever
new.
When free from present worry, we funny
things can say;
But when the bombs are dropping, we feel
the other way.

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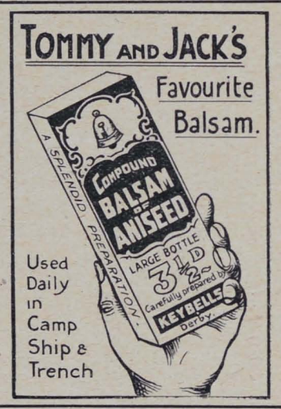

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AT THE SIGN OF THE RED TRIANGLE.

News and Notes Gathered from All Quarters.

Friends Indeed.

We have pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of several additional generous gifts towards our War Fund since our last issue.

The directors of the Commercial Union Assurance Company, acting in their capacity as trustees of the will of the late Sir William Dunn, Bart., have made a grant of £5,000 for a memorial building in one of the big permanent camps in England. From Messrs. Cadbury Brothers has come a cheque for £1,000. The Londonderry Association has raised £950 for two huts, one in France and one in the Mediterranean. Our contemporary, the *Church Family Newspaper*, has shown its practical sympathy by raising £650 towards two huts in Kent. From the International Committee of New York we have received £600 in respect of Prisoners-of-War work. Through Mrs. Earl, of Handsworth, comes £535 for a "Sheffield and Hallamshire" Y.M.C.A. hut in France. Mr. T. Wall contributes £500, and an anonymous gift of £150 has also been received. Mr. and Mrs. Everett have given £125 towards the cost of the work in the huts now being fixed near the railway station at Cambridge. Sir T. F. Victor Buxton, Sir William Hartley, Lady Morrison Bell, Mr. W. I. Leonard, and Captain Wiseley have each sent £100. The Haddenham War Relief Fund (auction sale) has brought us £50. Mr. and Mrs. Latter send a second gift of £50. Per Lady Dunglass, a further sum of £50 has been received, and Miss Brown has contributed £50.

In addition to these, many smaller amounts have been received, for which we are the most grateful, because it costs £600 every day to maintain the existing war work of the Association. Nothing less than national support, therefore, is adequate to our need, so that additional subscriptions are urgently required, and will be greatly appreciated.

A Lecturer's Appreciation.

We appreciate very highly the cheque which came in a day or two ago from a gentleman who is rendering us most valuable service as a voluntary lecturer, and who shows proof of the work which he sees going on in our huts as he visits them that he has made this contribution to our funds.

The Typists' Gift.

A very well-known typewriter company, which obtains employment through its bureau for a large number of trained typists, asks no commission for its services to them, but, in response to inquiries from the typists as to whether they can in some way show their appreciation of the good offices of the company, a scheme was formed by which those who had obtained permanent positions through the company's introduction are invited to contribute 1s. towards a "London Charitable Institutions Fund." This subscription entitles typists to one vote as to the disposal of the fund, the names of the institutions for which votes may be given being suggested by the typists themselves. Whenever the fund amounts to £5 5s., that amount is sent to the institution holding the largest number of votes at the time.

This week the votes have resulted in £5 5s. being sent to our Hut Fund.

The Marquis of Zetland's Hut.

A splendidly equipped hut at Hipswell Camp, near Richmond, Yorks, the gift of the Hon. the Marquis of Zetland, K.G., was opened last week by the donor in person, accompanied by the Marchioness.

Brigadier-General S. B. Jameson presided, and was supported by Brigadier-General C. R. Crofton Atkins (commanding the 12th Reserve Infantry Brigade), Colonel Smyth (commanding the Artillery Training School), Lieut.-Colonel Campbell (Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders), Lieut.-Colonel McRae Gilstrap (Royal Highlanders), Lieut.-Colonel Briggs (Royal Scots), Colonel Esson (commanding the Richmond Depot), Major Middleton (General Staff Officer), and other officers.

It was a pleasure to all present to hear read a letter from Sir Matthew Dodsworth, though Sir Matthew is unfortunately still too ill for public functions.

The Marquis said that he was strongly of the opinion that those who were incapacitated from taking an active part in military service felt it their bounden duty to do everything they could in the interests of the war. It was deeds rather than words which were valuable at the present time, and it afforded him very great pleasure to hand over the hut for the soldiers quartered in the camp.

We understand that three other huts are to be erected in the Hipswell Camp.

Avington Park, Winchester.

Up to the Christmas gales the large artillery camp at Avington Park (three miles out of Winchester), had *two Y.M.C.A.'s*—one at Duke's Lodge, and the second, a marquee, at the inner end of the camp. The later "Rude Boreas" laid low.

To meet the urgent need thereby caused Mrs. Johnston, of Winchester, nobly came forward with the major portion of the cost of a large hut, in addition to which she has given the piano, a bagatelle board, a clock, and several games.

On Wednesday evening, March 29, this well-equipped and attractive hut was opened by Mrs. Stuart-Smith, of Ropley, a lady who



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had rendered magnificent service in the old marquee.

Following a dedicatory prayer by the chairman (the organising secretary for religious work, Winchester Division), a concert was sustained with great enthusiasm for two hours. Excellent artistes had promised, but failed to appear; Miss Coleclough, of Winchester, proved a capable substitute on the violin for Lieutenant Tipping, and, aided by Mrs. Coleclough, Mr. Gumbrell, Adjutant Basil Holmes, Lieutenant Robey, and volunteers, there was no shortage of talent.

The hut was crowded, and the men showed convincing appreciation of its privileges.

Happily the staff of the old marquee (Messrs. A. J. Heale, W. H. M. Jackson, and J. W. Harrison, assisted by Mrs. Stuart-Smith, and a splendid band of lady workers) will continue their good work under better conditions.

We gratefully record that Mrs. Hamilton, of Winchester, is presenting a billiard table.

Silkstone.

A new hut at Silkstone camp has been formally declared open by Mr. J. S. H. Fullerton, who was instrumental in raising nearly half of the cost from the generously disposed people of the district. Along with Mrs. Fullerton, Mrs. T. Thorneley Taylor, the Countess of Wharncliffe, Lady Mary Stuart-Wortley, Mrs. J. M. Spencer Stanhope, and other ladies, are rendering invaluable personal service.

The chair at the ceremony was taken by Major Dodds, O.C., who remarked that when the soldiers came to Silkstone they were strangers in a strange country, but that feeling had disappeared through the efforts of the Y.M.C.A.

Announce Your Programme!

Mr. A. H. Tee, leader at Wimbledon, has prepared an excellent week's arrangements notice sheet, as follows.

The blanks are filled in with the duplicator, and copies sent to the C.O.'s of all the battalions in camp for hanging in the regimental institutes, canteens, and officers' messes. The C.O.'s are glad to do this, and the effect, says Mr. Tee, is good.

WIMBLEDON CAMP HUT.

Week's Arrangements.

Commencing ..... 1916.

Sunday.	
Monday.	
Tuesday.	
Wednesday.	
Thursday.	
Friday.	
Saturday.	

Seats are always reserved for Officers.

To Divisional Secretaries.

The Baptist Missionary Society has kindly undertaken to send copies of its magazine monthly to our divisional secretaries for distribution throughout the huts in their respective districts. These journals are of exceptional interest and very finely illustrated, and tell a great deal about the parts of the world that soldiers are now visiting, and we are grateful to the B.M.S.

The Adult School Union also has put at our disposal 1,000 copies of its Lesson Hand Book, a most valuable little publication, containing outlines for group study, platform addresses, &c., and all leaders or divisional secretaries who would like a supply for the use of leaders in religious work are asked to apply to Mr. Soothill at headquarters.

Please—a Gramophone!

As a result of our recent appeal in the pages of *Y.M.* for gramophones and gramophone records, we have received several kind gifts from friends, which has enabled us to supply the demand in several centres, although there is still a long "waiting list" of places where gramophones are most urgently needed, and therefore we wish to impress upon our friends the urgent need there is for these instruments.

A letter of appreciation from one of the centres privileged to receive a gift recently tells its own tale:—

"The gramophone has hardly been idle one minute since it was placed on the counter of the canteen; it adds greatly to the enjoyment of the soldiers, it's so quiet here."

The gift of a gramophone would be a real godsend to one of our isolated centres, and we need so many.

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The latter is Toffee-de-Luxe with the addition of Peppermint—selected as carefully as the other ingredients. Both are sold at 4½d. for 4 ozs., and in 1/1 tins, of all Confectioners.

LETTERS THAT EXHILARATE US.

Y.M.C.A.,
Sling Camp, Salisbury Plain.

DEAR MR. SOOTHILL,—I am enclosing P.O. 3s. towards the religious and social work of the Y.M. But I must tell you how I got it.

About ten days ago a large number of new recruits of Lord Derby's arrived in this camp. There are some fine fellows amongst them, and I have had some fine chats with some, and done my level best to make them feel at home, and last Sunday night—before the service—about ten of them came rushing in in a body to my table, and beckoned to me to come to them.

They were looking so excited and keen, I wondered whatever was the matter, and when I got to them the ringleader put a packet of loose coppers in my hand, and they all began to tell me, bubbling over with excitement—some in broad Scotch that wanted some interpreting—how they had had a whip round in their hut, that they might make some little gift towards the "religious and social work," to show their appreciation. The intrinsic value of the gift was small, but it is little incidents like that that count, and make one feel that one's "work is not in vain for the Lord."

Half-an-hour after this we had our Sunday service, to which these men stayed.

It was one of the best services we have had. The hall was full. One of the soldiers spoke on "Who can separate us from the love of Christ?" You could have heard a pin drop. The whole atmosphere of the hut was charged with the power of the Spirit. It was a real inspiration.

After it was over one after another of the men came to me, asking to join the Pocket Testament League, and one was able to drive home the claim for personal decision for Christ. Two Scotch lads—two of the party who subscribed the 3s.—received the Testaments, and there and then confessed Christ as their Saviour. . . .

I may say in the last five days I have enrolled 170 members of the Pocket Testament League, each receiving the little pocket Testament, in most cases with the personal appeal to decide for Christ.

But the centre of our week's work is the Sunday afternoon study circle, when we gather for the study of Philippians. Last Sunday there were forty-five men; the previous Sunday nearly sixty. We have several theological students here with us in the R.A.M.C., and there is always the note of personal consecration and really keen thought.

I have received several letters from old members of our Bible study class now in France, &c., saying how they miss the hours of quiet fellowship they had with us at Sling.

Ah! it's the quiet spiritual work that goes on behind the scenes that counts. There is many a man in this camp thanks God for the quiet chats they have had at the Y.M. But—*we need more Christian workers in the Y.M.*

Yours very sincerely, DOUGLAS CAVE.

At this season, when so many of the troops are suffering from coughs and colds, several camps are far away from a chemist's shop, a felt need is supplied by Keybell's Balsam of Aniseed, packed in cartons to sell at 3½d. Particulars, Premier Manufacturing Co., Highbury-place, London, N. See advert.

Messrs. Benton, of Brighton, have produced a most varied and attractive series of postcards, song cards, regimental match-box covers, Treasury note cases, and other sundries for which there is so large a sale in camp. Camp-leaders will do well to consult the long list which appears in another column.

WITH THE CANADIANS.

A Letter to One of Our Leaders in France.

Rev. T. T. James, M.A.,
Y.M.C.A., Camiers.

DEAR MR. JAMES,—On my return from Canada, where I had to proceed on official business connected with the unit under my command, I found the *personnel* housed in their new quarters at Boulogne, and, owing to pressure of work, I regret that it slipped my mind to write you; and on behalf of my officers, nursing staff, non-commissioned officers, and men, I hasten to take this opportunity of thanking you very heartily for your kindness to everyone connected with this hospital. By your frequent happy arrangement of concerts I may say that you helped a great deal to relieve the monotony of the long winter evenings, all of which were deeply appreciated by my *personnel*. Your counter and tournaments were particularly welcome to my N.C.O.'s and men, and I wish, personally, to express my tribute of unstinted praise for the great work that your Y.M.C.A. has done in this great war, in which we are all privileged to participate.

With kind regards and renewed thanks,
Believe me,
Yours very sincerely,
(Signed) H. S. BIRKETT, Colonel.
O.C., No. 3 Canadian General Hospital McGill, A.P.O.3.

In connection with the Hostel for Boy Workers at Woolwich Arsenal, of which we have charge, the Boy Scout movement is making great progress.

We are arranging for lectures to be given, and the first, by Mr. Walter Rowntree, B.Sc., F.L.S., of the London University Extension, was greatly enjoyed.

To-morrow there is to be a mass meeting of all the Boy Scout leaders at the Hostel.



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is a bar of the world-famous **Wrigley's SPEARMINT Chewing Gum.** A wonderful help on the march—keeps you fresh and fit—saves thirst—stimulates and prevents fatigue. Every veteran in the Army swears by

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On Sale at all Y.M.C.A. Refreshment Depots.

NOTES ON DAILY READINGS.

For the Junior Department Branch of the Scripture Union.

By the Rev. A. J. COSTAIN, M.A., Headmaster of Rydal Mount School.

Author of *Life of Arthur Jackson, The Day-break Call,* &c.

Saturday, 8th.—John xiii. 27-38. Would you say that the Gospels were written with much skill? Is not their great glory the story they tell, rather than their manner of telling it? Occasionally, however, there is a master-touch, and in a few short words an unforgettable picture is painted. Here, for instance: "He went out straightway: and it was night." Night in the heart of Judas. The light had shined upon him, but it had gone out, quenched by the envy and greed and malice of his own heart. There is no more tragic story in the world than his. Christ had seen great possibilities in the young man of Kereoth. He had given him the chief place of trust in the apostolic band. Was he not first among the Apostles (see Mark xiv. 10, R.V., margin)? Now he had flung it all away from him. His sun had set, "and it was night."

Sunday, 9th.—John xiv. 1-14. You ought to learn the first few verses of this chapter off by heart. There are many abiding places in life, and Christ leads us on to them, one after another. There is the breath of the open road in these words of Christ, a road that has been trodden out for us by His feet. "To travel hopefully," said Stevenson, "is a better thing than to arrive." It is better still to do both, and this we can do if we follow where He leads. Remember verses 8 and 9: We generally think of Christ as the Gift of the Father; here we see that the Father is the Gift of Christ to us.

Monday, 10th.—John xiv. 15-31. "Mother, I do love you." "Then, why don't you do what I tell you? 'If you love me, you will keep my commandments.'" Christ wants us first of all to love Him; then obedience will follow. That is the great thing that Christ does for us. He turns "I ought" into "I must." There is all the difference in the world between saying, "I suppose I ought to do it," and saying, "Father wants me to do it, so I really must."

Tuesday, 11th.—John xv. 1-15. This is one of the few allegories in the Bible. Christ used the parable as a rule rather than the allegory. He is here illustrating the closeness of the union between Himself and His disciples. It is a living, not a mechanical, union. The teaching is lit up by several beautiful touches; verse 13 will be carved on many a tombstone in 1916. Look at verse 15; Christ has proved His friendship to His disciples by telling them His secrets. To whom do you tell yours? Only to your best friend, isn't it?

Wednesday, 12th.—John xv. 16-27. I wonder whether you are disturbed at the thought of the world hating you. It seems rather a big thing to take on. Why should the Christian be hated? Simply because every strong man is hated—not by everyone, but by some. If you don't count for anything, the world will be indifferent to you; but if you are alive, actively and tensely and passionately alive, the indifference turns to hostility; after all, we should prefer the hostility, shouldn't we? Everyone that counts has friends and enemies. What matters is: Who are your friends and who your enemies? Have you ever heard of Mr. Lloyd George?

Thursday, 13th.—John xvi. 1-16. "It is better for you that I should go away." Christ often startled His disciples. He rather liked to shock them—to see the wonder in their eyes, to watch the astonished looks that they exchanged. What must they have thought of this announcement of His? They wanted to keep Him with them for ever; He said it would be far better for them if He went away. He was digging deep into their hearts to find the soil for the new seed He meant to sow. He was going to tell them of the Holy Spirit of Him who was to turn the timorous band of disciples into the "glorious company of the Apostles." They were to receive great reinforcements; by the sword of the Spirit, they conquered the world. Note verse 12; has not Christ still got something that He wants to say to the world? Why should He not say it through *you?*

Friday, 14th.—John xvi. 16-33. "In the world ye have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." These are, in a sense, the last words of Jesus to His disciples. His work on earth is done; henceforth all that remains is the Cross. Its dark shadow is athwart His path. Knowing what is in front of Him, in the very hour of His defeat, He flings out these words that breathe the very spirit of courage and contain the supremest assurance of triumph. He was never so much a victor as now. His enemies might kill Him, but they couldn't hurt Him. Nothing that happens to us really matters; all that matters is what happens in us—hence man's "unconquerable mind." There are none so brave as those who know that it doesn't matter whether they "succeed" or not. The one thing necessary for a follower of Christ, if we may judge from the stress He laid on it, is courage.

TRAINING SCHOOL NOTES.

Mr. C. Unwin Simson is working at Havre, and after a short spell among the bakers is now associated with the Rev. H. Bury, of Bolton. He finds his musical gifts much in demand, and speaks highly of the men's singing. He is organising a glee party, with excellent prospects of success. "I must confess I am more than satisfied with the work I have to do, and would not have missed it for ever so much."

Mr. R. Blair helps at Kynoch Town, where the hut serves military and munition workers alike. The latter, however, have little leisure time, so that the soldiers have the place most of the evening.

Mr. F. Hewett writes from one of the Scouts' huts in France, where he seems to have "found his occupation." He has charge of the library, &c., during the day and the concert arrangements at night.

Mr. R. E. Weaver is at Blocton camp, where he is finding plenty to do and to interest him still further in the work. As with the rest of our workers, he feels that nothing is too much trouble for the men whom we try to serve.

Mr. W. L'A. Cole writes from "somewhere in France" where he is in contact with a good many Canadians, finding his acquaintance with their country a great advantage. He has done some lecturing, and hopes to interest the men later in Nature study. He is giving attention also to the decoration of the hut, and has secured pictures, &c., for the purpose from English friends.

INQUIRIES ABOUT MISSING SOLDIERS

FRANK O'BRIEN,
F Company, 6th Batt. Middlesex Regt., Lower Barracks, Chatham. Enlisted in New York through British Consul in the year 1914.
Inquirer: Mrs. O'Brien,
3, Linden-street,
Bayonne, New Jersey, U.S.A.

LANCE-CORPORAL C. N. STANYON,
No. 2,698, 15 Platoon, D Company, 1/4 Batt. Lincolnshire Regt., B.E.F., France. Missing since Battle of Loos, October 13, 1915.
Inquirer: Mrs. Stanyon,
Leasingham Moor,
Sleaford, Lincs.

The friends of JOSEPH WILSON, a boy of 14, moderate size, who has probably enlisted in some Bantam regiment, are anxious to secure his return to civilian life. He had previously enlisted as Tom Belcher, and is supposed to be fond of Y.M.C.A. huts. News should be sent to the Editor of *Y.M.*

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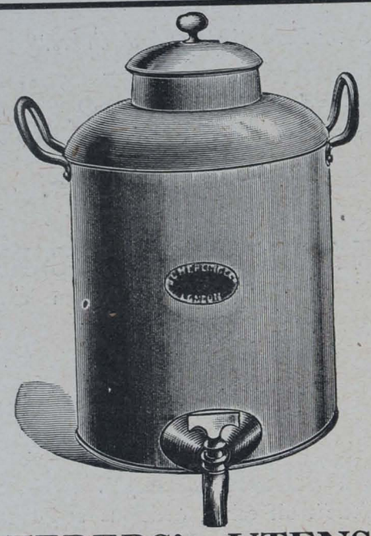

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LORD CHELMSFORD, VICEROY OF INDIA.

WHEN Lord Dalhousie was made Viceroy of India at the age of 35, he said to a friend that he felt bound to be solemn, or some Cabinet Minister would ask where his hoop was! Lord Chelmsford, who has just become Viceroy, is forty-seven years old, although his fair complexion and youthful activity would give you the impression that he was younger. It is eleven years since he became Governor of Queensland, acquitting himself most admirably. Then in 1909 he was appointed Governor of New South Wales, where for four years he was equally successful and popular. Coming home, he resumed his membership of the London County Council, where he has been an active but unobtrusive worker, interested specially in education. He will never forget Spring Gardens, it may be added, for it was there that he was the victim of an accident which has marked his face permanently. Fortunately, although his nose was injured, Lord Chelmsford's pleasant and frank countenance is still an excellent "letter of recommendation" to all who meet him.

The new Viceroy comes of a governing family. His grandfather was Lord Chancellor for some years in Queen Victoria's reign. His father's name recalls the Zulu War, in which he played a memorable part. Succeeding his father in the barony in 1905, Lord Chelmsford had in the four previous years been an industrious member of the School Board for London. He is an old Wykehamist, as he recalled with enthusiasm the other day when speaking at a meeting presided over by the Bishop of Southwark. "It is an added ordeal for me to speak to-day," he said, "for the chairman is my old headmaster, and no man ever loses a sense of awe with regard to his headmaster."

Some of the most unhappy men in England have been "returned Governors." After enjoying all the prestige which attaches to the office of Governor, they find unemployment at home a very irksome state of things. It was otherwise with Lord Chelmsford when he came back from Australia. He settled down to a good deal of quiet and valuable social work. He is, as was his father, very fond of music. He paid a visit to Australia a few months ago, when he was welcomed warmly, and his name was suggested as a possible Governor-General of the Commonwealth. In the war he has done a considerable amount of special work, and was in India when he received the appointment to succeed Lord Hardinge as Viceroy. It is said that an official, talking to Lord Chelmsford at a banquet, suggested that he should try and get a more important task than what he was doing. "Why not apply for an appointment on the Commander-in-Chief's staff?" To which Lord Chelmsford, with the secret in his breast of his choice as Viceroy, replied that he believed that the people at home had some "new job" ready for him!



THE NEW VICEROY.
Photo: Martin Jacoiette.

It has often been the case with Viceroys that they had no previous acquaintance with India before their appointment to the exalted office of Governor-General. But happily this is not so with Lord Chelmsford. He has spent several months in India, and has a certain amount of knowledge of its complicated problems, which should prove to be of real value to him as Viceroy. He has taken over his duties from one of the most popular Viceroys which India has ever had—Lord Hardinge, K.G. The retiring Viceroy had three sad experiences during his extended term of office. His life was attempted, he lost his devoted wife, and lately his son gave up his life at the front. When, riding in the State procession, Lord Hardinge was wounded, his brave words were "Go on!" and the proceedings were duly carried out. And through all his other trials "Go on!" has been his watchword. This courage has made a deep and abiding impression on our Indian fellow-subjects. To Lord Chelmsford falls the duty of carrying out the same policy of serene fortitude, and to him will come the same reward of affection. India will respond to such a continuation of wise government.

He takes up the position of Viceroy at a critical time, but his friends are confident that he will add to his laurels as a sagacious and sympathetic Governor. Lady Chelmsford, whose brother is Viceroy of Ireland, is a lady certain to win the affectionate respect of the Indian people. For the new Viceroy we wish a happy and influential *régime*.

APRIL.

By the RT. HON. G. W. E. RUSSELL, Author of "Collections and Recollections," &c.

Oh! to be in England now that April's there;
And whoever wakes in England sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm tree bole are in tiny leaf.

So wrote Robert Browning, and it is perhaps the most popular quotation in the English language. No book of "Selections from the Poets"—no "Golden Chaplet of English Verse"—would be complete without it. And the popularity of the quotation bears witness to the affection in which the month is held. We all love April. It brings with it the joy of a great reaction.

The bleak wind of March
Made us tremble and shiver.

Somehow "liver" seems the inevitable rhyme, and were we so heartless as to parody "The Bridge of Sighs," we should contrive to work it in. But in plain prose it may suffice to say that March, though it stopped short of slaying us by bronchitis or pneumonia, made us uncomfortable, bilious, and ill at ease. We grumbled and shuddered and complained, and made ourselves the bane of our domestic circle; and, when reproached with bearishness, absolved ourselves with the easy formula that no one could feel pleasant in blizzards and "Blackthorn Winters." But now all this is changed. The wind has got round to the South-West, and the sap of life flows more freely in our veins. Shakespeare felt the change when he wrote of "spongy April" and "youthful April, with all its showers." Milton knew the feeling, and wrote of spring as the time—

When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season.

We are proud to feel that we are made of the same stuff as Milton. The biliary ducts have righted themselves, and the air, as soft as butter, soothes our bronchial tubes and withal our temper.

Volleying showers of warm rain encourage the growing greenness; the sunshine, though fitful, shows gallantly against a blue sky, and the clouds disperse almost as soon as they have gathered. Within and without, above and below, and all around one, is that delicious sense of—

Hope, and a renovation without end,"

which is the special boon of April.

There is a rapturous movement, a green growing,
Among the hills and valleys once again;
And silent rivers of delight are flowing
Into the hearts of men.

There is a purple weaving on the heather,
Night drops down starry gold upon the furze,
Wild rivers and wild birds sing songs together,
Dead Nature breathes and stirs.

Those beautiful verses were written in a mild climate and a forward April. Poor old Wordsworth, for his sins, dwelt in a Northern region where the spring wore quite a different aspect—

In changeful April, when, as he is wont,
Winter has reassumed a short-lived sway,
And whitened all the surface of the field.

In such an April as that Wordsworth must sometimes have forgotten that March was over; but from this dismal picture let us turn to one more cheerful drawn not in Cumberland, but in Lincolnshire. Even in Lincolnshire—

April nights began to blow,

and—

April's crescent glimmers cold.

But there are more genial experiences close at hand—

But, Alice, what an hour was that
When, after roving in the woods
('Twas April then), I came and sat
Below the chestnuts, where their buds
Were glistening to the breezy blue;
And on the slope, a thoughtless fool,
I cast me down, nor thought of you,
But angled in the higher pool.

The poets have their months, and the months their poets. Shelley and Wordsworth and Keble and Arnold and Morris took the twelve one by one, and analysed the peculiar grace of each.

Arnold taught us to associate the thought of April with—

The springing pastures and the feeding kine;

but to Tennyson the month of mingled showers and sunshine recalled more picturesque delights. He feels it at the marriage-altar—

When crown'd with blessing She doth rise
To take her latest leave of home,
And hopes and light regrets that come
Make April of her tender eyes.

His own strong youth is renewed in his veins—

When first the liquid note beloved of men
Comes flying over many a windy wave
To Britain, and in April suddenly
Breaks from a coppice gemm'd with red and green.

He dreams of distant days when life was—

Dewy-warm
With kisses balmier than half-opening buds
Of April.

In the gallant season of opening manhood, when the golden chain of friendship was still unsnapped by death, he and Arthur Hallam found life a succession of joyous springs—

And we with singing cheer'd the way,
And, crown'd with all the season lent,
From April on to April went,
And glad at heart from May to May.

When the sun had gone down at noonday, and the "Shadow fear'd of man" had overcast the way, it was still the return of April triumphing over winter that cleared the gloom. Hallam was dead and Tennyson was forlorn, but—

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
The flocks are whiter down the vale,
And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream or distant sea.

Where now the sea-mew pipes, or dives
In yonder fleeting gleam, and fly
The happy birds, but change their sky
To build and brood; but live their lives

From land to land; and in my breast
Spring wakens, too; and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

Of set purpose I have disregarded the puerile associations of the First of April, known to the jocose as "All Fools' Day"; and the fact that Easter falls this year on the 23rd of April makes it unsuitable to dwell on the birthday of our national poet and the feast of our patron saint; but it was a wholesome instinct that fixed St. George's Day in April, and a happy accident that made it Shakespeare's birthday.

Perhaps this year we shall be spending Easter in the country, amid—

Fields where soft sheep from cages pull the hay,
Woods with anemones in bloom till May.

But business or politics or the claims of the family will soon recall us to London—

When well-apparelled April on the heels
Of limping winter treads.

"Limping winter" is a phrase which reminds us only too forcibly of the 28th and 29th of March, 1916; but the last week of April is nearly always "well-apparelled." The departing month is bright with the promise of that which is to come, and surely Shakespeare had this transition in his mind when he described the vivacity of young Master Fenton—"He capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April as May." Jolly young Fenton!

THE PATRIOTISM OF SHAKESPEARE.

An Article on Our National Poet in His Appeal to Soldier and Citizen Alike.

By MABEL ESCOMBE.

"There is a necessity all men should love their country."—BEN JONSON.

IT may be said that patriotism is a much abused term, that the word has wandered far from an original meaning, that, at times, it is in danger of becoming a harmful rather than a health stimulus. Proof is possibly not lacking. Any virtue can easily be shown to have degenerated into a weakness which reveals faults opposed to its good qualities. A mock, self-interested sentiment tends to oust what is real and spontaneous. Blame falls readily upon the glow of true enthusiasm in whatever cause it be exercised. When such suggestions are forced upon the mind, it is perhaps well to seek the history of those emotions which have wakened the feeling of patriotism. In any case it is of interest to search deeply into the meaning of patriotism, to study the development of one of the most universal of human passions which possesses the souls of men and women, which, at its best, has given the noblest expression of noble character. To reason a man into, or out of, patriotism is as unimaginable as, by argument, to induce him to love or be overwhelmed by any other strong inspiration springing solely from the heart. Where it exists, it is as natural and ingrained as the instinct which prompts him to protect his wife or child in the face of peril.

If sought out in a dictionary, the origin and source of patriotism and its value as a part of speech are apparent. The word is found amongst others that tell of the widest affections. It stands beside "common weal" and "benevolence," shares the chivalrous intentions of "knight-errantry." Looking further at the instances supplied by history, it will be seen that personal sacrifice and love are equally involved in the shining recollections of lives given or risked in defence and upbuilding of the motherland. From the earliest ages, by the most ancient races, worth has attached to the land of birth. One of the first curses laid upon man was the decree that Cain should be "a fugitive and a vagabond," exiled from home and country.

With all people, in all languages, deeds of valour suggested by patriotism have always been a favourite theme. The staunch heroism and virility of Macaulay's Lays immortalise the patriotism of the Romans, and from the days of a strolling minstrelsy individual prowess has been sung by poets great and small; has welded itself into the literature of nations and given the world some of its finest masterpieces:—

The zeal of Nature never cools,
Nor is she thwarted of her ends;
When gapped and dulled her cheaper tools,
Then she a saint and prophet spends.

Shakespeare, without directly taking the subject of an individual patriotism for one particular play, has proved himself so true an Englishman, so loyal a servant to the State, that none, in the cycle of dramas set on British soil, is bereft of proof how near at heart lay the honour and welfare of the country which inherits from him so grand a legacy of service. His devotion to this "rocky shore" glows with a fervour and strength that even his own impassioned tongue struggles to give due expression. Words press and leap against barriers till, having exhausted every symbol and image at command, he grinds out a sense of unsatisfied utterance. Take those last words of brave, dying Gaunt. He waits to plead to the King for this "dear, dear land" which Richard is so eager to embroil in contest, the England that has made "a shameful conquest of itself":—

This royal throne of kings, this scept'red isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress built by nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in a silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.

Nor does estimation come always from some trusted son of the soil. A foreigner's description, that of Austria, occurs in "King John." The Archduke advances to unite his forces with Philip of France and the Dauphin. The Allies have promised to help the unfortunate Prince Arthur, secure his rightful throne, an intention frustrated by King John's device to buy off France with the dowry settled on his niece Blanche in the marriage arranged with Louis. The Archduke vows he will not return until—

That white-faced shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tide,
And coops from other lands her islanders—
Even till that England hedg'd in by the main,
That water-walled bulwark still secure
And confident from foreign purposes—
Even till that utmost corner of the West
Salute thee for her king.

Constantly, in his country's interest, Shakespeare inveighs against false bargains which bring shame, intrigues which disgrace national policy. Always, he infers that right is might, that trickery and chicanery, however successfully exerted in affairs of State, serve only to lessen the power of the kingdom, to stain its honour and lower the standard of her people—

O England, model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart—
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!

But—and here are marked detracting influences at work, faults that promote and tend to ruin—

France hath in thee found
A nest of hollow bosoms.

"treacherous crowns," "corrupted men," "civil broils." With poignant regret he witnesses any deflection from absolute loyalty, from the confidence he himself reposes in the Crown. He scorns ungoverned mobs, self-seeking flatterers, double-hearted villains. In the bold speech addressed by the Bishop of Carlisle to Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford, afterwards Henry IV., is foretold the disastrous destiny of a house divided against itself. The aged prelate denounces the conduct of the man in fearless, withering terms. He is "conveyer" of a true king's fall, a "raiser of the wofullest division"—

My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king;
And if you crown him let me prophesy—
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound;
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this land be called
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.

In the depiction of martial or defensive epochs, like the times of the Lancastrians and Yorkists, Shakespeare's vigour and force of feeling is most strongly shown. "King Henry V." pictures an ideal ruler and an ideal people, and this drama holds a memorable scene. When the King advances upon Harfleur, his fleet appears "A city on th' inconstant billows dancing," England behind is "Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women"; the army itself, reduced to a mere handful of men by illness, are bidden "close the walls up with their English dead." Despite this remnant of manhood, Henry dares an attack which shall rival that of Edward upon Calais, and the occasion draws that magnificent charge which calls upon his soldiers to prove themselves worthy the heritage of men "whose blood is fit from fathers of war-proof!" "Dishonour not your mothers," he cries; "be copy now to men of grosser blood":—

And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture, let us swear
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not.

This feeling at work in the hearts of individuals is found in the interview which records the fall of Wolsey and Surrey's indignant attack on the doomed Cardinal. Denounced as a "proud traitor," a "scarlet sin," he is accused of "gleaning all the land's wealth into one," of intention to usurp the King's position, "employing means to the undoing of all kingdom." Wolsey's dismissal is, too, followed by his well-known soliloquy and the sympathy of Cromwell, whom he urges to—

Be just and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aims't at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.

The impression he would leave is of one more sinned against than sinning, and it must not be forgotten that though the Churchman's personal aim was the Papacy, he possessed much true patriotism. His administration kept peace for England during a seven years' interval, which saw the revival of the New Learning and the glory of his foundations at Oxford. Only in his later days was his loyalty to England, her freedom, her institutions, swept away by the overmastering ambition which made him cry—

Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

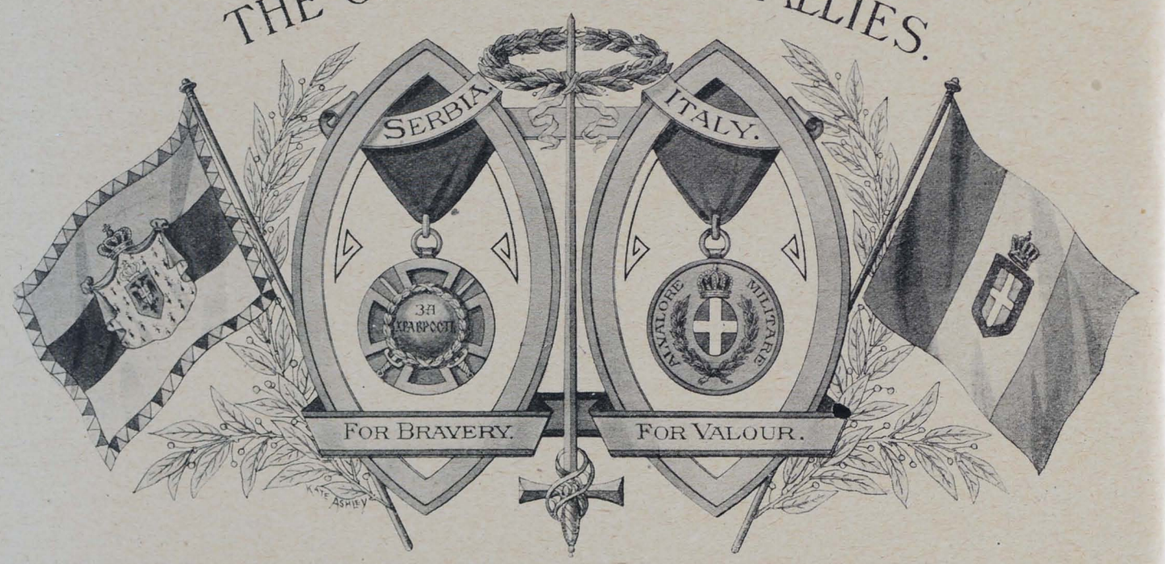
Patriotism, in its noblest sense, is that loyalty and love centred about the "land of our fathers." Expressed variously, and not at all necessarily by waging of warfare or shedding of blood, this is, perhaps, the misapplied, but popular, idea of its application. In a wider interpretation, it becomes the upholding of a common morality, the safeguarding of common traditions, the endurance of common sufferings, the sharing of common glories. If need be, it is the sacrifice of hopes and aspirations in one common cause.

The aim of the patriot is the promotion and furtherance of freedom in every form, whether national or individual. Cowper's beautiful summing up of patriotism condenses and ennobles this aspect. "He is the freeman whom the truth makes free." Whilst not overlooking the brave and true who have "toiled" and "nobly bled," this kind of patriot can never be robbed. He claims a possession greater than that of any earthly fatherland:—

For he has wings that neither sickness, pain,
Nor penury, can cripple or confine;
No nook so narrow but he spreads them there
With ease and is at large. The oppressor holds
His body bound, but knows not what a range
His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain;
And that to bind his is a vain attempt,
Whom God delights in, and in whom He dwells.

MABEL ESCOMBE.

THE ORDERS OF OUR ALLIES.



Brave little Serbia has no doubt had many opportunities recently for the bestowal of her medal for bravery. It is a quaint little medal-shaped decoration, with its highly embossed wreath of laurel in centre of a cross, with raised border and crossed swords, the inscription being simply the words, "For bravery." It is an honour which is greatly prized, and is presented to officers and privates whenever deserved by either.

The Italian medal for military valour corresponds in a large degree with our Victoria Cross, and, as in the case of that decoration, those who are the fortunate possessors of it are entitled to be saluted, whatever their position may be. It is presented in gold, silver, and bronze, and may be earned in peace as well as in war by any act of military valour. The White Cross in the centre is that of Savoy and the crown is Sardinia's.

KATE ASHLEY.

THE MYSTIC SIGN.

By the Rev. A. W. ANDERSON, B.A.

IT was a happy inspiration that led the Y.M.C.A. to adopt as its sign and symbol the Red Triangle. There is just enough mystery about it to awaken curiosity. For, except to the initiated, its significance is not apparent. To many the triangle looks as if it might have something to do with Freemasonry. But when the symbolism is explained, how appropriate it seems! The three sides of life, linked in one, are all represented. The Y.M.C.A. recognises and caters for body, mind, and spirit.

Out yonder in France and Flanders the sign, with its mysterious initials, is one to conjure with. And this is true, whether the people understand its meaning or not. There is, of course, a natural curiosity as to what it stands for. A Red Cross worker told me of a Belgian lady, who, noticing the position taken by Y.M.C.A. men, had been greatly exercised in mind as to the meaning of the initials. M.C. she could make out, she thought; it stood for Military Convoy—it was a good guess, and in a sense not wide of the mark—but the Y and the A puzzled her. I myself have again and again been asked what the letters meant. I remember a French officer's suggesting that that M must mean Militaire; the fact that we were with the British Army proved that. Of one thing, however, he was certain, the letters stood for something good.

As with the officers, so with the men. I used to think that *les soldats francais* looked upon the Red Triangle with envy. For some weeks I lived in a camp on the main road between two important French towns. Our Y.M.C.A. hut was by the roadside at the entrance of the camp. I noticed that, when a company or battalion of French soldiers passed, all eyes were turned upon the mystic sign, fixed high up on the end of our hut.

It was the same at the Front. One noticed constantly in the streets how curiously the people studied our badges. Often curiosity led to questions. Many a time we were asked, "What is it?" And when we had given an answer, we were met with the further query, "And what are you?" I don't know how other Y.M. men replied, but yonder, in the area of ruined towns, a few of us used to find that the best answer was "Attachés Militaires"—which, when you consider it, was doubly true.

* * * *

Let me give a few illustrations of the influence of the mystic sign.

My first experience was during my first evening in France. It was on the road from ——. Our motor—carrying beside the driver and the writer, that example of incarnate energy, Mr. Virgo—had just left the suburbs behind. Before us lay the open country. Suddenly, at a bend of the road, we were pulled up by a barrier; in this case a couple of wagons drawn across the road, leaving a narrow space in the middle. Standing in front of us, planted in the middle of the gap in the barrier, was a French soldier swinging a lighted lamp. We came to a dead stop. The driver of the car was an old hand; he believed that the place for his passport and permit was his pocket. "Egrec, Em, See, Ah," said my friend, giving the French pronunciation to the well-known initials. Then, as this was not enough, he pointed to the Red Triangle. The guard was new to his work, and the sign puzzled him. He flashed his light, now on the mystic sign and now on the face of the driver. Who could this be who so confidently uttered a string of letters and pointed at a strange symbol? He never though of asking to see a permit; and my friend, acting on his principle of trusting to the influence of the sign and so exalting the society, did not help him. "Voilà," he said, again pointing his finger at the Red Triangle. What would the guard do? I wondered. He called out his comrade from the shelter near the road, and pointed to the sign. A glance was enough for No. 2. Turning a look of reproof upon No. 1, with a wave of his hand and a smile he said, "Passez, Messieurs." As we started away he shouted after us, "Bon soir." If it had not been dark, I fancy I should have seen the twinkle in the eyes of our friend, the driver, as he said, "Those chaps, when they know their business, look upon the British Army as an annexe of the Y.M.C.A." That was my first experience. So it was again and again. I cannot recall one instance where a man, driving a Y.M.C.A. car, found it necessary to do more than point to the Red Triangle. The mystic sign works.

* * * *

There are a few Y.M.C.A. workers in France and Flanders who, early last year, put their heads together, and invented a uniform. The tunic is a neat grey-green. On the right sleeve is embroidered a red triangle. That triangle carries influence. It is, in French eyes, the guarantee of honesty. On one much-frequented road the name of the wearer of the grey uniform has absorbed the influence of the sign. On that road, by day or night, the mention of the name acts as a password. It is on record that a British officer, having heard of this and being sceptical, determined to put the name to the test. One day, when the wearer of the name was going to ——, he took advantage of the fact to get a lift. It was dark when the car drew near the town. At the barrier the driver slowed up. As they came near the guard the officer bent out of the car, and said, "Sitters." To his surprise, the name worked like a charm. With a salute, the guard replied, "Passez, Monsieur."

* * * *

I had proof in my own experience of the power of that sign. While in charge of a Y.M.C.A. hut near ——, I had occasion to ride into town on some business. On my way back I had passed the barrier without challenge, and was some distance down the road when I heard the clatter of hoofs behind. Glancing back I discovered a French officer on a fast stepping horse, riding after me in hot haste. The sight of a civilian on horseback was strange, as I had already discovered in the town. Apparently it had awakened suspicion. My conscience was void of offence, so I did not quicken my pace. Soon the officer caught up. For a moment or two he rode alongside in silence. Then, having caught a glimpse of the red trangle on my badge, he held his arm aloft, and fell behind. When, after a few minutes, I looked back, he was gone. Again the mystic sign had done its work.

* * * *

After the war the Red Triangle will be as well known in the British Army as the Red Cross. To our soldiers it stands for something big and good. Again and again at the front I had evidence of its influence. When I was travelling on a military railway, the men in khaki looked at me suspiciously, until they saw the Red Triangle. I was a civilian. More than once I heard them say, with surprise, "Why, it's the Y.M.!" Behind the well-known sign one could pass unquestioned where others had to justify their presence. I recall several instances when the display of the badge, not at first noticed, resulted in an instantaneous change of attitude. One day I was riding into —— to see about stores. As I emerged into the main road from the long lane which led to our camp, I was stopped by a young soldier, who was acting as M.P. (not Member of Parliament, good reader, but Military Police).

"Excuse me, but do you belong to the British Army?"

Reining in my horse, I looked down on his face, and, with a smile, made answer, "Why, I belong to the Annexe of the British Army."

Evidently my speech gave evidence that I was a Britisher, and not a native, for the went on:

"I beg pardon, sir, but you see we have been missing—— (I forget what it was they were missing), and we are trying to find out who is taking them."

"But," said I, "you surely don't mean to say you think a Y.M.C.A. man would do such a thing?"

There was a note of contrition in his voice as he replied, "Sorry, sir. I had to ask civilians, and I didn't see your badge. *The Y.M. are our best friends out here.*"

"Best friends!" That is what the Red Triangle stands for in the minds of our boys in brown. The Red Triangle is the symbol of a three-sided friendship. Friends who do not overlook the body; friends who seek to enliven the mind; and, above all, friends who care for the soul of the soldier.

MUNITION WORKERS IN NEWCASTLE.

What is Being Done for the Girls.

By Our Special Representative.

I DO not know how many war workers are to be found on the banks of the Tyne. Even if I knew the number, the figures, I suppose, ought not to be given. But there are many thousands, and those who have travelled down the river are aware of the huge demands now being made upon the Tyneside by the present campaign. Night and day the furnace fires are glowing. As one shift goes off duty another is ready to take its place, and during twenty-four hours there are often three shifts, each working its eight hours. Sufficient houses cannot be found for the men, and large schemes are now in progress in order to supply the demand.

In one part of Newcastle the Tyne forms a natural boundary, while parallel to it there runs a mile or more of workshops, crowded with men. Close by in the railway, following the course of the river, and in between stretches the tramway line, faced by some dwellings and shops which are mostly very drab and dreary. This dreary drabness in great industrial centres is one of our social problems, and some remedy for this monotony of place and outlook seems very essential. I can quite understand someone asking, "Why provide social ameliorations for a class that is exceedingly well paid, and do not seem over grateful for what is done for them?"

In answer, we may leave the gratitude out of account—at least, for the time being. It is only occasionally lacking, and its absence may be due to lack of training, or to a suspicion which clogs the susceptibilities of many workers.

Newcastle, however, has gone ahead despite difficulties and discouragements. Mr. Henry Armstrong, the wise and energetic secretary of the Y.M.C.A., who acted as my guide, had a fine object-lesson to show me at Scotswood, when he introduced a commodious wooden hall, in which over one thousand meals are served every day. The building stands high above the road, and is admirably arranged, both as regards light and comfort. When I entered, the midday meal was in course of preparation, and, according to custom, the Y.M.C.A. workers expected as their first customers hundreds of girls from the adjacent workshops. Mr. Armstrong gave me one indication of the opinion entertained for this restaurant. In order to obtain the cheap and appetising dinner, several girls take a penny tram ride every day. This is a fact which requires no explanation.

The meat, vegetables, and puddings were being cooked in the kitchen. In the gas-oven huge puddings were baking, and large supplies of vegetables were in preparation for the large boilers. Labour devices were pressed into the service in order to save time in preparation, and serve the dinners with the least possible delay. Every table was decorated with a vase containing daffodils, and if Wordsworth, in his eulogy of that lovely flower, never anticipated its appearance on such tables, it was none the less welcome.

The whole of the kitchen could be inspected by the customers as they sat at their meals. They could appreciate its cleanliness and the order and arrangement necessary in order to supply hundreds of meals every day within a short space of time.

The girls, having dined, leave the building at ten minutes to one, just in time for the necessary preparations before the men's arrival at one o'clock. In a few minutes the building is then crowded from end to end, and even a large number of the foremen are glad to purchase their dinner in the Y.M.C.A. hut. For their comfort and convenience, a portion of the hall is screened off, so that they can obtain a certain measure of privacy.

So far, this Scotswood hut is in its experimental stage, having been erected only five or six weeks previously, but already it has abundantly justified its existence. Whether it will pay its expenses out of profits is another matter. Mr. Armstrong, who is a shrewd and careful business man, hopes that this will be possible. I think I may go farther and say that he expects both ends will be met. The hut is already "making good" among these workers, who have a keen sense for a decent thing when they are brought alongside of it.

Passing back into the city, Mr. Armstrong introduced me to the Girls' Club, which is under the joint control of the Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. The building belongs to the former, but the committee are only too glad to work in happy conjunction with the latter. It is a building set apart for the female munition workers who form a large class in Newcastle. Girls of this class naturally experience great difficulties in finding lodgings where their social requirements are studied. Their means frequently necessitate rooms in small dwellings, where the landlady has insufficient living accommodation, and where the lodger is not desired until bed-time. The danger is real, and, as Mr. Armstrong pointed out, something had to be done to meet it, and that, too, without delay. Hence the present scheme. The premises are convenient, and provide for the reasonable requirements of female munition workers. One large hall provides accommodation for games, and, as one of the Y.M.C.A. workers explained, the girls can dance together to their hearts' content. Dinners are not served in this hut, which is solely designed to meet the reasonable after-work needs of the girls. They can obtain light refreshments, and, if they desire, spend the whole of their evenings in pleasant companionship. When I visited the club two hundred girls had already joined, even though it had not been formally opened by the Dowager Duchess of Londonderry, who, however, performed that pleasant function two or three days later.

I should explain that the buildings were erected at a cost of nearly £1,200, and are conveniently arranged with a bright, comfortable sitting-room, the hall for games already mentioned, and a buffet.

Across the street from the Girls' Club is a hut for sailors and soldiers, built on ground placed at the free disposal of the Y.M.C.A. by a lady who at one time lived in the house adjoining. The building itself was erected from money contributed in answer to an appeal from the Lord Mayor of Newcastle, which proved very successful. The hut is used to a greater extent by sailors and soldiers. In some cases, far too many, unfortunately, the sailors are brought to the hut by the police in a drunken condition. Instead of taking them to the City Police Office, they are piloted to the Y.M.C.A. and put to bed, so that they can sleep off their drunken fit. The explanation of this unpleasant characteristic is that many of these men have been out of harbour for several months, and when they reach port too frequently embark on "a good old booze." According to Mr. Armstrong, the soldiers billeted in Newcastle have been exceptionally well behaved. A Hampshire battalion recently quartered in the city never had a single misdemeanour recorded against the men, either by their own officers or by the police, which is, as he remarked, an exceptionally good record.

This Sailors' and Soldiers' Hut possesses sleeping accommodation for nearly 100 men, and night after night the place is crowded out. On some occasions it is necessary for a large number of the men to sleep on the floor. The 3d. hot baths are very popular, and on some nights no fewer than thirty persons take advantage of this convenience. At present the hut is too small, and in various directions increased facilities are being provided.

My day in Newcastle convinced me of the sound and practical work being carried out by the Newcastle Y.M.C.A., which is keenly alive to the opportunities presented by the war conditions imposed on the country.

C. T. B.

THE Y.M.C.A. HUT IN HAVRE.

As I See It.

WHEN I visit Le Havre I always partake of tea at the Y.M.C.A. Central. It is quiet, yet attractive, and one can depend on having a good tea (same as mother used to make) at quite a modest price. I stepped in one afternoon with a friend (no, a soldier friend—the girl is still in England). As soon as we sat down, a gentle, dainty creature (no, it was a lady this time—one of the exceptions to the rule) came up to us, suggested tea, bread and butter, when my friend broke the spell by adding, "And one egg." With a murmur of assent, the gentle creature turned to me, and said, "Same for you, sir?" when I rudely remarked, "Do I look as if one egg would satisfy me? Nay, two, if you please." The next minute we were enjoying the best tea we ever had in France. A Boy Scout, wishing to attract the lady's attention, shouted, "Hey!" "Evidently he takes you to be a cab-horse," said I. Thus did we enjoy ourselves, totally unconscious of war.

I thought of the splendid effort put forward by the workers of this Y.M.C.A. I said to the lady, "I should think you get tired, walking to and fro, day after day." Then, with a smile (worth more than a guinea), she said, "Oh, that's exercise, physical culture, if you like." To me the different experiences of the Y.M.C.A.'s is one that will never be erased from my mind.

If you will kindly remember, I criticised the Y.M.C.A.'s a little while ago. I cannot say I am sorry, because under similar circumstances I would do it again. But in our local hut an immense change has taken place. I am perfectly satisfied with the present staff and their methods at the present time. I sincerely hope that everything will in the future be mutually bright, pleasant, and profitable, and that things will "work together for good."

Thanking you for the interest you have taken in our plaints, with the best wishes for every possible success.

J. R. Parker, 141340.

THE HUT FLAG DAY.

BY CAPTAIN O. M. GUEST.



The Countess of Wilton. *Photo: Lafayette.*

IT is by now generally known that the Y.M.C.A. is holding a National Flag Day on May 16 next, and it may, therefore, be of interest to readers to hear of the large proportions which the undertaking has already assumed, and to realise the specific objects which the promoters have in view.

A "Hut Flag Day" Committee has been formed by the Y.M.C.A. War Emergency Committee, which includes many keen workers. The chairman is Sir John Barran, M.P., and the hon. secretary is the Countess of Wilton, who has already a large experience in undertakings of this nature, as she was hon. secretary to "Queen Alexandra's Rose Day," and the joint hon. treasurers are the Earl of Clarendon and Capt. Guest. In view of the popularity which the Y.M.C.A. "huts" have obtained, both at home and abroad, it is hoped that the public will respond generously to this appeal, and the committee expect to raise a sum not far short of £100,000. The work entailed in organising a flag day on this scale is necessarily large, and the following figures may be of interest to those who are not acquainted with work of this kind.

In London alone some 8,000 lady sellers have offered their services, and will be selling all day, while throughout the provinces branches of the Y.M.C.A. are organising flag days under the patronage of the Lord Mayors and Mayors, and with the help of numerous lady workers who are interested in the movement. Flags will also be sold in all the soldiers' "huts" and munition workers' "huts" at home, and also in France. The committee have on order six million flags and over three million "hut postcards," which latter are to be a special feature, and are expected to be very popular, as they can be folded into small models of the "huts." A large number of collecting-boxes, labelled and numbered, are being made, and also trays on which the sellers may display their flags. An efficient system of banking the moneys received has been arranged for with the London and South-Western Bank, whose manager, Mr. Hamlin, has kindly told the committee that his bank will help them in every way, and has given them permission to use the bank's branches all over London as collecting centres for the boxes. The committee are fortunate also in obtaining the services of Mr. Mason, who has had considerable experience in undertakings of this kind, and who is carrying out the organisation for them.



Photo: Elliott and Fry.
Sir John Barran, Bart.



Capt. O. M. Guest. *Photo: Sherrill.*

The war work of the Y.M.C.A. has now reached very large dimensions, and there is hardly a camp in England where the soldiers do not find a "hut" where they can obtain shelter and refreshments, where they can find a quiet place to write, and games and gramophones to amuse them. If the "huts" are popular in England, they are still more so at the front, whether it be in Flanders, Egypt, Malta, India, Salonika, and Mesopotamia; in a word, wherever the British soldier is at war, or training for war, there he can find a "hut" to get food, shelter, and, what is more, a good hot bath. There are now as many as 600 huts in England, and 150 at the various fighting areas, and of late a number of "huts" have been built for munition workers. These latter have been found a great success, and Lord Derby, who is chairman of the Munition "Hut" Committee, is keenly interested in this branch of the work.

There are also a number of "huts" at the various railway termini, in London and elsewhere, which fill a great need; men returning on leave find refreshment, baths, and a bed for the night, when otherwise they would be forced to wait for daylight in station waiting rooms. At the "hut" at Victoria Station, for instance, which is worked by Lady Ponsonby and Mrs. Bertram Corbet, there are over seventy beds, which are full every night; the "hut" is never shut, and upwards of 3,000 men are fed there during the twenty-four hours on busy days.

Ladies throughout the country give their services free for this work, but naturally it entails considerable expenditure, and more "huts" are continually being asked for. It is for this reason that the Y.M.C.A. have formed a special committee to organise a "Hut Flag Day," and they hope that everybody who may read this article, which is intended to give some idea of the work, will help in every way they can in the district where they are living, and, above all, by buying a flag on May 16 next.



Photo: Solomons.
The Rt. Hon. The Earl of Clarendon.

OUR FIELD DAY.

A STIRRING AFTERNOON.

The National Executive Meeting.

THERE was a crowded attendance at the monthly meeting of the executive on Friday afternoon last, when, in the enforced absence of Lord Kinnaird, through illness, Dr. Parker Young presided.

After prayer, Sir Henry Procter, for the finance committee, and Sir Sturmy Cave, for the war emergency committee, presented reports full of most heartening facts. The war emergency committee had a most strenuous month's work to its credit, and was also able to record much activity on the part of its sub-committees. First in importance was the successful conclusion of the March campaign. Then came the arrangement of a national Flag Day on May 16 next. Intimation was given of two very special gifts accepted on behalf of the Association. The first is that of some forty-seven valuable pictures belonging to the late Mr. A. J. Ryle, brother of the Dean of Westminster. Mr. Ryle, we regret to record, died of spotted fever, caught while working for the soldiers in one of our huts. It is pleasant to have the assurance from his relatives that the fortnight which he spent in our work constituted the brightest spot in a happy life of service for others. The second gift is that by the Shakespeare National Memorial Committee, which is marking the tercentenary of the great poet by lending us for the period of the war the valuable site behind the British Museum on which the memorial will ultimately be erected. Members of the committee and friends are also subscribing a substantial sum towards the cost of a fine hut to be set up on the site.

A specially loud and long cheer greeted the general secretary when he rose to make his report. He began by making sympathetic reference to the deaths of Lieut. Alec Scott, Alderman Grey (late president of the South Shields Association), Capt. Harry Whiteman ("one of the very finest of the Canadian secretaries with the Expeditionary Force"), and Mrs. Hind-Smith. The executive, standing, expressed its sympathy with the family of Mrs. Hind-Smith, and Mr. W. Hind-Smith briefly responded.

Proceeding with his story of the month, Mr. Yapp announced that we are now at work in no fewer than fifty-seven munition centres in England and Wales, while our Scottish friends are busy in four others. Our ring of huts round the London termini is now completed by the erection of a fine equipment at Paddington, and the officers' hut at Grosvenor-gardens, which was quite an experiment, is already proving too small for the demands made upon it. He went on to quote a number of striking testimonies to the value of our work recently received.

There was a fine list of extensions to our work during the month, and a list of monetary gifts which surpasses any that we have had for some time past. Two of Mr. Yapp's instances of the general willingness to give must be quoted. He was asked to address the employees of a certain firm, the firm itself offering to give £5 for every £1 contributed by the men. At the end of the address one of the men proposed that they should subscribe £100; a cheque for £600 was made out and handed to Mr. Yapp there and then. One of the great London Exchanges, which has already been very kind to us, was approached with a view to inviting Mr. Yapp to lay our needs before it. The directors said this might be unwise because one or two similar attempts for other funds had been failures, and they did not want the Association to be slighted by receiving a poor response. A member of the Exchange volunteered to try a preliminary list, with the result that before Mr. Yapp goes at all he is assured of £1,000! We were reminded, however, that the supreme need of the moment is that of funds to *maintain* our work, as well as of money for extension.

A striking feature of the meeting was the spirit of enthusiastic unity with regard to the present position and programme of the Association. Everyone cordially agreed with Mr. Yapp's remark in his report that the success of the past month can be attributed only to the good hand of God upon us and His approval of our work.

WHAT SHALL WE DO ON SUNDAY?

Discussion at Monthly Conference of Divisional Secretaries.

THE reports of the recent campaign given personally by the divisional secretaries at the usual conference prior to the meeting of the Executive on Friday last added emphasis to the facts and figures already received through the post. Everyone was convinced that a thorough success had resulted from this, the greatest effort that we have made on this special line since the war began. Where circumstances, such as the unexpected movement of troops, were against us the common resolve was that another attempt must be made at the earliest possible moment. In every case stress was laid upon the desire that such campaigns should be held at fairly frequent intervals, and that the visiting speakers should be afforded a longer stay in camp—if possible, arriving some days before the actual campaign is timed to commence. This wish was unanimously expressed by those of the campaigners who attended the other conference in the afternoon. Several secretaries said how much the staff had been helped and inspired by the campaign, more than one referring to the weekly meetings for conference and prayer that had been held in their respective areas for some little time before the campaign. All endorsed with great heartiness the tribute paid by Mr. Yapp in his report to the executive committee to the devotion and efficiency with which Mr. Soothill and his colleague, Mr. Sprigg, had carried out the whole of the headquarters arrangements.

A most important part of the discussion was that relating to the practice prevailing in the different districts as to the use of Sunday. The general instructions issued to all secretaries, leaders, and workers has always been that Sunday should be made, as far as possible, different from other days, "not duller, but brighter," trading, however, being reduced to the minimum, and everything in the way of Bible-classes, song services, &c., being arranged that would help the men spiritually. As the conference proceeded it became clear that anything like a hard-and-fast rule is totally impossible, for two reasons—the varying conditions of the camps and the difficulty of legislating as to what is and what is not a necessity to a soldier on a Sunday.

It was generally agreed, however, that it is far more important to discourage all trading on Sunday, except in refreshments and, in cases where refusal would drive a man to the canteen, tobacco, than to settle special hours at which the bar would be open.

The majority of leaders close at certain hours on Sunday—*e.g.*, while the Bible-class or the brief evening service is in progress. It is particularly necessary that there should be some time for rest on the part of the workers, if only for physical reasons, and one speaker said how much his workers owed to the fact that on Sunday afternoons everybody was free to attend the Bible-class.

The whole discussion left upon the listener's mind the very distinct impression that our secretaries and their workers regard Sunday as the day of supreme opportunity, that the number and value of the directly religious services which they arrange is a real achievement in view of the many difficulties they have to encounter, and that they are very jealous regarding the atmosphere of the huts for which they are responsible. There can be no doubt whatever of their desire to make everything they do help to the one end of interpreting in every way possible the message and spirit of our one Master to the men for whom they are seeking to provide. Nor can there be any question as to their success.

THE RED TRIANGLE OVERSEAS.

Extracts from the General Secretary's Report.

QUITE a number of our leading workers from overseas have been home on short leave during the month.

Mr. J. Percival Curnow, secretary of the Nairobi Association, presents a most interesting report of the great work now being done largely through the instrumentality of the Indian National Council in British and German East Africa. At the time of his departure we were operating in eight different centres. Five European workers had been sent from India with four Indian colleagues. One canteen worker had been lent by Messrs. Spencer and Co., of India, while six workers had been sent forward by the South African Associations. We are doing all the grocery stores and refreshments for the Expeditionary Force.

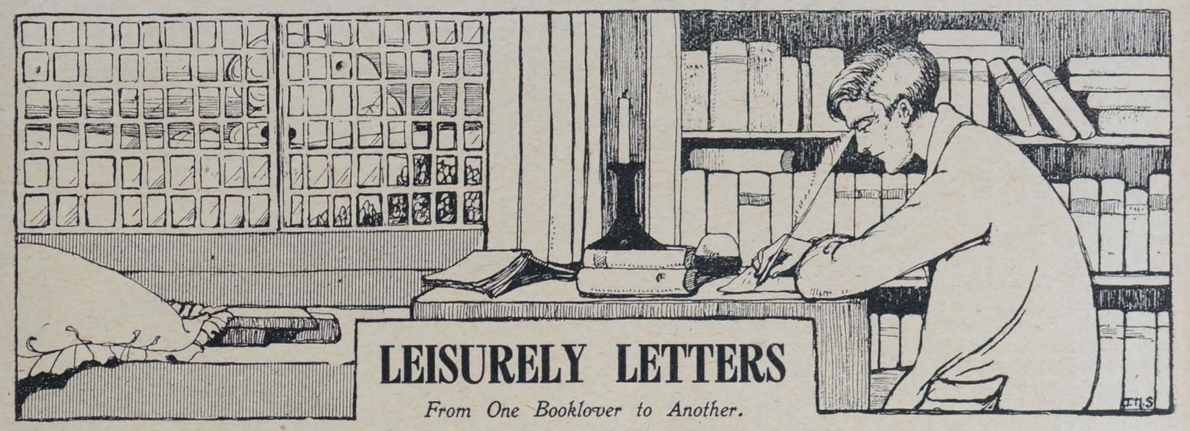
Mr. E. C. Carter passed through on his way from India to America. He gave a most encouraging report of work in between thirty and forty different centres in India, and asks for thirty additional workers for Mesopotamia.

Mr. W. T. Wilson has been over from Salonika, and brought interesting reports of development and openings there. I have a cable this morning intimating his safe return to Salonika. There will be considerable developments in this branch of our field as soon as it is possible to get equipment out.

Mr. Ernest Rowlands has been back from Mudros, and brought with him an interesting letter of thanks from General Paris, commanding the Royal Naval Division, in which he says:—"I should like, however inadequately, to express my gratitude to the Y.M.C.A. for the excellent work you have done here. The monotony and hardship of camp life, especially so far from home, have been much mitigated by your patriotic efforts. The magnificent hut you have built at Mudros W. has been of the greatest value. The crowded attendances are alone sufficient to show the men's appreciation. The tents, too, at Imbros and at the depot are a great boon."

This morning I have received a cable from Corfu acknowledging the safe arrival of marquee and equipment, and asking us to send *personnel* to staff it.

We are glad to have Mr. O. H. McCowen with us to-day, and his report is full of interest and inspiration. Owing to the lengthened British line in France, the need for further development is still urgent.



LEISURELY LETTERS

From One Booklover to Another.

MY DEAR A.,—In the train the other day I found myself with the most odd assortment of books to read, grave and gay with a vengeance, and all at 1s.! You are for ever crowing about a "catholic taste," the fallacy of so-called systematic reading, and the rest, but even you never did better than two novels, a book of sermons, and a report on German atrocities in one handful. To avoid argument I will tell you what they are.

My appreciation of the first reminds me of the good little boy who loved the stories told by a certain teacher because "they hadn't any morals." I have long wanted to make acquaintance with William Locke. Whether I lighted upon the right book to begin with (and that is a vital point in properly estimating an author) I do not know; it was sheer chance that led me to the *Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol* (John Long). A more captivating rascal I think I never came across. Doubtless I ought to describe him as an unprincipled adventurer, a conscienceless sharper, or something equally severe. As a matter of fact, he is just a master of life's surprises, and knows how to turn the silver lining inside out, as we are exhorted to do in these days. By all accounts his adventure on a ramshackle motor ought to appeal to those who drive under the sign of the Red Triangle. What he found on the road and how he dealt with the foundling (there, now the murder's out!) prove him to be a man with a heart as large as his wit was keen. The delicious way in which he turns the tables on the bogus picture dealer is a triumph of merry justice which redeems some of his minor immoralities. Pujol is a person to read about when everything is going wrong, and you need to stand back and look at the world a little that you may laugh yourself into sanity.

When a man picks up a book which he published anonymously 18 years ago, and acknowledges it in days when he has become the most brilliant of war correspondents, the most thrilling of novelists, and a tower of strength to a famous publishing house, you will admit that he does a daring thing, but John Buchan is justified. His *John Burnet of Barns* was the second book of my collection. It has just been brought out by Mr. John Long in a 1s. edition. I know your complaints about historical novels, and remember that you could never read *Waverley* because Scott made so many false starts. Certainly John Burnet will come under your condemnation like his compeers, because when he sets out to record the series of stirring incidents he insists on so much geography. Let me say this for him, however, that, while every page bewrays the loyal Lowlander and will bring the joy of reminiscence to the men from the southern shires of Scotland, he has caused me to fall in love with that countryside and long to see it for myself.

For the story, however, you will have nothing but high praise. It is a glorious mixture of Covenanters, Dutchmen, Gypsies, and young Scottish lairds quarrelling over the most charming daughter of a Scottish father and an English mother that ever was.

John Burnet is a fine, sturdy figure of a man, and his love of letters gives Mr. Buchan a chance of painting an attractive picture of the days between medieval and modern thought, while his passion for sport and his prowess with the sword lend dash and spirit to his adventures. It is eminently a story for the sort of soldier that one meets to-day—the man who loves the quiet well-springs of thought, but who leaps to the call of chivalry.

Since you have read all the other books which E. A. Burroughs somehow manages to get written, despite his visits to camps, his work as chaplain and tutor at Hertford, and his manifold preoccupations of other sorts, you may be sure that I had an inspiring hour with his last series of addresses, entitled *The Fight for the Future* (Nisbet). They have been delivered to various audiences, and he says that in one sense this book is a sequel to *A Faith for the Firing Line*, but he continues: "The reader whom I had in view in the earlier book was the Officer on Active Service, especially as I had known him at Oxford. The present volume is primarily, though not only, an appeal to people at home."

A great point about it, in my judgment, is that it gives us a piece of real constructive thinking. I have read nothing more trenchant than the chapter on "The Spiritual Side of the War," which deals with the danger of developing materialism ourselves in our very struggle against the materialism of Germany. With unerring judgment he singles out the moral defeats which we have suffered during the war at the hands of the drink trade, and in such matters as that of the Clyde strike. But this serves only to throw into relief the strong optimism with which he treats of "Christus Vindicatus," and deals with such questions as "The Answer to Atheism." This book not only makes a man think, but makes him think hopefully.

I wish I could say as much about the fourth of my haphazard bunch. When the Report of Lord Bryce's Committee was published one felt that a fatal blow had been struck at the respect which one would like to preserve even for one's enemy. In truth, however, we find ourselves fighting as much against evil methods of warfare as against a perverted principle of national life. When your enemy won't fight clean, it makes it all the harder for you to think simply and to avoid that bitter prejudice which leads to a warlike peace. It was impossible to gainsay the facts of the Bryce Report. Frankly, however, I hoped, for the sake of the future, that they might subsequently be a little offset by the discovery that this was a phase, a temporary madness. Now, however, comes *German Atrocities: An Official Investigation*, by J. H. Morgan, M.A., late Home Office Commissioner with the British Expeditionary Force (Fisher Unwin), and we can but confess that cruelty and lust seem almost to have been cultivated by certain sections of the German troops. On top of the Wittenberg horror, and the torpedoing of that hospital ship, the condemnation is overwhelming.

Having read these pages, I wish I could forget them. "Then why read them?" you'll say. Well, because in addition to the facts they afford a criterion of judgment, and it is of all things most vital that we should be able to keep cool heads as well as stout hearts in these days. Whether or not one agrees with Mr. Morgan's view as to the cure for kultur, one is glad that he shows, as few others have suceeeded in doing, how to look upon such things, and yet retain, without sentiment or cynicism, the power of passing a sane judgment. It is while the war is in progress, while we are doing our best to punish the evil that men do, that our attitude to Germany for the next generation is being determined. If you feel, as I do, how desperately hard it is to keep upon an even keel of thought and feeling, you will read this book.

Yours always,

B.

These books, or any others, may be purchased at our Book-room, Y.M.C.A., Tottenham Court Road, W.C., or will be sent by post on receipt of published price, plus postage.

HOW THE CANADIANS SANG TO THE QUEEN.

Her Majesty's Afternoon in Our Huts.

TWICE in one week has her Majesty the Queen honoured us by an informal visit to our huts. Last Friday she took an opportunity of seeing how splendidly the ladies at the Alexandra Pavilion are fulfilling the ideal with which our first London hut for officers was built. On Tuesday she inspected the first and, with the exception of the newly-opened hut at Paddington, the most recent of our "terminus huts" for soldiers and sailors. The tribute latent in such graciousness is perhaps not more to the value of the work than to that solicitude for the welfare of our fighting men which characterises the Lady who is ever a lover of home, and who by her care for those whose homes lie everywhere about the five seas, has won the heart of the Empire.

"A splendid work," was her Majesty's verdict when she had spent a long afternoon in the huts. It was no conventional commendation. Queen Mary is most observant and splendidly practical. What she sees she examines thoroughly. Quick to appreciate the excellent ventilation in one set of cubicles, she was equally so to remark another instance where the men had not opened their windows. Her Majesty possesses a high reputation in the ancient English accomplishment of housewifery, and in every hut she spent a long time in looking at the kitchen equipment, inquiring as to what the men liked and how provision was made for them. Not less was the interest that she displayed in the arrangements for concerts, lectures, and the spiritual side of our work.

The first call was at King's Cross Hut, which rejoices in an especially well-arranged set of cubicles, and was recently opened by Princess Louise. Here her Majesty, who was attended by the Lady Mary Trefusis and Mr. E. W. Wallington, was received by H.H. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein (attended by Miss Loch), the Earl of Haddo, Sir Sturmy Cave, and Mr. Yapp, with whom were other secretaries from headquarters. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Joy, the donors of the hut, were presented to the Queen, and conducted her through the buildings, explaining the special features.

Next the party visited the Euston Hut—a delightful surprise for Miss Batten and her helpers.

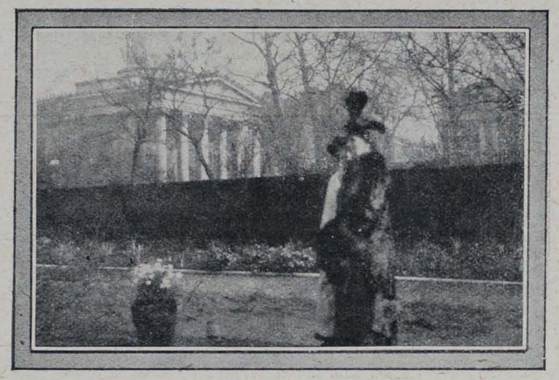
At Euston were a number of men just drafted to the Front and some who had just returned on leave, and were



In the Garden at Euston.

about to take the North trains home. Her Majesty has a way of putting men at their ease, and one specially jolly Irishman, who was in the midst of a whacking meal, held quite an animated conversation with the Royal visitor. The Queen delights in gardens, and the ladies at Euston have devoted much time to making beautiful the little plot in front of the hut. Mr. Ponsford's photographs, which her Majesty has kindly permitted us to publish, show the Queen admiring some early blooms, while Miss Batten is telling how the garden came into existence, and H.H. Princess Victoria congratulating Miss Batten upon her success.

At Waterloo, where her Majesty was received by Mrs. Coote, a considerable number of soldiers and several sailors were in the hut when the party arrived. Shortly they had



Congratulating the Gardener.

the privilege of receiving a cup of tea from the Queen's own hands. Characteristically, a Jack Tar was first in the line of eager, though somewhat embarrassed, recipients, and following him were men of Colonial contingents, as well as those from home battalions. Waterloo looked its best, and her Majesty expressed high appreciation of all that she saw.

The final call was at the Old Brewery in Earl Street, Westminster. From the very outset Mrs. J. Herbert Lewis, wife of the Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education, has thrown unstinting and cheery energy into the work there, and she, with Mr. Herbert Lewis, was present to receive the Queen, the Rev. John Stanley, "father" of the project by which the brewery was transformed, also having the honour of being presented.

The Old Brewery is much used by Canadians, being near the Canadian Pay Base. At the Pay Base there is a choir, which practises nightly, often in our Y.M.C.A. rooms. Capt. A. M. Sanderson is president. Sergeant Lewis Roberts, the conductor, is, we understand, a relative of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Lewis, and a pleasant little programme of music had been provided for the entertainment of her Majesty. Some forty or fifty men sang with splendid effect "O Canada" (Lavalle), and so pleased was the Queen with the performance that she asked for three other items of the five in the repertoire, these being "The Soldiers' Chorus" (Gounod), "Somewhere a Voice is Calling," and "The Perfect Day" (Carrie Jacobs Bond). Her Majesty subsequently congratulated Sergeant Roberts and his men on their taste and proficiency.

Just as the Queen was about to leave, Mr. Yapp remarked that he is shortly to pay a visit to our huts in France, and asked that a message might be given him for the men. With the greatest readiness her Majesty assented, and Mr. Yapp will have something very special to say to the crowds he will meet on the other side of the Channel. It was characteristic of Queen Mary that she should ask, "Have they all they want? Let me know when you come back whether there is anything I can do for them." Is it any wonder that the soldiers of the King are to a man devoted to the Queen, and that she incarnates for them the ideal of woman and of home for which they are ready to lay down their lives?

OUR VERY NEWEST.



1 and 5—H.H. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein opening the Hut at Luton.
2 and 4—The opening at Paddington. 3—The Bidston Hut.

Y. M.

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

Organ of the Y.M.C.A. in

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THE EDITORIAL OFFICES of "Y.M." are at the CENTRAL Y.M.C.A., TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, 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.

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CAMPAIGNERS' EXPERIENCES

STORIES OF THE GREAT FORTNIGHT.

THOSE who took part in the recent campaign were represented at last Friday's Conference of the National Executive by about a score of their number, all of whom were enthusiastic as to their experiences.

They were impressed by the measure of the opportunities and by the ready response of the men to the message that they conveyed. They also paid a high tribute to the ordinary work of the staff in the various huts they visited.

Thus the first to speak said there never surely was a finer body of men trying to serve our Lord Jesus Christ than workers in our huts. It was a means of grace to spend a fortnight with them. The speaker went on to say how of some 150 men who had come to him as definite inquirers he was still in correspondence with about thirty. He pleaded for some way by which the members of the Churches could get in touch with the huts in spiritual things, and undertook that his own Church should be responsible for getting in touch with one of the huts where he had worked and for corresponding with the men who wished to continue the discussion of spiritual matters. He remarked, "My inquirers came not so much from the meetings, but from my work as postmaster."

Another speaker remarked on the great appreciation of the work done by the Y.M.C.A. on the part of civilians in the district round the hut which he visited. He said that all along during the three days there was opportunity every moment for spiritual conversation, and that he had come back with his pocket-book full of names, which he had already passed on to those who would keep in correspondence with them. A remarkable thing was that men came up one after another to say, "I am a member of this Church and that."

One campaigner said that in thirteen years of special mission work for a quiet, deep arresting power he had never known a meeting such as one of the three he had attended. He saw what he had not seen in the church for a good many years—man after man standing up; and that when he met them in the small room afterwards he could see by the light in their eyes and feel by the grip of their hands that they meant business. He was so impressed that he was trying to get his people to free him for every night, except Sunday, in every week for this work.

Still another speaker said that he felt the chief thing in his visit was the personal contact with the man and the face-to-face conversations that he had with them during the eleven to twelve hours a day that he spent in the hut.

One speaker said that the wife of the vicar in whose parish the hut was said she was going to try behind the bar to get hold of the men after the meeting, and she found that she was able to get nine men to sign the war roll and a number of others to accept Testaments. He said that the greatest work was done round the counter, at the counter, and at a little table of Testaments near the door. He himself was an Anglican, and there were two chaplains and the hut leader, who was a Free Church minister. "You can imagine," he said, "the after-meeting we had, each doing his work in his own way."

One exceedingly well-known missioner said that they were moments that would live with him for ever, those three days in the hut, while another said that men since removed from the camp where he had worked have sent in their names for the war roll by post.

All the speakers impressed upon the Conference their sense of the value of Quiet Rooms where these exist, and the need for them in other places where they do not.

Mr. Ernest Rowlands writes from the Y.M.C.A. headquarters at Mudros:—

"The work here is simply magnificent. We had the official opening of our new hut last Saturday. It was a splendid success. The hut was packed from end to end. Our efforts are tremendously appreciated. Our services, too, are an inspiration—packed audiences, who sing as only men can sing, and listen with reverence to the message. A Brotherhood has been started on Wednesday evenings, and last Wednesday we had something like 500 men present. It is really grand.

"All our other work, too, is in full swing, and from the moment we open until we close again the hut is packed with men. It has necessitated our adding a large hall on the end of our present building."





LONG before the war the Germans told us that they were the only people who really understood or appreciated Shakespeare. Indeed, they claim to have discovered him, or at least to have delivered him from the hopelessly provincial interpretation of his genius common among the benighted British. Now, in this Tercentenary year, they affect amazement at our dull and spiritless attempts at celebrating so notable an anniversary. In Berlin, they tell us, you may see a Shakespearian comedy, tragedy, or history performed any night in the week, and perhaps find it possible to choose which, out of several being presented on the same evening, you will attend. In London you will probably pass whole weeks without finding a single one presented. Apparently we do not even know how to honour our greatest poet, though all the world proclaims him peerless.

***

DOUBTLESS the announcement recently made by the Shakespeare National Memorial Committee will draw still more derisive comment from the land of Kultur. The site purchased at great cost for the express purpose of erecting a National Memorial has been handed over to the Y.M.C.A. for the duration of the war! Friends of the National Memorial Movement are raising a thousand pounds for a Shakespeare Hut on that spot near the British Museum devoted to the education of the Philistine Islander in the real significance and message of their one true dramatist. Among the chief achievements of his countrymen wishing to pay him tribute after three centuries are to be the provision of beds and food for common soldiers spending a casual night in the capital.

***

PERHAPS it was a daring proposal that Dr. Gollancz made to his committee. Probably nothing was more unexpected—except the immediate response made by Shakespearian authorities and enthusiasts all over the country. Doubtless it was what the Professor saw of our work from the inside, when he had sat for a few weeks on our Education Committee, that inspired the idea. Certainly it is what his friends know of the national service which we are trying to render that has made them so ready to carry that idea into execution. Most of all, it is because they understand Shakespeare as an Englishman that both he and they regard this as the most fitting tribute possible in a time of war.

***

FOR one thing, the "common soldier" does not exist in these days. The men who have flocked to the colours are the men who have the fair name and the fine traditions of Britain in their keeping first and foremost as citizens. They fight because they are citizens of the world, lovers of humanity. They believe, as no generation before them has done, that peace hath her victories no less than war. They are seeking the latter in order that they may thereafter go the more surely in quest of the former. For the sake of the whole world they are set to win "a new England, a new Germany, a new Europe."

***

NEVER was the soul of the true soldier better understood or more dearly loved than by Shakespeare. He saw that the hardness and the humour which make the happy warrior are a product of insight and devotion. Of a certainty he would have us, above all, care for the spirit of chivalry in our soldiers, and do all that we may to preserve their certainty of a splendid future. Nothing could accord more fully with his mind than that we should do our best to keep them fit in body and soul for their great twin tasks of conquest and reconstruction.

***

FAR more than a thousand pounds will be spent upon the Shakespeare Hut. We purpose making of it something that will remind men not only of what Shakespeare has been to England, but of what the spirit that was in him will make of her as each man finds anew his place in lifelong service of the State. Soldiers passing through the city on their way to and from the front will find in the Shakespeare Hut rest, food, good comradeship, and the reminder that they fight for Shakespeare's England. Those who cannot go back because they have spent their physical strength, or perchance lost a limb, will be given at the Shakespeare Hut guidance as to how they may get employment or find means of settlement.

***

IN our Shakespeare Number, on Friday, April 28, we shall give a fuller description of what we hope to do by way of celebrating Shakespeare. Fuller details with regard to the Shakespeare Hut and the new projects to be centred there, as well as our Tercentenary programme for our huts at home and abroad, will then be possible. We hope to be able to open at least a part of the Shakespeare buildings during the celebration week beginning May 3. The offertories in Westminster Abbey and in many other churches on Shakespeare Sunday are to be devoted to the Shakespeare Hut and the new projects for the welfare of soldiers represented by it.

***

MEANTIME, we wish to thank the Shakespeare National Memorial Committee for enabling us to set going some constructive projects for "after the war," as well as some further work for soldiers passing through London, and to remind other friends that both the plans for the Shakespeare Hut and the uses to which the buildings will be put lend themselves to special gifts of separate blocks. We shall probably need some six or seven thousand pounds, and there are doubtless a number of people who would like to have a personal and special share in this piece of national memorial service.

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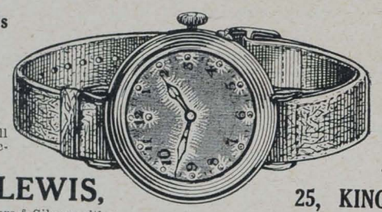

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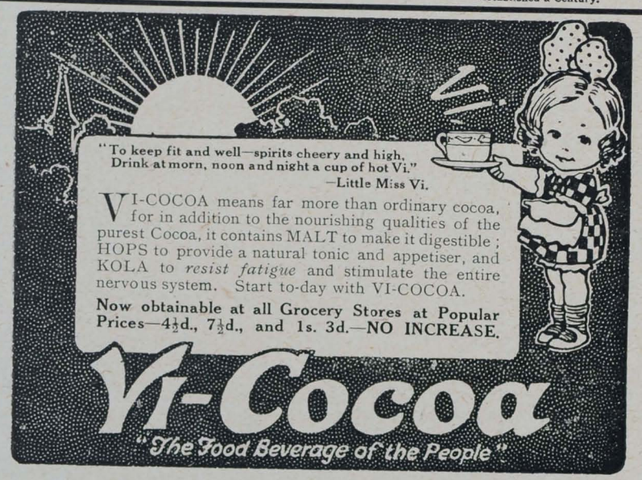

AT THE SIGN OF THE RED TRIANGLE.

News and Notes Gathered from All Quarters.

We have pleasure in acknowledging a number of special gifts received between April 3 and April 9. One of the most encouraging features of our work is the way in which new doors are open to us every day. We are grateful to those who enable us to enter upon these fresh fields. At the same time, we hope that their example will be followed by other generous friends.

	£
Anon (per Mr. P. B. Savile)	1,000
Waller, Trustees of the late Ursula ...	600
Anon	500
Subscriptions for hut in Portsmouth area (per Mr. C. E. Heald)	460
Miss Graham, for hut in France (per Mrs. Alec-Tweedie)	300
Anon.	250
Barnsley Co-operative Society	100
Warner, Mrs.	100
Gordon, Mr. R.	100
Burke, per Miss (of London University)	100
Murray, Mrs.	100
Black, Mrs. J. T.	50
Beven, Professor A.	50
Kimmins, per Mr. H. L.	50

Paddington Hut.

The network of London station huts continues to extend. The latest addition is the hut at Paddington Station, which was successfully opened on Saturday last. The Rev. Prebendary Grose Hodge conducted a short intercessory service in the presence of a large number of workers and friends. This hut reaps the benefit of our experience in other huts in the metropolis. Its kitchen, disinfecting, bath, and cloakroom arrangements leave nothing to be desired. Forty-four beds are provided, and altogether it forms one of the most attractive equipments the Association has been able to put down. Though it is not placed on a prominent site, the soldiers have quickly found their way to it, with the result that the voluntary workers are happily and busy at work. Mr. Maurice Horrabin is our leader in this hut, and the ladies are thoroughly organised under the direction of Mrs. Alexander-Scott and Mrs. Toller.

Canadians and Concerts.

The officers of the 9th Mississanga Horse in Toronto have sent a cheque for £50 to Miss Lena Ashwell to pay for a week's concerts as a gift from the regiment. Miss Ashwell is going to arrange that one week's concerts shall be announced as a "Mississanga Horse" week.

In Tipperary.

Major-General the Rt. Hon. L. B. Friend, C.B., General Officer Commanding the Forces in Ireland, has opened the new hut at Tipperary for wounded Irish soldiers. This hut is the third gift of Colonel W. H. A. Wharton, D.L.

Colonel Gordon, commandant at the Tipperary Depot, presided, and among those present were Monsignor Ryan, P.P., Canon de Boinville, and Lieut.-Col. Lord F. Fitzgerald.

General Friend spoke of the splendid work of the Association, and voiced the thanks of Irish soldiers for the help being rendered.

For Monmouth Royal Engineers.

A new hut has been opened at Cardiff in the camp of the Royal Monmouthshire Royal Engineers. Colonel Crompton Roberts presided at the ceremony. Major A. Moore, of Newport, formally presented the hut to the Y.M.C.A. He said he had never done anything for the Y.M.C.A. until now, because at one time he was prejudiced against it, being under the impression that it was influenced by political motives. He found he had been in error, and from now forward if he could do anything to help the Y.M.C.A. he would do it.

Colonel Crompton Roberts, of the Royal Monmouthshire Royal Engineers, expressed thanks for the hut on behalf of the regiment.

A Challenge.

A friend of the Association has indicated willingness to help in defraying the cost of copies of Mr. H. Emerson Fosdick's Bible study book, *The Manhood of the Master*, for presentation to workers in our huts. The book costs 1s. 6d., and we hope that a few other gifts may be sent to the editorial secretary at Tottenham Court-road, so that quite a large parcel may be distributed in this way. The book is one of the very best that we know, either as a basis for brief talks in the hut or as a text-book for Bible-classes or study groups.



THE LATE LIEUT. LEGGE.

We regret to announce that another member of the City of Belfast Y.M.C.A., Second Lieutenant W. Norman Legge, Shropshire Light Infantry, has been killed on active service in France.

A Y.M.C.A. Man on the "Sussex."

We hear from Mr. Consterdine, at Dieppe, that the Rev. Wm. Rodger, of Croydon, who has recently joined the staff at Dieppe, was a passenger on the ill-fated *Sussex*. After some eight hours in suspense on the boat after she had been torpedoed, he was landed with the survivors at Boulogne, but all his property has been lost.

Yet Another Centre at Treport.

Mr. Consterdine also writes that another centre is being opened at Treport—a tent in the new convalescent camp. Major Dalrymple, the O.C., has been the essence of kindness, and is providing gratis the flooring of the marquee, the forms, platform, and a couple of small tents. Colonel Thurston, the S.M.O. of the Treport hospitals, has been amazingly kind and helpful in our work.

Death of Sir Stafford Howard.

We regret to announce the sudden death on Saturday last, at his London residence, of Sir Edward Stafford Howard, K.C.B. Sir Stafford Howard has had a distinguished public career, having been Under-Secretary of State for India in Mr. Gladstone's Government and Senior Commissioner of his Majesty's Woods, Forests, and Land Revenues. He was also gaveller of Dean Forest. He threw himself very wholeheartedly into the public and social life of Llanelly, of which town Lady Howard is a native.

Sir Stafford and Lady Howard in 1912 gave a fine estate, comprising Bryncaerau Castle and grounds, to Llanelly.

Their gift to the Y.M.C.A. of a fine hut for soldiers is familiar to our readers, and only recently we had the privilege of printing photos of Sir Stafford and Lady Howard, together with the hut.

At the Cory Hut.

At the Cory Hut a concert was recently organised by W. Y. Nevill, Esq., J.P., High Sheriff of Carmarthenshire, and president of the Llanelly Y.M.C.A. He brought a troop of his Church Lads' Brigade to entertain the men. A fine and varied programme was rendered, to the great pleasure of all who were present.

This is one of the many ways in which Mr. Nevill is manifesting his keen interest in the Y.M.C.A.

Motto for the Trenches.

"Keep the head down and the heart up!"

Don't Waste Your Bottles.

A correspondent writes:—"I have heard that at some of your huts empty bottles are broken or thrown away. These bottles (sauce, coffee essence, and vinegar) are worth their weight in, at least, silver, and are well worth saving. There are several merchants who would give good prices for these empty bottles, which could be easily saved and delivered by some of your voluntary helpers. I'm sure if this suggestion was carried out at all your huts and canteens quite a respectable sum could be realised."

A Cigarette Case that Fetched £121.

The Lord Mayor of Newcastle, speaking at the opening of our new centre there, said that a son of County Alderman R. Mason had sent from China a cigarette case, which he wished to have disposed of for the benefit of some good object. Alderman Mason thought if anything could be raised through it for the Y.M.C.A., he was perfectly willing.

Mr. G. T. Eason, a local auctioneer, agreed to put up the cigarette case for sale. The first price offered was 10 guineas, and when £25 was reached Mr. W. J. Noble was announced as the buyer at that figure. It was put up a second time, and knocked down to Mr. S. H. Aitchison for £26. A third time it was bought for £15 by Alderman Mason. When it was put up a fourth time bidding went up to £50, and Mr. R. S. Dalgliesh became the purchaser. The Lord Mayor then announced that he had received £5. Altogether the sum of £121 was raised, with the £5, for the cigarette case, and his lordship said he would write to Alderman Mason's son and tell him how his cigarette case would benefit the work of the Y.M.C.A.

LEGAL AID FOR SOLDIERS.

A New Y.M.C.A. Project.

THE Y.M.C.A. has read and carefully considered Mr. C. C. Macklin's article in the *Daily Mail* of January 4 and the subsequent editorial criticisms in the issue of the *Law Journal* of July 19 and the correspondence which followed in that journal.

The Association is satisfied by experience that organised legal assistance to our men is urgently needed, both in this country and abroad.

Feeling this, the Y.M.C.A. has decided to place its organisation throughout the United Kingdom and the Dominions of the Empire at the service of lawyers ineligible, for one reason or another, for active service, who are willing to help to put and keep, as far as is practicable, our men's material affairs in order.

A legal department will be established as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made. The success of this movement can only be measured by the extent of the support which may be rendered by the proper authorities, the co-operation of individual members of the profession throughout the country, the London Prescribed Officers (Poor Persons), the Association of Poor Men's Lawyers, the Cavendish Club, Toynbee Hall, the Royal Automobile Club, the Automobile Association, and other bodies.

Voluntary organised legal assistance was recognised as necessary, and was voluntarily given, prior to the war. It is, in our judgment, far more necessary now.

We agree with the *Law Journal* that the existing provisions in regard to wills and codicils are inadequate; but we do not agree that in simple cases they are adequate. One useful service that we hope and believe we can render, with the assistance of lawyers, is to persuade the men that, without regard to the extent of their means, it is really a duty to make proper provision for those dependent upon them, and that they cannot safely do so without the aid of trained lawyers. Primarily, the Y.M.C.A.'s war organisation was established to assist the men. But we realise that many officers are sometimes even more in need of legal assistance than the men, and would avail themselves of it if their means allowed. It is not possible, for disciplinary reasons, for the officers to use our organisation in common with our men. We shall make it our business to do anything we can to assist them. We have every reason to believe that by the aid of other associations this assistance will be available to them without in any way interfering with discipline.

A very large number of lawyers and their clerks who have been engaged in this war have been disabled for fighting, but the Association thinks that in very many cases the services of these men, or some of them, might be usefully employed in their own profession. The Y.M.C.A. will spare no pains to assist them to do so.

Legal assistance rendered by lawyers serving as soldiers, although a great service in individual cases, cannot benefit the great body of the soldiers, any more than medical assistance could, unless organised. It is common knowledge that large numbers of the eligible men of both branches of the legal profession have abandoned promising careers and made great sacrifices; their clerks have also. The ineligible members of it are severely taxed by being denuded of clerical assistance.

In this war—in any war—the services of doctors, engineers, and parsons of all denominations are absolutely essential, and are properly and necessarily, for the most part, paid for. The lawyers are not paid, because, unlike doctors, surgeons, and engineers, and the clergy, their professional assistance in warfare has never traditionally been considered necessary. This is unlike any war in history, and traditional methods in regard to lawyers cannot be applied without more or less serious results. In this war lawyers' organised professional assistance is necessary only in a lesser degree than that of doctors', engineers', and parsons', but still very necessary. Their assistance would aid our men, and in aiding them would, constituted as our armies are, aid from an economic point of view the Empire's cause.

It is asking the ineligible members of the legal profession a great deal to undertake gratuitously this work. Those who do not agree with us will not assist; those who do will, if they can. It is asking the legal societies and the Bar Committee to disregard traditional privileges and the etiquette of the profession. But, so far as the Y.M.C.A. is concerned, it makes this suggestion for the period of the war, and we feel that, pressed as they already are, they will agree with us that no sacrifice is too great while the war lasts if it helps our men.

The Association thinks that the troops drawn from our oversea Dominions would appreciate the assistance of lawyers who are qualified to practice the laws of their respective countries—India, Canada, the Australian Commonwealth, New Zealand, South Africa are instances. The Y.M.C.A. will put this suggestion to the authorities representing these Dominions.

The nature of the services which it is proposed should be rendered are, among others, the following:—

1. (*a*) The preparation of wills and codicils; (*b*) the preparation of appointment under powers or trusts; (*c*) assistance to trustees; (*d*) the preparation of powers of attorney and other documents appertaining to the profession of a conveyancer, or commercial lawyer; and (*e*) generally to advise in regard to matters upon which a soldier would in times of peace take the opinion of a lawyer. Litigation to be discouraged, and not to be undertaken except in extreme cases of necessity, and then only subject to the sanction of the London Prescribed Officers (Poor Persons), or some other judicial authority to be appointed for the purpose.

2. That lawyers should visit every office, club or hut, at home or abroad, on certain days and at certain hours at hours convenient to themselves to give advice and assistance in civil matters to our sailors and soldiers.

3. That every hospital, whether public or private, throughout the kingdom or in any place where a Y.M.C.A. is established may be at liberty to call for the service of a lawyer immediately in urgent cases and at stated times in all other cases.

4. In urgent cases assistance, we propose, shall be given without reference to the head office or any branch offices which may be established. In other cases the barristers or solicitors will make a report in much the same fashion as is provided by the Poor Persons' rules in the Supreme Court, whether or not in his opinion the case is one which it is proper to assist.

5. The legal department will be put at the disposal of solicitors wherever the Y.M.C.A. is established, when practicable, for the purpose of aiding communication between them and their clients who may be serving their country, and will, when desired, act as agents in the usual way.

6. That all ineligible lawyers and their clerks willing to assist in this movement should be enrolled.

Mr. Macklin has consented to act temporarily as honorary secretary to the committee which we shall endeavour to form to help us in this work and in the preparation of rules for its administration.

Meantime, all letters should be addressed to the Honorary Secretary, Legal Department, Y.M.C.A., Tottenham Court-road, W.C.



KEEPING THEM WITHIN SIGHT OF HOME.

By W. M. KNOWLING.

MANY people know the value of these "homes" away from home in the training camps of England, in their social, recreational, as well as their spiritual, aspects.

Many know at the bases in France and elsewhere—their last night, the farewell concert, the last cup of tea with milk, or the simple Sunday evening service, spent under the auspices of the "Red Triangle," e'er they depart for the front, with its grim future, with its unknown perils, its hardships, and—who knows?

But after two or three days' travelling in French cattle-trucks (all of which bear an inscription on the outside, "8 chevaux en long—38 Hommes"), the battalion arrives at the railhead. Then begins a long tramp to the billets behind the firing line, ultimately arriving "done to the wide world," very often with their feet sore and raw with the marching on the stone pavé.

As the transports follow the men, containing the "cuisine," some time elapses before it is possible for the "cooks" even to get a "stew" ready, and which, therefore, means a cold and uninviting camp or barn, cheerless, certainly fireless, and homeless, with biscuits and bully, and much luck should there be tea somewhere during an intervening space of Time, with a capital T. As the last half-mile is covered, round the corner is espied a hut bearing the familiar sign of the Y.M. There hopes are raised—a haven is at last reached where the footsore Tommies may rest on a chair—what a luxury!—and write to those anxiously waiting for news at home, or be able to get a cup of tea and a "wad," or to listen to a concert with a real live piano to accompany the singing.

Here just behind the line some of the greatest work is done; here the need is so great; here the demand for more "huts" is most urgent.

These men are the fighting men; they are keeping back the hordes of Germans; every inch of ground is contested, every nerve is strained to hold the line intact.

Are these men not worthy of our consideration? They have earned our undying admiration and gratitude; should we not esteem it a privilege to help them, to keep them within sight of home, to provide a resting-place after days, even weeks, at a stretch in the trenches? At present I am working in a hut at the top of a little Belgian village, consisting of the church, the village pump, and about fifty houses; here we have a cinema, a large hut, and a tent.

Here the air is full of war. The roll of endless succession of waggons, transports, and ammunition convoys pass day and night on their way to the dump. In the distance can be discerned a heavy rumble; as it draws nearer the clatter of horses' hoofs are distinguished, and heavy limbers, full of shells, pass smartly onward to where, in a few hours, the shells will be belching out across No Man's Land. As they say up here, there goes more rations for "Fritz."

The motor-ambulances glide swiftly along, conveying wounded from the advanced dressing stations to the hospital trains and barges.

Practically every day air duels are witnessed overhead, carrying the deadly bombs, which drop without warning on most unlikely places, and the bursting shrapnel from the anti-aircraft guns fall with a whizz-z-z through the air and plonk into the ground.

As the afternoon fades away into twilight the roads leading up to the trenches are full of companies of soldiers going in to relieve their comrades; with full pack they trudge on through mud and slush, which is never absent from this district. If the men have been lucky enough to be paid in five-franc notes, which, incidentally, take about two days, roaming from one estaminet to another to change, owing to the scarcity of silver, they swarm into our canteen and buy the necessary requisites for the trenches.

"Dozen of candles, guv'nor; us'll 'ave a bit of a luxury this time in," remarks a burly West Countryman, as he pockets his purchases; or, as the case may be, "An ounce of plug," which to the man who smokes hard 'baccy is as good as making him a present of five-franc notes. As thousands of the boys smoke nothing but the immortal "Woodbine," a large stock has to be kept.

In the evening the hut presents a scene of great animation; such a keen competition for seats as was the case two evenings ago, on the occasion of the visit of one of Princess Victoria's concert parties, resulting in the men gaining admittance as early as 4 p.m., patiently waiting for the opening song at 6 p.m. There, as one casts one's eyes across the "sea" of faces eager to catch every note and movement of the performers, were the features of England's glory—her sons of battle and honour. Brawny, kilted Scotchmen, Cockneys from Camden Town, West Countrymen, with their broad and musical dialect, hot-blooded Irishmen from regiments like the "Leinsters," Welsh miners, London's City men, men of the Navvy Battalions—all mingling together, one object in battle, one object in recreation: to keep their nerves and spirits as bright as possible, and to preserve the traditions of a Britisher's cheeriness.

The Y.M.C.A. huts stand for the preservation of home ties and influences, for the healthy promotion of recreation, the soberness of the British Army, and the practicability of the Christian faith.

RELIGIOUS WORK IN A HIGHLAND CAMP.

Mirth and Religion.

SOME good Christian people have recently protested against the air of frivolity that they have found in Y.M.C.A. huts, and have evidently failed to realise that mirth may be wedded to religion. Such serious-minded folk would be well advised to stay away from this camp in the Northern Scottish Highlands, where the laughter-loving "Davie" every evening leads our devotions.

Their feelings would be shocked at seeing bright-eyed lads pouring out of the main hall, where they have been yelling with laughter over a Charlie Chaplin film, to join a little later on in quiet family worship, and we should have more murmurings over that lack of serious-mindedness which is charged against us. It requires a wider charity and a deeper knowledge of human nature than such complainers possess to understand the religious work that is done in such camps as this; but a brief record of some of its features may help to convince some that the Gospel is lived here more than it is preached and permeates the lives of the men more fully than might at first appear.

It is Saturday night on April 1, and the wild March wind still lingers with us, howling round the building, and playing the April fool before it leaves us. The men, as I have said, have just been spending a happy two hours at the bioscope, but now it is porridge-time, and "Davie" and his lady assistants are busy ladling out bowl after bowl of "the hamely parritch, chief of Scotia's food." A keen-eyed little man, who has just come as a stranger among us, views with interest the animated scene, and for the next quarter of an hour little is heard but the jovial chat of the soldiers, and the clatter of their spoons as they carefully scrape the porridge-bowls.

And then "Davie" claps his hands for silence, and introduces Mr. Pedden, of the Carrubers' Close Mission, Edinburgh, who has come to lead the National Mission Services, such as are being held in the Y.M.C.A. huts throughout the United Kingdom. . . .

"Just a smile, boys, or a wee bit cheer, for my friend Mr. Pedden—I should say, Captain Pedden, for he is the Captain of a Red Cross corps in Edinburgh, and ye may yet ha'e to come to him wi' an ankle to put straight or a shouther blade to set." The boys heartily respond, and, cheered by this kindly welcome, our visitor steps forward, and in a few words explains the object of his mission. Then follows family worship, a nightly feature of all Y.M.C.A. huts; bonnets are laid aside, and reverent silence prevails as a stirring Psalm is read, followed by an earnest prayer.

I do not propose to report at length the mission services of the next three days, the simple Gospel addresses, and the hearty singing of hymns by the hundreds of men attending these meetings. It is sufficient to say that they were thoroughly successful.

We are given no formal sermons, but simple "Evening Hour Talks," as announced by attractive posters on the wall. "I am glad," says "Davie," "that we have advertised these meetings as 'Talks.' They are just freendly cracks, but sometimes a crack mak's a crack that lets in the Light Eternal."

On Sunday afternoon we have another "send-off" to a draft leaving for France, as already described in the columns of the *Y.M.*, and once more, Sunday though it be, we join in singing "Auld Lang Syne." Let not this offend any Puritan. We sing it, as "Davie" says, as a paraphrase, "and the clasping o' hands mak's the blood circulate from ane to anither. It will help to warm your hearts, and will maybe keep your feet dry when you are in the trenches!"

It is worth while noting that every man of this draft is a "Pocket Testament Leaguer." He carries a Pocket Testament with him, having undertaken to read a chapter daily, and so it has been with hundreds who have left earlier. On a recent visit of Mr. George T. B. Davis, secretary of the Pocket Testament League, over three hundred New Testaments were distributed.

But they are not solemn-faced Christians, those boys who are going out to France or to Mesopotamia, and who will soon face death with a laugh on their lips. They have all that aggressive cheerfulness of the average British "Tommy," who is not merely cheerful, but desires that all mankind may know that he is so. We have all seen them going forth to battle, shouting their challenge to a world in arms, "Are we down-hearted? NO!" With such men as these religion may be a very real thing, though it can never be a gloomy one.

So it has proved during the days of this National Mission. We have seen mirthful crowds, fresh from the screaming farce of the bioscope, sobering down in a moment, and listening with rapt attention to the Gospel appeal.

Religious work in such an environment must be carried on by joyous workers who are not lacking in a sense of humour. The men we meet and try to influence are just the average men of the world, mellowed by the fellowship of camp life, elevated by the sacrifices they have made, and brought a little nearer to eternal truths by the great national crisis of this time. They have proved themselves ready to "do their bit," and they are ready, too, to enter the happy service of the Great Companion, whose yoke is easy and whose burden is light.

R. C. 7

A SUNDAY AT "OUR HUT."

"The Day Thou Gavest."

THE Y.M.C.A. hut with which I am most familiar stands within a very short distance of the Shields Tramways' most northerly terminus. Its outward appearance is certainly dwarfed by several other erections in the immediate neighbourhood—the white-domed Spanish City, the Kursaal, and the beautiful Congregational Church; but it is a question whether any of these latter places is at present serving so great and beneficent a purpose as the black canvas-roofed, green-shuttered Y.M.C.A. Ask any of the 400 khaki-clad boys who are writing, chatting, playing draughts, or drinking tea as I write.

We might say our Sunday starts at about 9 p.m. on Saturday night, when the men reluctantly stream out into the street, and thence to their more or less uninviting billets. With the noise of draughts being collected into an empty biscuit tin begins an hour of noise and bustle, chairs and forms being knocked about as we ply the sweeping brushes, tables being moved and rearranged in view of our Sunday service requirements.

Sunday morn Y.M.C.A. workers may not stay in bed, but as they whistle or, perhaps, sing, "Oh, day of rest and gladness," during the clearing out and lighting of stoves, the irony of that favourite hymn chafes the spirit a little, for the memory of restful Sabbath days will at such times flit across the mental horizon.

Three hundred "Fourpenny teas" we expect to sell in the afternoon to hungry Tommies, and you might think that part of our business would start at about 4 p.m. We open at 2 p.m., and the second comer asks, "Fourpenny tea, please," and then all is bustle and hurry until 5 o'clock.

On a recent Sunday, during the hurly-burly of teapots and buttered teacakes, one humble member of the staff found himself at liberty for a spell. Taking a bundle of hymn-books, he made his way to the platform where the load of hymn-books was deposited. Looking at a hundred or so of the boys who were sitting the afternoon away, he asked, "Can't we have a sing?" then took his seat at the piano.

The books were quickly picked up, and for half an hour or more the hut rang with the old hymns which soldiers love to sing. One young man came to the counter later in the evening, as he recognised the pianist of the afternoon serving tea, to say how he had enjoyed the "sing," but the last hymn had been too much for him, "Jesu, lover"; that was his father's favourite, and the tears came into his eyes as he spoke.

At 6 p.m. on this Sunday our district chief came to speak by appointment, really to preach. For one hour and a-half all sales were suspended, though we had almost a "packed house." After the singing of the hymns with usual heartiness, our chief spoke earnest and appealing words, which were listened to with remarkable attention, and many a soldier lad may to-day be thinking of that service as having been the last he was privileged to attend on English soil.

When the National Anthem had been sung, concluding the meeting, our respected chief made his way to the kitchen, and asked for a cup of coffee before hurrying to catch his train. Meanwhile a group of lady workers who had remained to the service were dexterously serving over the counter to a patient, but thirsty crowd the last of thirty pails of tea our lady of the kitchen told me she had made on this record Sunday.

Later a few of us sang together "The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended," and we tried to think it had been a "Lord's day" to some.

J. T.

THE CALLING UP OF MARRIED MEN AND THE Y.M.C.A.

TO the Y.M.C.A.—I feel that I should express to you how greatly I appreciate the good, nay, the splendid work you are doing in catering for the wants and comfort of the men of the new armies. But a few days ago I was aware only by report of what useful work the Association was doing. Now I speak from practical experience, for I have enjoyed, as a member of H.M. forces, its hospitality, its comfort, and its convenience.

I am sure there are thousands of citizens who know of the grand service you are doing in the country's interest only as I knew of it, by report and hearsay. Could they, however, know it as I know it now, and did they but really understand what a happy resort it is for their own sons and brothers—how it keeps them from the perils that are lurking so dangerously in every town where men are stationed—could they, I repeat, realise this thoroughly, they would not be content merely to appreciate and esteem it, they would determine to support it to the utmost extent in their power. It is worth some sacrifice to support such an institution if one will but think that it is keeping, perhaps, one's own boy from the perils of the streets.

As a married man, finding no attraction in the many inducements open elsewhere, I am glad, while away from home, to find such kindness and comfort. I am not alone in doing so, as an inspection of any depot will prove, and I should like to commend wholeheartedly to those yet unacquainted with this grand work its worthiness of further support.

A ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERYMAN.

A GOOD TIP!

Take the advice or seasoned soldiers. They will tell you that the secret of keeping fit and fresh on the march is—an occasional piece of Wrigley's SPEARMINT Chewing Gum. A soldier can carry no more wholesome or beneficial confection—it's an "Extra ration" in itself—the ration that sustains and invigorates you.



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Flavoured with the pure juice of fresh-gathered mint leaves; as delicious as it is beneficial.

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5 bars 2½d.
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Sold by all Chemists and Confectioners and all Branches of Boots Cash Chemists in ½d. bars; 5 bars 2½d. Mammoth box of 40 bars for 1/6. If you find any difficulty in obtaining it, apply direct to

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That's what you want old chap, WRIGLEY'S



TAKEN BY MISS E. D. ROBBINS, IPSWICH.

SNAPSHOTS FROM HOME.

News and Notes.

THE Rev. E. E. Bennett, Leader of the "Boy Scout" Hut at Calais, looked in at headquarters recently to give us the latest news of "Snapshots from Home" on the other side of the Channel.

Mr. Bennett spoke in terms of the highest praise of the quality of the pictures which were now being received in large numbers by men with whom he came in contact at his hut.

He said that he was astonished at the technical excellence of most of the pictures he had seen, and much touched at the obviously loving care that had been taken by the senders to make them attractive and acceptable.

It was impossible to exaggerate the value which the recipients attached to these pictures, or to overrate the very beneficial results which their arrival had brought about with the men concerned.

In some cases much time had elapsed between the filling-in of applications and the receipt of the snapshots, but he quite recognised that bad weather conditions accounted for the delay, and now that the pictures were arriving the men were delighted beyond measure.

* * *

Miss Eva D. Robbins, writing from 1, Norwich-road, Ipswich, says:—

"Thinking you might be interested in further letters of thanks from soldiers, I enclose extracts from some I have received.

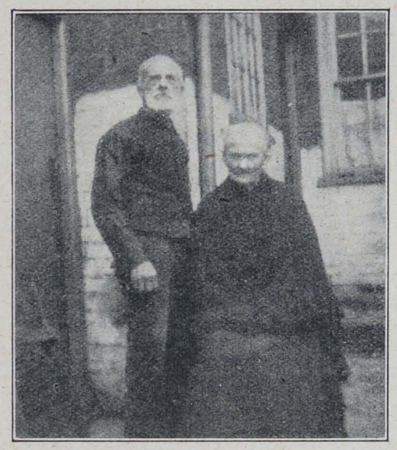
"The first of these snapshots is, of course, of a wedding group. The one of the old grandfather and grandmother I enclose, because, much to my surprise, their employment was making ballast bags (by the dozen) for aeroplanes!

"I am glad to say that I photographed the wife and children of a prisoner of war the other day. If he receives the photos, they should arrive about his birthday."

Gnr. B. Ashby, of 22nd Reserve Batt. R.F.A., writes:—

"I think the ladies of Britain are looking after us soldiers and sailors all right. I don't know what we should do if we did not have little things like this done for us. I think you kind ladies should have all the praise.

"Again I thank you for myself and my comrades, who, like myself, join in three



TAKEN BY MISS E. D. ROBBINS, IPSWICH.

cheers for the ladies of Britain."

Mr. Charles A. Daubney, of Bank Chambers, Tower Bridge, Bermondsey, writes:—

"I enclose you a letter I have just received from the front. You will see that the photos and the work of the Y.M.C.A. are much appreciated. I put the ticket at the back of each photo I take. I thought a message of some kind to the front would not be amiss. The little number on the left-hand corner of the ticket is a gummed label. I stick this on when I take the photo, and as it corresponds with the number in my register there is no confusion in sending away the prints. Perhaps other helpers would be glad of this tip."



TAKEN BY MR. C. A. DAUBNEY, BERMONDSEY.

Pte. A. K. Osman, of 3/24 London Queens, 74, Webster-street, Coventry, writes:—

"No doubt you will see by my address that I have left Winchester for a short time.

"Many thanks for photo. I shall keep that photo for many a year, and I trust I shall be able to make use of your motto, 'Keep smiling.' May God bless you and all workers of the Y.M.C.A.

"I may add that many a pleasant hour has been passed away in the Y.M.C.A. huts.

"Trusting to God that the good work will still go on."

* * *

Pte. A. Whittock, of Bowood Camp, Calne, writes:—

"I am writing to thank you for the splendid photos you took of my parents and sisters. They reached me safely last night, and I was very surprised at the quality. It far surpassed anything I expected.

"My people, my chums here, and myself all vote them first-class. Some who had taken no interest in the Y.M.C.A. scheme woke up to it when they saw the result.

"I cannot speak too highly of the work and kindness the Y.M.C.A. is doing for soldiers. When peace is declared eventually they will deserve as splendid a national tribute as any who have fought."

THE SERVICE SOAP.

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NOTES ON DAILY READINGS.

For the Junior Department Branch of the Scripture Union.

By the Rev. A. J. COSTAIN, M.A., Headmaster of Rydal Mount School.

Author of *Life of Arthur Jackson, The Day-break Call,* &c.

Saturday, 15th.—John xvii. 1-13. In this chapter we are upon holy ground. This is the High-Priestly prayer. There is nothing else like this in the whole of literature. To read it carefully is to find yourself in the presence of One who has a unique understanding of man's need and a unique point of view as He looks out on the world. (i.) Think of the *idea of God* that underlies this prayer. He is addressed as Father, holy and righteous; obviously, to Christ's mind, He is able and willing to protect from evil and to perfect in character. His love is leaned upon in absolute confidence. He is related to every human need and hope and interest. (ii.) Think of the *idea of man.* Christ was man, and lived the perfect human life. What does that mean? We talk of His sinlessness, but that idea is too barren and too negative; it makes us think of a saint in a glass case, or standing anæmic in a stained-glass window. Christ's life was filled to the full with deeds; of what kind were they? First of all, He glorified God (verse 4); He lived for God, not self. Then He ringed men round with His love (verse 12). Then He gave them God's Word (verse 14). He repressed self, He served others, He spread the truth.

Sunday, 16th.—John xvii. 14-26. Besides throwing light on God and the individual, this prayer has something to say about the *world.* The Man of Nazareth was looking out beyond the frontiers of His little State. The word "world" recurs and recurs in this prayer. (How many times in all?) Christ knew the world's ignorance of God. The "Righteous Father" was not known, hence the tragedy of the world's life. It was His purpose and prayer that His followers should bring the world into the light of the knowledge of God's true character. Then the world will be won to His feet. Here we have a message for this hour. In the midst of this world-war you are reminded that humanity is one. We are all children of a common Father. The world must be brought to a knowledge of this Father, God. There is no other chance for its survival. We used to say it didn't matter what men believed. There isn't anyone in the world who is such a fool as to say that to-day.

Monday, 17th.—John xviii. 1-14. Here we see Judas betraying Christ, and Peter hot in His defence; but Christ's hour was come, and He bade Peter put up the sword. It was a futile act of violence. Peter was very like a boy; he used to act first, and think afterwards—an unfortunate habit.

Tuesday, 18th.—John xviii. 15-27. This is Peter's dark hour, in which he plays the coward and denies his Master. There was really nothing to fear. What could the maid-servant have done to him? It was night-time, and very cold. Isn't it very strange how courage is apt to ebb away with the daylight?—and there is a significant phrase that the Americans have about "cold feet." Haven't you often found when daylight came, and the blood was hot again in your veins, that the danger really existed only in your imagination? But, often enough, the mischief has been done then.

Wednesday, 19th.—John xviii. 28-40. There can be little doubt that Pilate was very anxious to be rid of the responsibility of trying Christ. "Take Him yourselves and judge Him according to your law." (The priests would have none of this.) Pilate is smitten with a sense of the dignity of Christ. He bows before His kingliness, and tells the Jews he finds no crime in Him, endeavouring to release Him according to the custom of the feast; but their choice fell on Barabbas. When you are trying to understand why Pilate was not strong enough to release Jesus, look at verse 38. "What is truth?" He was without convictions; without them a man can do nothing, because he is nothing.

Thursday, 20th.—John xix. 1-15. The Jews were crafty enough to find out Pilate's weakness; accordingly, they brought a political charge against Jesus, and tried to make it appear that to release Jesus was treachery to Cæsar. Now, a man whose record was absolutely clean could have laughed at such a perversion of the facts, but Pilate's record was far from clean. Twice, at least, as we know from other records, he had been in serious trouble. This would be his culminating folly. It is worth your while to remember that what you can do to-day depends on what you did yesterday. Your sins of yesterday are your temptations to-day.

Friday, 21st.—John xix. 16-30. "It is finished." The Master had run His course—reached His goal. Past was the stress and the strain, the anguish and the agony. It is the sigh of release with which the tired boy says Good-night. But there is more in these words than that. The word "finished" = brought to completion, to perfection. It was not merely that the hours of work were over—*the work was done.* It is not only a sigh of relief, but a cry of triumph. Life is not to be measured by its length, but by its accomplishments. We live in deeds, not years. The ministry of Christ had only lasted a few months, yet in that brief space He had accomplished the biggest task in the world.

Y.M.C.A. AND THE FREE CHURCH COUNCIL.

Co-operation in Newcastle.

By the kind and generous help of the Y.M.C.A. it has been possible to exercise an influence over the men that otherwise would never have existed. Mr. Armstrong has given me authority to order and take into the hospital thirty daily papers every morning; for these the Y.M.C.A. pay. The newsagent gives me four, and six are bought out of the council's grant, thus making a total of 12,500 daily papers and magazines distributed during the year. Mr. Armstrong has also kept me supplied with notepaper and envelopes for the men. I have been somewhat surprised at the hole I have made in his stock-room—100,000 sheets of paper and envelopes means a pile no less than 125 feet high, and that pile I have distributed in the workhouse together with 6,000 postcards, 2,000 booklets, and 1,500 New Testaments and Scripture portions. The result has been that I have been able to come into personal touch with the men as a friend, gaining their confidence and getting into their hearts. Six hundred of them have signed the purity pledge, and many others have vowed to live an upright life.

(Signed) G. WINTER WILSON,
Chaplain.

The Girl he left behind him
WILL BE PROUD TO WEAR
The Badge of his Regiment or Ship

We are now issuing an entirely new production of 300 different Naval, Regular and Territorial Army Crests, which make desirable and useful keepsakes. Mounted on Jointed Safety Pin, exactly as illustration. *May we send her one?*

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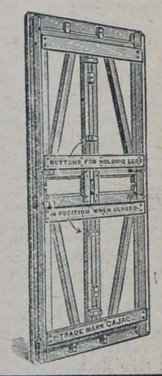
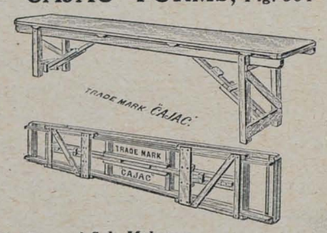


"CAJAC" TABLE, *Fig. 721*



Fig. 721.

"CAJAC" FORMS, *Fig. 601*



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

No. 67. Vol. 2. APRIL 21, 1916. PRICE 1d.

JOHN OXENHAM.

TO have written a war hymn already with a circulation of over five million copies would be quite enough fame for most men. Indeed, I remember a great writer at the close of his career lamenting that, with all his success, he had never attained the summit of his ambition—to write a hymn which should be sung all over the world. Well, that achievement has been made by John Oxenham. The British race in every part of the Empire has learnt to sing this hymn, "For the Men at the Front," beginning:

Lord God of Hosts, whose mighty hand
Dominion holds on sea and land,
In Peace and War Thy will we see
Shaping the larger liberty.
Nations may rise and nations fall,
Thy Changeless Purpose rules them all.

"Tell me how you came to write it?" I asked John Oxenham the other day in his cosy sun-lit den, "somewhere in England." He answered, "I wrote it many years ago, at the time of the South African War, and I sent the manuscript copy to Queen Victoria. When the war began in 1914 my hymn was published, and 'caught on' in a wonderful way, as surprising to its author as to anyone. Here is a drawer full of letters from all parts of the world about the hymn, and I am constantly giving permission for its use at all kinds of services." Two occasions when I heard it sung will never be forgotten by me: in St. Paul's Cathedral and in the Albert Hall. On the latter occasion a choir of 1,200 voices sang it.



MR. JOHN OXENHAM.
Photo: Wakefield.

John Oxenham cannot help being a poet. All his fine novels do not exhaust the thoughts that come demanding expression in verse. "Most writers, I imagine," he says, "find themselves at times in the same predicament—worried by some thought, which dances within them and stubbornly refuses to be satisfied with the sober dress of prose." It was this irresistible impulse that led him to publish *Bees in Amber* in 1913, quite against the advice of his publishers. To their astonishment, and to the author's surprise, over 85,000 copies of this charming little book of verse have been sold in less than three years. I wonder if any living poet can eclipse that record with his first book of verse! What is the reason for this success? I venture to say it is John Oxenham's deep spirituality irradiating his broad-minded humanity.

But readers of John Oxenham's work know him still better as a novelist. He has over thirty novels to his credit—literally. After much travel and observation of life in various parts of the world, he began publishing stories eighteen years ago. His books linger pleasantly in the memory—*God's Prisoner, John of Gerisau, Hearts in Exile, White Fire*—and many others, for he has a happy gift in selecting titles. He introduced many of us to the Channel Isles with its charming scenes "set in the silver sea." His last story, *My Lady of the Moor,* has Dartmoor for its background. "Do you write your novels quickly?" I asked John Oxenham. "Once I get my theme I enjoy developing it. Writing is a real joy to me." And reading his stories is also a "real joy" to his tens of thousands of appreciators.

An aspect of John Oxenham which must not be overlooked is his intense interest in foreign missions. You guess it when you see in the hall of his house a large portrait of James Chalmers, who was the modern Great-Heart among missionaries. Many will recall the remarkable Missionary Exhibition at Islington, when scenes from missionary life were acted and illustrated. John Oxenham's thrilling lines set to music made a deep impression on the multitudes who heard them. David Livingstone was one of his boyhood's heroes. He believes in Christianity as the most interesting thing in the world, and the problem of what we shall see in religious life after the war often absorbs his thought.

The portrait we are privileged to give will be specially welcome to readers of John Oxenham's work, for he has refused steadily for a long while to allow his portrait to be scattered broadcast. It is a lifelike representation of a man who has given great pleasure and help to innumerable readers all over the world, and believes in the gospel of cheerfulness, which finds such constant expression in his verses.

THE ROMANCE OF CHARITY.

By the RT. HON. G. W. E. RUSSELL, Author of "Collections and Recollections," &c.

THE Romance of War is an old story. Very likely it "was told to please King Pepin's cradle," and certainly it gratified the boyish taste of men who are now elderly. During the last two years that romance has acquired a new and engrossing interest; it has been illustrated by splendid examples, and has penetrated hearts which formerly were impervious to it. Yet it really is not more romantic than the Romance of Charity; and, granted that the amount of romance is equal in the two cases, the enterprises which serve and save mankind are more profitable objects of study than the annals of carnage and destruction.

Mediæval history is a hideous welter of misery and crime, relieved only here and there by glimpses of heroism and self-sacrifice; and among its few redeeming features is the benevolent aspect of its religion. The Mediæval Church was the nursing-mother of the poor and the ignorant; and, though the Poor Law may be an excellent system and the Board of Education a source of light, still they lack the romantic element which pervaded the alms-deeds of the Religious Houses, and the educational benevolences of Henry VI. and William of Wykeham. A bishop, who was also a king's brother, founded in the twelfth century the beautiful Hospital of St. Cross, just outside Winchester, with its rich provision for the daily entertainment of "a hundred poor menne"; and the subsequent history of the hospital, culminating in the rascality of the noble and reverend Master who made himself wealthy at the "poor menne's" expense, is truly a romance of charity. The Black Death, which devastated England in 1349, brought a hundred romances in its train. The fear of death led a half-taught age to make bargains with offended heaven, and the monasteries received the wealth which earls and barons no longer dared to hold.

Merchants whose earnings and possessions were unbounded willingly renounced their earthly goods. They carried their treasures to monasteries and churches and laid them at the foot of the altar; but gold had no charms for the monks. They shut their gates; yet still it was cast to them over the convent walls. People would brook no impediment to the last pious work to which they were driven by despair. A gallant knight, for whom the pestilence had no terrors, purchased a piece of ground near Smithfield for the burial of the victims, and close to it established the Carthusian Monastery which he dedicated to "The Salutation of the Mother of God." Through many vicissitudes of ownership and use, that "Charterhouse" became the famous school which educated Thackeray, and the sanctuary for honourable distress which sheltered Colonel Newcome. The birth of the New Learning, or rather the new birth of the old Learning, taught Englishmen to read their Bibles, and suggested to public-spirited people that the best way of serving their neighbours and posterity was to give them the knowledge which had transformed the face of Europe; so a thousand grammar schools, scattered up and down the country, are the enduring memorials of the Renaissance. A good-hearted shipwright, compassionating the lot of the children whom no one owns, imitated in England the foundling hospitals which Catholic piety had long maintained in foreign capitals. The horrors of the Middle Passage so possessed the mind of a young and brilliant Member of Parliament that he dedicated his life, his talents, and his fortune to the abolition of the slave trade, and made the name of Wilberforce famous to all time. Antony Ashley was a schoolboy at Harrow when a brutal scene of drunkenness and indecency at a pauper's funeral drew from his heart the cry—"Good God! Can these things be allowed simply because the man was poor and friendless?"—and he grew to be the Lord Shaftesbury who, after seventy years of social service, went down to his grave amid the benedictions of the poor. When Gladstone was just starting on that famous career which the world still discusses, he called his most intimate friend to witness his resolve that, whatever else he accomplished in life, he would not rest till he was able to bring back from the dreary wilderness into which they had wandered some of the outcast victims of man's brutality. Like some young knight in a mediæval romance, he then girded on his armour for a life-long crusade against the powers of darkness. On New Year's Day, 1848, Henry Phillpotts, Bishop of Exeter, published a Pastoral Letter, in which he called attention to the awful condition, spiritual and material, of Plymouth and Devonport. A young lady, scarcely more than a girl, with no great gifts of fortune or station, responded to his call, and by that act of self-devotion established the community-life for women in the English Church. Other and perhaps more dexterous architects have built the super-structures, but the foundation was laid by Lydia Sellon. Ten years later, Josephine Butler, returning with her husband from a journey, saw her little daughter bounding down the stairs to meet her at the door. The child slipped, fell down the stair-case, and was picked up dead; and the mother from that day forward consecrated herself to the work of redeeming English girlhood from a doom far worse than that of sudden death. It was a domestic sorrow due to the ravages of consumption which led to the foundation of Brompton Hospital. It was the tragedy of blindness that suggested the Normal College at Norwood, where such beneficent miracles of hope and usefulness are daily wrought.

Surely such memories as these—such Romances of Charity—are not unworthy to be recalled on the day when all Christendom commemorates the greatest Act of Charity which the world has ever known, or ever can know. That Act demands responsive action from all such as believe in it. "Nothing is wasted on earth that lays up ever so little in heaven"; and, if we have any true sense of what is due to the Act of to-day, we shall open our hearts to the influences which it suggests. Generosity, tenderness, self-sacrifice are the obvious lessons of Good Friday. If we believe in the Cross, we must wish to bring some "alabaster box of spikenard" to Him Who hung on it. The offering will take different forms in the hands of different disciples; but surely we all can compass some generous act, done to Christ in His poor and suffering and helpless members, done in forgetfulness of the present, and in the thought and view of the eternal future. He will accept and bless whatever love can offer, for He has given us the assurance—"Ye did it unto Me."

Of all days in the year, it has been said, Good Friday is the most fitted for solitary intercourse with God. Let us to-day seek to "know nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified." Let us pray Him to deepen or to restore within us the sense of His peace, of His pardon. To gaze on the great Sufferer must be, for all hearts that are not utterly hard and dull, to learn a higher unselfishness, a lowlier humility, a severer standard of Christian life. The love of Jesus reproduces itself in the lives of His working and suffering children. In some shape they are ever giving themselves for God and for their fellow-men. True love is no thin, disembodied sentiment. Love asserts its presence in a practical, visible way, when once it really lives. Jesus Christ did not die upon the Cross that we might live a self-seeking life, whether by indulging our lower appetites, or by wasting intellectual power upon objects which achieve nothing for the honour of God or for the good of man. Only when we devote ourselves according to our measure to God's glory and the service of our brethren, do we enter into the practical spirit of Good Friday. Self-renunciation is the temper of which His death was the highest expression. "He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose again."

THE COMMON SENSE OF IMMORTALITY.

By DR. WILFRED T. GRENFELL, C.M.G.

Author of "Down North on the Labrador," "The Adventure of Life," "A Man's Faith," &c.

FROM earliest childhood I have been endowed with the keenest love for life. Looking back on my boyhood days, I can remember nothing but one long delight in the healthy body which my parents transmitted to me, in the simple and free open-air life I was encouraged to live, and in the responsibility for looking after myself without apron-string rule. I am not responsible for this love for life. I love it just because it is natural to do so. Higher powers, whether mortal or immortal, are accountable, in my case, for a deep inrooted joy in being alive—a joy which has grown with the passing years. I am familiar with death. A man cannot be a surgeon without recognising that there comes a time to every human body, sometimes after only a few years of tenancy, when it becomes impossible as a desirable habitation any longer; when, were it my own, I should ask nothing better than to be permitted to get out of it.

I can honestly say that it never occurred to me until someone put it into my head that *I* could never leave *it*, because *I* was *it*. The dissecting-room was never for a moment more to me than a deserted village, where we students were pulling down the walls of abandoned houses to enable us better, later on, to keep occupied ones in repair. It was exactly the same in the wards of the hospital. I used to get very fond of my patients. But I have often been far more sorry for my friends who had to return to their hard environment crippled, handicapped, or continually bound to suffer than for those who left their damaged bodies behind them when they went out of hospital. . . . .

As with my love for life here, so it is with my faith in immortal life here and hereafter. Now that I come to write it down, I find that the chief reason that I believe in it is just because I am sure of it. My experience of the world leads me to suppose that it is a reasonable world, a world full of causes and results. Moreover, this is strictly the view of science. I fully expect it to go on reasonably and end reasonably—not in a stultifying catastrophe. If any man says in reply, "Go to! That is intuition—and that is not knowledge," I should say that I believe that intuition brings me into most direct and most reliable relationship with what is most vital and true. Any man who, to my mind, is worth while worrying with believes in honour and love and truth, and that it is better to be unselfish than selfish, to be pure rather than impure, and that virtue is better than vice. It is best to believe it. I was taught it was true at my mother's knee, and there I learned of immortality. I took in one with the other, and I mean to cling to both of them.

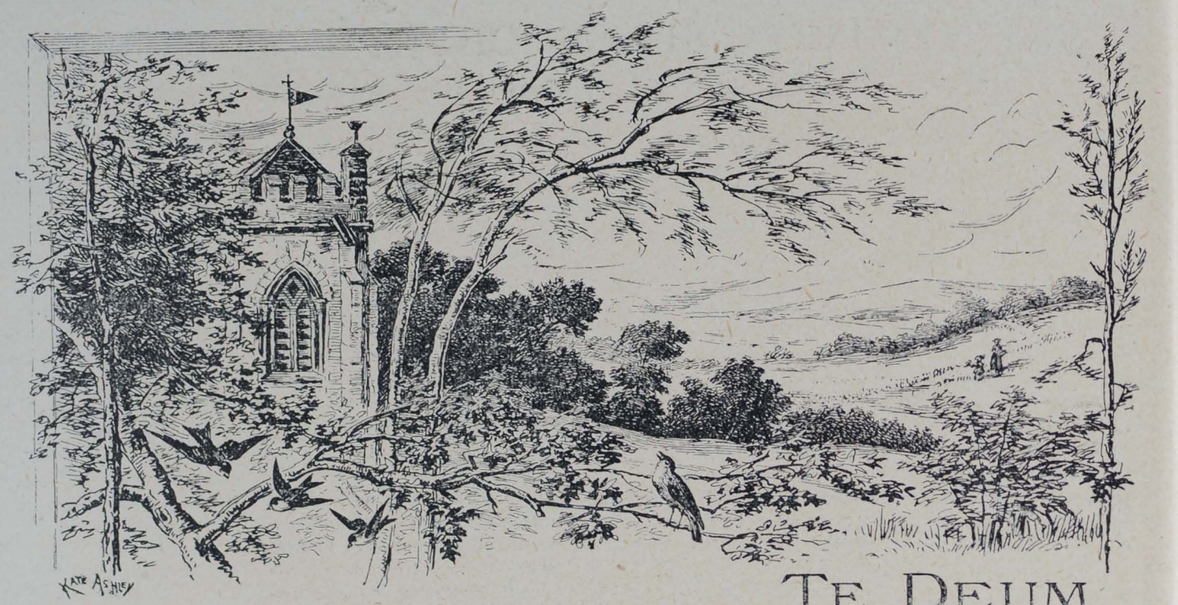
I pray that the day may never come when I believe that this beautiful world and this gift of life are evidences that we are only the sport of a devilish God who would leave matter indestructible, but destroy the noblest attribute of mankind. There is better evidence in my mere will to believe it than there is to believe that the universe is the product of chance. I do not expect to make knowledge absolute or to convince anyone else by logic. There are some people who will not believe that a leg is broken if it hangs in two pieces, and, as our eyes and ears and special sense are so fallible, there is some excuse for that. But the reason for believing in immortality is far deeper than these, and everything convinces me that it is infallible. The polar bear, the baby seal, and the countless birds, all beat their unerring way northward, though without chart or compass. Maybe that their sense called intuition is a better one than sight or smell or hearing. The lilies grow without the permission of current science; and so grew my faith in immortality. I take to my comfort that that is an acknowledged bond on kinship with the great poets, to whose company I have no other earthly claim. To accept their view not only, to my mind, marks greatness, but without it no man and no people can be great. Some people will always call this a special sense. Well, I spell it "common sense." Evidence does not bear out the contention that it arises from uncommon perception in uncommon people or in those whose experiences are uncommon. Some call the old, old sense of love of one man for one woman "a special sense." But those "some" are they who have it not, and there is a touch of unwillingness, and some think of self-love, which has robbed these critics of that which we consider "divine sense," and *therefore* "common"—and this time it is we who are sorry. We think these are all tributaries of the great natural stream of love which flows towards God. . .

The creative power of the soul speaks to me in all I see of man's handiwork. I never could believe that the achievements of such men as Isaac Newton, Clerk-Maxwell, Lord Kelvin, and others were merely forms of matter. It is not easy to answer the psychologist who says, "How can a physical organ produce an idea?"

If a disembodied spirit, or a man from Mars, quite unacquainted with life as we live it on earth, were to find a mother with an unborn babe, he would certainly argue life for it in some other sphere from the texts of its purposeful limbs and organs. On the other hand, Mrs. Gatty, in her exquisite *Parables from Nature*, represents the caddis-worm under water as finding it hard to believe that the chrysalis would ever fly free in an atmosphere then fatal to him. The single cell which forms the ovum in an egg might probably be called a presumptuous fool by its fellows if it claimed that one day it would roam the world as an enormous ostrich.

Again, the persistence of memory through all the altered forms of the body in which I have lived suggests that when that finally disintegrates, "I" shall go on. It certainly was more than earthly wisdom which made Jesus Christ, a peasant without the advantages of the schools, say, two thousand years ago, "This is life eternal, to know Thee." To me this belief in my sonship to God, and consequent inheritance of immortality, has always seemed the more reasonable as being the great revelation of the greatest "spiritual expert." It has never been to me a pantheistic relationship. It is only that I have some of His nature, somewhat as a father and his child are related on earth. I do not expect to be reabsorbed. I do expect to grow more like Him when I can breathe His atmosphere and "feed on Him" in some closer communion than our faith here, much less our knowledge, permits so long as we are hampered by physical bodies.

The above extracts from "Immortality" are reprinted by kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. James Nisbet and Co.



KATE ASHLEY

TE DEUM.

"WE praise Thee God!"
So sang the white-robed Choir,
Their voices charged with heaven's celestial fire.
The Anthem rising to the Courts above
Unchained the echoes of eternal Love.

"We praise Thee God!"
The swaying trees around
Joined in the hymn with ecstasy profound;
"All Nature Lord is with Thy praise aglow
And unto Thee shall worship ever flow."

"We praise Thee God!"
Sang birds on every bough,
"The Everlasting Lord, the Father Thou,
Thy glory shall our sweetest songs inspire,
And of that theme our voices never tire."

"We praise Thee God!"
All creatures join to raise,
To Thee, Great Trinity, eternal praise.
And Holy! Holy! Holy! ever cry
To Father, Son, and Spirit, Lord Most High!

KATE ASHLEY.

OUR GLORIOUS VICTOR!

WE hail Thee, peerless Prince of Life!
On this triumphant Easter morn,
When victor from the awful strife!
Thou didst emerge at early dawn.

Our thoughts and hearts now linger round
The tomb wherein as Son of Man
Thou wert in death's cold wrappings bound—
And so man's feeble faith outran.

But lo! the icy chains of death
Are snapp'd, and Thou dost take again
Thy life, and with commanding breath,
Remov'st the stone—the seals are vain!

The message swift is borne above
By herald bands to Heaven's gate,
That man's redemption wrought by love,
Is thus secured, despite Hell's hate!

Heav'n's gladdest anthem now is raised!
And angel legions swell the strain.
Victorious now! Let Him be praised,
Who hath arisen e'er to reign.

Across the bridge of centuries wide,
In accents lowly but sincere,
We join to praise Thee, Lord, Who died
And rose again, O Saviour dear.

And when the final Easter morn
Shall break across the Orient sky!
We'll see Thy face, O Thou First-Born!
And share with Thee the life on high.

FRANK H. HUMBY.

WORTH WHILE, INDEED.

The Sort of Service that We are Privileged to Render at the Railway Stations.

THE other day one of our leaders, on his way to a munitions canteen somewhere near London, found himself stranded in the tram-car, without a penny to pay for the rest of his journey. In his difficulty he approached an inspector, and asked for a small loan, offering a pledge of repayment, and saying that he belonged to the Y.M.C.A. "Y.M.C.A.!" said the inspector, "then I'll lend you as much as you want!" "Oh, I only want threepence or so," rejoined the leader. "Well," said the inspector, "let me tell you why I'm glad to have a chance of helping you." He told the following story, which the leader induced him to set down in a letter for the benefit of our readers:—

"I am pleased to have had the opportunity of being able to do some small kindness to one connected with the Y.M.C.A. It is a very small thing compared to the kindness shown to me and my wife on the night of February 23, when we went to Victoria Station to see her soldier-brother who was coming from Bognor that night, and was returning to France in the morning after a few days' leave—the first he had had for thirteen months. My wife had not seen her brother for some years, and was very anxious to see him before he returned to France.

"I made inquiries, and was told the train would come in on No. 6 platform. After waiting there some time after the train should have been in, I inquired again, and was then told it had been in some time on another platform. The brother, not being aware that we should be there, did not look for us, and had gone.

"I can assure you that we were very disappointed, as we had no idea where he was staying for the night. I suddenly thought of the Y.M.C.A., and made inquiries at the buffet, when a gentleman came forward and offered his assistance. He first took us to the hut outside the station, and not finding him there, he telephoned to Horseferry-road, Westminster, and found a man by the name we were inquiring for had booked a bed for the night. He then took us outside, where a motor-car was waiting to take us across, and we there found him, and were able to spend about an hour and a-half with him in a very comfortable room. We were then requested by the same gentleman to step into the motor, and were taken back to Victoria Station in time to catch the last train home.

"After receiving such kindness as this, and on such a very bitter winter's night, when it was snowing and blowing a 'blizzard,' you will understand it was a pleasure to me to be of some small assistance to one connected with such a splendid organisation as the Y.M.C.A.

"My wife was pleased when I told her I had been able to be of some small assistance to you, and she joins me in wishing you and the Y.M.C.A. every success.

"P.S.—I have just received a letter from my son in France, and he speaks very highly of the kindness shown to soldiers out there by the workers connected with the Y.M.C.A.

THE INDIAN CHURCH.—I.

By K. T. PAUL, B.A., General Secretary Indian National Y.M.C.A. Council.

In this, the first of two articles, Mr. Paul sketches the rise of the Indian Church, and deals with her problem of Unity. In a subsequent article he will discuss the question of her Independence.

I.

IT may be news to many readers of the *Y.M.* that there is a section of the Indian Church which is older than Christianity in Britain. Tradition, indeed, carries the foundation of that section back to St. Thomas the Apostle; but, though that is doubtful, modern historical methods have ascertained that it is safe to date its origin as early as the third or fourth century A.D. At that early period there was undoubtedly a Christian community on both the eastern and western coasts of Southern India. The eastern half left no trace in history for many centuries; it is possible that some remnants were absorbed by the Roman Church planted in India by Francis Xavier. The western half, however, has maintained its identity as a church and community from that early date down to this day. Its foundation was probably laid by Christian merchants from the Levant. For centuries it was connected with the See of Antioch, whence the name, the *Syrian Church.* When the Portuguese came in the sixteenth century this ancient Syrian Church was brought unwittingly under the sway of Rome, and so remained for three or four centuries, after which there was a great revolt, and a very large part of the community withdrew from Rome and once more submitted to the See of Antioch. A couple of centuries rolled by, and then, with the effect of Western light, there set in a movement of reform along Evangelical lines, resulting in a further split. Accordingly, at the present time, there are in Travancore three main sections of the Syrian Church, one owning allegiance to Rome, another to the See of Antioch, and a third entirely independent. An important point should be here mentioned. Although first Antioch, then Rome, and then both Rome and Antioch, have had dominance over the Travancore Church, such dominance has always been nominal, and the church really ruled by its own independent Indian bishops. At the present time there are over 750,000 souls in the several Syrian Churches.

The founder of Roman Catholicism in India was the great "Apostle of the East," Francis Xavier. He sped like a storm along both the coasts, established numerous churches, and then pressed forward to Ceylon, the Straits, and the Far East. The most prominent Roman Catholic Indian in the south said recently: "How remarkable it is that Xavier's churches have always stood firmly for Christ, unlike some of the churches established at a later date by other Roman missionaries, who thought it wiser to compromise with the Indian caste system. When the Portuguese came in the sixteenth century, they brought organised propagandism to the country, and along with it, by the way, the Inquisition also. All over the Bombay Presidency we have what is called the Goanese community, which owes its origin to the Portuguese invasion of India. Later came the Jesuits, and missionaries of various French and Irish orders, who established missions in many parts of India, until to-day there are over 1,400,000 Indian Christians in the Roman Communion.



MR. K. T. PAUL WITH THE REV. V. S. AZARIAH, NOW BISHOP OF DORNAKAL.
Photo: S.P.G.

The first Protestant mission to India was fitted out by the King of Denmark at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Ziegenbalg was the first missionary. Accordingly, there is now a considerable Lutheran community—old, well-established, and well-to-do.

There is also the Anglican Church, which was developed in India by the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge. With the advantages of the State establishment it has sent down its roots in every part of India, and is influential.

William Carey was one of our early fathers, and his name stands in general for the various Nonconformist communities which we find here, there, and everywhere throughout the Indian Empire, aggressive and progressive.

The total Protestant community in India exceeds 1,500,000.

Thus altogether there are at the present time some four and a-half millions of Christians in India, which works out to a ratio of one in eighty-one of the total population.

II.

The Indian Church is faced with many problems, varied, important, urgent. In the present article we shall consider that of its divisions.

In a non-Christian country divisions are obviously a tremendous handicap to a Christian church. It interferes seriously with the development of the Church within and the extension of the Church without. It fritters away the meagre resources of a young community instead of welding them together as common wisdom would demand. It dissipates the attention of the leaders, causes unnecessary reduplication or wasteful overlapping of effort. To the non-Christian Indian it is a very poor witness to the power of the Master; for the one great unsolved problem of India is the curse of divisiveness.

Various movements in the direction of union have appeared in recent years. The first great achievement was the confederation of the different Presbyterian bodies in India as "the Presbyterian Church in India," with a general assem-

bly for the whole country and synods for its different parts. It was sad indeed before that time that Indian Presbyterians should be divided among themselves because of the incident that they received the religion from different missions hailing from different countries.

The next great achievement is perhaps without a parallel as yet in the history of Protestantism in the whole world—viz., the union of the Presbyterians and the Congregationalists of Southern India in what is termed "the South India United Church." This is the case of an organic union formed by the fusion of two distinct denominations. It has some 150 organised churches, and 165,000 persons are on its rolls. To effect this union the Presbyterian Churches in the South seceded from the newly-formed Presbyterian Church in India, into which they had been drawn by the union referred to in the previous paragraph. The South India United Church stands for the ideal that an Indian Church should be established on the soil of India, and not what is a mere branch of a Church developed in the historical conditions of any other country. Accordingly, its challenge to the various denominations in India amounts to this: when denominations are unwilling to enter into organic union looking forward to a common Indian Church, the burden of the justification of their position falls on those who stand aloof. It approaches the denominations which are related to it in faith and practice, and desires to negotiate for further expansion of its borders. Such negotiations are now in progress with the Wesleyan Methodists on the one hand and the Basel Mission on the other.

The Anglican Church has hitherto had little unity among its various dioceses. The aim of that Church now is to form itself into a solidarity which shall be coextensive with the Indian Empire.

The various Lutheran missions, hailing from different provinces in Germany, Sweden. Denmark, and America, have drawn together and organised an "All-India Lutheran Conference," which is already able to exercise considerable influence in the direction of union, though without any legislative powers.

Some years ago a movement was set on foot to create a Federation of Churches which should be prepared to recognise the validity of the membership, the sacraments and the ministry of all the bodies federating. This is no organic union, but avowedly a half-way house to it. The weakness of that movement seems to be that the platform has been made so wide as not to secure anything like that approach to solidarity which would of itself draw the federating bodies increasingly nearer to one another.

A movement of greater promise is the establishment, at the instance of the continuation committee of the Edinburgh Missionary Conference, of various representative councils of missions. Only a very few small missions stand outside of them; and their constitution is such that there will be an ever-increasing tendency towards closer co-operation and mutual helpfulness. One of the main aims of this movement is the promotion of co-operation and unity.

A welcome feature of Indian Christianity is a series of institutions, established and supported in common by co-operating missions, some of them representing widely different denominations. One of the earliest of these was the Madras Christian College, in the support of which the Anglican, the Scotch Presbyterian, the Wesleyan Methodist, the London, and the American Baptist Missions now co-operate. A Women's Christian College has been recently started on similar lines in the same city. A United Theological College, in which four Nonconformist bodies co-operate, has also been established.

The National Missionary Society of India and the Y.M.C.A. have gone farthest in the matter; they provide platforms on which *all* denominations unite in glad, loyal service to their country and their Master.

The problem of union is a vital problem. To many an Indian denominational differences are meaningless and due solely to accident. He has not in his mind the historical background of tradition to support them. One man is an Anglican simply because Anglicans introduced the religion in his district. Another man is a Baptist because of a similar reason. At the same time, the Indian Christian is open to peculiar excesses in denominational feeling. The Indian is essentially a conformist. He takes a big leap when he gives up the religion of his ancestors for that of the stranger, but in adopting the new he does not stop to discriminate between the essential and the non-essential. To him everything that his religious teacher believes and practises is part and parcel of the new religion. It does not occur to him that the same faith may be held with a widely different practice. He knows only one type of combination, and that grips his thought and sentiment most strongly. Years go by. A new generation is born and bred in it; two or three generations; and the denominational taint is reinforced by the essential conservatism of his Oriental nature. This, then, is a serious problem to the leaders of the Indian Church. They see how terrible a handicap it is. Sometimes they become frantic when faced by the difficulties which not the foreigners but their own countrymen place in the way of plans for the promotion of union. It is obvious that at the present stage the same foreign religious teachers who introduced division into our Indian Church should also teach their disciples the necessity for union. It may be difficult for foreigners to unite. We have no difficulty in understanding their position. But there is really no reason why Indians should not make what foreigners consider serious sacrifices for the obviously unspeakable advantage of a united Indian Church.

THE ADVENTURERS.

By F. C. Hoggarth.

An arresting feature of the life of men like Paul or St. Francis or Lincoln is its freedom from dulness. They had no need to relieve the monotony of existence by "seeing life." They lived—knew the thrill, the romance, the joy, that are the authentic notes of life. They found life in the parodoxical way of losing it. There were things more prized by them than life—loyalties, obediences; they did not seek to escape. "They went out," like one of old, "not knowing whither they went"—into the darkness, and that often in face of what seemed the logic of the situation. When Wendell Phillips began to advocate the emancipation of the slaves in the Southern States of America, many friends warned him that the direst calamities would result. If the negroes were set free, there would be such an outbreak of lawlessness and immorality as to constitute an unparalleled peril for all white men there, and especially for all white women. Phillips' reply was that he could not say what would be; he entrenched himself in the principles of human liberty, in righteousness, and in mercy. The working out, he said, he left to God, and history justified him. That was faith, a daring of the unknown in obedience to some higher vision, and in assurance that sanity and truth are at the heart of things. If, indeed, we would make the world a better place to live in, if we would widen the bounds of liberty, if we would give the light to those who sit in darkness, there must be some adventure of faith, some risking of life, that we may find a way or make one. All great pioneers have been men of faith. Columbus, on a memorable morning in August in 1492, just as dawn was breaking, knelt with four little groups of men for sacrament in the church of a little Spanish town. They then hurried to the vessels that rocked gently on the rising tide. The largest of his ships was but 100 tons burthen, and the smallest only 40. Anchors were weighed, and with the banner of Spain flying from the masts and a great red cross on each mainsail, they set forth. With a strange and motley crew, without chart or map, he dared the Atlantic, to that age a sea of darkness peopled with strange fears. It was a sublime act of faith that with material resources so small achieved results so great, and enabled him to cross the Atlantic in boats we should scarcely consider secure for a pleasure trip on Clyde or Thames. And there has been a similar triumph of the spirit of man—a similar disdain of the ordinary securities of life—in all heroes of truth and of love. Even the foxes and the birds were more sure of earthly shelter and security than Christ. There can be no mistake about His independence of "the world," and He asked for the same boldness of risk, the same loyalty to the ideal, from every disciple. No one crosses the threshold of discipleship without hearing words of sublime challenge that are a rebuke to our feeble and delusive attempts to explain away the sternness of some of His "hard sayings"—to all our animosities and shrinking fears.

Faith, real and vital, enables men to stand up to the world; it gives them a reason for living. It triumphs over fear. It enters regions of darkness and claims them for the light. It fills life with purpose and crowns it with hope. And when at last men of faith face the unknown called death, it is not with the words of a well-known statesmen, who, dying, was heard to murmur, as though he thought he were playing at cards, "The game is over, and I am not sorry," but rather in Wesley's immortal words, "The best of all is, God is with us."

GOD'S DESPATCH-RIDER.

An Easter Story.

By W. SCOTT KING.

He was coming! That was all she knew, and all that mattered, and she only knew that because the wire had told her so, and that wire had been handed in at 7.45 the evening before at Perham Down Camp Post Office.

"Perham Down," she explained to Mr. Lope, the headmaster of the school where she was teacher of the IV. Standard, "is the camp on Salisbury Plain where Bruce has been in training." And then she added, with a slight flush round her merry dark eyes, "I should like to be off for the rest of to-day, if I can be spared, and——"

"And to-morrow, too, Miss Gaywood," smiled the headmaster. The girl looked her unspoken thanks to him for putting her wish into words.

"Very good," said Mr. Lope. Then he turned abruptly round towards the long school window, and there was silence in the classroom of Standard VI. The girl gently touched his arm.

"Of course! How could I have been so thoughtless! Forgive me, sir! But there, he died so bravely, and—and——"

The headmaster looked out on to the fields, where the remains of the last snowfall still clung to the hedge-bottoms. But he saw, not the snow, but a nameless heap, perhaps of mud, somewhere in Flanders, where the light of his own life had gone out last autumn.

Steadying his voice, he replied, "Of course you may go, my dear child—you must see all you can of him; his leave is sure to be short—my Jack's was only two days. And if Bruce has five minutes to spare, tell him his old schoolmaster would like to see him, and say, too, that if he shoots as straight as he lived, he'll get the D.S.O."

"He's a despatch-rider," put in the girl, proudly, "or is going to be, and I don't know if they have to shoot; do they?"

Before Daisy Gaywood could be informed as to this, the bell that hung high in the school tower commenced ringing, and the village children began to pour into their classrooms.

"Thank you so very much, sir," she said, as she picked up her gloves and umbrella, "and, of course, I'll bring him round to see you. Bruce always liked school."

The road to the station was sloppy with melting snow, but what did that matter? Daisy would not have minded if the very road itself had melted, for was not her true-love somewhere in the train between Salisbury Plain and Great Barton? And wasn't she going to experience two or three or, perhaps, seven of the happiest and proudest days of her life? Of all the boys that Great Barton had sent to the colours—and it had sent all there were—Bruce Trevor was acknowledged to be the tallest and the most promising, and that he should have singled her out before all the other girls, even before Miss Jessop, who took Standard V., and was known to have admired him, was an added source of pardonable pride. But here, where the road turned sharply round beneath the swinging sign of the "Barley Sheaf," a staggering surprise was in store for her. No, it was not a batch of Standard IV.'s or V.'s that had overslept themselves, but an advance guard of village children, singing the "Home Fires" at the top of their voices, while they surrounded and half smothered a very red-faced and laughing figure in khaki who towered above them all.

"Bruce!"

What do onlookers matter! War has put to flight a thousand peace-time modesties and conventions, and Daisy Gaywood found herself being soundly kissed there on the high road in the full light of day.

"Got my wire?" he asked; and then, "Now, you kiddies, carry on, or you'll be late, and then Mr. Lope will give you all C.B. for a week."

"Till the boys come home!"

roared the struggling little things, and "Where's y' gun, Mr. Trevor?" and "Ain't y' brought y' motor-bike we y'?"

"Quick march!" cried Bruce, "or I'll clap the jolly lot of you into the guard-room." And taking the radiant little teacher of the fourth standard actually by her waist, the young despatch-rider swung round by the "Barley Sheaf."

"I've only three days, kiddie," he said affectionately, as they walked between the rows of villagers, who, attracted by the voices of the children, now stood waving their welcome at their cottage doors.

"Only three days, dear! Why's that? I thought as you hadn't had leave before they would surely give you a week."

The young soldier's voice was suddenly serious in its tone:

"I'm unexpectedly ordered out," he said slowly. Ordered out! The words shot a dart of pain to her heart.

"Bruce!" was all she could find courage for. But relief was fortunately near.

"Good on y', my boy," called an old man sitting on a whitened doorstep "Good on y'!" and Bruce left the girl's side to go and take the trembling hand of fourscore years that was being held out to him.

"I've a lot to do and everybody to see," he remarked later, when towards the end of the day they sat in the front room of his parents' house. "We had better map it out a bit, kiddie, to see where we are."

This they proceeded to do, then shyly the girl put in a special request.

"Dear," she said, "you'll keep Sunday evening free for us to go to church together, won't you? If you have to ride over in the morning to see your sister and her baby—of course, you must do that, or she'll never forgive me for keeping you—do let us sit together once more where you used to sit and look at me—you wicked, dear boy."

Bruce laughed.

"Of course we will, and I wish the parson had another service to read to us than Evensong, don't you?"

Her eyes drooped, and she played with his hand, which she was holding.

And so it was arranged, and very proudly Daisy Gaywood followed that splendid khaki figure down the dim aisle of the village church, amid the undisguised admiration of all the choir, Miss Jessop, the leading alto, included.

From the moment the pale February light fell on his tanned face and on her gentle figure, they became the object of the special interest of the tall and handsome-faced man who stood at the desk in his white surplice. The rector of Great Barton was a man of unusual gifts, together with a deeply spiritual and affectionate nature, and the sight of this hapyy young couple, there in the glory of noble patriotism and first love, drew all the blood to his heart and stirred his soul. Half mechanically he proceeded to read the prayers and the lessons, his mind pre-occupied. There before him was the only son and pride of one of his most loyal parishioners, and that son, like Abraham's Isaac, had been cheerfully laid on the nation's altar. Had he no message, he thought, no special word to say to the bronzed-faced, gallant living sacrifice?

When he slowly mounted the little dark oak pulpit, Bruce cleverly drew the small, white-gloved hand under his arm, and prepared to endure the coming fifteen minutes with disciplined good behaviour, though hardly with much fervour of attention. Sermons, of course, were quite proper and all right, but, there! he was young, and his life was before him, and, well——.

But the rector was leaning over the faded book-board, and was speaking in rather unexpected ways.

"I am going to yield to an impulse to-night," he said, gently, "which I believe may be the leading of the Divine Spirit. The sermon I had prepared I shall lay aside for another time, and I will tell you why. Among the myriad problems that clamour for solution just now, no question presses home upon the breaking heart of Europe more than that of the life beyond the grave—beyond the dark waters and the bloody trench. 'Shall I meet them again, the gallant children of my household, whose young light goes out so tragically in that far-off land?' asks the mother-heart. And the boy's heart cries as the shells scream above him, 'Shall I ever meet her again, and look once more into those eyes, and clasp that hand, that mother-hand, that hand I won and waited for?'" Going slowly on with gathering passion, the rector told of that company of early Christians who long ago and under strangely differing circumstances asked in the night of Roman persecution the same question, "Our brethren who have fallen asleep, shall we see them? What will become of them?" "We all know the answer of St. Paul," said the rector. "The rest will Christ bring with Him, and that means, if it means anything, that we shall live for ever with those we have loved on earth, from whom, just for a brief while, the seemingly harsh happenings of this incomplete human existence have separated us."

Bruce fidgetted uneasily in his seat, while the white-gloved hand he held twitched nervously.

"My own young nephew," went on the rector, "whom some of you remember as a jolly youth in this village when he used to come to me for part of his summer vacation, has already fallen in the field, and as I look at the bicycle he used to ride as it stands rusty in the toolhouse, I ask myself, 'Will not Christ also bring with Him, ennobled and dowered with unfading youth, the soul, the spirit of Lieutenant Harry Forrester?' Then there is our friend and fellow in the village, Mr. Lope, who will, I know, forgive me when I say that we who remember Jack Lope, with his fine voice as it used to sing in the anthems in this church, cannot but believe that him also will Christ bring with Him in that great day." A solemn hush now filled the spaces of the little church, and the schoolmaster, sitting in the choir, bowed his head upon his book.

"And why are we sure—*sure?*" The rector raised his commanding figure to its full height as he triumphantly answered, "Because, surely, as the great things for

which these brave children of ours have so unselfishly laid down their unfinished lives are immortal—liberty, righteousness, truth; and as these are the essence of the nature and character of God Himself, so will those who fought and died for them live again with the same God-like, truth-like immortality."

After the collection the great song of life for ever filled the church—

"O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold!

Alleluia!

The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest.
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.

Alleluia!

But, lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on His way.

Alleluia!

Many pressed forward to shake the hand of the young soldier as he and Daisy passed down the path from the church-door, for the tidings that he was going at once to the front had spread through the village.

Bruce was curiously abrupt in his gratitude for their good wishes, Daisy thought, and she told him so as they gained the quieter street.

"They all admire you, dear, and I shouldn't be sharp with them for wanting just to wish you good luck, as they say."

"Look here, kiddie," exclaimed the young man, "Parson Forrester had no business to talk as he did. It's morbid. He might have known it would give you and me the hump. I've enlisted as lots more have, and if I fall—well, then, I fall, and that's all. What's the use of making a song about it? Immortality and all that—well, I don't believe it matters much, and perhaps there isn't such a place. After all, you've just got to go and do your bit, and the less you think about getting killed the better, I say. How poor old Lope would feel cut up, and you—why you are crying yourself now. The silly blighter of a parson—to go and upset us all, and just as I've got three days to enjoy myself in! Let's go round and see Joe Whiteing and the girls—they asked me to bring you for a bit of supper, and a sing-song and the piano after." And Bruce quickened his pace, and hugged Daisy's arm closer to him.

"Don't cry, kiddie. I'll take care those Germans don't do me in in a hurry, you bet." And he tossed his head proudly.

An hour after, his fair hair tossed back from his sunburnt forehead, Bruce stood in the Whiteing parlour at the piano, singing "Mary of Argyle" for all he was worth. And though Daisy played his accompaniment most accurately, she heard, or seemed to hear out in the dark road, "Them also will Christ bring with Him. Alleluia."

* * * *

From a boy Bruce Trevor had loved mechanics, and hardly a clock in his father's house, or even a crumpled umbrella-frame, had been allowed to pass over his experience unexplored. The advent of the motor-cycle, therefore, particularly when its price came within his forty-pound reach, meant for him joy unspeakable.

"If I offer for the war," he had told Daisy and all his chums, "I won't go unless they'll let me ride my machine."

Only naturally, therefore, was Bruce given a place, when eventually he reached the fateful western front, among the despatch-riders. For many weeks he found the work all-absorbing, and as he united a fearlessness of courage to his mechanical skill, he was eventually attached to the Headquarters Staff. The details of many of his perilous adventures do not belong to this story, but many of them Daisy was induced to publish in the *County Times* in the form of letters—letters, it must be said, with many an affectionate paragraph left out. Then came a lull in the arrival of these letters, till the morning when a military postcard reached her just as she was starting for school, stating that Bruce had been wounded, and was lying in a dangerous condition in the hospital at Versailles.

Close to the grand palace of Louis XVI., in the long avenue of trees that stretches up to the historic gateway, stands the Trianon Hotel, and here in the wide and beautiful dining saloon, converted into a ward of fifty beds, lay the wounded despatch-rider from far-away Great Barton.

In two or three weeks, however, it became evident that his wounds, though serious, would not end fatally, and Bruce began to take interest in his returning life.

One morning his nurse approached his bed with a parcel.

"Do you feel well enough this morning to look at something somebody has sent you?" she asked smiling.

Bruce opened his eyes.

"Let me look a minute," he said. Then, glancing at the handwriting, his lips parted with a faint smile.

"Daisy!" he said simply. "That's the girl I've got in England. See what she's sent."

"I know her, or seem to, quite well," went on the nurse. "She's sent you a parcel like this every week ever since we told her you were here; they are eggs, I think."

Bruce almost laughed.

"Good old hens of Great Barton! I can almost hear them clucking now."

"Could you eat one?"

He glanced up.

"Rather!"

Then the nurse left him with his letter. When she returned with the breakfast so thoughtfully provided by the Great Barton Poultry, she sat at his bedside while he ate. When he had finished he looked into her face with direct eyes and said:

"Nurse, do you believe in immortality?"

Without hesitation the girl answered, "I shouldn't be a nurse if I didn't—I couldn't be."

Bruce was silent a moment, then said, "I can't believe it—can't! How can it be true?"

The womanly figure in snowy white apron and bib leaned down over him.

"Why not?" she asked.

"There are too many of us—think of all the Germans, and Turks, and French! Oh, it's a—a dream."

Nurse Townsend, though a believer as she said, was no skilled theologian—she left arguments to the chaplain. Yet her instincts were unusually sound and her eyes unclouded. "How can I put it to him?" she was thinking.

Turning towards him she said:

"It is called faith. We don't *believe* in it, I think, we *know* it."

Bruce eased his head on the pillow.

"You all say that sort of thing when you are cornered," he said, "which means you just don't know more than us Tommies—forgive me, nurse, I don't mean anything unkind to you—you are an angel."

The woman smiled.

"Not if I tell you only dreams," she said smiling. "An angel should tell the truth, eh?"

Then she asked:

"What rank are you? I mean, are you an infantryman, or what?"

"Despatch-rider," answered Bruce proudly.

"Do I tire you talking?"

"Not a little bit—go on. The girl who sends the eggs believes as you do, and she wishes I did."

Surely an inspiration came from the sun-lit avenue outside to Nurse Townsend.

"Look here!" she said, persevering, "do you believe what your hands tell you, and your eyes, and your ears?"

"Of course."

"You accept their evidence—what they say?"

Bruce nodded.

"When your eyes go out, so to speak, and come back and tell you how the German trenches lie, you accept it?"

"Yes."

"And the same with your feet—the water in the trenches?"

"Yes."

"And your ears—the screaming shells?"

"Don't I! They tell the truth, by Jove!"

"How do you know they do?"

Bruce considered.

"Well, if we didn't believe them, there'd be no living at all; we shouldn't know there was anything if our eyes and ears and hands lied."

Nurse Townsend's eyes twinkled.

"Why should your faith lie and your hands tell you truth?"

"Easily," answered the young soldier, now hot on the trail, "because they are our trustworthy faculties—that's what they are for."

"What if faith is a trustworthy faculty, and that's what it is for?"

Bruce turned away and considered. Yes, it was well put. But still——

"They deal with facts," he said, "with material things you can prove, and faith doesn't, you see, nurse."

"How do you know? Why shouldn't God have given you a sort of machinery as reliable for the unseen world as hands and eyes and feet are reliable for Flanders and Verdun and—Great Barton?"

With that a young chaplain in khaki came briskly up the ward, and stopped at the foot of the bed.

"Eggs! And from England! My! And, of course, from the girl, eh?"

"Yes, sir," answered Bruce.

"And she wants to see you back?"

Bruce hesitated, then boldly said:

"She'd rather I believed if she never had me back she'd meet me in—in—you know, sir, if I go west."

For the space of many seconds the little group round Bruce Trevor's bed were silent. Somehow his simple courage of statement had seemed to bring that unseen world very near.

At last the chaplain asked:

"And don't you?"

It was Nurse Townsend who answered for him.

"Not quite," she said; "I've done my best, but——." She broke off.

The chaplain sat down.

"Everyone isn't made in the same way," he began, "but I'll tell you the way I put it for myself. Our faith rides away beyond all this cruel warfare, away into that other country—why, just like the despatch-riders do to spy out the lie of the land—and she comes back and reports what she has seen. And it is my duty to accept the report she brings—God's despatch-riders wouldn't report false."

The colour came suddenly into the pale face of the patient.

"I am a despatch-rider, Padre," he said.

"Ah! Then what would you think of your colonel if, after you had given in your report of what you had seen, he refused to accept it, and said you were lying?"

After a moment Bruce answered:

(Continued on page 364.)

AMERICA'S GREATEST PROBLEM.

The American Ambassador on Booker Washington and His Work.

DR. PAGE, the American Ambassador, on the invitation of the Anti-Slavery and Aborigines Protection Society, at the meeting of the society last week, gave a brief address on Booker Washington, the American negro educator, and his work. It was at the invitation of this society that Mr. Washington visited England several years ago, delivering a number of memorable addresses, and he had accepted the society's invitation to come here again during the winter of 1914, but the war intervened.

Dr. Page knew Mr. Washington for twenty years, and took a keen interest in his work, because it was work towards a constructive solution of the troublesome negro problem in the United States.

Washington's life is well known even abroad, because of his admirable and touching autobiography, which he called *Up from Slavery*—how he worked his way through the famous Hampton Institute for Negroes, and was recommended as a proper person to teach a little negro school that was to be started at Tuskegee, in Alabama. This little county town is in what is called the black belt—that is, the region where the blacks outnumber the whites. The school began in a ramshackle building, uncomfortable and unsightly, and the only idea that the community had of a school for negroes was a place where they might, perhaps, learn to read, write, and cipher, after years of toil with a spelling-book and an elementary arithmetic.

Washington grew to have a philosopher's view of education—the view which makes it mean the awakening and the training of a people. He not merely saw the children who came to be taught, but he saw the whole backward community, and during his early years there it was a God-forsaken, ignorant, lazy, thriftless community of recently-freed slaves and of impoverished whites. He devised ways to educate the whole community. Instead of a spelling-book and an arithmetic, negro youth of both sexes are now taught most of the subjects taught in most colleges, but such subjects as are learned from books are incidental to the learning of subjects of practical utility to a backward people—a people who must build up their character and make their way in the world—from nothing. Boys and girls are taught all the useful crafts—agriculture, stock-breeding, the care of poultry and animals, carpentering, bricklaying (Washington's own son was taught brick-laying), saddlery, tailoring, printing, laundrying, dressmaking, nursing, and, most of all, the art of teaching. The school now has more than 100 buildings, many of them quite impressive, and its population has far outgrown the population of the town of Tuskegee, on whose outskirts it is situated.

Most of the money that has gone to building up this institution has come from private donors, and private donors have been got by Mr. Washington's going up and down the land explaining his aims and his methods. In addition to the cost of the buildings and their equipment, he had to beg about £20,000 a year to pay the deficit on the conduct of the school. As a rule, the students can pay nothing but their earnings during their practice of their crafts.

Mr. Washington, therefore, became a travelling missionary for his idea, and thus he came to the far larger task of teaching the whole American people the right solution of the grave problem of the negro, for the negro has, of course, been the subject of the fiercest and most stubborn controversy in American life. It has often been said that if Washington had had money to develop his school, his larger work would never have been done. He became the best spokesman for his race, and its most influential and wisest leader. He taught the white people also that wrangling about the negro solved no problem; the problem could be solved only by training the negro to be useful. By making him useful, you build up his character and implant a pride of race. I should say without hesitation that the work of this one man has been the strongest single influence towards taking the negro problem out of the region of angry controversy and into the region of definite helpful work. He showed a way of hope, and demonstrated its practicability.

The influence of this man and of this school, therefore, far outran the value of any mere institution. It became a demonstration of a way whereby a race may rise. Men from all countries visit it to see the value of the idea that underlies it. It has among its twelve hundred students black youth from Africa and from the West Indies, Filipinos, and other untrained races. Washington was invited to visit several African colonies where white men have the task of building up the negro, for he was rightly recognised all over the world as the best master of the fundamental problem of developing backward or neglected races.

Mr. Washington, a very well-informed man, was not a man of learning, but he was a very much rarer thing—a man of wisdom. His steadfast purpose and his good judgment were his great qualities. He refused to be led aside by any controversies. He followed his vision without ever losing his inspiration.

He had to a rare degree the two most attractive qualities of the negro—a love of humour and a love of melody. Good stories were a large part of his stock-in-trade, and he was fond of the negro melodies, which he did much to preserve. He had the humility that comes of a complete absorption by a great purpose. This left room for a great pride and a high ambition, but no room for a false pride. He was content to be himself—content to be a negro. And we who knew him and admired him and learned from him see now more clearly than during his lifetime how wisely he planned and how nobly he worked.

How to Increase the Regimental Rebate.

Major-General Lawson, speaking at the Caxton Hall meeting of the R.A.T.A., said that he had some interesting testimony from the great contractors who ran the regimental institutes and canteens. The Canteen and Mess Co-operative Society told him that during the five years from 1905 to 1910 the bar receipts had gone down over 50 per cent., and the coffee bar takings had increased so much that instead of losing a rebate the regiment were getting higher ones. Messrs. Dickeson told him that in 1902 the average quantity of beer consumed per man was two pints, in 1909 one and a-half pints, and 1911 one pint, and that their bar takings, which had averaged 14s. 3d. per man per month, went down to 7s. 4d. in 1909, and to 6s. 8d. in 1911. When they remembered that along with the striking decrease in the bar takings there was the fact that the pay of the Army had been increased, it made the situation much more remarkable. He believed that the national drink bill rose with better wages, but in the Army they had gone one better, for the pay had gone up and the drink bill had gone down.

ONE OF MANY:

"Dear Sirs,

"Please send me the enclosed order as soon "as possible as I find we are very nearly out of

KIA-ORA LEMON SQUASH

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SAMPLES AND PRICE ON APPLICATION.

HOW THE RED TRIANGLE HELPED THE RED CROSS.

ON Monday evening a concert was given in No. 1 Y.M.C.A. hut, Seaford, under the patronage of Brigadier-General G. H. C. Columb and Mrs. Columb, and supported by a large number of officers and ladies. The programme arranged by Mr. Walter K. Stevens (leader) and representatives of all the regiments in camp, was an excellent one.

The first part consisted of a performance by the minstrel troupe.

Three short sketches, "The Recruiting Office," "The Awkward Squad," which purported to show how women would drill, and "How We Live in the Trenches" (the cast of the latter were all men of trench experience) were well staged, the skits on life in the trenches being very funny. The selections by "The Submarine Lancers' Band" was one of the hits of the evening.



After a smart ventriloquist sketch, the performance concluded with the farce, "Box and Cox."

The attendance on Monday numbered 1,200; £15 was realised, and will be sent to the funds of the Red Cross Society.

Another crowded house witnessed a second performance on Tuesday.

The photograph shows some of the performers, all of whom were soldiers.

A DISCRIMINATING TASTE.



One of "Derby's" Men: "Nah! Look 'ere. I wants ter git inter a decent rigyment—the Y.M.C.A., or something like that there!"



H.H. Princess Victoria, with Sir Archibald and Lady Hunter, photographed in the Quiet Room. Standing at the back are Mr. George Clarke, Mr. Yapp, and Mr. Allan Frost. *Photo: Lafayette.*

IN THE PREMIER COMMAND.

Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein at the New "Lady Hunter Y.M.C.A.", Aldershot.

NOT long ago there was in the very heart of Aldershot a building that had been used as a Masonic Hall. The ground floor was occupied by a cinema, and the upper part of the premises were acquired by the Y.M.C.A. for war work. Access to the rooms was inconvenient, and the fact that there was no connection between the Association and the cinema (which opened on Sundays) was not widely known, so that some misconceptions arose. With fine enterprise and far-seeing statesmanship, Mr. E. J. Allan Frost set himself to secure the whole of the premises on this splendid site for transformation into a permanent Association building. On Thursday last he and all who had helped in the task had the pleasure of seeing the fine range of buildings, rendered almost new by the reconstruction of the stairway, the alteration of rooms, and the tasteful, serviceable scheme of decoration, opened by H.H. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. On the ground floor are a fine refreshment room, a splendid "Mabel Henderson" concert hall (equipped by Mrs. Mabel Henderson), and excellent baths. The new staircase leads up to a central lounge, off which open a well-appointed Quiet Room (for the furnishing of which Mr. George Clarke has made himself responsible), a billiard-room, with full-sized tables, and a secretary's office. Above, there is still another range of rooms.

On the wall of the refreshment room, facing the entrance, is a magnificent triangle, flanked by portraits of the King and Queen, "For God, for King, and Country" being written above, while round the room are some choice reproductions of famous pictures, all given anonymously by one lady. The spirit of the work done is expressed in the greeting written up in the entrance-hall on Thursday, "Liberty Hall to all the King's Noble Soldiery."

At the ceremony on Thursday Viscount Midleton presided, and Miss Phyllis Lett opened the proceedings by singing with fine effect "God Save the King," while also she sang "Abide with me" at the close.

Mr. Allan Frost said that the buildings would now be devoted to the all-round welfare of his Majesty's troops for all time. One of the greatest elements in the satisfaction of the Y.M.C.A. was the honour conferred upon it by Sir Archibald and Lady Hunter in allowing the buildings to be called "The Lady Hunter Y.M.C.A." The aim in that building and throughout the Aldershot command was to seek the best interests of the men, and to maintain the home from home atmosphere that the Association had succeeded in creating. The great difficulty was that of carrying on the ever-increasing work with a constantly decreasing staff of workers. Sir Archibald and General Hamilton Gordon had been continuously kind, and had given him an all-round backing.

Mr. Frost went on to say that sixty-seven centres had been opened in the command since the beginning of the war. A number of these were tents used during the summer, thirty-two were now at work, twenty-five huts having been erected, two being in course of building, with six brick buildings.

In giving statistics of the work done he paid a high tribute to the magnificent generosity of Mrs. Mabel Henderson, of Hascombe Grange, who had for more than a year given of her very best for the entertainment of the troops, arranging a splendid series of concerts.

Mr. Frost also referred to the fine service rendered by the staff and lady workers, and said that our thanks were due and were respectfully given to the hon. treasurer, Lady Hunter, whose interest was both deep and practical.

Viscount Midleton said that he congratulated all who had been associated in obtaining and equipping the building. One of the most magnificent advertisements the Y.M.C.A. could have was the London Central, Tottenham Court Road. Yet no building could be central to the Army except a building at Aldershot. He was, therefore, glad to think that this building, which must be the pivot of Y.M.C.A. work for the Army, was opened under such happy auspices. He voiced the appreciation felt by those present of the visit paid by her Highness Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, who, he said, counted any day almost lost which did not include the opening of a Y.M.C.A. hut. Her interest was one of those things which must always recall to our minds the fine spirit of sacrifice which her illustrious family had shown.

Among the wives of the many Commanders-in-Chief at Aldershot, in his recollection, he knew of none that had won greater confidence than Lady Hunter, and he congratulated the Association in Aldershot in bearing Lady Hunter's name.

The greatest achievement in this country during the course of the war was when, out of our small Army, we had raised

Y. M.

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Organ of the Y.M.C.A. in

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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.

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the immense forces that we now had at the front. When the history of this war came to be written, the names of those who had trained our Armies would be among the most illustrious. No ten generals in the history of the Army had been able to accomplish what Sir Archibald Hunter had accomplished in the last ten months. It was, therefore, no empty compliment paid to Sir Archibald and Lady Hunter when the building was called by Lady Hunter's name, but a natural and proper tribute.

Referring to Mr. Yapp, Lord Midleton called him the Lord Kitchener of the Y.M.C.A. He said that he was expanding the Association almost as fast as Lord Kitchener was expanding the Army, if not faster.

The building, said Lord Midleton, was on a permanent basis. It was not a hastily run-up hut. This was typical of the fact that in the Army the Y.M.C.A. had come to stay. There would now be a military demand that wherever there was a camp the Y.M.C.A. must be. Military authorities were apt to be slow. There were days when a commissariat had to be picked up wherever the troops might be. There was no transport; there was no hospital.

This had all been remedied, and now before long, wherever a new camp was laid out, the engineer in charge would say, "Here are the officers' quarters; here are the men's; here is the hospital; here are the stores; here is the place for the Y.M.C.A."

His Lordship concluded with a reference to preparation for after the war, and to the magnificent voluntary work done by men and women who, though unable to fight, had taken a great part in the war. He also offered to present a clock for the hall, remarking that he felt sure that he would earn the gratitude of those who came to the hall for concerts and meetings, since a clock opposite the chair would help to shorten the speeches!

Her Highness then said, "I have much pleasure in declaring this building open for the use and benefit of the troops in the Aldershot command, and I have been also asked to name it officially "The Lady Hunter Y.M.C.A."

Mr. Yapp, in a speech dealing with the work and policy of the Association, spoke of the debt that we owe to Lord Midleton and of the fine work done by Mr. Allan Frost and his staff.

Sir Archibald Hunter, in proposing a vote of thanks to her Highness and Lord Midleton, said that by naming this hall "The Lady Hunter Y.M.C.A.," the Association had conferred upon his wife and himself a very high compliment, and both of them were very proud and grateful. He had been called upon to propose a vote of thanks to her Highness and to Lord Midleton, but before formally doing so he wished to say a word about the Y.M.C.A. in Aldershot and its influence there. Nothing existed for the comfort of the troops, nothing could be expected to exist, but the Y.M.C.A. was one of the first to come forward and provide those comforts which it did in the shape of tents and huts. Soldiers might be slow in some respects, but there was one thing in which they were not slow, and that was in acknowledging everything done for them, and thanking those who worked for their benefit. They would never forget as long as they lived the service that had been rendered.

Referring to her Highness, Sir Archibald said that she was a real soldiers' friend, and that nothing was ever too much for her to do if it concerned the welfare of the King's fighting men at home or abroad. Lord Midleton, too, was a good, true soldiers' friend.

Mr. George Clarke, in seconding the vote of thanks, spoke of the great debt the soldiers owed to Lord Midleton for all that he had done for their welfare, especially in the Witley Camp.

In the evening the building was crowded to the doors with soldiers, the concert-room being opened with a fine concert arranged by Mrs. Mabel Henderson. Miss Phyllis Lett had a great reception, and a speech by Mr. Yapp "went home." We hear that every evening since the crowds have continued, not least on Sunday night, when a powerful address was given by Mr. Clarke.

Mr. Frost still needs nearly half of the £7,000 which the building and alterations have cost. But "it's wonderful how it comes."

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FOR every man on active service this will probably be the strangest Easter he has ever spent. Those now in training were for the most part still civilians at this time last year. The men who were then in our home camps are now at the Front. Even those who have already spent one Easter in the trenches hardly expected the war to last over a second. We all hope that the issue will have been decided long before another twelve months have sped.

***

MEANTIME it is for us to try to make this season, after all, the happiest that our soldiers and sailors have yet known, despite the circumstances in which the days will find them. In many centres a very full and appropriate programme has been arranged. Thus at one of which we know there is to be a sacred lantern service on Thursday, another on Friday, in each case with special hymns, and on Saturday a lantern lecture, leading up to the fitting celebration of Easter Day. The Sunday will be marked by addresses and music full of the Easter spirit, and for Monday real Bank Holiday fare will be provided.

***

EVERY camp will contain vast numbers of men for whom the meaning of Easter may depend very much on what we do (or leave undone) during these four days. Their thoughts will naturally turn towards home—and we desire nothing more than to be "helpers of their joy." At Church Parade on Good Friday and Easter Sunday their minds will be directed to the great fact that they are facing death, and to the glorious certainty that their true Captain is the Prince of Life. Our hope is that we may help them to know Him as never before—perhaps even for the first time.

***

WE do not hesitate to approach these days, recalling the darkest deed in human history, and at the same time the decisive victory of Divine light and love, with great spiritual expectation. Men are ready for all that we can declare to them about the Christ who has brought sin and death to nought. Before the war we were beginning to think of Easter as two Sundays in one week, followed by the first Bank Holiday of the year, or, since two Sundays in one week of the dull and dreary kind that we too often made them are anathema to the natural man, two Bank Holidays with an unwelcome break between. The Crucifixion and the Resurrection, if we thought much about them, were interesting topics for finespun speculation, shibboleths of orthodoxy, or occasions for a welcome change in the monotony of the Church Calendar. The joy of the season was just an awakening to the delights of spring, or a mere opportunity for lazy indulgence on the one hand and riotous merrymaking on the other.

***

NOW men see that these anniversaries are reminders of eternal facts. The fight between sin and righteousness, the victory of life over death—these are the questions of the hour. What assurance have we that we shall conquer, either as peoples those that seem to have loved darkness rather than light, or as individuals the Shadow feared of man? Who can say "I know"? Where is there light on this most fearful world-chaos? How may a man, with a thousand chances of falling in the fight, know, with the last of the Apostles, that he *has* eternal life?

***

DIRECTLY news comes of a defeat inflicted upon the enemy, or of an indiscretion by which he has weakened his hold on his Allies, we make all haste to publish it in every part of the world. We know what difference it will make to the morale of our men, the attitude of neutrals, the spirits of the opposing forces. It would be criminal folly, using both words to the full, to withhold a scrap of such tidings for a single moment. The same is true of our Easter message. We have the answer to all the questions that men are asking in the quiet of their own hearts. There is in our keeping evidence of the limitations which sooner or later will bring the foe down to the dust. We have a personal assurance to pass on to every individual man. Dare we refrain?

***

TO accomplish our aim we need not turn our huts into "pi-shops," or pester men with unwelcome personal inquiries and arguments. We are out to meet all the needs of every day—and something more. Programme means much; personality means everything. Our business is to show, by the cheery, varied, entirely human service that we are rendering, that we are people with a happy secret. There is a phrase in St. Paul that speaks of "The glorious Gospel of the Happy God." He could conceive God as happy at a time when bloodshed, vice, social oppression, pride, and selfishness were infinitely more blatant and brutal in proportion to the development of the world than they are now—when practically all the world was pagan, and the little Church, riven with dissensions, discredited by reason of sheer weakness and inconsistency. And he was right. For God has a secret.

***

AN open secret is one which all the world knows, but few men have been wise enough to act upon. The secret of Jesus is that of the joy which is strength. He lived by loyalty to His Father, and found that this carried Him through even the death of the Cross. He proved for Himself and for every man after Him that the defeat of sin and death is the glorious will of God. The simple choice for us is whether we will be victors or vanquished. With whom do we identify ourselves?

***

TO the clear call for allegiance soldiers must respond. Before such a King as ours they can but bow the knee.





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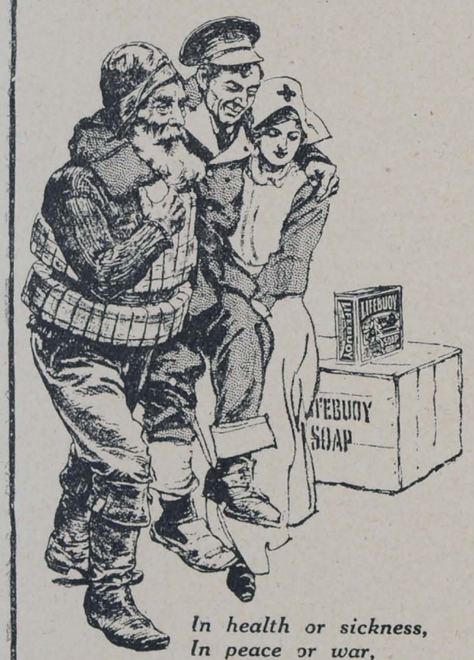

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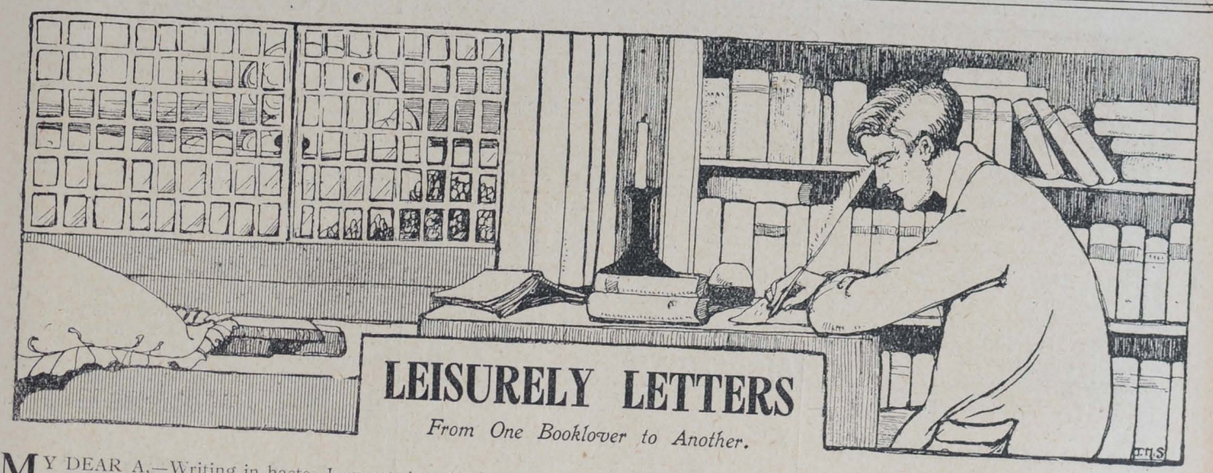

LEISURELY LETTERS

From One Booklover to Another.

MY DEAR A,—Writing in haste, I repented at leisure. That was the only respect in which the adjective that you saw fit to bestow upon this correspondence was true of my last letter. As it is hopeless to suggest, with any prospect of your believing it, that I ever have anything to do but nibble at books and scribble to you, I won't dwell upon the situation in which I found myself last Wednesday afternoon. It would put you to the unhappy necessity of proving how much more hard-worked *you* are. But since you ask, having now read *The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol*, why in the world I didn't mention "Fleurette," I don't intend to yield to you in admiration for that particular story. It is, to my way of thinking, the purest bit of chivalry that I have come across in literature for many a long day. I wish every soldier in the Army could read it, for there is behind it an Arthurian respect for all womankind. So, as I have so handsomely agreed with you, you will forgive the slip by which I attributed *Aristide Pujol* and *John Burnet of Barns* to the house of John Long instead of to that of John Lane, at the Bodley Head.

You ask me whether there are any particularly good new books about the Easter message. There aren't—or, at any rate, I haven't come across them if there are. You have cynically quoted Charles Lamb to me once or twice, and tried to cool my glowing enthusiasm for a recent novel by saying that whenever a new book is published you read an old one. On the whole, I think that is, in the matter of Easter books this year, quite sound advice—much sounder than your literary judgments generally are!

Seriously, however, I have looked round rather carefully for something new on the subject that is being thrust home to our hearts so hard just now. Finding nothing, I rambled round my shelves the other night, and came to the conclusion that I already had what I wanted. Moreover, it seemed quite clear that it was in the poets rather than in the theologians. Everyone comes to the great question from a slightly different angle. That I suppose, is why logic is of less value than a certain sort of instinct for truth in trying to answer it. Browning and Tennyson both spent much time in arguing for immortality. Much of their reasoning, as, for instance in *La Saisiaz*, *Easter Day*, and some parts of *In Memoriam* doubtless appealed to the perplexed among the later Victorians. To me it becomes dreary, or beside the point. When they *assume* the truth of a personal life after death, and let that living faith find expression in their description of human experience as they know it, in *Saul*, *Abt Vogler*, *A Grammarian's Funeral*, *Idylls of the King*, or the greater part of *In Memoriam*, their verse immediately becomes deathless indeed. The same note is struck by Tennyson in the *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington* as by Wordsworth in *The Happy Warrior* or *Intimations of Immortality*, the note of a quiet certainty as to the foundations of character and the springs of courage.

If you want something to pass on to the men you know at the front, I can suggest nothing better than an investment in reprints. You say that they want something more than pretty sentiment. I admit it, and cheerfully go on to assert with as much definiteness, or even dogmatism, as you like that they are demanding something that will satisfy their reason. That is just why I recommend these old, familiar, but nowadays very new and challenging, pages from the poets. They are the utterance of what men have seen and felt. Every one of them is the fruit of personal triumph over personal bereavement or personal facing of death. *Pectum est quod theologum facit*—the heart makes the true theologian. It is the man whose very accent reveals his knowledge of real life that receives an unquestioning hearing from those who are up against not theories, but a very practical problem.

Of course, belief in personal immortality is a reasonable doctrine. Inasmuch as it cannot be irrefutably proved, only a Christian can hold it with entire conviction. He alone has grounds that go beyond reason, and that yet are those neither of credulity nor superstition. But there is much in science and philosophy upon which to lay a basis for belief. We may sometimes feel like Omar Khayyam:—

"Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and saint, and heard great argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door as in I went."

We cannot, if we are honest, say that inquiry carries us no further forward than that. Indeed, the outcome of Omar's thought is not mysticism, which he is popularly supposed to represent, but a rather cynical positivism. The only person who really gets anywhere is the Christian who does not allow his faith to burke his reason, any more than he permits his mind to fetter his soul.

Such an one is Dr. Wilfrid Grenfell. Nothing appeals to me more than his way of putting things, not only in his *Immortality*, but everywhere in his books. He seems almost to ramble on, to chat in discursive fashion about the most difficult and fundamental problems. Yet you find when you have finished that you have reached a definite position by very solid and clear-cut steps.

I hear that we are shortly to have a Red Triangle edition of *A Man's Faith*, which will then be accessible for a few pence, while only labour troubles in the printing and binding trade are hindering arrangements for a similar reprint of *A Man's Helpers* and *Immortality*. Grenfell's power is that of utter reality. Doctor, shipmaster, missioner of the Labrador, and now one of those who have seen death doing its worst in Flanders, he speaks with the authority of the scientist, the thinker, and the man who has had dealings with the elemental and undeniable facts of life. But his appeal is frankly that of one who can say with St. Paul, "I know whom I have believed."

Two things convinced me of immortality, though I had held the Christian doctrine long enough before. The first was when I dwelt by the gates of death for a whole year, and found that, as Maeterlinck makes his children say, "There are no dead." (By the bye, *The Blue Bird* is a real Easter book, if you have eyes.) The second, after I myself had come back to physical vigour again, was when for the first time in my experience I saw a man die—a man whose happy vitality in his busy life had meant much to me—and literally perceived him opening his eyes upon another world. He plainly "saw the King in His beauty, and the land of far distances." Since then, as never before, the Bible claims my allegiance on this point, because, to use Coleridge's phrase, "It finds me." And I suggest that, beyond all things, you get men to read their Testaments again this Easter—especially in some slightly unfamiliar version. The way in which our little penny booklet, *The Greatest Story of All*, which simply uses the language of St. Luke, but sets the story out under striking headings, with no divisions of chapter and verse, has been bought up has shown me once again that the Bible is the Book of Books.

Yours always, B.

These books, or any others, may be purchased at our Book-room, Y.M.C.A., Tottenham Court Road, W.C., or will be sent by post on receipt of published price, plus postage.

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THE SOLDIERS' BEST FRIEND.

A Lady's Impression of the London Huts.

WE all know that the Y.M.C.A. is doing a splendid work for the soldiers, but I am sure there are many people who have no idea of the gigantic nature of that work. Until yesterday I was amongst this number, but knowing how anxious I am, as everyone is, to help the soldiers, and to give me a more intimate knowledge of the wonderful organisation, a friend of mine, a voluntary official from the London Central Branch, offered to escort me, with one or two others, on a visit to some of the huts which have sprung up in London alone.

Accordingly, we started off yesterday evening, and spent the most interesting and instructive three hours that we have done for some time.

We first visited the hut at Horseferry-road, Victoria. This building, which was built for an exhibition, has been transformed into a hostel for soldiers in a most clever way. Our entrance there was at a busy moment, when a large party of men was enjoying a hearty meal. We were taken into the gallery which surrounds the hall, and there our astonished eyes beheld rows of comfortable little beds in amazing numbers, all ready with nice clean sheets; and every available atom of space had been utilised to give as many soldiers as possible a good night's rest. Down in the hall below, which we could see from the gallery, were soldiers of many regiments. A Gordon and a Seaforth Highlander having a game of billiards, soldiers in easy-chairs reading, soldiers having tea—in fact, all having a thoroughly happy, restful time.

From this cheerful crowd we went on to Grosvenor-gardens. This "hut" was quite a different building from the last, but just as happy a party was there. Some in comfortable easy-chairs listening to a concert which was being given to them, while others were at little tables enjoying a meal served to them by ladies who here, as in all the other huts, give their services in this labour of love.

Next we went to the hut at Waterloo, where the same cheerful condition of things was evident. Here they showed us the kitchen, where the ladies were busy cooking and generally working hard for our Tommies. Here, too, we saw the dormitories, where the sleeping arrangements for taking as many men as possible are quite wonderful. In a system of cubicles, with two beds in each, rather like the cabin of a ship, every bed had clean white sheets ready for the reception of any tired soldier who has the good fortune to find himself in that part of London at night.

After Waterloo, we went to the "Little Theatre." Here, with great ingenuity, the fairies have been at work again. The circle, which looks down on a comfortable recreation room, is a sea of beds from one end to the other, and down in the basement under the stage, in addition to the bathrooms which are a part of every hut, we found a very nice billiard-room.

On from there to the King's Cross, and finally to the Euston hut, where we found the same order of things. Ladies all busy cooking delightful meals for the men, music and general good cheer going on, and every possible inch of room used to make sleeping accommodation, so that the poor, tired, war-stained travellers can have a comfortable, healthy sleep before continuing their journey either to their homes in the country or back to the firing line, where they are doing and suffering so much for us.

I feel that every man and woman in the country should know how splendidly the Y.M.C.A. is doing this work for us in taking care of our soldiers, both here and at the front, and the very least we can do is to help its funds in any and every possible way.

AT THE SIGN OF THE RED TRIANGLE.

News and Notes Gathered from all Quarters.

Generous Givers.

The following are among the special contributions received April 10 to 15, 1916. We gratefully acknowledge not only these, but all the gifts that have been made during the week. £600 a day is our expenditure on upkeep, and we are always needing new huts and tents as more troops go out or come under training:—

	£
Hubbard, Councillor, and Mrs.	700
Ulverston and District Hut (per Mrs. Alec Tweedie)	500
Anglo-Greek Magnesite Co.	500
Davies, Mr. H.	500
A Friend (per Rev. A. W. Anderson, B.A.), for "Anderson" Hut in France	500
Patagonian Sheep Farming Co.	300
Grant, Mr. W. O.	200
Guiseley Bazaar	200
French, Mr. A. F.	150
McManus, Mr. J.	100
Jenkinson, Mrs.	100
Pelly, Mrs.	100
Miller and Son, Messrs. J.	100
Northern Camps, Ltd.	100
Cullen Station, Ltd.	100
Bishop's Castle Workers, No. 2 Hut	50
Neal, Mr. A. W.	50
Barrett, Mr. A.	50
Francis, Mr. and Mrs.	50

Flag Day.

It is suggested that hut leaders should begin now to remind men that May 16 will be Flag Day. Small placards might be put up bearing such words as "Remember May 16" (or whatever date may have been chosen for local observance). It would be specially useful if something of this kind could be printed at the bottom of the weekly or monthly announcement lists which many leaders issue.

Flag Day in Scotland.

On Saturday, May 20, there is to be a big all-over-Scotland flag day. More than three hundred towns are already "booked" to take part in this flag day.

The "Astor" Hut, Crownhill.

Major Waldorf Astor and Mrs. Astor have built a new hut at Crownhill, in place of the one destroyed by fire a short time ago. In the absence of Major Astor, who was detained in London in connection with his military duties, the hut was formally handed over to the Y.M.C.A. last week by Mr. J. F. Winnicott. Major-General A. P. Penton, C.B., presided.

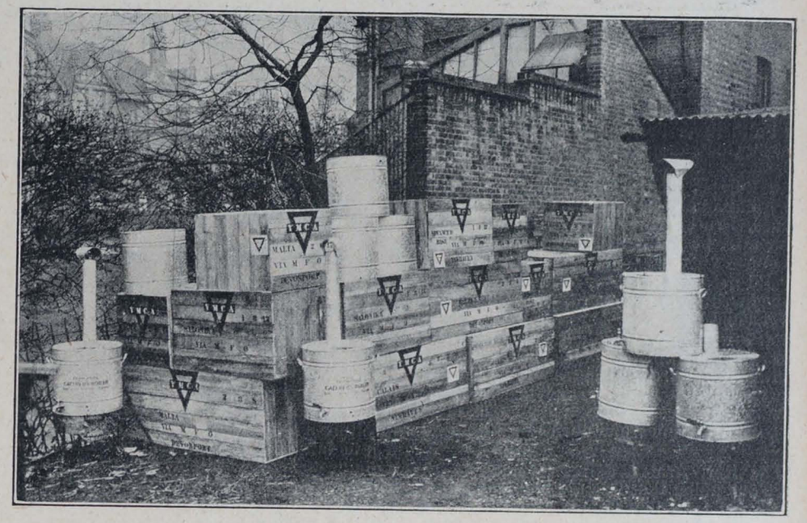
The General congratulated Major and Mrs. Astor on the recent birth of a son, and a telegram of congratulation was sent from the meeting.

He went on to say that he could not be too grateful for what Major and Mrs. Astor and the Y.M.C.A. had done for the troops in the command. The men looked upon these huts as "home." They were perfectly free to do as they liked in them, provided they behaved themselves, and, so far as he knew, they always had behaved themselves. He also expressed his indebtedness to the ladies who had come forward to help.

A New Hut at Royds Hall, Huddersfield.

Huddersfield has done magnificently, having recently erected a Huddersfield Hut at Havre. So generously did friends contribute towards the cost of this that the surplus fund which remained has been devoted to the building of a hut in the grounds at Royds Hall for the use of the soldiers at the Huddersfield Military Hospital.

This has now been declared open by the Mayor, and Lieut.-Colonel Marshall expressed the thanks of the military authorities.



BOILERS PACKED FOR DISPATCH TO OUR HUTS OVERSEAS.



THE LATE LIEUT. CECIL BOOTH.

Second Lieutenant Cecil R. Booth, 1st Gordon Highlanders, a prominent member of the Dublin Y.M.C.A., has succumbed to wounds received in France. Lieutenant Booth was identified closely with the spiritual side of the work in Dublin, as well as being a keen athlete. He was secretary of the Dublin Y.M.C.A. Swimming Club, and a member of the tennis and swimming clubs. When war broke out he joined as a private in the Black Watch, and received his commission in the Gordon Highlanders on the field.

Holy Week at Seaford.

Mr. W. K. Stevens writes:—"Certainly about the best thing we have been able to do here is to 'rope in' every hut in the district for a simultaneous Picture Mission on Palm Sunday and the following days until Good Friday. Each lecturer will have his own series of pictures, and will visit a different hut each evening. The huts in question are not only our own three Y.M.C.A. huts, but the Church Army hut, the Salvation Army hut, Clinton Hall, the Home hut, and The Rally.

On the bill announcing the evening meeting appear the following two sentences:—

"The canteen in each hut will be closed, and all games suspended each evening during service.

"The chaplains and hut leaders urge upon men to remember during the week of His Passion the Lord who died for them."

The Horfield Hut.

Last week a new hut was opened at Horfield, Bristol, by the Sheriff, who said that nothing had given him more pleasure since he accepted his present office.

The Rev. Dr. Arnold Thomas said he was glad to be associated with any work being undertaken at this time by the Y.M.C.A. Those magic letters had always stood for a good deal, and they had known what excellent work the Association had done, but since the war broke out those letters had acquired a new significance. They had been astonished at the magnificent way in which the Y.M.C.A. rose to the occasion when those great claims came upon them for the kind of service it had so nobly rendered. They had always loved the Association, but they loved it now more than ever. He rejoiced to see what a beautiful building it was, and he was sure it would be a comfort and a help to those prepared to make use of it. He could bear his testimony to the grand work of which that particular building was only one illustration.

Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. R. French said it was his duty and pleasure to thank the Y.M.C.A. most sincerely on behalf of all the soldiers quartered at Horfield. When he asked the assistance of the Y.M.C.A. in supplying a recreation room for the soldiers, he did not contemplate anything so grand or attractive as the hut now erected. The Association took a wide view of the requirements of the soldiers, not only at the barracks, but of the Flying Corps and the convalescents from Southmead Hospital, besides the soldiers home on furlough or on duty in the neighbourhood, and they had amply and generously provided for them in erecting that hut. He sincerely thanked them for what they had done, not only for them in particular, but for all the soldiers of the Empire. Their work was truly Christian.

GOD'S DESPATCH-RIDER.

(Concluded from page 354.)

"He knows I never lie, though I'm not one of the goody ones, perhaps."

"Faith never lies, either," said the chaplain. "God's despatch-rider tells the truth."

* * * *

All Europe, all the world, had waited for the great offensive, and as every man was needed, Bruce Trevor gave up his promised leave after he got better, and joined his unit again.

"I'll get all the longer when I do come," he had written to Daisy, "so keep your heart up, Kiddie."

For a whole year now he had not seen her, and as he sped merrily along in goggles and overalls in the fresh spring air of France his heart was light with joy and hope. Surely they would push them back and break through this time; and then——

* * * *

The Rev. Arnold Forrester stood in the little oak pulpit that Easter Sunday morning, while the Lent lillies made a gleam of gold upon the altar. Half-way down the church sat the teacher of Standard IV., and while the voluntary was being played her eyes were bent for the ten thousandth time upon a crumpled piece of paper in her hand—

"If I fall, and this paper is found, I want it sent to Miss Daisy Gaywood, School Teacher, Great Barton, England. Daisy! I'm going to take my place to-day with your hand in mine, and if, you know—well, I shall follow the despatch-rider into the world unseen, because—you know all I told you about the chaplain and Nurse Townsend—because I can't believe God's despatch-rider would tell us false."

Daisy looked up, her eyes shining with glad tears.

"Because I live, ye shall live also," gave out the rector for his text, but Daisy did not hear him. She was thinking of his other text, a year ago, and so she quoted it over to herself: "Despatch-rider Bruce Trevor: him also shall Christ bring with Him."

"An officer came into the hut a few weeks ago, and said that the children of a lady friend of his were anxious to give some little token to the soldiers from the proceeds of their self-denial during Lent. Consequently, each week a parcel of four Pocket Testaments has been received at the hut, and these have been passed on to different men who were naturally very pleased to receive them. Each Testament contains a brief message from the little donors in their own handwriting, and several of the soldiers have written to their young friend acknowledging this little act of kindness."

ON APRIL 29.

A UNIQUE opportunity will be offered to the readers of the *Y.M.*, together with the general public, of hearing the King's Own (10th Battalion Royal Lancaster Regiment) Orchestra on April 29 at the London Central Y.M.C.A., King George's Hall, by the courtesy of Col. J. I. Bonomi, the Officer Commanding. This orchestra, under the conductorship of Lieut. Waterhouse, is about to make a tour under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A., and the only opportunity of hearing them in London will be at the London Central on the date already mentioned. The concert is timed to commence at 7.30, and tickets are available at the box office (5s. and 2s. reserved, and 1s. and 6d. unreserved), the proceeds of which are to go to the War Emergency Fund.

WITHIN RANGE.

A Canadian's Account of the Y.M.C.A.

SERGT. EAGLE, of the 1st Canadian Brigade, is an old Leicester boy, and a member of the Y.M.C.A. Writing to the secretary from France, he says:—

"No camp here is felt to be complete without the Y.M.C.A. hut, and its usefulness can only be gauged by its popularity. The only reason why I am not writing this in the Y.M.C.A. hut is that I cannot find room in it! So I am writing in the 'Sergeants' Mess.' The latter is also a 'hut,' and not a very elegant one. It boasts of a board floor—in places—and its covering of tar paper is more effective as a system of ventilation than as protection against the weather. Its furniture consists of a few nails in the cross-pieces, and—the floor. It is remarkable how much furniture a fellow can do without! A floor—if it be fairly solid—is all that is necessary as a dining-table, a wardrobe, a chair or lounge, a bed, and a writing-desk, and not so easily destroyed or disfigured! At present it (the floor) is serving me as a writing-desk. For illumination I have a candle stuck in the 'ring' of a bayonet. There is 'music,' too, for the roar of the guns is incessant.

"This morning the newspapers would contain the bald announcement that there was 'artillery activity at ——'; a bald, unmeaning statement to all but those in or near ——! Our camp is not so far behind the lines but that we are in the range of 'activity.' Last evening I was enjoying a cup of tea in the Y.M.C.A. hut when the shells began to fall unpleasantly near. At last one came hurtling through the air and dropped with a thud within a few yards of the hut. It was a 'dud,' which is Tommy's expressive term for a shell that does not burst, but it shook the crowded building. As the hut is not shell-proof, we all decided that better 'cover' could be found outside. My friend and I finished our tea and got outside, just as another shell came over. We 'ducked' in the approved style (my 'cover' happened to be a mud-hole, but better 'muddy' than a 'blighty'), and though this was no 'dud,' no one was hit. The Y.M.C.A. hut is still standing, and still crowded out. To-night a concert is in progress, and last night's 'shelling' is merely a subject for laughter. We have only one complaint to make—that we were not in the firing line, where we could have expressed our outraged feelings in a more practical way. 'Inactivity' is our worst enemy.

"But that reminds me of a circumstance which particularly struck me during my brief visit home. I refer to the prevalence of a despondent feeling among so many of the folks at home. I was surprised—I was going to say disgusted—by it. It may not be so easily noticed by those who have never been at the front, but as a contrast to the spirit of the boys in the trenches it was particularly noticeable. The contrast struck me most forcibly when I rejoined my unit after returning from 'leave.' I found the battalion 'lining' a road preparatory to a march to fresh 'billets.' The men had full packs and equipment; they had very recently moved from the part of the line they had held all winter several miles away; they had a long march ahead of them over dusty, cobbled roads; they were going to unknown billets, which might mean anything from leaky barns to the open fields; eventually they were going to a part of the line which is rarely 'quiet,' and is now particularly 'active'; they were going where there is 'something doing'; and yet their cheery, effervescent spirit of optimism was such that one could not help but feel uplifted by it. Oh, that the 'croakers' could have felt as I felt, and could have caught a little of the cheeriness that expressed itself in whistling, singing, and good-humoured banter along the whole line of march."

A Jewish club and hostel, under the auspices of the Jewish Naval and Military Association, was opened at Tottenham Court Road last night by Major-General Sir Francis Lloyd. Major Lionel de Rothschild, M.P., who presided, said that one of the effects of the war had been to bring the nations of the earth together. As a Jew, he could not speak too highly of the work of the Y.M.C.A., and he was glad to say that the Y.M.C.A. and the English and Roman Catholic chaplains in France had assisted the Jewish chaplain considerably.

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THE ART OF CHEERFULNESS.

Lessons of a Highland Camp.

A DISMAL day was drawing to a close, and it can be dismal enough here at times, when the North wind blows down from the snow-clad hills on the other side of the bay. I was feeling just a little out of humour with myself and with things in general, when suddenly "Davie" bustled in, and said to me, "Come and see my father's painting!" Wondering a little, and thinking he had some new treasure to show me in that weird den of his, crammed with photos and sketches and lantern-slides, I turned with him to the door.

"Look at that," said he, pointing to the West, "that's my Father's painting! Did you ever see a bonnier? The Master Painter ave needs a background o' storm to bring out His best effects." There, sure enough, was the sunset, always a beautiful thing in this part of the world, but that night far grander than usual just because of the dark clouds on either side, now all aglow with the crimson rays of the setting sun.

This was just one of those lessons in the Art of Cheerfulness which we are learning daily in this Highland camp, both Y.M.C.A. workers and soldiers alike; but the latter have perhaps more need of such teaching, for they have far greater hardships to endure than we older men who are trying to do our little bit by supplying them with bodily and spiritual refreshment.

They are quick learners, and they bear the trials and hardships of their military life uncomplainingly, and even gladly. Physical fitness greatly helps them in this, and one has only to look at these men to see that they are all aglow with health—"in the pink," to use their own favourite expression. Sometimes, perhaps, they think longingly of the comfortable homes they have left behind them, and of the dear ones far away. Among privates in the ranks of the regiment here I know of three Presbyterian ministers and one Anglican clergyman, and such men must at times think regretfully of the cosy studies and the cheery fireside they have exchanged for the noisy and dingy discomfort of the garrison huts. And there are others who have left wives and little ones behind them, flourishing businesses, or goodly farms—some here in Scotland, and a few in lands beyond the seas, in Australia, in Canada, in South Africa, in Hong Kong in the Far East, and in Chili in the West. I am not exaggerating, for I have personally encountered men here from all those places named. And so, almost literally, "from China to Peru" the call of the Empire has been heard, and has brought these men, as doves to their windows, back to the Motherland in this its time of trial.

The miracle of it all is that they are always cheerful, always smiling, always uphearted. This bleak moorland, overlooking the dark, land-locked bay, is not merely a training-ground for soldiers, but is also an academy of cheerfulness.

Nature is, I think, our principal teacher. She tells us every morning that all is coming right, if only we will have a little patience. The winter has been long, far longer than is usual, but the door of spring is now ajar, and we get a blurred glimpse now and again of the glories we may look for in the coming months. Already the birds are beginning to be busy, and we are wakened every morning by the chatter of the sparrows, who are building their nests under the iron eaves of the garrison huts. Easter is late this year, but the trees are budding, and the flowers are all in readiness for that festal day.

One learns, too, in such a place to take a more kindly view of humanity. In your big cities each man really lives in a solitude, and is rarely on nodding acquaintance with his next-door neighbour. But here in camp each soldier is our neighbour, and we find it best to be on smiling terms with all of them, looking for their good points eagerly, and ignoring their bad ones as much as possible.

You will be inclined to be sceptical, perhaps, when I tell you that there is no unpopular man here, not even the drill instructor who shouts nasty cutting remarks to the "awkward squad" of recruits every morning on the parade ground.

"How is it, Sergeant," I said to him one night when he sat down to take his ease at the Y.M.C.A. kitchen fire, "how is it that you keep on such good terms with the men, for it is notorious that you have a 'nippy tongue,' and yet every recruit speaks well of you?" "I will tell you how it is," he replied, filling his pipe; "I manage it just by ignoring the War Office instructions. It is laid down in the Manual that a drill instructor must individualise, and if he has any fault to find he must name the man who is to be blamed. Now, the man who wrote that may have had a good knowledge of red tape, but he knew precious little about human nature. Suppose I am drilling the awkward squad, and I see one man a little more lopsided than the others, it would be of no manner of use for me to shout, 'What the aurora borealis is number five standing there for like a damp rag?' It would just make the others grin, and make the poor blighter more nervous than ever. What I say is, 'What is that man there standing like a wet rag for?' Every man-jack of them takes it to himself, and they buck up right along the line."

There you have the secret of the sergeant's popularity, but you must not say anything to Lord Kitchener about this.

I have perhaps said enough to explain to my readers how we study the art of cheerfulness up here in the North. Grumblers are practically unknown, though that cheery old veteran who acts as orderly to the Y.M.C.A., and whom we all know as "Uncle," has been heard to complain of "the stupid-oddity of the officers" who send young recruits "wha scarcely know the butt end frae the muzzle o' a rifle," while they assign men like "Uncle" to General Service.

We have, of course, some drawbacks, and it is a little inconvenient to be nearly four miles from a railway station and still further from a village or a shop. One misses, too, the sight of women and children, for the lady helpers of the Y.M.C.A. are the only women folk in our midst. There are a few, of course, on the farms in the neighbourhood, and I have seen one or two children on the hillside. But I have not seen a baby for months, and I have a special weakness for babies. I hope to take a half-holiday one of these days, when I will walk to the nearest village in the hope of seeing one. There is something to look forward to!

I could say much more, but considerations of space forbid. If you could only look in at our Y.M.C.A. to-night, you would see for yourselves what a cheery company we are. Those lads who are singing the chorus of "Keep the Home Fires Burning!" will be off to-morrow morning on their way to France. But the hour is late, and it is time for family worship. The singing and the laughter cease, while "Davie" opens the Book and reads us his favourite Psalm:—

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NOTES ON DAILY READINGS.

For the Junior Department Branch of the Scripture Union.

By the Rev. A. J. COSTAIN, M.A., Headmaster of Rydal Mount School.

Author of *Life of Arthur Jackson, The Day-break Call,* &c.

Saturday, 22nd.—John xix. 31-42. "Now, in the place where He was crucified there was a garden." Which is a parable. After the grave, the garden. The desolation of the Cross is not the last word about Christ; the garden is God's answer to the Cross. As the legend says, the bare and bitter Cross has borne leaves to hide its ugliness. Look at Nicodemus now. Really, you know, as we found out before, he never was a coward; but now all concealment is laid aside. He shows his colours proudly. Jesus had ministered mainly to the common people, but in the hour of His death it was Joseph of Arimethæa, a rich man, and Nicodemus the scholar who laid Him to rest.

Sunday, 23rd.—John xx. 1-18. You cannot get any better illustration of the influence of example than we have here. John outruns Peter, and stands at the entrance to the tomb, looking in. Up comes Peter, and goes into the tomb. "Then entered in, therefore, also that other disciple, which came first to the tomb." John might have been standing there yet, might never have seen the mighty wonder of the empty tomb, but he readily responds to Peter's act. Note: there was nothing said. You want to influence others for good; it isn't always necessary to speak to them about things (you find that very hard to do, don't you?). Just do the right thing yourself, quietly, naturally. Have you ever played "Follow-your-leader"? Life's just like that; it's a game we are playing all the time.

Monday, 24th.—John xx. 19-31. I think we have been rather hard on Thomas. We saw earlier on that he was a dour, dogged fellow, who was always apt to see the dark side of things, but had the heart of a lion. When all is said and done, when Thomas has used the words narrated in verse 25, all he has asked for is what was given to the other disciples. (See verse 20.) What a week that must have been for him—the other disciples glorying in their certainty, Thomas alternating between hope and fear. But he thinks it all out. He sees what is implied in the Resurrection if it be a fact. When once Christ has shown him the print of the nails and His riven side, he cries, "My Lord and my God." Thomas has outstripped them all; their Risen Master is his Risen Lord. Love passes into worship.

Tuesday, 25th.—John xxi. 1-14. Isn't this a beautiful story? Peter is the same as ever; he cannot sit still. The others had hardly dared to fish; it seemed like sacrilege to go back to the old life. But once Peter had suggested it, they followed him instantly. All night they fish, and catch nothing. Then at dawn one bids them cast the net on the other side of the boat. Immediately their nets are full. Then John, the first to see, cries, "It is the Lord"; so Peter, the first to act, dives into the sea, to swim ashore. And as the morning sun warms them after the chill night, the little party of disciples eats the breakfast their Lord had prepared. For that hour, at any rate, they are the happiest men in the world.

Wednesday, 26th.—xxi. 15-25. "Lord, and this man here, what shall he do?" Our Lord had been teaching Peter, telling him his work and his destiny. Now Peter wants to know, "What about John?" Christ says, "That is another matter altogether"; that is a question for Him and John. "He always saw his own duty quite plainly," we read of a character in modern fiction, "and other people's duty plainer still." As a matter of fact, none of us can tell what another man's duty is. God does not want us all of one mould or pattern. There is plenty of work to be done in the world, and work of many different kinds. We must find *our own* work, and do it with a will.

Thursday, 27th.—Psalm liii. 1-6. This is a terrible picture of sin. Men had ceased to seek God; and, as often happens, when men cease to obey God they begin even to deny His existence. "The fool hath said in his heart, 'There is no God.'" The fool here is not a man who is merely ignorant, but one who is morally perverse. (For a description of a fool see Isaiah xxxii. 5 and 6, where "vile person" equals "fool.") This man is not so much a speculative atheist as a practical atheist. Every man who lives as though there were no God is an atheist.

Friday, 28th.—Psalm liv. 1-7. This psalm is supposed to refer to a time when the Ziphites betrayed David to Saul, who came down to cut him off and capture him. The story is told in 1 Samuel xxiii., verses 14-29. The psalm consists of two parts: 1-3 a prayer for help, 4-7 a declaration of confidence in the defences of God. This is one of what are called the "imprecatory psalms." They used to shock us a great deal—before the war. We could not understand how these men could call down such things on their enemies. Do they shock us so much now? If they don't, do you think that is a good sign? Perhaps you might talk this over with somebody; it's worth thinking about.

TRAINING SCHOOL NOTES.

Mr. C. Fishwick has been helping at Dover, first at the local headquarters and more recently in charge of one of the centres. Sing-songs are much appreciated by the men, and there is usually a full room every evening. The direct religious work is helped considerably by a small party of singers who are available for bright services at the different town centres. The war roll and P.T. League have both proved attractive.

Mr. W. F. Le Grys has been assisting at Northampton until the opening of a new centre where he will be required. Mr. Virgo's visit to the Corn Exchange was much appreciated.

Rev. F. Palgrave was at Shoreham, but had the misfortune to fall ill shortly after taking up his work. He has, however, recovered, and is again in service.

Rev. J. W. Hughes, who did good service among the munition workers at Woolwich, has received an Army chaplaincy, and is now with his corps on Salisbury Plain. He will carry with him the best wishes of his classmates. At the nearest Y.M.C.A. hut to his own camp he took the service on a recent Sunday evening, so he is by no means lost to the Association.

Mr. A. L. Payne is quite happy in the work at Harwich, where his fellow-workers seem to make up a congenial company.

The Girl he left behind him

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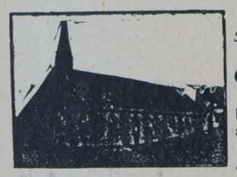

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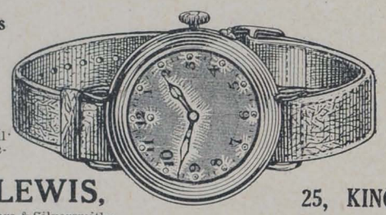

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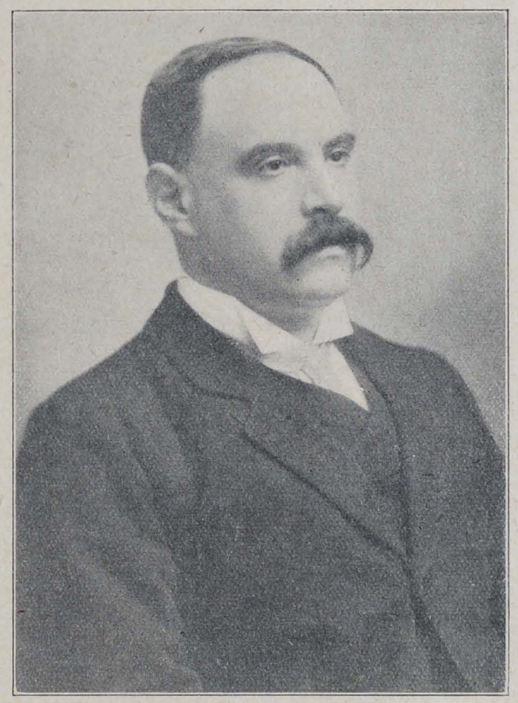
The Greatest Living Authority on Shakespeare.

IT has been said by an eminent critic that if a man will give unremitting attention for 20 years to one subject, he will find himself at the end of that time an expert almost without a rival. Certainly, this statement has proved true in the case of Sir Sidney Lee, who is acknowledged to-day to be the greatest living authority on Shakespeare. We are celebrating the birth of "that miracle," as Shakespeare has been called, and it is natural to turn to the man who has written what is regarded as the standard biography of Shakespeare in the English language. Quite apart from his lifelong study of Shakespeare, Sir Sidney Lee has a claim on our attention by reason of his editorial work on the great "Dictionary of National Biography," which is the solace, support, and satisfaction of every bookman.

A Londoner by birth, Sidney Lee went to the City of London School when Dr. Edwin Abbott was the inspiring influence as headmaster of that splendid school. Like another distinguished student of the City of London School—the Prime Minister—Sidney Lee proceeded afterwards to Balliol College. He had the advantage of Benjamin Jowett's influence there, with all its emphasis on thoroughness of work. When he was still an undergraduate he sent to the "Gentleman's Magazine" two articles on Shylock and "Love's Labour Lost" which attracted the attention of Shakespearean scholars, who were quite unaware of the youthfulness of the author. When he was twenty-five years old he published an interesting book dealing with the record of Stratford-on-Avon down to the death of Shakespeare. His close study of the unfrequented paths of biography, particularly of the Elizabethan period, brought him into touch with Leslie Stephen, who had been invited to edit the "Dictionary of National Biography" by Mr. George Smith, the head of the firm of Smith, Elder and Co. It was a magnificent project, involving a risk of at least £50,000. Mr. Smith never faltered through all the years of preparation, and gave his editor and staff all possible encouragement. Twelve years after the Dictionary's inception, Mr. George Smith was entertained at a public banquet, and received the tribute to his services to literature which he deserved. Mr. Leslie Stephen secured Mr. Lee as sub-editor of the Dictionary in March, 1883. Seven years later Mr. Lee advanced to the position of joint editor with Mr. Stephen, whose health had begun to feel the strain of the gigantic task. When Mr. Stephen laid down the editorship Mr. Lee assumed the sole responsibility for editing the Dictionary. What this involved he has described in a fascinating article which appeared in the "Cornhill Magazine" in 1896. Canon Aniger, a witty and valued contributor, summed up the instructions of the editor of the "D.N.B." as being contained in the words, "No flowers, by request!" Certainly, all florid extravagance in the articles was curtailed, much as Lord Morley used to say to Mr. Stead when the two were working on the *Pall Mall Gazette*—"No dithyrambs, please."



SIR SIDNEY LEE

Photo: J. Russell and Sons.

The thousands of biographies in the Dictionary are models of adequacy and restraint. Quite a thousand of them were from the pen of Mr. Lee. In Volume LI. appeared his splendid biography of Shakespeare, which was the foundation of the fuller Life, to which the world of literature paid its tribute of wholehearted admiration. When it is remembered that for twenty years Sir Sidney Lee was writing and editing innumerable pages of biographical matter, his powers of concentration on Shakespeare will seem more remarkable.

Since the Dictionary was completed Sir Sidney Lee has been busy in other directions. His memoir of King Edward was much debated on its issue, first of all, in the Supplement of the Dictionary. Royal relatives thought some of the criticisms ill-judged; but it was acknowledged as a sincere attempt to give a measured analysis of King Edward, while not erring on the side of eulogy.

The great achievement of Sir Sidney Lee has been to leave for succeeding generations a masterly biography on the King of Literature—William Shakespeare. He has yielded to no one in his reverence for his subject, while tasting (and, if necessary, discarding) the accretions which tradition has added to the well-established facts of Shakespeare's career.

SHAKESPEARE.

By the RT. HON. G. W. E. RUSSELL, Author of "Collections and Recollections," &c.

I REJOICE that I am invited to write about Shakespeare, for he is in a sense my tulelary saint. My father (a devout Evangelical, by the way) was the best Shakespearian scholar I ever knew, and he gave proof of his devotion by founding a Gold Medal at Harrow for the encouragement of the study of Shakespeare. This gift he offered to the Harrow boys with Ben Jonson's words: "That Shakespeare may be to them for delight, ornament, and ability."

It is a filial joy to recall the eulogy which Lord Chief Justice Coleridge passed on this benefaction: "A munificent and accomplished nobleman, Lord Charles Russell, has, by the wise liberality which dictated the foundation of his Shakespeare Medal at Harrow, secured that at least at one great public school boys may be stimulated in youth to an exact and scholarlike acquaintance with the poet, whose age will show them to be the greatest in the world."

Is this the language of insular vanity or exaggerated patriotism? I think not.

Even with Shakespeare, just because he was a human being, there are higher and lower levels. But there are a few great tragedies which occupy summits of their own. "Macbeth," "Hamlet," "Lear," and "Othello" form an unassailable quadrilateral in which we may take our stand, and give our challenge to the world. And far beyond that precinct there are outlying realms of beauty and delight through which we might range all our lives long and never exhaust their treasures. Here we find the stately presence of Roman heroes; the chivalry marshalled around our Plantagenet Kings; the wit of Mercutio, Beatrice, and Falstaff; the maiden grace of Imogen and Miranda; Ariel, the dainty sprite; Oberon and his fairy court; the memories which people the glades of the Ardennes, the Rialto of Venice, and the gardens of Verona.

Shakespeare gratified, and gratified supremely, one of the root-instincts of human nature.

Children begin to act as soon as they can speak. Wordsworth saw the tendency in the "six years' darling of a pigmy size":—

A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral,
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song;
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

What child is there who has not, once on a time, preached a sermon, or transfixed an enemy, or driven a carriage, or buried a doll? Could any human being call these gambols wrong? Can anyone fail to recognise in them the workings of a natural and universal impulse? The Divine Master Himself did not disdain to illustrate His meaning by reference to the infantile play-actings of the children in the market-place. As Dr. Farrar said, "He drew an illustration from peevish children, who fretfully reject every effort of their fellows to delight or to amuse them. Nothing could please such sour natures. The flute and dance of the little ones who played at weddings charmed them as little as the long wail of the simulated funeral."

When once we have satisfied ourselves that the drama is a human instinct, we have cleared the ground for practical considerations. True virtue consists in a life of regulated instincts. An instinct perverted, or an instinct over-indulged, may be the beginning of moral ruin; but the instinct itself must be blameless, for it was Divinely implanted. The drama is a permitted enjoyment, and the greatest of dramatists is our own.

When the Tercentenary of Shakespeare's birth was celebrated, a memorial sermon was preached at Stratford by a great man of letters, who was also an Archbishop—Richard Chenevix Trench—and he took for his text, "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above." Shakespeare's was a "good" and even a "perfect" gift—the power of dramatic expression in its highest beauty; and that gift the Archbishop bade us give thanks for and enjoy. Another sermon was preached on the same day by Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews, who laid stress on Shakespeare's remarkable familiarity with the English Bible. True wisdom is to accept as Divine boons all culture and beauty and refinement and enjoyment, and, in St. Paul's phrase, to use the world as not abusing it. Debauchery and excess have nothing in common with a regulated and rational indulgence. So with the drama and its literature. From what is gross and horrible and hideous and morbid we should turn resolutely away; but high pathos and pure merriment we may enjoy to our heart's content. The theatre is not merely a place of enjoyment; it may also, if rightly used, be a place of instruction and even of edification.

"Where is every feeling more roused in favour of virtue than at a good play? Where is goodness so feelingly, so enthusiastically learnt? What so solemn as to see the excellent passions of the human heart called forth by a great actor, animated by a great poet? To hear Siddons repeat what Shakespeare wrote! What a blessing that mankind can be allured from sensual gratification, and find relaxation and pleasure in such pursuits!"

"To hear Siddons repeat what Shakespeare wrote!"—we were born about a century too late for that delight, and yet our age has not been unblest, for we have had Irving and Ellen Terry. To the first of those names a perfectly just tribute was paid by the Rev. G. A. Cobbold, of Ipswich, in a funeral sermon:—

"As one looks back over the last thirty years, one feels how impossible it is to attribute to any one man the great change for the better through which the theatre has passed. But had I to select the name of one man only wherewith to associate it, I should put forward without a moment's hesitation the influence and personality of Henry Irving."

As far as my own experience goes, I should unhesitatingly endorse the preacher's judgment, and, as I revive in memory the great series of dramas with which Irving's name will always be associated, I feel that this eulogy is not the least overstrained.

"As one looks back on the unfolding of that most wonderful of panoramas, it is not the perfection of the scenic and other accessories, nor even the genius of the actor, which shines out clearest. Rather it is the absolute moral cleanness of every one of those numerous productions. Of not a single one can it be said that a young girl might not in perfect safety have been taken to see it. Not a single scene occurs to me which suggested that the slime of the serpent had passed over it."

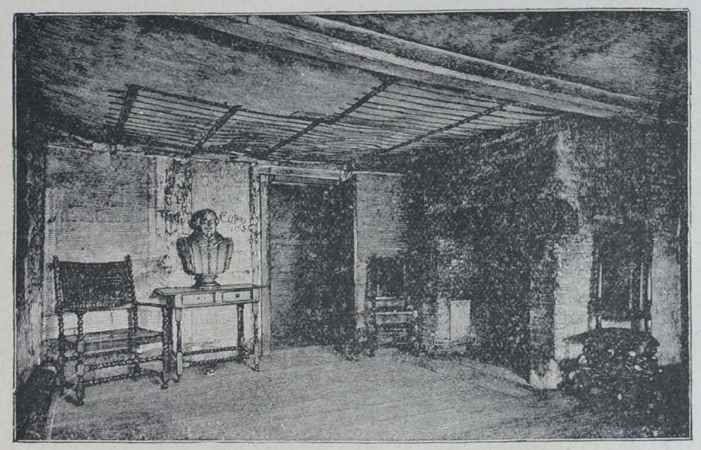
The vocation of the actor is high, responsible, and distinctive. When Irving died General Booth, of the Salvation Army, is reported to have said: "Ah! he was a great man—what a pity he was not a Salvationist preacher!" And the report elicited an apt reply: "One can no more imagine Henry Irving a Salvationist preacher than one can picture William Booth as the manager of the Lyceum, or as the impersonator of Hamlet." No; God gives "to every man *his* work"—his one special task—and the man must strive his utmost to "walk worthy of the vocation wherewith he is called," whatever that vocation be.

I said just now that the actor's vocation is responsible. Responsibility is the correlative of power. He who has the power of stirring the emotions of his fellow-creatures must take heed that he stirs them with right impulses and to profitable ends.

SHAKESPEARE THE PATRIOT.

BY PROFESSOR I. GOLLANCZ, LITT.D.

Honorary Secretary of the Tercentenary Committee.



THE ROOM WHERE SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN.
Picture by courtesy of Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

IT were well if every year a Shakespeare Day were observed, when those who speak the speech of Shakespeare might reverently pay homage to his memory, and be reminded of all that he stands for on the roll of British fame and of the universal recognition of his exalted genius.

While all the world acclaims him, those who are privileged to be his fellow-countrymen owe to themselves the high duty of gratefully recalling, on this occasion of the tercentenary of his death, some of the lessons he has left us, and, especially at the present time, how it behoves us as patriots to strive to play our part in war as in peace, and how best to maintain our faith in the ultimate triumph of a noble humanity.

It is in the play of "Henry V." that Shakespeare gives us, in the person of the King, his ideal patriot-Englishman, and the play rings out to-day as a trumpet-call to all:—

"Oh! England, model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!"
"Follow, follow!
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsides, babies, and old women,
Either past, or not arriv'd to, pith and puissance:
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?"

These words the poet utters by the chorus of the play, but he speaks even more directly through the patriot-King, for whom kingship does not mean

"The balm, the sceptre and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world."

These external signs of sovereignty do not weigh with England's King. While his humblest subject is at rest, he is wakeful, anxious only for the welfare of his realm, the well-being of his folk, the honour of the English name:—

"If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not coveteous for gold;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires;
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O! do not wish one more;
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he, which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart, his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us,
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say—To-morrow is Saint Crispian:
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars.
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages,
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words—
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd;
This story shall the good man teach his son,
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition;
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd, they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day."

The King knows the true worth of his Englishmen. Whatever their differences among themselves in times of peace, he sees them united with one common purpose, noble and brave, in the sight of the common foe:—

"On, on, you noblest English!
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof.
Fathers, that like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your mothers; now, attest,
That those, whom you call'd fathers, did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war."

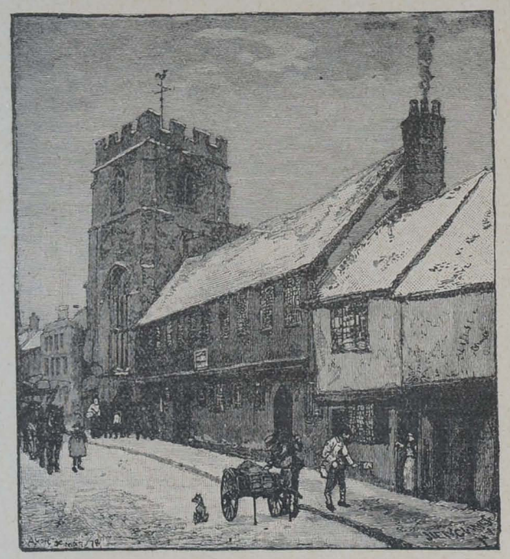
And here is the King's own battle-prayer:—

"O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;
Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them."

In the hour of victory he is not arrogant or self-assertive :—

"Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!"

"O God! thy arm was here;
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all! . . . Take it, God,
For it is none but thine."



WHERE SHAKESPEARE WENT TO SCHOOL.
Picture by courtesy of Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

"This precious stone set in the silver sea." The island-strength and the island-glory of Britain made Shakespeare realise what England's "brave fleet" meant for its welfare and security. One can hear the music of the sea re-echoed in Shakespeare's verse, but as patriot he well understood the practical responsibilities demanded by our sea-girt condition, and he attempted to bring vividly to the minds of the stay-at-homes some idea at least of the British Navy—the "fleet majestical" :—

"Suppose, that you have seen
The well-appointed King at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning.
Play with your fancies, and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confus'd; behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge. O! do but think,
You stand upon the rivage, and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,
And leave your England, as dead midnight still."

And what of those aboard, who leave their "Albion's wished coast," perhaps never again to look upon it? Here are some words spoken by the otherwise hateful Margaret, queen of Henry VI. :—

As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
When from the shore the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm;
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
I took a costly jewel from my neck—
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds—
And threw it towards thy land. The sea receiv'd it,
And so I wish'd thy body might my heart
And even with this I lost fair England's view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.

The parting patriot leaves his native land even as a friend takes farewell from friend, the vessel moving onwards :—

"So long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sailed on,
How swift his ship."

Shakespeare's boundless love of country is no mere poetic fervour; it is solidly based upon his belief that English ideals make for righteousnes, for freedom, for the recognition of human rights and liberties. In the famous panegyric to "this demi-paradise"—"this land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land"—he boldly claimed that England is "dear for her reputation through the world," and throughout his plays there is this pride in the English name :—

"Boast of this I can,
Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman."

Some of our most cherished maxims derived from Shakespeare come to mind when one recalls these ideals :—

"O! it is excellent
To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant."

Or again—

"To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Or this—

"Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

Or this—

"He who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe.



SHAKESPEARE AS A BOY.
Picture by courtesy of Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

But perhaps the whole duty of a patriot is best summed up in these few words :—

"Be just and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's!"

This article appears, in an expanded form, in *Shakespeare Tercentenary Observance*, a charmingly produced little sixpenny booklet published by Mr. Geo. W. Jones, at the Sign of the Dolphin, Gough-square, E.C., for the use of schools and other institutions celebrating the tercentenary.

SHAKESPEARE AND RELIGION.

By the RT. REV. BISHOP G. F. BROWNE, D.D.

"We give thanks to Almighty God that the greatest name in literature spells for us our wisest and most profound teacher of practical religion."

IT is much more easy to write on "Shakespeare and Religion" than to write on "Shakespeare as a religious man." As a man, he was a man of the world of his time, and the world of his time was coarse at one end of the scale, while at the other end it rose to noble heights. We might dispute, as we must criticise, in judging Shakespeare as a man. But in regard to his attitude towards religion there is no sort of doubt. Whatever his actual life may have been, we read in his characters that he loved the Christian virtues and hated the anti-Christian vices. In London he may have taken his share of the vices of the town, but his real mind was shown—he was no hypocrite—in the lovely creations of a Portia, an Imogen, a Cordelia, a Miranda, a Beatrice. It has been said that Shakespeare does not put on the stage any one perfect man; indeed, any one man even approaching perfection. It was a true instinct that led him to put on his stage a series of perfect women, as the best leaven for a very imperfect world. It reveals the true man in his soul, whatever his personal defects.

"He favoured virtue from his very soul," our holy poet Keble said, "and led the way to sounder views even upon sacred things." "His plays," the critical Dean Milman said, "are instinct with the religious life of Christianity." "Next to the Bible," the evangelical Dean McNeile said, "I have derived more benefit from Shakespeare than from any other human author." "His mind was saturated with the Bible," the classic Anglican Charles Wordsworth affirmed, after minute study of his plays.

Now there is a special interest attached to Shakespeare's "knowledge and use of the Bible," to borrow Charles Wordsworth's phrase. Shakespeare was born early in 1564. He was the third child of his parents. People married early then, and the young father and mother may have been born between 1535 and 1540. In 1539 the English Bible was made a lawful possession in a private house. In 1543 it was made an unlawful possession for disputatious use, but men above the degree of yeomen, husbandmen, &c., and women who were noblewomen or gentlewomen, might read it to themselves for their own edifying and increase in virtue. That was just when Shakespeare's parents were beginning to take notice. They may very probably have been in church when for the first time the curate read a chapter of the Old Testament and a chapter of the New Testament in the course of the service on a festival day. Of those to whom the Bible had thus come as a new and most interesting and illuminating possession Shakespeare was born. By them he was brought up. The generation to which he belonged was the first generation brought up on a free Bible. It had for them the special fascination of a new book, a book full of mysterious wonder, though it had lost the added romance of being forbidden under heavy penalty. Can we wonder that a mind like Shakespeare's was "saturated with the Bible"?

If Shakespeare owed much to the Bible, the Bible has owed something to Shakespeare. He kept steadily before the world of England the noblest examples of the most spacious and strenuous period of our language. The minds that produced the Authorised Version of the Scriptures were saturated with Shakespeare's English, majestic without stiffness, massive yet never heavy. The religious life of England owes much to Shakespeare for the power the Scriptures have of effecting a lodgment in our minds by the compelling force of their form.

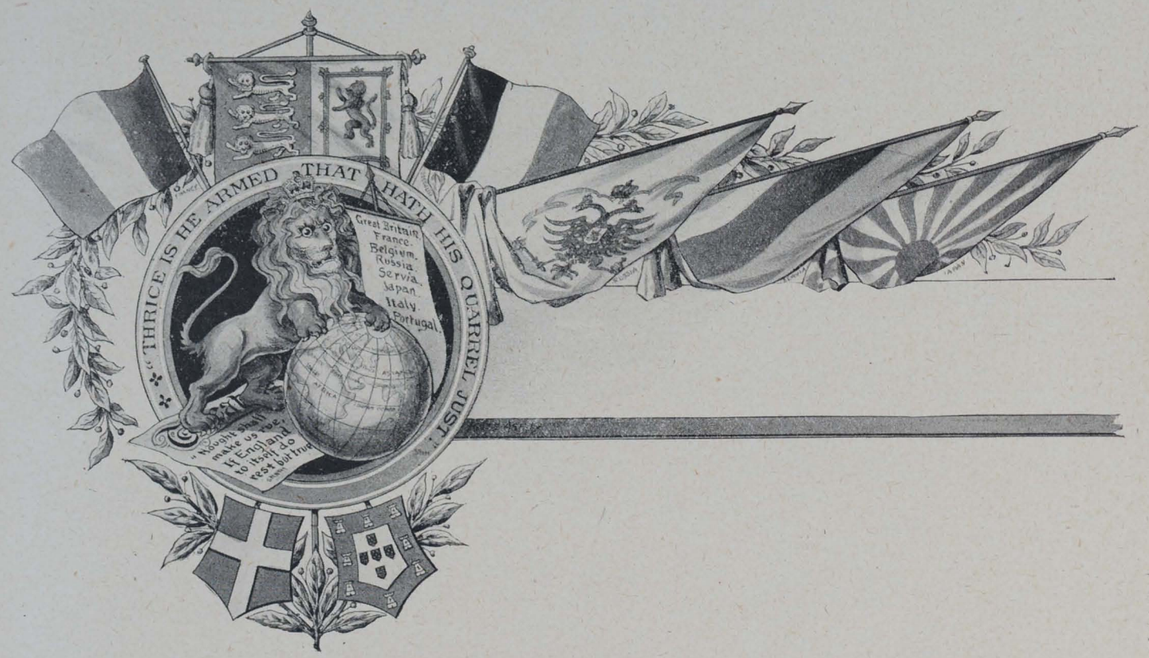
We are far too much inclined to think that religious teaching is the business of the appointed ministers of the several denominations of Christians. It is the set form of pulpit teaching that is their business, and how very often they say to themselves—if *only* I was just a layman, *how* I would make these people listen! The writer of wholesome books, the poet who goes below the surface, these are teachers too. The difference between the two classes is really in favour of the layman, for his is the indirect method. His pulpit colleague sets out professedly to give a lesson in religion, and he usually gives at the end the application of the lesson. The lay writer comes much more near to the method of our Lord. He does his work by parable, and he does not explain his parable to his readers. In place of giving them right thoughts, he leads them into thinking aright. Many of Shakespeare's finest plays are noble parables, religious parables. And they have two great advantages over the direct religious teacher. The first advantage is that they are clad in poetic garb, with here and there a few lines that carry your mind clean away to heights not often in a lifetime reached by other method. The other advantage is that the parable is acted in powerful drama. Even though you do not see it on the stage with the bodily eye, the witchery of the great dramatist makes you feel it acted, sometimes more forcibly than if you saw it, because you are not intrigued by a crowd of accessories. Whether you see it on the stage or not, the unique power of the creative poet sets you in a world of human personalities, very human, very personal. They live out their lives, they reveal their true selves, they work out their destiny through circumstance and discipline; and we know in our heart of hearts that what passes before us is ourselves.

While it was not Shakespeare's purpose—one might fairly say it was not his business—to preach direct sermons, we are never left in doubt as to his own high ideals, the ideals for which he deftly wins our sympathy. In his whole treatment of life and conduct, we are always quite clear that he is on the right side. He never leads us to play tricks with the moral law, he never saps our conscience with sophistries. And that negative statement is inadequate, is far short of what he really deserves. The opposite positive is true. He stands by the moral law, he quickens and strengthens the conscience. We, too, are on the right side, with him. Yes, his lessons are true. As men sow, they will reap.

Who shall dare to place any limit on the inspiration of the Holy Ghost? Who shall venture to say that Shakespeare was not a chosen instrument for working out a great blessing from on high for a sadly disordered world? When the thought of inspiration is in your mind as you read one of his greater creations, you feel the truth of the thought in one striking phrase after another. Now and then the inspiration comes very near the surface, as when Othello stands by the bedside of his wife, the deathbed as in five minutes' time it was to be; the tortured man cries out—

. . . this sorrow's heavenly,
It strikes where it does love.

As we come nearer and nearer to the day on which three hundred years ago his soul passed away to God who gave it, we give thanks to Almighty God that the greatest name in literature spells for us our wisest and most profound teacher of practical religion.



SHAKESPEARE AS A TRAVELLER.

HOW much more we should like to know about our great national poet than history has vouchsafed to us! It is remarkable to consider how little we have certainly ascertained of Shakespeare, how few are the records preserved taking them as a whole, and when we think of the enormous amount of writing that he must have done and the number of his manuscripts, it seems almost impossible that they should have so completely disappeared that the only morsel of his handwriting left to us is to be found on a few old legal documents. Is this to be accounted for, we wonder, by the Great Fire of London in 1666? It is known to have destroyed many editions of his plays which were in the hands of publishers, and may it not be that the publishers also had in their possession many of the original manuscripts and other matters of interest which were likewise destroyed? The fame of the poet had been steadily increasing, and there would surely have been a keen interest in his work by the time the fire occurred. It would have been a very natural thing that all his manuscripts and other material relating to his history should have been in London pending publication when the great catastrophe took place. Whatever the cause, the lack of authentic information on many points of his life is certain.

One thing which has greatly exercised the minds of his historians is the question of his travels. Some deny that he ever passed beyond the boundary of the British Isles, and attribute all his knowledge of foreign lands to the study of books and of foreigners visiting England, but we think there are few who will be content with this theory. His own words, "Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits" ("Two Gentlemen of Verona") and "Home, where small experience grows" ("Taming of the Shrew"), seem to contradict it, and the whole enterprising character of the man makes it the more unlikely. It is certainly difficult to read such a play as "The Merchant of Venice" without feeling that he must have visited the places mentioned, and mingled in the social life there.

A sidelight may, perhaps, be seen when we notice that a well-known Italian artist—Frederigo Zuccaro—produced a most elaborately finished portrait of him at the age of 30, although this artist is believed only once to have visited these shores, and then to have stayed a very short time. Most likely it was painted in Italy, and the poet probably gave him the requisite number of sittings for it. Thirty is the age at which we should expect to find such a man visiting foreign lands and collecting experience and materials for the plays he intended producing, particularly when we consider that his most serious efforts were made and his noblest literary work was accomplished after that age in tragedy, comedy, and romance. On the whole, we are inclined to the opinion of one of his historians, who says: "The traces of a visit to Northern Italy may clearly be seen in the local colouring of Lucrece as compared with Venus and Adonis, and in that group of plays which may be dated in or about 1594 and 1595, as compared with those that preceded. . . . Shakespeare may perfectly well, at this or some earlier time, have voyaged in Italy and possibly Denmark. There is no direct evidence to rely upon."

KATE ASHLEY.

THE NIGHT ADVANCE.

A True Story of Gallipoli.

By R. N. D. E.

THERE was a kink backward in the front line for a distance of 2,000 yards. During the last advance the Turkish resistance had been very severe along the ——— Division front, and the attackers were compelled to "dig in" some 300 yards behind the main new line. On our left the line curved forward and joined up with the 5th ———, and on the right we were linked up with the French.

The 1st Field Company Engineers were down in their base camp a mile and a-half behind the firing line. Nothing much had happened during the day. The Turks from behind Krithea had sent over a few salvos of shrapnel, and some old 4.7 inch lead-covered shells had dropped near the camp from the hill.

The Australian Battery just behind us had been pretty busy with her 18-pounders; and those marvellous guns, the French 75's, the surprise of this war, had been spitting away all day, waking up the Turks in their trenches, and breaking up a few of their earth works.

"Asiatic Ann" had been more than usually quiet. She began the day by sending over a few startlers. The wind was blowing from the South-East, and we could hear the firing of the gun, then the whistling of the shell as it came over the Dardanelles, and finally the "gar-umph" as the shock of the explosion reached us from the French camp, or the open hillside, for the gunners were apparently firing haphazardly.

The Asiatic gun we don't like is the 6-inch one that sends over a confoundedly high velocity shell. We call her the "Velocipede." And if she comes anywhere near you, you don't get the ghost of a chance. She is probably a Naval gun with armour-piercing shells, for very often on striking the earth the shells don't explode. The velocity is so high and the trajectory so straight that a "dud" will often ricochet a mile.

About seven o'clock a British cruiser steamed up the Straits, dropping a few 6-inch shells near Asiatic Annie, which stopped her spitting at us for the rest of the day.

Tea being over, most of the men were cleaning the bully-beef and biscuit stew out of their billy-can with the aid of sand and a stick. As it is so hot at mid-day, we have our principal meal in the evening now. Of course, in the early days we had to grub where and when we could; but now we have a camp-kitchen and a cook at our base camp, so whenever we are "down" we have great feeds.

Do you know that a jolly good stew can be made with bully beef and biscuits? You mix up the broken bits of biscuit and meat, and add water (also dried vegetable, if you are fortunate enough to have any). Boil and stir and *voilà* a fine stew. With the same ingredients, broken up smaller and without water, a rissole can be made.

A misguided man in the commissariat department once decided to include Maconachie rations in the list for the Gallipoli troops. Now, Mr. Maconachie, I gather, lives in Scotland, which has a colder climate than our bonny Peninsula. Excellent as these rations may be in Scotland, they do not agree with us here. The exact weight of the ingredients inside is inscribed on the outside of each box, so many ozs. of meat, fat, sliced potatoes, carrots, &c.

Once on a time we could "swop" Maconachie's with the Frenchmen for coffee or rice, and sometimes, oh joy of joys, a tin of condensed milk. But now, you should see the Frenchie's face when we hold up one of those round tins.

Now, for exchange purposes we have to fall back on our ration of jam. We get one pot per day for four men. This can be husbanded, especially when it is plum and apple, the old favourite with the War Office. But recently we have been favoured with marmalade, damson, and some very inferior apricot. It has been rumoured that black currant jam has been seen. Once I looted a pot of strawberry jam from an A.S.C. man's private store. I accidentally discovered it one day when we were making a road down at the base.

As I was saying, tea was over, and in our dug-out the conversation was about the night's work. The order had just come round, that in half-an-hour we were to file out, with rifle and fifty rounds, past the sand-bag pile, where each man was to pick up five sand-bags.

The sun was just setting behind the rocky hills of Imbros as we passed out, section by section, across the open space to the mule-track that ran up the valley by the side of the stream. We were a motley crew. Some wore service hats, some woollen comforters, and one or two had sun helmets, tunics undone, rifle slung over the left shoulder, and the five sand-bags tucked under our right arms. Most of us had our webbing equipment with our water bottles well filled, and some bread and cheese in the haversack, for we were to be out all night.

Before leaving, the section sergeant had explained what we were to do. The line was to be straightened out, and before morning the infantry must be well dug in along the new line. Men had gone out previously with two lanterns, one for each end of the line. The lantern men were to go out at dark and take up positions already fixed on. They were then to shine their lanterns inward. The engineers were to get over the parapet and line up at ten paces interval between the lamps, section commanders to see that inequalities of the ground were allowed for, but the general straightness of the line was to be kept. Each engineer was to see that where he was placed a traverse was to be made. His five sand-bags marked the position, and were later to be incorporated in the parapet of the traverse.

How I hated the frogs that croaked as we passed up the valley. They reminded me of my first night out on the Peninsula, when they croaked all night long in that deadly Shrapnel Gulley.

We turned off across the bridge we had made in the early days into No. 10 communication trench, and zig-zagged along it to the firing line. It was just getting dusk when we reached it. A captain of infantry was explaining to a group of N.C.O.'s the major's orders for the night's work. This group soon dispersed to carry on the orders to the men. Along came the scout officer to talk things over with the captain. It was the duty of the scouts to take up a position just in front of the engineers to keep a good look-out for any big movement on the part of the Turks. All was quiet except for the continual ping, ping of bullets from snipers' rifles right down the line. Now and again one came swishing over the parapet, or struck a sand-bag, scattering earth on our heads.

The scouts had slipped over the parapet and disappeared in front, the lantern men had taken up their positions, and it was time for us to start. The order came, "Over you go, boys," and one by one we cleared the parapet, and doubled out in extended order on the other side, taking up our positions lying down. All men were over in a minute, without a casualty.

Other sections had got over further down the line. We were on the extreme right in contact with the French. Our right-hand man would fix his traverse by the lantern.

Lying down here we were safe from the bullets, as the Turks were firing high. We lay for nearly an hour before the order came to advance. Once a fierce fusillade of Turkish bullets came over. We found out later that they had spotted the lantern, and so had guessed that something was up. The bullets whistled and hissed overhead, but all were high and no one was hit.

The firing quietened down and we doubled forward, taking care to keep in touch with each other, as it was very dark. Stumbling over prickly bushes, past dead Turks, we at last came to a slight depression in the ground.

"Down you go, boys," came the command from the sergeant, given in a hoarse whisper. Down we dropped and lay in this damp hollow, while the sergeant went out to find the position of the light.

While he was away the Turks started firing rapidly again. We were now fairly near them and the explosion of the charge in their Mauser rifles sometimes sounded like 200 piano wires breaking at once, all in discord. We could smell the powder, too, for the breeze was blowing from their lines.

When the sergeant left us he crawled along to our right, advancing at the same time. The ground rose slightly in front, affording a little shelter from the Turkish bullets. Presently, about twenty yards away to the right he saw a dark mass, that might have been a low-spreading bush, or a Turkish outpost, or the lantern party. No lantern was showing. He wormed his way along through the prickly grass until fairly close, and then listened.

Yes, great good luck, it was the lantern party. "'Ullo, Pat."

"'Ullo, keep down, the bullets are buzzing over here."

"All right; what's up with the lantern?"

The sergeant crawled up and lay beside the lantern party. They were behind a ridge about eighteen inches high, which just kept the bullets off if men crouched low. They hadn't entrenching tools with them, and so couldn't improve the position.

"Look here. Right through the blooming lantern. We had got over the ridge when the blighters spotted us, and turned a maxim on. We got a shot through the lantern, which put 'im out all right. As the lamp wasn't no good we thought it 'ealthier to get behind the ridge."

"What about the position? Have you seen the other light?" the sergeant asked.

"We saw it once, it's about one finger to the right of that tall tree over there. Our position is bang right in front about fifty yards out. See that telegraph pole over here? No, not that one, the one further on."

"Yes."

"Well, when we were out there we noticed that it was in line with our left lamp."

"Righto, I'm off."

"Keep well down" were the parting words the sergeant heard as he crawled back to the ditch where his section lay.

Before leaving he had sent his corporal out to get in touch with the section on his left. This he had managed to do all right, and had brought back the sergeant of that section. After explaining matters the section crawled forward, keeping a sharp look-out on the telegraph pole.

"Stop, mark your traverses here." The order came whispered down the line, for we had advanced at ten paces interval.

A rumble behind, a clatter now and again of a spade striking a rifle; the infantry; good. In a few seconds they were up with us, an indistinct mass of seething men. Down they dropped and started digging away with their entrenching tools.

"Come along, six men between the traverses. Hey, you, don't dig there. Here you are." Each engineer was in charge of the section of trench to the right of his traverse. In five minutes the men had the turf off, and were making good progress in the earth below. Each man had three sand-bags, and these he first filled and placed in front of him to serve as a protection from bullets. The engineer borrowed an entrenching tool and attacked the traverse, marking out the width of the trench by taking off the turf.

In fifteen minutes the men had got low enough to work with a pick and shovel. How they worked! There is nothing like bullets to make a man dig.

Now and again word was passed along for an ambulance man, but our work went on just the same. By twelve we were well down, and then rested a short time to eat our bread and cheese.

About three o'clock, when the traverses had been cut round, and the parapet built up firmly, the order came along: "Engineers to fall back on the main trench."

We put on our gear, picked up our rifles, and moved back along one of the new communication trenches that had been dug by another working party, under the charge of some of our engineers. These communication trenches proved a costly job, as they were partly enfiladed by the Turkish fire.

Soon we were back in the old trench which we lined, and awaited orders. Here we met a few men of other sections. The inevitable question, "Any of your chaps hit?"

Seldom we got a negative answer. It had been a bad night for us.

The order came along, "File out into No. 10 communication trench." We were tired, and the way seemed long through those winding and twisting trenches; but we trudged on, each keeping in sight the man in front, the bullets singing overhead when they were high, or swishing past when they just cleared the parapet close at hand.

At a place where the trench was wide we passed a stretcher with a man on it huddled up. Two of our men were standing by. They had lost their hats.

"Who is it?" I asked as we hurried by.

"Robbie."

"How is he?"

"Dead."

That chap was the idol of his section and a great favourite in the company. Keen, alert, ever jovial, and ready to lend a hand, he was one of the men we missed most.

We gave a sigh of relief as we left the communication trench for the mule track by the stream. Not long now. The frogs were still croaking, and the reeds rustled in the breeze; above, Sirius shone brightly in the black sky. Now and again a bullet would pass through the reeds and bury itself in the bank with a thud, frightening an old frog, who would plop into the water.

At last we were back at our base camp and dispersed. Rolled up in our blankets with a waterproof sheet underneath, we watched the stars twinkle for a few seconds, and then with a sigh of contentment, turned over and were fast asleep.

Oh, what luxury to have a dug-out of your own! Have you slept for weeks in a firing line trench, with its stench and filth and flies, men passing all the time, sometimes stepping on you? In the heat of the day the sun pours down, and if you have been working all night, you look in vain for a quiet, cool place wherein to sleep, or at any rate, rest. Then you know the luxury of a dug-out down at the base camp, even if "Asiatic Annie" does annoy you a little.

ENGLAND'S ROSE.—A SONG FOR ST. GEORGE'S DAY, 1916.

THE Irish and Welsh, with shamrock and leek,
For their Patrick and David go gallant and gay;
But red, red roses are far to seek
Upon English breasts on St. George's Day.
Yet their chaplet for sure our Black Prince wreathed,
When on Cressy's field his sword he sheathed.
And o'er Harry the King they burned and breathed,
As the French at his feet confounded lay;
While his soldiers sang: The rose! the red rose!
Like the blood of our fallen in glory it glows,
And 'tis sweet as the breath
Sighed out at their death
For England's sake against England's foes.

And the tales that are told of our deathless sires
Are as true to-day of their deathless sons,
On the same old ground, before fresh camp fires,
Hand-fast with the French against godless Huns;
While we through our watches long and lone,
With many a mingled tear and moan,
Keep praying still that death's dreadful stone
May be rolled from our hearts by the Shining Ones,
And wear with that prayer the red, red rose,
For oh! like the blood of our best it glows,
And 'tis sweet as the breath
Sighed out at their death
For England's sake against England's foes.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

IN A Y.M.C.A. HUT IN FRANCE.

By Rev. W. H. Brown-Douglas B.A., Newton-Stewart.

THE work of the Y.M.C.A. is largely social. The temptations of the men are, for the most part, social temptations, and every recreation hut, with its welcome, its warmth and light, its refreshments and games, is striving mightily, and with success, to attract and gladden and strengthen men through social pleasures. No worker grudges the labour of keeping storerooms and opening cases, of buttering rolls and cutting cakes, of pouring out tea and selling cigarettes; but every worker feels in his heart that he is in France for something more than this, that the many and wonderful friendships he makes are formed for an object deeper than a game of draughts or help in a sing-song, and he is glad when it is considered expedient to make the real aim of the work emphatic, and probably few of the men who enjoy the social pleasures of the hut are unaware of the deeper aims or unexpectant of the more serious endeavours.

It is often said that there was never an army more imbued with the religious spirit than the British Army now in France. At the same time, there has probably never been a British Army which had religion forced upon it less. This hut serves camps in which there are always 2,000, often 3,000, men. In the five months of my work in it there was never a church parade, and for most of the time there was no resident chaplain. The men have to work on Sundays as on other days, and in the hut the only Sunday service which can be held is in the evening, when the day's work is done. No one is obliged to attend this service, or the week-night services on Wednesday and Friday. The men are crowding each other in the "Counter" hut, where the foods and drinks are, and the tables, and the games. The leader climbs on to a table, or on to the counter, shouts "Order," and announces that a service will now be held in the concert hut, that the counter will be closed, and that they are all invited to come. The announcement is received with kindly smiles and cheers, and a certain number pass through the sliding doors to within sound of the sacred sing-song, which is already in progress. But no man is compelled to come or to listen, and many never come or hear. The ordinary services are very pleasant, but perhaps they should scarcely be called ordinary; they are quite informal, and often the most telling address is delivered for five or at most ten minutes between the popular rendering of a song or hymn and its encore. We knew we had special difficulties to contend with in our hut, where the men were mostly horsey men, many of them quite beyond the reach of the Church at home; we were very anxious to see more interest in that part of our work which most deeply interested us.

One day the head of the whole Y.M.C.A. in our district told us of his desire to hold some mission services, and suggested that the experiment should first be made in our hut. We were workers of very different types; taking us as a body, we were not exactly such a band as would run a mission at home; but the suggestion interested us, and we all agreed to go ahead. The preparations were made with the same thoroughness and organisation as characterise all the work of the Y.M.C.A. The first conferences were held fully a month before the mission began. The heart and soul of the movement was our indefatigable head, who never grudged to come from his headquarters, five miles away, to plan and to pray with us. He would join us at ten one morning, he would leave us at eleven or later another evening to go home on foot. A fortnight before we began we met each morning, managing somehow to manufacture the seemingly impossible, a spare half-hour for prayer, each of us taking his turn in leading, and keeping morning after morning some special subject before us, such as Prayer, Faith, Overcoming Obstacles.

This last topic demanded something more than discussion and more than prayer, for it seemed that an evil power was raising up obstacle after obstacle. It attacked our hut: an explosion in the neighbourhood shattered all our windows, glass could not be at once procured, and no one could sit down for half-an-hour without shivering. It attacked our audience: in that important week larger drafts than ever before were sent away, and they contained some of our best helpers. It attacked our choir: an officer with a beautiful voice and skill and practice in training and leading choirs, who had undertaken the charge of all the singing, received his marching orders three days before the mission began. And it attacked our speakers: of the two chaplains on whom we depended to do all the speaking, one hurried into a prayer-meeting to announce that he was ordered up the line to-morrow, and the other was in hospital for the whole of that important week.

But obstacles never dismayed our head, and we all felt that in this land and among these men of war it would be unworthy to be daunted by anything. A week before we began we opened our "Quiet Room," opened it delightfully with a prayer meeting for the men themselves, and each night there came the keenest of the men to pray with us for God's blessing on the work we had in hand.

When the mission began we could see the fruits of the preparations and of the prayers. The concert hut, with its capacity for 600 or 800 men, according to the closeness of the chairs, was well filled for seven evenings, and many were present whom we had never seen at an ordinary service. We had lost our choir, but a band of singers came voluntarily to occupy the front seats, and led the singing heartily. We had lost our two speakers, but there are many excellent chaplains, and at the last moment we found one who knew how to conduct such meetings, who could choose hymns wisely and make them go, and who had power to speak earnestly and to the point. The favourite hymn, sung more than once every night, was Wesley's "Depth of mercy," sung to a new, or, rather, to an old-fashioned, tune, which recalled to some of us days of long ago, when the song was popular, "Darling, I am growing old." The short addresses were listened to with unfailing interest; during any ordinary address or lecture or sermon men are accustomed to go in and out at pleasure, but none left their seats while these appeals were being made. Each evening men were invited to come and see us in the "Quiet Room," and many came. I thought this the most pleasant feature of the mission. The men came readily and talked with us frankly. Some had been well brought up, but in difficult surroundings had forgotten the things they once had known. Some had never thought seriously of God before. Some were men of tender conscience. It was fine to get into such close touch with these men. Unfortunately, in that changeful life it was not possible to watch the progress of those to whom the mission had been helpful, for in a few days many of them were away; but they left a good testimony behind them, and are bound to carry good influences with them. They joined that League of the Spiritual War to which reference has been made in these columns.

If there were some who did not attend the meetings, they were all aware that a mission was going on, and were interested in that fact. We feared they might resent the interruption to their accustomed amusements for seven evenings; but when it was put to them in a proper way they quite understood that there would be no gymnastics and no boxing in the week of the mission, and no buying and selling, and no billiards or other games on these seven evenings, when the chief attention of the hut was being centred on the higher things. Being held in the month of December, the mission brought a pleasant atmosphere to the Christmas teas, when again for six successive nights we met, 400 at a time, for plum pudding and mince pies, and the other delicacies of the season: and it prepared the way for the Christmas addresses and the Communion services.

We were sorry that the end of a month so full of interest and of promise should mark the end of our work in the hut, but our departure elicited many kind farewells, among others this from a young soldier who had been drawn to the hut by the billiard-table, and who said to us: "I wish you to know how much the mission helped me. I was going to the bad before I left England, and since I came to France; but now I am all right. It was a good day for me when I first entered this Y.M.C.A. hut."

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THE TERCENTENARY.

OUR MEMORIAL.



A perspective drawing of the Charming "Hut" now being erected upon the National Memorial Site (bounded by Gower Street and Malet Street), in the next square behind the British Museum. (See page 383.) The Shakespeare National Memorial Committee has lent the site for the period of the war, and friends of that movement have subscribed £1,000. We need £7,000 for the complete scheme, and altogether some £3,000 has come in. Here is a great opportunity for Shakespeare lovers.

Y. M.

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

Organ of the Y.M.C.A. in

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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.

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.

"CARRY ON."

Northampton's Message to Our Men.

RECENTLY a finely attended meeting was held at Northampton, being one of the series begun at the great Mansion House meeting some months ago for the purpose of bringing to the knowledge of the public throughout the country the nature of the service which the Y.M.C.A. is seeking to render to soldiers at the present time.

There was a large response to the invitations of the Lord Lieutenant, Earl Spencer, K.G., who presided. Also on the platform were the Marquis of Salisbury, G.C.V.O., Lord Grenfell, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., Lord Annaly, K.C.V.O., Lord and Lady Lilford, Brigadier-General Brunker, D.S.O., and Mrs. Brunker, Colonel Henry and Lady Ethel Wickham, Mrs. Guthrie, the Hon. Mrs. Stuart Wortley, the Mayoress of Northampton (Mrs. J. E. Pearse), Sir Hy. Randall, J.P., Mr. H. Manfield, M.P., Mrs. H. Manfield, the Rev. Connop Price (Senior Chaplain to the Forces), Mr. J. J. Virgo (Y.M.C.A. national field secretary), Mr. H. G. Reynolds (divisional secretary).

The Omnibus Blessings of a Y.M.C.A. Hut.

The Chairman announced that he had had apologies from Lord Downe and Mr. Hazlehurst. Proceeding, he referred to the supreme work which the Y.M.C.A. is performing at the front, and also in the large military centres at home. "I have a young relation, a private, who has been in the trenches at the front," continued his Lordship, "and he wrote home the other day saying it is a perfect Godsend to rush as soon as he has an hour or two's leave to a Y.M.C.A. hut or tent to write his letters and feel some amount of rest." Earl Spencer said a Y.M.C.A. hut was a compendium. It was a club, a restaurant—temperance, but very good—(laughter)—it was a writing-place, and it had a relationship, he did not say an entire resemblance, to home. That was why the men at the front felt the hut brought them nearer to home, and encouraged them in doing their duty, and made them comfortable for the time that they spent there. Some of them were a bit too old to join the Forces, but it was pleasant, satisfactory, and right that they should do all that lay in their power to help an organisation like the Y.M.C.A., which was doing incalculable good and helped our men in the best way possible. In conclusion, Earl Spencer appealed to the audience to give the necessary financial aid to make the Y.M.C.A. a success, humorously remarking that appeals for subscriptions were nowadays not altogether limited.

What the Y.M.C.A. Does in the Training of Soldiers.

The Marquis of Salisbury said some kind of relief from the burdens of life's sternest efforts was absolutely requisite if our men were to do their best, and the Y.M.C.A. represented that element in the training of our soldiers at the present time. He referred to a year ago, when he was in Northampton in a position of less freedom and greater responsibility, and said he was deeply grateful to the Y.M.C.A. for what they did for his men.

£2,900 Realised by the Appeal.

Lord Grenfell referred to the Corn Exchange Y.M.C.A. as almost the finest institution he had seen in the course of his visits to camps. He remarked that when in France with Lord Salisbury a distinguished General told him that our old country regiments had covered themselves with glory, and he particularly mentioned the Northants Regiment.

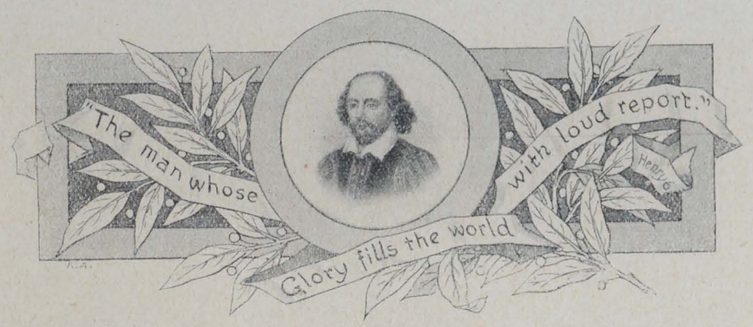
In reply, Earl Spencer said the meeting was a most interesting occasion, because Lord Salisbury and he had never been on a platform together before. They had stared at each other, after an unsuccessful poll for him (Earl Spencer), from different platforms, but they had never been on the same one. Lord Salisbury remarked that he had been in France with Lord Grenfell, but he (Earl Spencer) had been in Berlin with him. That also marked the occasion as a curious one.

It was announced that the collections made in the town and district had realised £2,509 9s.

A further appeal was made at the meeting, and this brought the total to £2,899.



OUR OUT-LOOK.



SHAKE-SPEARE WEEK.

THIS week and next literally all the world will be thinking and talking of William Shakespeare. The National Tercentenary Committee, in the person of its honorary secretary, Professor Gollancz, began its preparations twelve years ago. This, however, is only one expression, and not a mere galvanising cause, of an appreciation upon which the sun never sets. For Shakespeare is an Imperial figure. When he was a boy of fourteen, Drake set off on the voyage round the world that left England with a heritage and a task which it is the dream of every schoolboy to-day to help in carrying through. In the year of his death Raleigh "is released from prison to seek gold in Guiana." He must have been in the grip of his first fine frenzy when the Spanish Armada was defeated. In mid-career he heard the news of how in France another glorious victory for freedom had been won by the Huguenots, and the Edict of Nantes was signed by the Bourbon Henry.

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THESE events do not creep into his works as we might expect, chiefly, no doubt, because then, as now, contemporary history did not afford the best material for poetry or drama. Shakespeare chose rather the stories of other days, though in some cases days not long past, as the ground upon which his imagination might work. Yet he wrote for the men of his time. He set forth his ideals of loyalty and service, of adventure and friendship, of love and war, in order that the men whom we sometimes envy their privilege of living in the spacious days of Queen Bess might be gladdened, cheered, and made wise for their quest as they glanced into the mirror of life. Because his mirror was so true we have discovered—and never more than now—that his message will avail for every hour of the Empire's day, however long that may prove. Therefore, in celebrating Shakespeare, we do but remind ourselves of the ideals of Britain for herself and for the world. This is what is meant by writers of insight like Sir Sidney Lee (in his *Life*) and Mr. Clutton Brock (in the *Times Literary Supplement*) when they speak of "the impersonality of Shakespeare."

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IT is, therefore, a good thing to celebrate Shakespeare in the midst of a war like this. We can only pity the enemy because he has not praised the name and elevated the ideals of the nearest genius to Shakespeare that he could truly call his own. Instead of Goethe, he has talked of Treitschke. In place of Kant, with his insistence on the majesty of the stellar heavens and the moral law within, he has sought light from Nietzsche, and the light that is in him is darkness. This makes it only the more incumbent upon us that, while we glory in the sturdy honesty and the love of chivalry without sentiment, the belief in freedom and the willingness to lay down all else to win it, which Shakespeare has bequeathed to us, we should commemorate him in deeds, not words. Of those deeds our soldiers on the fields of Flanders, as in others which were beyond the poet's ken, will perform the most glorious. To men at home, to women and children, too, falls the task of cheering them on and seeing that they lack nothing that will help them to win their quest.

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THE central feature in our celebration will be the opening of the Shakespeare Hut on the National Memorial site behind the British Museum. The date depends partly upon the convenience of the opener and partly upon the completion of the first portion of the buildings, but it will be within the next two or three weeks. We hope to make a specially interesting announcement next week in this connection. Of course, the first portion to be in use will be the great hall, which will be used for Shakespeare lectures, recitals, and concerts, as well as other forms of entertainment, to which not only the men using the premises in the ordinary way will come, but special parties of wounded soldiers from the various hospitals in London.

THE Shakespeare Hut will, we anticipate, be made the centre of much that is proposed by way of "after-the-war" effort. We need to remember that, for a constantly increasing number of men "after the war" have already come, with their discharge as unfit for further service. The helping of such men to find a new field of employment, the carrying out of our recently announced plans for legal aid to soldiers and the development of the various schemes that our after-the-war committees are maturing would make the Shakespeare Hut a splendidly patriotic memorial. In addition, we expect that it will have the usual lounge, canteen, sleeping cubicles, &c., together with a rendezvous where soldiers on leave can meet their wives, and possibly an officers' hut, on a corner of the site by itself. Our architect has been careful to draw the plans in such a way that each of these portions may represent a distinct gift of from £300 to £1,000, and we hope many friends or corporate bodies will make such gifts.

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AS to the celebration of the tercentenary in the huts, both at home and abroad, we hear already of most varied programmes. Elocutionists like Mr. Alexander Watson and Mr. Charles Fry are giving of their best. Lecturers of the very first authority, like Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. F. R. Benson, and Dr. Boas, are lending help. In one munitions centre already a brief university extension course on Shakespeare and Shakespeare's England is being delivered. Shakespeare reading groups and study circles are proving immensely popular, particularly in France, and the soldiers have been extraordinarily successful in rendering favourite scenes under almost impossible circumstances. The Editor, as secretary to our Educational and Lecture Committee, will be only too glad to hear either from friends who can help or from hut leaders and divisional secretaries who want help. As for books, the Fighting Forces Book Council is ready to furnish practically anything that is needed, if application is made through the Editor.

TAKING UP THE MAIL.

A Walk Through a Highland Camp.

THE Camp Post Office is less than ten minutes' walk from the Y.M.C.A., and it is one of my daily duties to take up the letters posted in our pillar-box. In such a short walk one might think there would be little to record, but if in imagination you will accompany "Davie" and me to the Post Office, you may gain some idea of camp life. It is rarely that our manager goes with me, for he is a very busy man, and can scarcely spare the time for even a ten minutes' walk. But last night, having some special matter to attend to, he went along with me, and I was very glad of his genial company.

We have scarcely left the kitchen door when we are hailed by a sergeant, who shouts, "Hullo, Davie! I was just coming to ask if you could lend us your barrow."

"What do you want it for, sergeant?"

"Oh, just to get some stones from the beach for our garden."

"Weel, if you'll look after it your-sel', you can have it for the evening. But no heavy loads, mind! The springs are light, and no' intended for carrying rocks—

"It's weak, an' it's frail,
An' maun come hame hale,
Or sad be the day
At the Y.M.C.A.!"

"Davie," it should be explained, is as fond of "dropping into poetry" as was Silas Wegg, of *Our Mutual Friend*, and he rarely opens his mouth without bringing forth some impromptu rhyme.

A few yards farther on a young soldier comes running up, shouting—

"Hey, Davie! Wull there be ony picturs the nicht?"—alluding to the bioscope which has been temporarily suspended owing to a shortage of petrol.

"Picturs, laddie! Wha wants picturs on a fine evening like this? Look at the bonnie sea an' sky, a' smiles, and the sun shining brighter than he's done this year. There are picturs for ye, better than ony bioscope can produce! But later on in the evening, after porridge time at eight o'clock, we'll ha'e a wee sing-song, so dinna forget to come to the Y.M.C.A."

Now we are round the corner, and have entered upon "Fifth-avenue," as a long, dreary row of tin huts is somewhat ambitiously called. Here we see the explanation of the sergeant's wish for the use of the wheel-barrow, for in front of every hut the men are busy over tiny little garden plots. They are very small, so small that, as "Davie" remarks to me, they could almost be taken inside and hung up on a clothes-line to dry when too sodden with rain; but it is pleasing to see with what zeal the men are working, each hut being evidently anxious to have the best garden in the row. "Davie," who is known to every man in camp, has a cheery word for all, and is loud in his admiration of their efforts. We duly admire the little flower-beds with their turf borders, and have a special word of praise for the artistic style of one hut, approached by an avenue of some three yards in length, bordered by discarded bully-beef tins. You will not find its equal in Kensington Gardens. But the masterpiece is the garden in front of the cook-house, with a miniature paling some six inches high, painted white and green.

"That's beautiful!" exclaims "Davie." "I'll gi'e the man a sixpence wha designed that." So saying he knocks at the door, only to discover that the landscape gardener is absent, but his assistant who painted the paling is very pleased to point out his share in the work, and is duly rewarded with a gift of threepence.

On we go towards the Post Office, passing on our way an old friend in the person of the sentry, who, of course, must not be spoken to when on duty. The sentry, being a conscientious man, stares at us as if he sees us not, but my mischievous companion cannot resist the temptation to chaff him a little.

"I suppose I maunna speak to you now that you are on sentry go," he remarks, "but I canna help observing that you're looking bonnie the nicht, and I wouldna be surprised if there's a bonnie lassie thinking of you this vera meenute."

But the solemn-faced sentry won't even smile, so we pass on. And now we reach the Post Office, where the genial "Mac" is surrounded by a small crowd of soldiers, and hands out stamps and weighs parcels with the celerity that comes of long practice.

My luck is in on this fine, sunny evening—almost the first we have had this spring—for who should come along but a lady wheeling a perambulator, with as pretty a baby as you could see between here and London? And only last week I was complaining that I had not seen a baby for months! Being a shy old bachelor, I say nothing, but I smile at the baby, and the baby smiles at me, and so we are both happy.

Then, the mails duly handed in, I unfasten the bundle of newspapers awaiting us, and hastily read out the headlines to my companion. We stop for a minute to watch a football match which is being played between two regiments in the field behind the Post Office, and there is a word of chaff for some of the Tommies who are looking on.

"Eh, boys," says "Davie," "when I was your age it's no' me that would be content to sit on a fence an' watch ithers play!"

Then back to work, and all the stir and bustle of supplying over a hundred bowls of porridge to a crowd of impatient, hungry men. But by half-past eight things are quieter, and we adjourn to the recreation hall, where a crowd of men gather round the platform, while a short, impromptu concert is given.

"Davie" opens with a good cornet solo, followed by a mandoline solo by one of the men. After one or two other items he has got his audience, and in a moment he seizes his opportunity. . . . "Now, boys, we ha'e had a happy evening, and I hope ye'll no' go without joining with us in family worship." Not a man leaves his place, and there is reverent silence while Psalm lxxv. is read. Pausing at the last verse, "All the horns of the wicked will I cut off; but the horns of the righteous shall be exalted." "Davie" expounds it in his own homely fashion:—

"Ha'e ye ever dug a drill o' tatties, boys? Ye ken hoo it's done. Ye tak' a long thin line o' cord and fasten it to the ground at the one end and the ither, and dig along that. It is a very thin line, almost invisible, and ye can easy jump ower it. Weel, the Lord has drawn a line just like that between the righteous and the wicked. It seems a small line, but it mak's a' the difference whether ye are on the right side o' it or not."

He goes on in this way for a few minutes, and then in simple words of heart-felt, earnest prayer he commends to the keeping of Him who slumbers not nor sleeps, "all our boys wearing the King's uniform at home or abroad." There is little more but to bid the boys a cheery "Good-night," as they leave the hall.

"Our wee service went well the nicht," says "Davie" to me. "Does it not remind you o' a blacksmith's smiddy? The iron is black and cold, when suddenly it is put into the furnace, an' become red-hot. So it has been to-night. Here we were, dancing and capering on the platform, and in the twinkling o' an eye we change, and realise that amid a' our nonsense and our daffing we are not far frae the Forges of God."

R. C. R.

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With reference to the above list, it may be stated that the £300 received from the Editor of *The Life of Faith* is the third sum of similar amount contributed during recent months by the readers of that widely-circulated religious weekly. The money thus generously given is being devoted to the erection of huts in France.

Folkestone.

On Monday, April 17, her Highness Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein added to the obligation under which she has already placed the Young Men's Christian Association movement as a whole by paying a visit to Folkestone.

Her Highness performed the opening ceremony of the new and splendid hut in the Pleydell Gardens, and visited the rest hut in the town.

There was a most distinguished gathering to meet her, including his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lady Falmouth, the Hon. Mrs. Howard, Lord Northbourne, and a great many other friends of the work.

The great hut, which is as complete as anything yet erected, and includes concert hall, reading-room and library, canteen, billiard-room, and quiet room, was crowded from end to end with those who were desirous of paying their respects to her Highness and of showing their interest in the work.

The Archbishop, who was received with loud cheers, expressed his great interest in the men of his Majesty's Army and Navy, and his hearty appreciation of the work which had been done during the war period by the Young Men's Christian Association.

The formal opening of the new Y.M.C.A. hut at Fovant took place on Monday evening. This is the fifth hut for that division, and the fortieth hut erected on Salisbury Plain by the Young Men's Christian Association. In addition to these large huts the Association is already providing supplementary marquees for the accommodation of the troops who are going under canvas.

The officer commanding, Major E. V. Wellby, presided, and Mrs. Francis Loder, representing Messrs. Loder and Micoline, the donors of the hut, performed the opening ceremony.

Mr. F. J. Fedarb, representing the National Council of Y.M.C.A.'s, gave a brief address.

One happy incident in the proceedings was when Mrs. Loder handed an additional cheque for £125 to meet the extra cost of the hut through the increased cost of material, and to provide additional accommodation.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Skinner, of Bristol, are taking charge of the hut.



WORKERS WHO ARE RUNNING AN OLD PUBLIC-HOUSE IN SACKVILLE STREET, DUBLIN, AS A TEMPERANCE CAFE FOR THE TROOPS.



Y.M.C.A. BOY SCOUT TROOP IN UPPER BURMA.

The boys from the Government High School at Maymyo appreciate to no small extent the opportunities they have for scouting in the extensive country around this healthy town. Maymyo is a hill station situated on a plateau 3,800 feet above the sea-level, and is reached by a mountain railway of some forty miles, near to the ancient city of Mandalay. The Troop is run in connection with the Army Y.M.C.A., more commonly known as the King Edward VII. Soldiers' Home, where the boys usually parade and are able to spend many pleasant hours. Needless to say, they are never happier than when they are doing something to help the work at "The Home," and it has been found that the Scout training has done wonders in developing the spirit of service amongst the lads.

Motherwell.

The friends of Motherwell were interested in the proposal for a new Y.M.C.A. hut, and the musical society connected with the Y.M.C.A. there decided to go ahead.

Mr. Ormiston, the president of this society, took the matter up with enthusiasm, and as a result of a series of three performances of the "Messiah" they were able to provide a sum of £700 for the provision of a hut, and before the scheme is complete the fund will probably reach £1,000.

This is a good example to societies connected with other Associations throughout the kingdom, which we trust they will not be slow to follow.

Greenock.

Colonel Agnew, of 3rd R.S.F., addressed the meeting in the Y.M.C.A. hut, Octavia-terrace, on Sunday evening last. He based his remarks on the words, "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord." He expressed the conviction that it would not be conducive to the best interests of the nation if this war, in securing for us a satisfactory victory in material things, failed to bring to us deliverance from the floodtide of moral weaknesses that in recent years have been working havoc. He pointed out that national weakness was due to weakness in the individual, and counselled all to see to it, without delay, that they chose the Lord as their God, as from Him alone could power

be obtained to live a life of rectitude and usefulness.

The men at the front who were not afraid of bullets were the men who knew by faith that the Lord was their God, and that death to them was but the gateway to a fuller life. The speaker advocated the practice of practical self-sacrifice, and from his own experience spoke of the value of reading God's Word, and of spending a definite time each day in prayer. He testified to the great help and comfort he had experienced through prayer.

It was a most helpful service, and cannot fail to be of practical value to those who were privileged to be present.

London Central Y.M.C.A.

A special feature was made of the Men's Rally, Sunday, April 16. The picture, "The White Comrade," by G. Hillyard Swinstead, was exhibited prior to the meeting. Misses V. and E. Swinstead sang. Mr. F. J. Chamberlain gave the address. A quartette, a litany, was sung at the close of a very successful meeting.

Captain Guy Thornton visited the London Central Y.M.C.A. Wednesday, April 19, and delivered a powerful address. There were many decisions for Christ, and the War Roll was signed.

The Beginning of the Sports Season.

Easter is admittedly the beginning of the season for athletic meets, and Mr. Naylor is to be congratulated upon the success of that carried through for the troops at Mottingham, Kent, last Saturday. It even eclipsed the similar event last year.

On the same day in Nottingham forty teams, representing company units from the troops in the four counties of Nottingham, Derbyshire, Staffordshire, and Lincolnshire, competed in a cross-country contest of five miles, and the Y.M.C.A. subsequently invited all the competitors to tea on the Notts County Cricket Ground.

The Prince's Coffee and Dolly Cake.

The Rev. J. A. Middleton, who has spent three months working for us in France, has now returned to Scarborough, and at the welcome meeting given him by his church, spoke of the work in which he had been sharing.

He described the splendid work that is being carried on by the Y.M.C.A. in France, and mentioned one place where the huts are within 1,000 yards of the trenches. To the large rest camps men came daily direct from the trenches. One day a large number of men arrived unexpectedly, and they had orders to supply each man with food immediately. He noticed among these men a particularly youthful-looking officer, whom he had served with a cup of coffee and a dolly cake. He subsequently learned that this officer was no other than the Prince of Wales. Of the Prince he (Mr. Middleton) might say that he had taken more than his share of risk; he was never so happy as when he was in the thick of things, and he was beloved by the men of the Grenadier Guards.

Leicester's Ever-Open Hut.

Since June last no fewer than 100,000 soldiers and sailors have passed through this hut near the railway station, and 5,000 have slept there during the waits that occur in the course of journeys on leave. If there had been no Y.M.C.A. hut on the night of the great blizzard, it is difficult to know how the hundreds of travel-stained and weary Tommies who found themselves stranded at Leicester would have fared. As it was, it proved a tight squeeze to get in from 300 to 400 men, but somehow or other it was done, and great was their appreciation of the provision made for them. Work like this, however, cannot be carried on without funds, and on Thursday next the general public of Leicester will have an opportunity of according it support. The "Oriana" choir, giving their services, have arranged a splendid concert, which is to take place in the De Montfort Hall, and it ought to be well patronised. It is hoped to raise at least £100 by the effort.

Sir Robert Lighton and the Work of the Association.

Recently, on the occasion of the unveiling of portraits of gentlemen connected with the Hereford City Brotherhood and Adult School, which meets at the Hereford Y.M.C.A. on Sundays, Sir Robert Lighton pointed to the impressive and religious character of that meeting as an answer to the critics, who alleged that the spiritual side of Y.M.C.A. work was being overlooked. Some people had said that its work was becoming too secular, and that the spiritual side was forgotten. Of course, there must be secular work, especially in these times, and particularly in camp, but from a wide experience of the Y.M.C.A. he could say he noticed that, although there was a great deal of secular work to do, yet the spiritual aspirations of the Y.M.C.A. were kept as much in the forefront as ever. The spiritual and the secular work ran concurrently, and he would be the last in the world to say that the secular side should have predominance over the spiritual. And as proof that the latter was not dormant, he instanced that the Brotherhood was an offshoot, so to speak, of the Y.M.C.A.

An Evangelist's Experiences at Codford.

Mr. E. J. Mitchell, Secretary to the Evangelisation Society, sends us the following extract from a letter received from Mr. Walter Notman, the superintendent of the Edinburgh Castle, Limehouse, E. (who was one of the missioners during the recent campaign, and who visited Codford, Wilts):—

"I came here on Saturday. Last night God granted us a wonderful time. At the close about 100 men stood boldly before their comrades signifying their desire to accept the Lord Jesus. It was a wonderful sight to see these serious, earnest, bonny lads at the close of the Gospel message showing their conscious need of Christ. I have not seen anything like it for years—those dark days far back when I belonged to the much-loved society. I felt a burning desire to spend a time among these men. What grand opportunities for Godly soul-winners amongst the chaplains!"



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For Munitioners Somewhere in Scotland.

B. P. Opens a New Red Triangle Institute.



SIR R. BADEN-POWELL OPENS A SCOTTISH MUNITIONS Y.M.C.A.

THE Scottish Council is carrying forward its work for munitioners with great vigour, and has now opened a fine institute in an important district.

There is accommodation for men, lads, and girls, comprising a large hall or men's recreation room, furnished with two full-size billiard tables, and suitable as a concert hall; a magazine room; lads' room; and girls' lounge.

Sir Andrew Pettigrew presided at the opening ceremony, and was accompanied on the platform by Lord Eglinton, General Sir R. Baden-Powell, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., Colonel Sir Ralph Anstruther, Bart., Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Milne, Mrs. Thorneycroft, Messrs. George S. Orr, J. C. Cuninghame, H. Lightbody, and Rev. Morris Moodie.

In the absence of Rev. R. J. Kyd, the dedicatory prayer was offered by the Rev. A. Morris Moodie.

In calling upon Sir R. Baden-Powell to declare the institute open, the chairman said that no name could be mentioned in Scotland to-day that created a warmer glow in their hearts than the name of Sir Robert Baden-Powell. Sir Robert had made an impression for good on the lives of the present generation, and had planted a seed which in the years to come would yield abundant fruit, when the boys of to-day, who had absorbed his high ideals, became men.

Sir Robert Baden-Powell, who was received enthusiastically, said that before declaring the institute open he would like to give his impressions of Y.M.C.A. work. The institute was to be a place of rest and recreation for munition workers, and he could not but feel that that opening ceremony had a deep meaning for all of them. It was an absolute recognition by the public of the munition workers as a distinct force in the defence of the country. They were being recognised as the third line of defence. He had only recently come back from France, where he had been visiting the first and second line. The First Line were the men right up at the front, and there the Y.M.C.A. had been forward in erecting huts and tents and rigging up barns as places of recreation, where the soldiers coming out of the trenches could get a little change and recreation. The general atmosphere of the trenches could be summed up in the phrase, shell-fire, slush, and smiles, and he thought the smiles were largely due to the fact that huts had been erected by the Y.M.C.A., where the men could go out of the slush of the trenches and the slush of the billets, which were under shell-fire all the time. The men were on the strain all the time, and the continual strain and dreadful noise and danger were enough to drive the spirit out of a man were it not that they could go to the clean and bright atmosphere of these huts and find bodily refreshment, which was no doubt also refreshment to their minds. The Second Line consisted of the men at the bases, who were working in the repairing shops and taking charge of the feeding of the Army and of the transport. There was an enormous amount of work going on at the Second Line, and he should say that if they had any motto it was, "No Bank Holidays here." He had been three times at the Second Line, and on each occasion it had been a bank holiday—Easter, Whitsunday, and Christmas—and on each occasion the men had been working away, and their attitude was, "We will have plenty of bank holidays when the war is over, but at present we are busy." That was the spirit of the Second Line, and that he was sure was going to be the spirit of the Third Line. Those who were making munitions were equally important, and the more they believed in them and trusted them to do their work, the better they would do it. The erection of these institutes in this country was one of the first steps towards publicly recognising them, a recognition which they thoroughly deserved. There was a Fourth Line, the boys, some of whom were present, and he might say that they were doing their bit to the best of their ability. The Fifth Line was composed of the men and women who had no regular work, but were heartening the front lines by their appreciation. There was a Sixth Line, a very small line, a line of wasters and slackers, who were doing nothing for their country. He hoped very much that the Kaiser, who had already done so much in bringing the nation and Empire closer together, would send over a fleet of Zeppelins to wipe out that sixth line. He believed that it was very possible, and that before long

An Invasion Would be Attempted

by Germany. In such an event he would suggest that the sixth line should be sent out to resist it as the first line. He hoped the hall would be a useful institution to the people of the district, and as they had a boys' and girls' department, he hoped they would use it. The boys and girls were going to have a very distinct place in the next war, the war to maintain the industrial and commercial supremacy of this country, and the nation that was going to win that war was the one with the men and women with the most character.

Sir Ralph Anstruther, chairman of Messrs. Nobel's Explosives Company, Limited, said he would like to echo and endorse all that had been said about

The Spirit of the Workers

in the war. So far as their district was concerned, he could say without hesitation that the workers had put their backs into their job, and had worked with the greatest determination, and had shown that whatever might have happened elsewhere, they, at all events, were alive to the duties that lay upon them. With regard to the institute itself, he had to express his appreciation of the provision which had been made for the women workers, because there was a very large proportion of women workers in the works at this place. That was no new thing, as for many years women had found suitable employment, and had been able to support themselves, and certainly many had been able to make very substantial and satisfactory wages because of their skill, ability, and industry. He was sure they would appreciate all that had been done for them. The young people had a great chance just now, for things were going to be very different after the war, and the young people had the luck to be in at the beginning. If they would take advice from him they would be fitting themselves now for the battle of life, and he thought that education was the greatest means to that end.

Lord Eglinton congratulated the Y.M.C.A. on the work which they had accomplished. The work of the Y.M.C.A. in the field had been the greatest boon to our soldiers, and he hoped they would continue to carry on that work until the time when our Allies and ourselves would make peace on our own terms with our unscrupulous enemy.

In the evening a concert arranged by Mrs. Bruce Milne was given in the institute, which was completely filled a considerable time before the hour of commencement.

LANTERN SLIDES. Largest actual maker of Slides in London. Every subject, including Great European War (each set of 50 with reading), Belgium, France, etc. 250,000 to select from. Lists free. Hire charges: Subscription terms, 450 slides for **21/-**, 50 slides loaned for **3/-**. Hut Leaders and those in charge of Y.M.C.A. Meetings and Entertainments should send for detailed list, mentioning the "Y. M." Lanterns and Apparatus of every description on hire or sale.—H. LUSCOMBE TOMS, The Slide House, 52, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C. Telephone, Central 1728.

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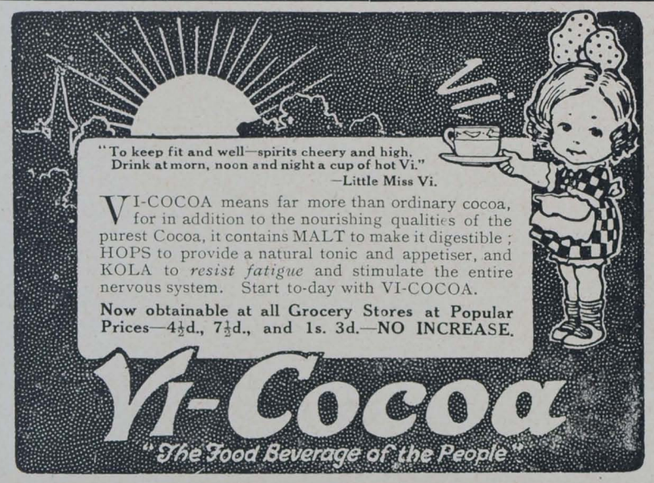

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A CAMPAIGN IN NORTH SHIELDS.

Aim, £1 000: Achievement, £2,300. How it was Done.

OUR readers have already heard of the magnificent success attained by our friends at North Shields in their recent campaign. To a splendid enthusiasm was added a perfect piece of organisation. Since many of our supporters in other parts of the country are burning to emulate the great example of the Tynesiders, we have obtained from Mr. Rowland Lishman an account of the way it was done. A distinguishing feature of the whole thing was its businesslike directness and clearness of plan. We therefore give Mr. Lishman's notes exactly as they have come to us. We should also remark that one most effective and profitable item was a shilling gift-book, entitled *The Red Triangle*, edited by Mr. J. Wallace Black, with a skill and taste that render it a model for any who desire to produce anything of the kind. It is up to the level of any of the "Annuals" which are so popular nowadays, and beyond that of many of them.

BOROUGH OF TYNEMOUTH Y.M.C.A.
Details of Campaign to Raise Funds to Build Huts in France.

The Mayor was asked to call a public meeting, notice of which was advertised in the local paper, backed up by a letter from the Mayor, which also appeared in the same paper. Two or three days prior to the meeting being held, ward leaders were appointed, and the addressing of envelopes proceeded with. The form of appeal was approved at the public meeting, when it was decided that the following means only should be taken to try and raise the sum of £1,000:—

1. Public appeal by means of circular letter.
2. Lightning bazaar under the name of "Wyemkana."
3. Publication of book, "The Red Triangle."

Eleven thousand addressed envelopes, carefully arranged in streets and wards, with appeal enclosed, were handed over to the Scout organisation on Friday evening, February 4, and delivered by them on the following day. On Monday, February 7, the ladies commenced calling at each house to gather in responses. This was completed on February 12, leaving a clear week for preparation for bazaar, held on February 22 and 23.

Public meeting was held on March 8, when final accounts were presented and the fund officially closed.

The success of the scheme may be attributed to:—

1. General sympathy of the public captured and fired by vigorous Press campaign. Every day there appeared advertisements, letters, articles, and list of subscribers showing progress of the fund.
2. Personal call at each house in borough. Over 200 ladies were made enthusiastic by each being appointed to a definite work, and care taken that none was saddled with too much.
3. Rapidity of action. Commenced on February 2; all work was completed within three weeks.
4. Clear limitation of methods (three) to raise the money.

The utmost goodwill prevailed throughout the campaign, and all those who took part expressed the pleasure which they had derived from the work.

A personal letter of thanks from the Mayor was addressed to each worker at the close of the campaign.

[COPY OF APPEAL.]

BOROUGH OF TYNEMOUTH Y.M.C.A.
Soldiers' Work Fund.

Town Hall,
North Shields,
February 5, 1916.

DEAR SIR (OR MADAM),—At a largely attended meeting held in the Town Hall, on the 2nd inst., it was unanimously resolved to endeavour by public appeal to raise £1,000 with which to build, equip, and provide cost of running a Y.M.C.A. hut in France, to be named the "Borough of Tynemouth Y.M.C.A. Hut." The highest military authorities are emphatic in their praise of this work and the way in which it helps discipline and promotes the efficiency of the men. The men themselves in every camp look upon the Y.M.C.A. hut, with its warmth and comfort, as the one place where they are able to enjoy something of the social life of home. It is for those of us who are privileged to remain at our own firesides to see that we do not fail in what is at once a duty and a privilege, and by helping the Y.M.C.A. to continue to provide what comfort and cheer we can for the brave lads who endure so much as they stand between us and the savage cruelty of a relentless foe.

Let your response be generous, as you are able, and remember "He gives twice who gives quickly."

Yours truly,
H. GREGG, Mayor.
A. J. KELLY, Brig.-Gen.
W. W. C. FRITH, Commander R.N.R.
E. P. MARTIN, President Y.M.C.A.
A. MAUD BURNETT, Pres. Ladies' Auxiliary.
ROWLAND LISHMAN,
JOHN ROBSON, Joint Hon. Secretaries.
THOMAS KERSHAW, Hon. Treasurer.

Please Note.—There will be no flag day, no street collections. This is the opportunity for everyone to give of their own free will.

Please fill in attached form and place with your donation in enclosed envelope, which may be posted, or will be called for in due course by an authorised collector wearing the official badge of the Y.M.C.A.—the well-known red triangle.

(Here follows first list of donations and a subscription form.)

Instructions to Ward Leaders.—1.

1. You will receive lists of addresses of electors in your ward and a supply of envelopes.
2. An envelope is to be addressed to each elector *excepting* such as live in tenement property or are known to be in poor circumstances.
3. You will call together a number of helpers to address the envelopes, the larger the number the better, so that no heavy burden may rest upon any single individual. Give to each helper just such number of envelopes to address as one can definitely undertake to complete by Friday morning, February 4.
4. Instruct each helper to put addressed envelopes in proper order for delivery. Those for each street with an elastic band around.
5. Attend at Y.M.C.A., Bedford-street, at 2.30 p.m., on Friday, February 4, for the purpose of inserting circulars and closing envelopes ready for delivery. Bring all envelopes with you, and ask as many of your helpers as can conveniently attend to come also. If it should be inconvenient for you to be present on Friday afternoon, please appoint a deputy.
6. If convenient, please attend meeting called by the Mayor for 8 p.m. Wednesday, February 2, in the Town Hall, and ask all your helpers to be present if they are able.

It is thought that there is a great number in the borough who would like to respond to the appeal on behalf of the Y.M.C.A. soldier work in small amounts. There will be no flag day, no collections, but by sending the appeal to all each will have an opportunity of giving.

The Boy Scouts have kindly undertaken the delivery of the letters on Saturday, February 5.

Instructions to Ward Leaders.—2.

(NOT HANDED OUT UNTIL THE FIRST INSTRUCTIONS HAD BEEN COMPLIED WITH.)

1. To each lady who has undertaken to collect donations please hand a notebook and Y.M.C.A. badge.
2. The badge is the official authority, and must be worn by collectors.
3. The collection must be completed by Saturday, February 12. To ensure this a good start should be made on Monday, and district planned so as to complete by Thursday. This allows for unforeseen delays.
4. Any donations received in loose cash to be entered at beginning of notebook and retained by collectors until Monday, February 14, and then—together with notebook—handed to Mr. Kershaw.
5. Each collector to send envelopes containing donations to Mr. Thomas Kershaw, Town Hall. This to be done from day to day.
6. End of notebook may be used for entering names and addresses where further call is necessary.
7. Any collector unable to complete district by Saturday, 12th inst., should immediately apply to ward-leader for assistance.

Bazaar.

The only special feature of the "Wyemkana" was a baby show, which created much interest and brought a great crowd.

The short time allowed for preparation of bazaar was generally acknowledged a great advantage. It was all over before enthusiasm had time to wane.

Book.

Cost of production was more than covered by advertisements. The sale of original drawings and signed proofs of the illustrations brought in a goodly sum. The edition of 1,000 copies was entirely sold out within a week.

Expenses.

Everything possible was done voluntarily, so that there should be no large deductions from amount raised. £45 represents the total expense incurred, including all cost of the two days' bazaar.

Results.

	£	s.	
Response to public appeal ...	1,929	17	5
"Wyemkana"	354	3	11
Gift-book	80	0	0
	£2,364	1	4
Expenses	45	0	8
Net result	£2,319	0	8

NOTES ON DAILY READINGS.

For the Junior Department Branch of the Scripture Union.

By the Rev. A. J. COSTAIN, M.A., Headmaster of Rydal Mount School.

Author of "Life of Arthur Jackson," "Men in the Making," etc.

Saturday, 29th. Psalm lvi. 1-18. Once again we have words that seem to have been wrung from the lips of David in one of his bitter experiences. It is a reflection of the day when David was a solitary fugitive among the Philistines (1 Sam. xxi. 10ff). It was taken later not so much as a personal as a *national* psalm, to represent the outcry of the people of Israel under oppression. Once again we see the psalmist's tears, and find them in the end conquered by faith. When everything was dark the thought of the protection of God brought the light of hope. The psalmist uses a curious figure in verse 8: "My tears are put in thy bottle." God is said to treasure his tears as though they were precious wine. Compare St. Bernard's saying: "Lacrimæ pœnitentium vinum angelorum." You don't need to know much Latin to understand that.

Sunday, 30th.—Psalm lx. 1-12. Once again the psalm passes through terror to triumph. The psalm should be read in the Revised Version; it clears up the meaning of several verses, which are left obscure in the A.V. The first part of verse 12 makes a good motto: "Through God we shall do valiantly." If we want the help of God, we must obey the laws of God. Did you notice that someone has been asking scornful questions in Parliament about the "religious scruples of some member of the Board of Admiralty"? Aren't you glad that, even though we are at war, we have not utterly thrown our religion overboard? Long live our religious scruples! "*Through God* we shall do valiantly."

Monday, May 1st.—Numbers vi. 1-12. There were three marks of the Nazarite: abstinence from wine, wearing the hair long, avoidance of the uncleanness that arose out of contact with the dead. Abstinence from wine was a protest against the Canaanite civilisation and religion; it was a return to the simple life of the primitive Israelite. Long hair was a mark of consecration. Primitive peoples often regard the hair as the special seat of life and strength: thus a Maori chief will not allow his hair to be cut. In consecrating the hair, the Nazarite was consecrating his life. The Nazarite was originally a zealot for the national religion; he devoted himself to the service of Jehovah and His people. Samson was a famous Nazarite. Some people consider that Paul took a Nazarite call. (See Acts xviii. 18.)

Tuesday, 2nd.—Numbers vi. 22, vii. 11. The benediction in verses 24-26 is one that is often used to-day. It is one of those beautiful passages that light up a book like this. Aaron was to call down upon the children of Israel the blessing and protection and peace of a gracious God. Here we see the lamp of a pure religion burning bright. "The Lord bless thee: the Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: the Lord lift up His countenance on thee and give thee peace."

Wednesday, 3rd.—Numbers ix. 9-23. Here we see the tabernacle on the march. "My dwelling shall be with them, I will be their God, and they shall be My people" was the promise of God. The tabernacle was the symbol of His presence with them, the movement of the cloud was the revelation of His will; thus they conceived themselves under the direct government of God. It was a happy symbol of their relationship with Him.

Thursday, 4th.—Numbers x. 29-36. It is very difficult to know quite who Hobab was, whether he was the father-in-law or brother-in-law of Moses. At any rate, he was the human agent by whom God led the children of Israel through the wilderness. This was a service which was long kept in grateful remembrance. Look up 1 Samuel xv. 6, where Saul shows mercy to the Kenites (Hobab is called a Kenite in Judges i. 16), "For ye showed kindness to all the children of Israel when they came up out of Egypt." Verse 29 is worth noting because of the confidence in God and the human kindliness which it shows.

Friday, 5th.—Numbers xi. 1-15. Here neither the multitude nor Moses shows up in a very good light. There was no heroic spirit in the people: they were longing for the flesh-pots of Egypt. You can imagine our "Tommies" making humorous remarks about their food in the trenches, but you can't imagine them sending a deputation to the colonel to ask for pomegranates and blanc-manges. But all said and done, what they had eaten in Egypt they had eaten as slaves. Better, surely, the bread and water of freedom than to be pampered as serfs. You would have thought that Moses would have stood up to them better than he did. He talks like a tired and beaten man. It is worth noting, in passing, how they see all that is bad in the present situation, and remember only what was good in what they have left behind them. That is human nature all over. Hence it is that foolish old gentlemen talk of "the good old days." Believe me, those days never existed. "*Punch* isn't as good as it used to be, Mr. Editor." "No, sir, it never was."

DAY BY DAY.

ONCE a busy mill with thronging crowds of workers, now a commodious billet for his Majesty's forces, our camp lies in the hollow at the village foot. It lies at the gateway to the Highlands, o'ershadowed north and west by the great bens of the Grampians; and quite near stands the old castle, looking down upon us from its towering crags.

Billets on left and right: in the centre, the indispensable of every camp—"The Y.M." From morn till eve the men pour in. How could one keep them out these cold days? A rush is made for the glowing stoves, which are speedily encircled by lounge chairs and their occupants.

Few seats may be seen vacant at the tables in the centre and sides of the hall, from where a steady stream of letters pours into the Post Office. Little groups gather round to watch their comrades play at draughts or dominoes; billiard tables are in full swing, and if a tournament be on, an admiring circle quickly gathers. A well-stocked counter is at hand, and the ladies, with cheerfulness, are busy dispensing coffee and tea.

There may be a lad on the sick list not yet able to receive with gladsome mind his Army rations, and so the doctor sends him down to the "Y.M." for light diet. Are the rear party left to fish for themselves when the battalion moves out? Oh, no! The officer has but to visit the "Y.M." and gently approach our cook, then probably she will have a larger party than usual at table for a day or two.

It is concert night. Half-an-hour before time the whistle sounds: a scene of bustling activity follows. Tables are quickly taken down, brushes seized, seats taken out, and inside the half-hour is seen a clean-swept hall with rows of seats quickly filled up by an eager audience who await the O.C. appearing on the platform to set the fun agoing.

As each day draws to a close the whistle sounds out: the hum of voices suddenly ceases, and the leader asks for his five minutes for evening worship. Caps are doffed, the games stop: one could hear a pin fall in the silence as the lesson is read and prayer offered up for our country, for all her sons battling in the great struggle, and for the dear ones left at home. How heartily all join in our National Anthem, never wearying of singing it night after night, for we sing of him in whom is embodied our mighty empire, our noblest desires.

Sunday comes round (how quickly one follows upon the other in this work!). In the morning Church Parade is held, when the congregation packs the hut to overflowing to listen to the Padre's message of cheer and inspiration for all who bear the burdens of these trying times.

During the afternoon the regimental band will render a programme of sacred music, which never fails to be appreciated by the many who have gathered in.

After tea comes our own service. The singing is always hearty: often we have a solo or two, and anthems by local choirs who are ever ready to help us. The short address is attentively received: none listen more eagerly than our soldiers. When our service ends, the men not infrequently gather round the piano to spend the last hour of the day in singing their favourite hymns.

So pass the days as men come and go. One alone remains unchanging with us, the Eternal Father.

G. C. C.



A diary, issued by the well-known manufacturing chemists, Burroughs, Wellcome and Co., Snow Hill-buildings, London, saved the life of the bearer at the Battle of Festubert.

He was carrying the diary in his breast-pocket when he was hit by a German bullet. It penetrated the book, as well as the photographs of his wife and child placed between the leaves, and in so doing was deflected from its direct course, thus only slightly wounding the fortunate possessor of the diary, instead of causing what otherwise would have been a fatal injury.

The book has been presented to Messrs. Burroughs, Wellcome and Co. as a souvenir, and may be inspected at their Exhibition Room, 54, Wigmore-street, W.



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Preface by EUGENE STOCK.

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By D. WILLARD LYON.

Strongly bound in Cloth Boards, price 2/6 net.

This is essentially a volume for to-day. Although books on the subject of the war are legion, there are still many people who are deeply conscious of failure to justify it to their own inward satisfaction. To such this new work will be most helpful. There is nothing superficial about it. The author probes deeply into some of the tremendous spiritual issues involved. He goes beyond the present conflict, and shows clearly the course which the Christian Church must pursue if she is to fulfil her great destiny in the world.

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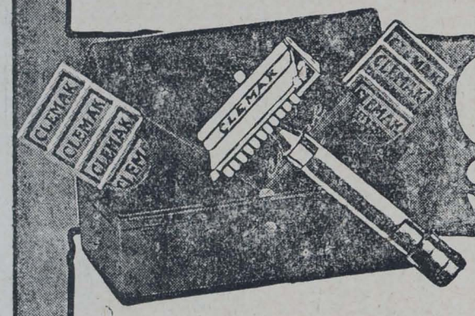

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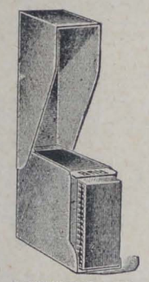

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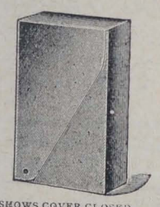

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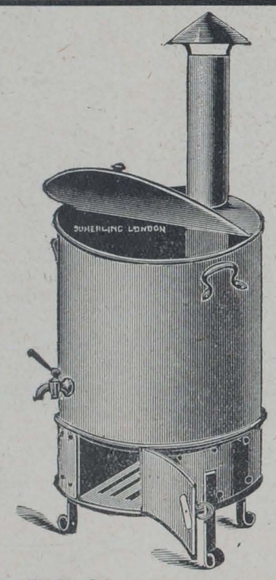

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The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

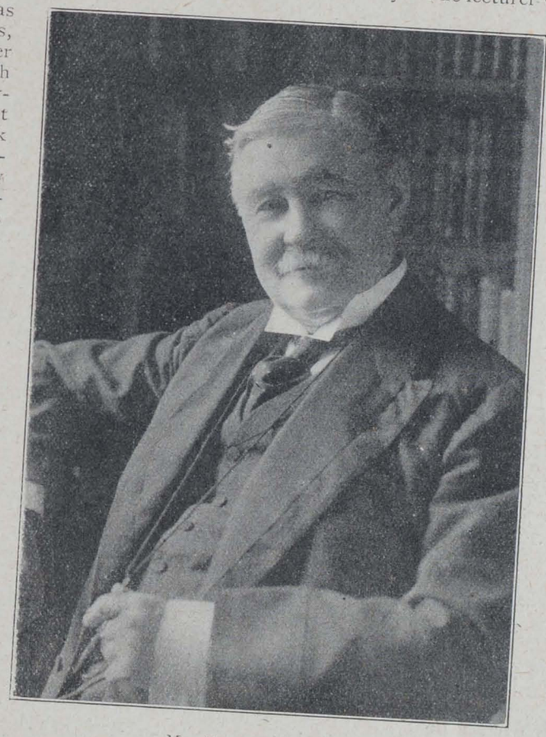
No. 69. Vol. 2. MAY 5, 1916. PRICE 1d.

"T. P."

TO thousands of people Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., is not a Member of Parliament with thirty-six years' experience of the House of Commons, but "T. P.," the writer of innumerable columns of brilliant articles. They will hardly believe that Mr. O'Connor is in his sixty-eighth year, for there is still the vivacity of youth in all that he writes. All through his long and strenuous career Mr. O'Connor has been a voracious reader of books, and that has given him the power to write on literary themes with a charm that is rare among journalists. He was one of the first men to give the story of a book in a personal way—"humanising" a review with his own lively recollections of author or subject. I think French journalists started this style of essay, and "T. P." has always kept his eye on French newspapers. France and Ireland have some special bonds of sympathy, and quite recently Mr. O'Connor was a member of a delegation of British members of Parliament who received a warm welcome in Paris.

The career of T. P. O'Connor is full of romance. Next year will be the jubilee of his entrance into journalism, and it is by his journalistic work that he would be willing to be estimated. There are not many living men who have written or dictated so many millions of words as "T. P.," and he is still busy. My first interest in his work was awakened by reading his biography of Lord Beaconsfield. It was said—I know not whether it was correct—that the manuscript of this first book was written on the backs of leaflets advertising a patent medicine. The volume attracted attention by its readableness and by the definite picture it gave of Disraeli in all the kaleidoscopic changes of his fortunes. The subject of the biography read it, and was not displeased with the candour of its analysis.

Then came the founding of the *Star*. How well I remember the bold advertising of the new venture, the posters with the striking classic figure which still adorns the title of the *Star*. There was an amusing interview with Mr. O'Connor in the *Pall Mall Gazette*—I expect from the pen of Mr. Robinson, who was then an adept interviewer on the *Pall Mall Gazette* staff—describing what was going to be the policy of the paper. Mr. O'Connor enjoyed those exciting days to the full, especially when the circulation of the *Star* exceeded expectations. On the first evening of the *Star's* publication I had gone to hear Mr. O'Connor's Parliamentary colleague, Mr. Justin McCarthy, lecture on Parliamentary oratory. The lecturer was, by a mistake in direction, an hour late in arriving at the hall. But the hundreds of people in the audience bore the delay patiently, for practically everyone was reading the *Star!* To this day one recalls the manifesto of its policy, with the adroit allusion to the need for adding another lump of sugar to the charwoman's cup of tea. When "T. P." quitted the *Star*, he transferred his editorial energies to starting the *Sun*. Once again he hit the target of public appreciation, but somehow or another the new journal never consolidated its position. In the *Weekly Sun* Mr. O'Connor gave us the best of his book reviews in columns of fluent and fascinating prose. Next came *M.A.P.*, striking a new note in weekly newspapers by its personal gossip and its capital series of autobiographies of famous men and women of the day. In *M.A.P.* (the title was borrowed from the heading of the column "Mainly About People," which was a feature of the *Star*) Mr. O'Connor continued his method of "tearing the heart" out of books in articles that were as skilful as they were complete. If ever I read a book after a "T. P." review, I found little that had been overlooked by Mr. O'Connor. The trouble about such a paper as *M.A.P.* is that you exhaust your supply of interesting celebrities after a time, and this was the case with *M.A.P.* But Mr. O'Connor was ready with another idea, which found form in *T.P.'s Weekly*. The paper passed into other hands later on, and has changed its title to *To-day*, reviving pleasant memories of the days when Jerome K. Jerome, Robert Barr, Barry Pain, and many other writers amused us. All who have been loyal to *T.P.'s Weekly* will wish it renewed prosperity in its new form. To complete Mr. O'Connor's editorial record, I must add that *T.P.'s Journal* now carries his signature to much that is worth reading about the war, while a monthly magazine had a brief career.



MR. T. P. O'CONNOR.
Photo: J. Russell and Sons.

MAY DAY.

By the RT. HON. G. W. E. RUSSELL, Author of "Collections and Recollections," &c.

It might be May or April, he forgot—
The last of April or the first of May.

I TRUST that I am neither as prosy nor as forgetful as Philip Willows, though indeed my mind sometimes misgives me on both points. But, at least, I know for certain that I am writing in my favourite month of April, and that what I write will see the light soon after May Day, or, as more ecclesiastically-minded persons prefer to call it, "The Feast of SS. Philip and James." My friend Dryasdust, usually plausible in his liturgical glosses, despairingly remarks that "the only reason that can be suggested for coupling together St. Philip and St. James is that by thus doing the manner in which the Apostles were originally sent forth—'Two and two'—is illustrated." After this rather desperate attempt at exegesis, I think it better not to theorize on the original connexion between the First of May and the ceremony annually transacted on the tower of the beautiful College of St. Mary Magdalen at Oxford. To Shakespeare it seemed a sufficient explanation of unlooked-for visitants at untimely hours that—

No doubt they rose up early to observe
The rite of May.

And most men who have spent any portion of their youth at Oxford have once in their undergraduate career—but seldom twice—risen up early "to observe the rite of May" on Magdalen Tower. Let a poet describe the scene—

What do we up so early this May morn?
Hath Health the Huntress from some neighbouring hill
Blown such a blast from her enchanted horn
That youth forgot their slumber? Gathering still,
Quick, eager forms the solemn pathway fill;
Pass Magdalen's portal, scale her endless stair,
Still springing upward, like the lark, until
Bursts on the sense the fresh, cool matin air
And cheerful speech of friends already gathered there.

But turn!—while we are dreaming, there hath grown
A crowd about us. Lo, a tuneful choir,
White-robed, bare-headed, all eyes one way thrown;
As erst men waited till the Eastern fire
Kindled the tremulous chords of Memnon's lyre.
And hark!—the well-known plaintive prelude o'er,
Five pulses of the clock! which scarce expire
Ere soft as dew amid the silence soar
Seraphic sounds aloft, and this the strain they pour—
Te Deum Patrem colimus,
Te laudibus prosequimur,
Qui corpus cibo reficis,
Cœlesti mentem gratia.

Oxford has always maintained the tradition that this practice of chanting a Latin hymn on the summit of Magdalen Tower is a survival of a Mass formerly sung on the same lofty stage in honour of St. Philip and St. James. But historical critics of the stony-hearted school have proved that, though the hymn is ancient, the practice of singing it on the top of the tower is quite modern; and have attributed the immemorial assemblage before sunrise on May Day to a Druidical origin. For my own part, I do not care a jot whether the origin was Druidical or Christian. It has always been the genius of the Church to take whatever was graceful and salutary in heathenism and adapt it to her own purposes, and, if she hallowed the observance of May Morning and Christianized what had aforetime been merely natural piety, she did what she has always done in the religious education of mankind.

But May Day has other associations, which, though not distinctively Christian, are at any rate not Druidical. It was on May Day, 1517, that the Jingoes and Patriots and Anti-Foreigners of the period, though they had neither Music-hall nor Yellow Press to incite them, rose in violent hostility to the foreigners then resident in London. The position in popular dis-esteem which at this moment is occupied by the Germans then belonged to the French, and the inflammatory part played in more recent riots by Medical Students and Stockbrokers' Clerks was ably sustained by the Apprentices of London. While the riot lasted the "Darned Mounseers" had a sorry time of it; but, when order was restored, King Henry VIII. showed that he did not fear the sword in vain. "Sixteen of the rioters were hanged, and four hundred more, in their shirts and with halters round their necks, were carried to Westminster; but on crying 'Mercy, Mercy!' they were pardoned by the King." An undogmatic but most Christian rite was long celebrated on May Day by the accomplished Mrs. Montagu, who "vindicated the genius of Shakespeare against the calumnies of Voltaire," and, for some reason never precisely ascertained, took a lively interest in the chimney-sweepers of London. It was her practice on the First of May to entertain, at her fine house in Portman-square (now the residence of Lord Portman), a large gathering of "climbing boys," whom she gladdened with beef, plum pudding, and a shilling a head. Mrs. Montagu died in 1800, "much lamented," as we are told, "by the sooty tribe." Half a century later May Day received a fresh illustration. In the year 1851 there was held in Hyde Park "The Great Exhibition." It has had many successors and imitators, in London and in other capitals, but none of these has ever gathered round it the same amount of enthusiasm, hope, and love. 1848 had been a year of Revolution. Thrones had toppled down all over Europe, and even our own was menaced. The Exhibition of 1851, conceived by the pacific genius of Prince Albert and following in happy contrast on these tumults and alarms, seemed to be a great International Sacrament of Peace and Goodwill. The prettily-named "Crystal Palace," enclosing its forest trees, its fountain, and its wealth of splendid merchandise, remains in the recollection of all who saw it as the most picturesque sight of their lives. It was opened by Queen Victoria on May Day, 1851, with all imaginable pomp and circumstance. The ever-watchful Greville wrote:—"I went into Hyde Park instead of the Palace, thinking it more curious to see the masses and their behaviour. It was a wonderful spectacle to see the countless multitudes, streaming along in every direction, and congregated upon each bank of the Serpentine down to the water's edge; no soldiers, hardly any policemen to be seen, and yet all so orderly and good-humoured. The success of everything was complete." Queen Victoria wrote in her diary for this memorable May Day—

One felt filled with devotion, more so than by any service I have ever heard. God bless my dearest country, which has shown itself so great to-day. One felt so grateful to the good God, who seemed to pervade all and bless all.

May is pre-eminently an author's month, and very few are the poets or prose-writers who have not sung or said its praises. But one notices that the Elizabethans, and those who follow them unthinkingly, always speak of May as warm and genial; whereas our own experience, and the accurate observation of more modern word-painters, agree in admitting that May can be uncommonly chilly. When Shakespeare wishes to extol a maiden's beauty, he avers that she excels her rival "as much as the First of May doth the Last of December." He carols of "Love, whose month is ever May." He envies a young gallant "his May of youth and bloom of lustihood." Yet the poet who described May Morning on Magdalen Tower admits that the "matin air" was "fresh and cool." The sporting chronicler tells us that in May, 1867, the Derby was run on a snowy course; and in May, 1861, Matthew Arnold wrote to his mother—"One long, rigid succession of black north-east winds we have had, lasting through the rain. I thought they would never end, and was really depressed by them. Even the country looked forbidding, and the flowers themselves were no pleasure." The explanation of this diversity between the ancient and the modern view of May is probably the fact that the "Old May Day" is May the 13th of our present computation.

THE HOBO.

A Story of a Canadian Soldier.

By F. J. MATHISON.

HE opened the door of the Y.M.C.A. hut and moved towards the counter, but almost instantly drew back with a look of disappointment on his face. He was not disappointed for the same reason as was old Mother Hubbard when she went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone. The counter was not bare, but the poor Canadian, like that poor canine creature, could have none while those four printed words stared him in the face:—

"Counter closed for service."

The Grizzly Bear and the Laughing Goose were on the platform. Although the sky-pilot was not praying, the Prairie Chicken had his eyes closed behind the counter.

The Canadian soldier called the Y.M.C.A. workers by names made familiar to him by his life in Canada. The Prairie Chicken was a boy: quite a chicken, although he was a little cocky, to be sure, when he had a cigarette in his mouth.

The Canadian took a letter out of his pocket, and after scribbling in pencil on the envelope the words, "Send some tobacco," posted it, and then advanced within gunshot of Prairie Chicken. He pointed to a box of Player's, but Prairie Chicken only shook his head. If one of those Prairie Chickens, that steal the grain in Canada, had shaken its head at him, it would not for long have had a head to shake. He only wanted a packet of Player's, and it would not have taken Prairie Chicken more than a few seconds to have given it to him, for he had four penny tickets ready in his hand.

He would have liked to have made Prairie Chicken fly. If Prairie Chicken had been one of those Jack Rabbits that nibble at the trees in the orchards, he would have whistled to him. He had made many a Jack Rabbit stand up when he whistled. If he had been a Bull Snake, he would have taken him by the tail. He remembered that in the West of Canada he used to go on Sundays (this was Sunday) to the hills to catch Bull-snakes, so that he might make himself belts. If only Prairie Chicken had been a Bull Snake! But he had come into the hut for cigarettes and not for snakes. He would not have "kicked in" to-night if he had known that Grizzly Bear and Laughing Goose and Prairie Chicken were going to play him such a trick. He felt like leaving the hut, but as he wanted a little rest, he sat down at one of the tables with his head buried in his arms.

He did not sit long in this attitude, for the preacher's subject soon awakened his interest. He was speaking about the Prodigal Son. There seemed to be a close parallel, the Canadian thought, between himself and that silly kid. The prodigal went into the far country, so did he, in more senses than one. He imagined him in the far country, like "a chirper" (an Englishman newly arrived) in Canada. His sympathies were drawn out to the prodigal. In his younger days, he had been a truant from school, a runaway from home, and before he enlisted in the Army he was "a hobo."

* * * *

You would not have guessed that he had been "a hobo," when you saw him marching at the word of command in his suit of khaki.

"Hobo?"

Well, "tramp," then, if you do not know the language spoken in one of your own British colonies. For shame!

The Hobo was used to "hiking" (walking) from place to place. He would work at one place until he got what he called a "road-steak" (sufficient to take him to another place). Then he would ask for his time and "beat it."

Beat what? Not the carpet or his wife, for he had neither the one nor the other. You can't be a Canadian if you do not know that to "beat it" means to go away.

The Hobo's expenses were not great even when he travelled a long distance. He would "break train"—get on a train when it was leaving the station and lie over the truck to dodge the officials. Two or three times he had been chased over the train, but he was never caught. Once, after he had left the train, "a bull" (a policeman) asked him where he had come from. "He had walked," he replied, "all the way from Toronto." The "bull" looked at him with an incredulous smile.

He was always on his guard against "bulls" and "flat-feet" (detectives). They were the enemies, he said, of freedom. He argued that they were more dangerous than the rattlers, which would not go out of their way to hurt you. He had knocked many a rattler on the head in the prairies of the West. The rattler always gave you warning before it struck, but the "bull" did not.

An English nurse-maid, with a pretty dimple in her chin, had told him that she did not like "bulls," meaning creatures of a bovine nature. He said that he had no great love for "bulls" either. She, at once, felt that they had something in common, although she was at the same time courting a "bull," and felt that it was a toss-up whether she would have the jocular Canadian soldier or the stern-looking policeman.

"If you saw a bull," she asked, "would you run to me for protection?"

"Yup."

"Supposing I flew, what would you do?"

"I guess I should fly, too—into a temper."

"Do you ever fly into a temper?"

"Sure."

"What a wicked man you must be."

"Sure."

"I'm not so sure," she said, sweetly.

She was beginning to feel that the policeman did not come up to him, except in stature.

He was more interesting than a book. He could tell you about the blizzards of the West. The Canadian in the West, he informed her, had to tie a string to his door when there was a blizzard, so that he should not lose himself when he went a few steps from his own house. He assured her, in answer to the note of interrogation on her face, that he was not having her on a piece of string. He used to wear a sheep-skin coat and over-all boots and two pairs of mittens in the cold weather. He was, he said, a wolf in sheep's clothing.

She moved an amendment to leave out the word "wolf." He had sat on the plough——

"Sat!" she exclaimed. "Did you have a nurse-maid to push you?"

The "skinner" (driver of a team), he explained, sits on the plough in Canada. He had done, he continued, twenty miles a day in a 200-acre field, from half a mile to a mile in length.

She listened breathlessly when he told her about the enormous wheat and flax fields in Canada.

He made her scream with laughter when he told her all about his "baching" (preparing meals). He said: "It makes me kind o' laugh when I think of all that I have done in the Wild West."

When she asked him if he would not much rather have a wife to cook for him than be obliged to "bach" for himself, he replied with a half-comical, half-puzzled expression: "Search me."

She began to feel in his pocket, and had actually got hold of one of his love-letters before he explained that "search me" was the answer you gave in Canada when you felt a bit puzzled by a question put to you.

"It was better than going to the pictures to hear him talk," she confided to her bosom friend. He would first describe the country near Alberta in the West, and then he would tell you about the rich soil of Northern Ontario. The

potatoes which grew there were simply marvellous. Next, he would tell you about the mountains and lakes of British Columbia until you felt that there was no place in the world like B.C. But to hear him talk about the fruit orchards on the borders of the Niagara Peninsula! He would have liked, he said, to have given her an Ontario apple. If she enjoyed bathing he could recommend Lake Ontario. When he was encamping near Niagara, the people brought out peaches and apples and other delicious fruits to the soldiers. But soon California usurped the place of Ontario in her affection. Sometimes he dreamt, the Hobo continued, that he was picking oranges in the orchards of California, or passing along one of the side streets where grew the bananas, but woke up when he dived into the sea. She wished, she whispered to her friend, that someone would tell her to go to California, if she could take him with her too.

There was one English word, he said, that he could not understand, and that was the word "trespasser." He was used to helping himself in Canada. One day he was picking fruit in an English orchard and a farmer followed him with a furious countenance. "If I catch you here again," he cried, "I'll give you beans." Just then he was hard up for "beans" or bucks, or dollars, as he had only one bit (sixpence) and a dime (fivepence) in his pocket, and so he went there again, but he did not get the "beans," for the farmer did not catch him. He afterwards learnt that "beans" in England were not so nice as they were in Canada, and so he decided that he would not take the trouble to go into that orchard again to get those beans which the farmer had promised.

"If he had given you 'beans,'" she laughingly exclaimed, "you would have given a few of your Canadian 'beans' to get out of that orchard."

When he told her about the Chinese and Japs and Hindoos in Vancouver, she said that she did not like to hear about them foreigners taking the place of girls in the house. It was all right for them to work in the saw-mills, but no Eastern should be allowed to do housework, even though his face was as yellow as soap.

* * * *

The "Hobo" had a keen relish for travel. "It's a great life," he would say, when referring to his experiences. But his most glorious experience was to come; his longest journey he was yet to take. The preacher in the hut hit the nail on the head when he said that the longest journey a man can take is the journey which he takes when he comes to himself. The Hobo took that journey before he left the hut.

"I was tickled to death," he said afterwards, "when I saw in the returning Prodigal a picture of myself." The Prodigal, he reflected, seemed to speak like a Hobo. "Give me the portion of goods that falleth to me," said the Prodigal. "Hand us over the dough," says the Hobo, when he is tired of his place.

He had not been treated quite so badly as the Prodigal. Perhaps it would have been better for him if he had not been treated so much by some of his masters in the West out of the whisky bottles which they carried in their hip-pockets. He was "a corker," he confessed, for whisky. He could not say that "No man gave unto him," but no man had given him anything which really satisfied him until now.

He knew what it meant to be poor, and he knew what it meant to be rich. One day he had not so much as a nickel (twopence halfpenny), another day his pockets were filled with dollars. But the dollars soon went after he had lived some time in idleness in the "shack" (temporary building) which he had made. He took good care, however, not to stay out of work until he perished with hunger.

Yet he felt that he was perishing with hunger, for he was hungering for home and love—hungering for God.

He had been a wanderer since childhood, but before he closed his eyes in sleep he was repeating words which the preacher himself had quoted: "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I (a Hobo) will dwell in the House of the Lord for ever."

"JACK" AND "TOM" AND——

OF course, the other is the civilian who is making things as pleasant as possible for the TWO who in their representative capacity stand for the Salvation of Empire.

There are many centres for "Tom"; there are several for "Jack"; but the centre at which I am at present is for *both*. And they *do* mix well.

In Miss Robinson's *Yarns* she tells the story of the founding of the "Soldiers' and Sailors' Institute" at the historic town of Portsmouth, and it is well known that a splendid work has been accomplished in that building during the intervening forty-two years.

It is *not* so well known that the property has changed hands, and that the sign of the triangle now indicates Y.M.C.A. proprietorship and management.

The occasion of my first visit was the annual meeting of friends and subscribers, and I had an opportunity of telling the story of our world-wide work, and also of soliciting loyal support for genial Will Ross, the secretary and superintendent, who is splendidly adapted for his new job. Mr. Clive Davies presided, and the Marquis of Tavistock also took part.

I remained over the week-end, and am satisfied that we have a most valuable financial asset representing £25,000 worth of property, but having a moral and spiritual value that cannot be estimated. It is a *permanent* work, not ceasing with the war.

Each night the rooms were thronged with Service men of every description, and somehow they all seemed to be occupied; and occupation for leisure hours is what "Jack" and "Tom" need. Well! it is certainly being provided here, and I noted with surprise that games which I had seen discarded in many places were entered into with zest at the institute. The reason was not far to seek. Supervision and purpose provide the explanation, and the thoroughness and enthusiasm with which the Christian ladies entered into the spirit of the pastimes encouraged the men to do so, and instead of a restlessness to get out into the streets they proved loth to go even at closing time.

Yes! Supervision and purpose explain it. No! stay, there is another word. Miss Walker, who is such a help to Mr. and Mrs. Ross, supplied it. It is *comradeship*.

Here's a list of some of the games:—Billiards, bagatelle, ping-pong, chess, and draughts. Naturally these. But what of these?:—Dominoes, halma, solitaire, zig-zaws, tiddly winks, "Who knows?" word-making and word-taking, &c. Do they hold men? The picture puzzles tested the ingenuity of many who, as they said, "had taken no stock" in them before. But atmosphere is everything, and the whole scene reminded one of happy drawing-room evenings in a home far away.

And what a test of thought-concentration! For a dozen lusty-voiced mariners surrounding the piano gave vent to their feelings continuously, and surely could have been heard above the roughest storm. But no game was interrupted, until the stentorian tones of the superintendent announced, "Gentlemen, Mr. Virgo is here, and wants to speak to you." It wasn't strictly correct, for I had been ordered to keep quiet for a few days. But who could resist? Every man instantly "downed tools," and listened to the Story that never grows old with an eagerness that augured well for its reception by as fine a bunch of youngsters as I have addressed anywhere.

Saturday evening and Sunday all day the rooms were again packed, and I had half-a-dozen opportunities of giving addresses.

But what of the night? Until 11 p.m. the bar-tenders had no respite. But long after that I saw the results of delayed trains and belated boats seeking shelter, and Ross at his wit's-end to know "how *not* to refuse any." Nasal sounds of varying tone indicated that every one of the 70 beds are occupied. A peep into the library reveals "standing room only." A baby-in-arms might have stood a chance in the quiet room. Every settee had been collared, and as a last resort the billiard-room is invaded. But there is an end to the stock of blankets and sheets. Two spare palliasses are, however, discovered by an eager and curious applicant, and with "one above and one below" he completed the sandwich, and is quickly in the land of dreams.

Drunks? Yes! I saw *two* in three nights. They were quite the exception, and isn't it always so?

Delayed for some hours at a railway station near a large camp, I was afterwards asked by a very cynical and critical person how many drunks I saw in that period. "Six," I answered. "But how many soldiers altogether came under your notice during the same period?" "Ten thousand," was my reply. He seemed disappointed. "Only six," he whispered.

Let me repeat that the Y.M.C.A. Soldiers' and Sailors' Institute at Portsmouth is a *permanent* institution with a good record already, but with possibilities unequalled. A pressing need is entire renovation and a handsome gift of money at this juncture would prove a timely investment.

J. J. VIRGO.

THE INDIAN CHURCH—II.

By K. T. PAUL, B.A., General Secretary, Indian National Y.M.C.A. Council.

In a former article Mr. Paul dealt with the rise of the Indian Church, and discussed the problem of Unity. He now takes up the question of Independence.

ANOTHER fundamental problem confronting the Indian Church is that of its independence. Independence is essentially threefold—financial, administrative, evangelistic. The bulk of the Indian Christian community (excepting the Syrian) is drawn from the lower classes, some of them actually from the depressed classes. Poverty, ignorance, serfdom, or even slavery, was their condition before they received the liberty of the Gospel. There are sections of the Church which have not yet come to a realisation of their position as Christians. They do not know what their possibilities and responsibilities amount to. It is only the outstanding leaders who in the recent past have reached self-realisation. A still smaller number have formed an eager ambition to obtain for their Church real effective independence. But the leaders are few and far-scattered in this wide country. There is a gulf between them and the community. Accordingly, the growth of independence is bound to be very gradual.

A. *Financial Independence.*—While the community is thus very poor, the foreign missionary societies have placed before it a standard of organisation which is needlessly costly. India is full of religions and sects, but Christianity is the only religion in India with the idea of a paid ministry; no section of the Hindu or Muhammadan community feels under such a necessity. Religions have been propagated in the soil of India, and have also been rooted out. Missionaries have gone about doing the one and the other most effectively. But in the past there never was the idea of a paid ministry. Christianity in Travancore for sixteen centuries has managed without a paid ministry or bishopric. It is a foreign idea that religious ministry should be paid for. But it is now rooted in the Indian Christian mind, and is one of our greatest disadvantages in the matter of independence. Divisions form another handicap. In the same city, sometimes in the same section of it, a thousand Indian Christians are split into three, four, or half-a-dozen sections, each of which struggles to maintain its own institutions. There would have been a strong, flourishing organisation if only they had been one.

Poverty, sheer poverty, is the primary difficulty. It does not do either to start factories or create artificial economic conditions. A large community so treated to-day is in a miserable condition of debt, discontent, and dependence. What is needed is a statesmanlike handling of the rural Christian community with specific efforts to develop to the full the existing economic features of each locality. Local raw products and climatic conditions should be studied and related to available markets; adequate capital at a reasonable cost should be provided; larger wages would thus become possible; and the whole administration, both financial and industrial, should be laid on the community itself; so that the reform may in a natural way root itself in the soil and develop in accordance with the environment. The Y.M.C.A. in India is now attempting such a service.



A RECENT PORTRAIT OF BISHOP AZARIAH.
Photo: S. P. G.

What amounts to financial independence? The support of the pastor? The support also of the parish school? The support also of local evangelistical work? These questions are variously answered in different parts of the country. The ideal would include all of them. But few Churches are now able to come up even to the first stage.

The problem is thus chiefly economic, but it is also moral. The community has for so many generations been used to dependence on others that the idea of independence has not yet gripped the conscience of the rank-and-file of it.

B. *Administrative Independence.*—The problem of administrative independence is closely related to that of financial independence. It has been proved again and again that where administrative independence is conferred on a community the progress towards financial independence is immediately stimulated. Accordingly, in most Indian missions it is now accepted as an axiom that the measure of administrative independence conferred upon a community should be increased as fast as it rises in financial independence. Most leaders are now agreed that administrative independence should precede financial, the former being always ahead of the latter.

One of the methods used for this purpose is the "Henry Venn System." This was first introduced in Tinnevelly. Rural churches were organised into circles; the circles came under district councils; and these latter were grouped under a central council. Each circle governed itself, but the measure of its autonomy was related to the measure of its self-support. A fully self-supporting circle elected all the members of its governing body, and so forth. In the same way the measure of the autonomy of the district councils and of the central council are also regulated according to the measure of their self-support. This resulted in a great feeling of emulation; and the community taught itself the conditions of financial independence. To-day it may be said that the whole of the Tinnevelly Church is financially and administratively autonomous. This experience has been used in various other mission fields, and every mission tends to adopt some similar plan. It lends itself perfectly to Churches of every type of ecclesiastical polity, excepting the Congregational, which is admitted on all hands to be utterly unsuited to an Oriental soil.

Another method used for developing financial and administrative independence is in the admission of leading Indian Christians to full membership in the councils of missionaries on the field. The Presbyterian and the High Anglican Missions of the north have tried this method

more fully than other missions. It is doubtful whether this experiment has succeeded to the same extent that the Henry Venn system has succeeded. The advantage of the latter is that whole communities are given the best possible opportunities of training themselves in self-government, whereas the former method trains only selected individuals.

What we want at this stage is a combination of both systems all over the country. The administrative, as well as the financial, responsibilities of a whole mission district should be gradually and steadily devolved on the Christian community. At the same time, leading Indian Christians should be associated with the foreign missionaries in the administration of foreign funds for the best and largest interests of the Kingdom of God. The time has come for such a really fraternal fellowship.

C. Evangelistic Independence.—The problem of evangelistic independence is unconnected with the other two species of independence discussed above. It is not necessary that a Church should pay its way and administer its institutions before it attempts to proclaim the Gospel. As soon as an individual is a Christian he should begin to be a missionary as naturally as he begins to partake of the various means of grace. It would have been an enormous blessing if all missions had taken up this attitude from the very beginning; but for some reason or other it has been largely neglected, and the result is that we have not developed into an aggressive proselytising community. India is the country where Buddhism was born and propagated from the Himalayas to the Cape Comorin, and carried outward to foreign countries all over Asia, to the uttermost isles. India is the country where Hinduism awoke and uprooted Buddhism from its soil from sea to sea and from the mountains to the Cape. India is the country where in the twentieth century an indigenous sect called the Arya Samaj is being propagated like wildfire along the Five Rivers and the Jumna and the Ganges. We are by nature an aggresive proselytising people. And yet it is only in recent years that the ideal has come to the Indian Christian as a new vision. The outstanding representative of this new spirit, which has brought this ideal home to the whole Indian Church, is the National Missionary Society, established but ten years ago. It stands for the evangelisation of India by Indian men, with Indian money, and under Indian management. As the ideal has been spread by this society from province to province and from denomination to denomination, it has slowly, but increasingly, been appropriated; and life has begun to express itself in various ways. Sacrifices of men, money, and time were forthcoming in a new and remarkable way. Local organisations sprang up in many places. On top of this there has come just within the last few months the further idea that every Indian man and woman should be a missionary to his own people in his neighbourhood. Significantly enough, it was an indigenous organisation, the South India United Church, that gripped this idea first and launched a "campaign," in which a third of its entire communicant membership is already engaged. Almost every day there are wonderful things being effected in this campaign. The idea is spreading all over South India, and it is hoped that ere long there will not be a church in the country which is not in line with this movement.

These are some of the problems of the Indian Church. The list is not exhausted by any means. Serious problems cluster around such things as the enlistment and training of men for the ministry, lay leadership and service, the evolution of an Indian Christian womanhood and family, the uprooting of the caste spirit from the Church, the creation of original literature expressive of the best Indian life, and so forth.

The Indian Church has already a place of influence and importance among the peoples of India. In every district in the south, and in some parts of the north, Indian Christians occupy important Government positions. They have proportionately a high percentage of literacy; and thus wherever they are their influence is out of all proportion to their numbers. In point of female education they stand foremost in the country, and supply the teachers for practically all the girls' schools in the country. There are indubitable signs that even greater and more onerous things are ahead of us in the near future. At this time we need wise guidance from our foreign friends. The guidance which a former generation gave in a paternal fashion is no longer what is wanted. We want those who come to us with the advantage of Western culture and the best spirit of Western Christianity, to help us to make progress on our own lines, naturally and normally, coming more and more to our own, and enabling our country to come steadily to her own. The chrysalis is already broken and the higher stage of evolution is reached, with life throbbing full and abundant. But we need to advance to far higher and better things so that the inimitable beauty of Christ may become visible in individual and community life to the whole of India, constraining her sons to rejoice in Jesus as Friend and Benefactor.

SONGS FOR SOLDIERS.

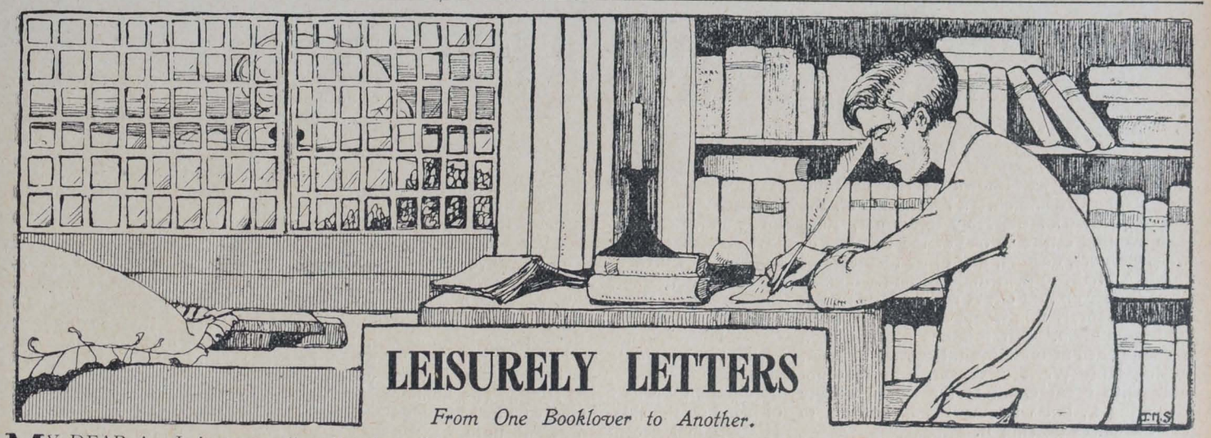
By GEOFFREY SHAW,
H.M. Inspector of Music, who is Lecturing for us in France.

Thomas Atkins, as a musician, is supposed to be "x" in one of those alluring human problems which have up to the present baffled all attempts at solution. Those of us who are working on this particular problem are gradually finding out a few of the elusive attributes of "x." We add these to the common stock of useful knowledge, and one day the equation may be solved. My own contribution to this common stock is, I fondly believe, of vital importance. Here it is: Thomas isn't "x" at all! He is "a." That is to say, he is our old friend Brown, Jones, or Robinson. He is, in fact, my brother-in-law, or the gardener's son, or any other of those romantic people who lose pens in French exercises. Now, all good mathematicians know that "x" is surrounded by a special set of circumstances called "y" and "z." But "a," on the other hand, meets "b" in the tube, and it is "c" he endeavours to avoid in the lift. The problem is, then, that "a," with the mentality engendered by environment "b" and "c," becomes involved in unusual circumstances "y" and "z." Find what music he likes best. Some simple souls get the sum wrong every time. They credit my brother-in-law with an overpowering desire to sing "Onward, Christian soldiers" at every service, and the gardener's son, to whose careless, but pacific habits I have already alluded, with an insatiable hankering after "Soldiers of the King" at all concerts. Such people are Why-Zedders. They believe that when a man has a uniform, he requires a special kind of song. I am a Bee-Cee-er.

I know that my brother-in-law likes the same kind of song that he liked two years ago; that neither he nor the gardener's boy will pay any attention to songs that have been written specially for them. They like what you and I like.

Now comes another and more delicate problem. Are they to have everything that they like? *Solvitur ambulando.* There are two kinds of popular music, good popular and bad popular, and soldiers like both. I think our business is not to worry about the latter (people are always at hand to supply that), but to see that they get plenty of the former. I wish my readers could have heard the men in one of the huts here a few days ago singing the burden of the fourteenth century Corpus Christi Carol; I wish they could have heard them sing and whistle Martin Shaw's twentieth century "Clare's Brigade," with Stephen Gwynn's inspiring words, or the chorus of the folk song, "My boy Billy," or "Drink to me only with thine eyes," from Dr. Walford Davies' book, or "Who's dat a callin'?" from the same book, or V. W.'s "God be with you," from the *English Hymnal.* They would then realise how wholeheartedly men can take to the "good popular." To join in singing a good song is as educational and as inspiring as reading a fine book. That is why the men ought to do the singing as far as is possible, for singing is the finest form of self-expression we have.

Now is the time to pull ourselves together as a nation. I believe that night after night, when men gather together in the huts and sing our wonderful traditional songs, they are helping to do this. I do not wish to quarrel with those who sing "Until," or "Because," or "Moreover," or "Notwithstanding," or any other quaint product of a jaded suburban culture, and I think I shall not be doing them an injustice if I say that they are not helping. Drugs are soothing, but not, in the end, stimulating. But we do want their help. Will they give it?



LEISURELY LETTERS

From One Booklover to Another.

MY DEAR A,—It is an excellent list, but—I hope you won't use it. Books on Shakespeare for men in camp to read during this tercentenary celebration ought to be very human. Of course, the man who borrows a volume and steals away to a quiet corner to study it by himself is entitled to indulge his own tastes. More than likely you will discover that your scholarly corporal is a Professor of English Literature at one of our modern universities, a Fellow of an Oxford college, or the leading light of some literary club, and has himself edited two or three of the plays. But you are catering, I take it, for the average man in the Shakespeare circle which you are forming at the hut. Doubtless it will include the distinguished Shakespearian, but for the most part the members will be typical Britishers who have never read a line of Shakespeare, though they may have seen "Hamlet" or "The Merchant of Venice." So take my advice, and don't go in for a lot of introductions, commentaries, variorum editions, recent reconstructions of the poet's life, and so forth. Just get a few plain copies of one or two of the plays and begin.

My edition of Shakespeare is in twelve little pocket volumes, guiltless of introductions, though possessing a very useful little glossary (a distinct point, because, apart from words and phrases now obsolete, Shakespeare and his contemporaries spelled some words just as we do, but used them in entirely different senses). I picked up that little set seventeen years ago, when, at the enterprising age of fifteen, I came up to London for my first year at college. Of course, you won't remember the old "Booksellers' Row"—Holywell-street was its baptismal name—which was in the heart of the rabbit warren afterwards cleared away to make room for Aldwych and Kingsway. Many were the finds I had in that disreputable little tumble-down alley, finds far more wonderful than I have ever since made in Charing Cross-road, whither the second-hand booksellers migrated. Well, this five shillingsworth was one of the most triumphant. Later on I had to toil through many carefully annotated editions for the satisfaction of pedantic persons in London and at Oxford, but I never touch them now, and am not conscious that any of the lore which I thus painfully acquired has remained in my mind or helped me to a much better appreciation of the soul of Shakespeare.

Why should it? Think how it would ruin, say, George Eliot for us if, before reading one of her novels, one were compelled to swallow a long essay on the origin, style, and purpose of the story, its place in the author's literary and mental development, the points plagiarised from other people, the exact reasons why some characters are nice and others nasty, the purple passages which ought to be marked and re-read, and, finally, the extreme probability that somebody else, altogether, wrote the book! Poor *Silas Marner!* Miserable *Scenes from Clerical Life!* Unhappy *Romola!*

No. Let William of Stratford speak for himself, and let him do so as he intended, or as in God's providence he must. For we have no biography that is worth much as history (*pace* Sir Sidney Lee!). He is not Milton, Wordsworth, or Browning, with a record in politics, in current literary life, or in philosophical and religious discussions. Like Homer, Virgil, or Æschylus, he is incarnate in the things he wrote about other people. He is immortal because he describes what is always happening everywhere among just the sort of people you and I know best—to come no closer home. And the greatest service you can do your men is to let them feel that by just listening to him. What they don't understand will keep for another occasion. Better a few flying leaps at his meaning than eternal burrowings on the outskirts of his magnificent telling of common, and therefore unrecognised, truths.

I knew an old minister passionately devoted to Shakespeare: so much so indeed that, though the soul of orthodoxy, he would not hesitate to startle his very Scottish congregation by remarking, after taking a text from Job or James, "or as Shakespeare so much better puts it . . . !" He used to conduct a Shakespeare class week in week out, from year to year. We would "read round" from one of the plays, and he would stop us at intervals to comment. That was the joy of the thing, for his remarks ranged from China to Peru. But Shakespeare certainly wouldn't have owned some of the interpretations.

Probably your circle would suffer from discursiveness of this sort—at any rate, if it were practised by the leader. As in the case of the one I have just described, that sort of thing might appeal to "old men and children." It certainly will not hold "young men and maidens." The first thing for such a circle to find out is the impression made by the play upon each of its readers, and then, by discussion, to discover, if it can, whether that particular result was what Shakespeare intended. I know of nothing better for starting such discussions than John Masefield's little book on *Shakespeare* in the Home University Library (for which, by-the-by, I had to pay 1s. 3d. in Charing Cross-road the other day, since the war has sent the price of the series up by 3d. per volume). Masefield gives you, in the shortest compass possible, an almost disdainfully matter-of-fact and yet exceedingly attractive and suggestive sketch of Shakespeare and his circumstances. In a very few pages he shows you what sort of thing the theatre was in those days. Then he proceeds to analyse each play, telling in a few sentences the origin of the story and the main lines of the plot, after which he gives you four or five pages summing-up the chief points in human life with which the play deals. Given this, and an edition with a glossary in it, you may have a most splendid time with your little group.

My friend Dr. Gollancz thinks it difficult to choose between Masefield and Dowden, whose little shilling *Primer of Shakespeare,* published by Macmillan, he is inclined to think the best for all-round purposes. And if you or your men can't afford a shilling, you can get a perfectly wonderful little volume for sixpence—that on *Shakespeare* by Dr. Herford, in Jacks' "People's Books." Either one of these will give you all the scholarship you want, and if you manage to get the copies of the plays in Dent's "Temple Shakespeare," at 1s. 6d. net per volume (which series was edited by Dr. Gollancz himself), you won't twit me with contradictoriness when I take back (for this occasion and instance only) all that I said above about introductions. For those to the "Temple Shakespeare" do give you a point of view and the minimum number of relevant facts.

It's only after you have read a man's work, as it seems to me, that you can with any penetration, judgment, or even enjoyment, read about him, and I think your ideal plan would be to preface your reading circle with a lecture, and follow it by providing in your library a few among the very best books about Shakespeare.

Among these latter two stand out—Bradley's *Lectures on Shakespeare* (Macmillan, 10s. net), and Sir Sidney Lee's most recent edition of his wonderful *Life* (Smith, Elder, 8s. 6d. net). Perhaps after hearing Bradley as Professor of Poetry at Oxford one is indeed for ever biassed. Yet I am content to challenge you to read the lectures and then say whether those were not five golden years. As to Sir Sidney Lee—*non disputandum.*

Yours always, B.

These books, or any others, may be purchased at our Book-room, Y.M.C.A., Tottenham Court Road, W.C., or will be sent by post on receipt of published price, plus postage.

"THE CRUCIFIXION" AMONG THE TROOPS IN FRANCE.

An Impression.

STAINER'S well-known sacred cantata, "The Crucifixion," a meditation on the sacred passion of the Holy Redeemer, sung at a hospital centre in one of the theatres of war by sisters, doctors, and other members of the R.A.M.C., to men maimed and wounded after the strain and stress and peril of trench warfare—surely this would create a record in its presentation. But this has actually been accomplished at one hospital centre, at least, during Holy Week this year, and that not only with great credit to the choral society rendering it, but with evident inspiration to the audiences hearing it.

I am going to attempt to describe this unique performance. It took place in one of those popular places to which men "on active service" so gladly resort—a Y.M.C.A. hut, capable of accommodating about 400 men, "somewhere in France." The time advertised for commencing was 6 p.m., but long before that hour nearly every available seat was occupied, and within about half an hour before the performance began there was only standing-room for those who must have thought that they had come in very good time. When the choir took the stage—beautifully adorned with ferns and palms—the building was packed in every part, and, unfortunately, many had to be turned away because there was no more room. I scanned the faces of the men who occupied row after row of the seats provided for them, and what struck me most was the serious demeanour of everyone. Hats were reverently removed, although no order was given for this, and as the padre, who made some preliminary remarks, said, there was no necessity to make one request that he had intended to make—the request not to smoke during the rendering—because that request had already been observed by every man. So the atmosphere was literally as well as metaphorically prepared when the conductor of the society—an officer possessing great musical talent and taste—tapped with his baton his music stand, the signal that the choir was to rise and sing the opening hymn :—

"Cross of Jesus, Cross of sorrow,
Where the blood of Christ was shed.
Perfect man on thee was tortured,
Perfect God on thee has bled."

What waves of emotion were roused when the words of this hymn, depicting the mystery of Divine humiliation, was sung! The Red Cross badges on sisters' aprons and on R.A.M.C. men's tunic sleeve—how the fundamental meaning of these signs of the Cross seemed now to come home to one! Yes, the exceptional auspices under which the cantata was being produced made it deeply impressive, and many other things seemed to gain a new significance as it proceeded. The bass solo, "The Agony"—how much better than ever before could it be appreciated by many of the members of the audience—patients who were themselves just recovering from the agony of suspense and wounds in the trenches. The chorus, "The Processional to Calvary," also was very impressive—

"His Cross is a sign of a love divine,
His crown is the thorn-wreath of woe."

I cannot adequately describe the feelings roused whilst this part of the chorus to which these words belong was being sung. First, it was deep pity for the Saviour that was awakened, and then pity's sister-virtue, love—and such love that one felt constrained to think that if he had witnessed that procession to Calvary he would have ranged himself by the side of the pathetic Figure there treading His royal way. Love and pity, however, soon give place to a feeling which one might, for want of a better term, describe as justifiable pride in Christ as the solo upon "the majesty of the Divine humiliation" was being sung. The honour of being on the side of One who had humbled Himself and become obedient unto such a cruel form of death became now the predominant note in one's feelings, and as the soloist rendered the last line of his solo, "Thou art the King," the truth of the description became established beyond doubt.

Anyone who has heard Stainer's "Crucifixion" rendered even moderately well cannot but have been impressed by the chorus, "God so loved the world." How the wooing note seems to be in that word "so"—"*so* loved the world"—placed as it is by the composer the first note in each bar, and that for emphasis, as our conductor so often reminded us at rehearsals. But in this rendering of the chorus in the Y.M.C.A. hut somewhere in France on Good Friday the personal love of God to me seemed brought home more forcibly than ever. Judging from the awed silence of the audience I imagine I was not alone in feeling this. In fact, as the cantata progressed, the personal appeal in it became stronger and stronger, and as in the "Litany of the Passion" one song, "Crucified, I turn to *Thee*," he could not help putting personal emphasis on the last word of the next and closing line, "Son of Mary, plead for *me*."

How beautifully and appropriately, too, the intervening solos and choruses, &c., lead up to the chorus, "The Appeal of the Crucified," which expresses the appropriate response, it seems to me, to the feelings aroused in one in the earlier stages of the rendering. One has been worked up to realise and forcibly feel his need of Christ, and now Christ appeals—and, oh, with what depths of love that he should look unto *Him* for the succour he needs. "O, come unto Me," He cries, and if one would then make articulate what is in his heart and mind I think he would be constrained to say, "Even so, I come, Lord Jesus."

The last hymn, "For the Love of Jesus," could not have been better placed in this popular musical presentation of "The Crucifixion." What has preceded has all along increasingly worked one up to feeling that you cannot now do other than sing from your heart, "All for Jesus, all for Jesus," and the "Amen" at the close of the last verse—

"All for Jesus, all for Jesus,
This the Church's song must be;
Till at last her sons are gathered
One in love and one in Thee."

fits in so effectively that in singing it the feeling cannot escape you that you have rededicated yourself to the Master and His service.

Now, throughout the whole rendering, the audience seemed to be tuned up to so high a pitch of emotion that although a request had been made at the beginning that there should be no applause, yet when the hearers at the close broke forth into clapping of hands, the action did not seem incongruous; in fact, it seemed somehow to fittingly release the feelings pent-up for over an hour of an undoubtedly deeply impressed audience.

The instrumental accompaniments, it may be of interest to know, were rendered on an organ and a piano. The choir consisted of nearly eighty male and female voices. At the three renderings given there must have been present somewhere about 1,100 officers, sisters, patients, and friends.

In closing I may add that in the future, whenever I may be privileged to hear Stainer's "Crucifixion" again, I know that my thoughts will at once turn back to the rendering of it with a setting so unique—in a Y.M.C.A. hut, in a hospital centre, somewhere in France, during Holy Week, in the year 1916.

W. HENRY TAME,
Hut Leader, Y.M.C.A.,
S 13, A.P.O.,
B.E.F., France.

HOLY WEEK AT 'SEAFORD

By the Corporal.

IMPRESSIONS can be, and are often, effaced by Time, but it can be confidently asserted that the impressions conveyed to the audiences of the Y.M.C.A. hut during Holy Week can never be forgotten.

Night after night from Palm Sunday until Good Friday night a thousand or more soldier-Christians assembled in the hut and listened eagerly to the exposition of the famous old, old story which is always so refreshing, and so new. They revelled in a gorgeous feast of sacred music. They were transported mentally from Seaford to the Holy Land.

If wonderful sermons can be learned from stones, how infinitely more wondrous was the sermon expounded by the more humane sources that flourish beneath the roof of the Y.M.C.A.? Cold ink cannot describe the impressions felt adequately enough. To do this, one feels that it would be necessary to use a human heart for an ink-pot.

The projections on the screen frequently caused gasps of admiration and awe. The incidental music was grand, the speakers were unusually eloquent, and quickly gained the confidence of the audience. One song—"He shall feed His flock"—was so exquisitely rendered by a young contralto that a great peace seemed to come into everyone's heart. The European conflagration seemed a mere fancy. The most unreligious must have felt impressed.

Then the atmosphere changed. The iron agony of the Crucifixion was so vividly driven home by the aid of the lantern that nearly all eyes dimmed as they read that mute appeal, "Is it nothing. . . .?"

It was a nice homely touch, too, on Easter Sunday. At the Bible-class one of its khaki members led the worship (his subject of discourse was "Christ, the Crowned One"). Afterwards the Y.M.C.A. leader, Mr. Stevens, entertained them at tea. This was greatly appreciated.

One simply had to appreciate the amazing energy of this Mr. Stevens. His organising capabilities are admirable. Without him this gigantic scheme of a Holy Week crusade would have lacked the fire and enthusiasm that are so necessary where soldiers are concerned. He is a lesson in himself of indomitable perseverance, and South Camp is justly proud of him.

Yes—it can be stated, without any fear of contradiction, that the camp crusade and its impressions will never be forgotten.

April 24, 1916. W. A. H. H.

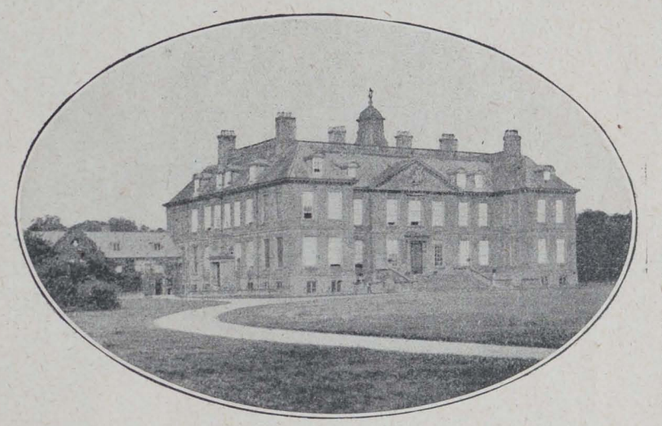
"SLUSHVILLE."

A Winter Idyll of a Midland Camp.

By W. SCOTT-KING.

WE Britishers have a notorious gift of forgiving and forgetting, and in this glorious spring weather damp and dirty memories of Belton Park Camp are rapidly fading: only the pleasant and enheartening ones tend to remain. My first ideas of it were gathered long before I was privileged to actually visit it as the missioner appointed for the campaign week by the Central Council. For months before, whenever at any time Belton Camp was casually mentioned, there was always a laugh and a pulling of very wry faces. "What does that mean?" I used to ask innocently, and the reply was always the same, "Go and see for yourself." I took the advice just before the great blizzard, and as a result—by no means the only result, of course—I came to christen it in my own mind, as I have done at the heading of this article—"Slushville."

Now all camps have been notoriously wet this winter, as might have been expected, but in Belton's case wet is not the word. It is situated in the fine but low-lying park surrounding Belton House, the seat of Lord Brownlow. Formed at the beginning of the war, it shared with other camps, on Salisbury Plain for example, the inevitably hasty attention of the authorities, and no roads were made. Old campaigner as I am now, I freely confess that when I saw the quagmire awaiting me, and a moment after said good-bye to all signs of my boots and even calves, I experienced something approaching nervousness. But, after all, it is not of the mud, but of the men, that I want to write, and so I will dismiss this aspect of the matter by saying that Belton Park Camp, without any exception, is, or was a few winter weeks back, the nearest approach to a pond or a slough or a Flanders front or a Mesopotamian drowning sector that it has been my ill-fortune to meet.



BELTON HOUSE.

Even that does not include all Belton's unhappy features. Men come here from all over the country and from all regiments. Coming in this way by as few at a time as five and six, and even two and one, it means that the men do not know each other, and the camp lacks, consequently, that local friendliness and territorial unity that comes when men all belong to one unit and to one locality. Of course, this gives us a specially good chance of making our huts centres of kindly fellowship to isolated and lonely men, and a means of Christian and social introduction. And I can confidently affirm from all I saw that our camp leaders have had their eye upon this aspect of the case from the first. One other unusual feature, too, may be mentioned. Mostly the men are birds of passage, coming into occupation for only about eight weeks. The result of this is that the camp never acquires any cohesive character, or develops any corporate life. The men know they will soon be gone again, and they take little interest in the place, and just stick it and its watery grounds as best they may. Belton, in a word, is a nobody's camp, and it suffers from this in many ways.

From the first the "Y.M." has been here. When the Lancashire Battalion came last year, Mrs. Ellison, of Grantham, and her lady helpers did yeoman service, and the memories of their devotion linger everywhere. To-day the Countess Brownlow is our local president, and is assisted in arranging for ladies at the refreshment counter during the day, by Miss Talbot, Mrs. Wilson, the Hon. Lady Harold, Mrs. Greenall, and others. My own visit was paid to our No. 3 Hut, where Mr. A. H. Walker, of Nottingham, was and is still in charge. Every man has his own methods of conducting his mission services, and I am the last to criticise my colleagues or to suggest this man's are the best. But I made my meetings as simple and quiet as possible, and obtruded the idea of a special mission as little as possible. The attendance of the men was most remarkable, and it is impossible for me ever to forget or desire to wipe out the strange and thrilling remembrance of the strained and eager attention the hundreds of lonely soldiers gave me night after night. Men of all units, drawn from the four corners of the land, with every conceivable lettering on their shoulder straps, they settled down to listen to the straightest putting of the claims of faith in Christ with intense earnestness. What others do I cannot say, but my own reading of their camp responsibilities as affecting those of us who have to talk to the men, is this—and I make a full and clean breast of it to them. I am not there to make Methodists of them, Methodist though I am myself, nor are my friends and helpers, the Church of England chaplains, there to make Anglicans. Indeed, in my humble judgment, it is too late in the awful day of war to think at all of Church membership: suffice it to strive to win the men to Christ Jesus. Machine-gun men generally go straight out to the front, and on arriving there very speedily come into action. This nearness of active service and certainty of near danger gives a seriousness and even a solemnity to Belton Camp that I have seen nowhere else. At the close of my more general address I invited those who had any serious thoughts or purposes to come with me for half-an-hour's more personal and friendly talk in our own Y.M. staff's mess-room behind the counter. Night after night some twenty or thirty did so, and as we crowded the little white-boarded room with its genial stove and its portraits of Kitchener and his Majesty on the wooden walls, I looked into some of the brightest, dearest young faces, and heard the simplest confessions of youthful love and loyalty to my Lord, that it has been my unspeakable privilege to any time this past eighteen months. Most wished to sign the Roll and to have my name under their own in a pocket Testament, though I was careful to point out that all such signing was but a symbol and external mark of something a million times more important and sacred and binding. Then a cup of coffee, some pleasant talk about absent fathers and mothers and wives and little ones, a story of past days, and a hint of tears, and the little gathering in "Slushville" was over, and the night fell on the watery wastes of Belton Camp.

Mr. W. Chivers, who had just come from Clipstone, was in charge of the whole work of the camp, under the district secretary, of course, but the local hut leaders were Mr. Tom Brown, at No. 2, and my friend, Mr. A. H. Walker, at No. 3. The week following my own visit was a very successful one for our campaign at No. 2 hut, and thirty-eight signed our War Roll. No. 1 hut has also been reopened in K. lines, and before long we are to have a hut in the adjoining Harrowby Camp. I have written so often about the kindness and welcome I receive from our workers, and the way in which they do everything, not only for one's personal comfort, but to help forward the work you have come to try to do, that I will only add that here at Belton the same experience awaited me. Oh! and I must not forget to say that now the spring has come and the waters have abated round our ark, the authorities have put some gangways for the men to walk on, and so permit them to reach our huts without wet feet and risk of submergement. But why, oh why, didn't they do it before?

OUR DEATHLESS DEAD.

THERE are blossoms in the woodlands
And the birds of April sing,
And the lanes are sweet with violets,
Fragrant harbingers of spring;
But the nation's heart is heavy
And the nation's eyes are dim,
And the flower of England's manhood
Rests in Paradise—with Him.

O, brave boy-faces smiling
As though death were but a friend,
You have learnt that moment's anguish
Was the dawn and not the end;
Far from home and kith and kindred
Lie your hero graves unknown,
But you died for England's honour,
And the Lord will know His own.

Bury St. Edmunds. HORACE R. BARKER.

THE LATE MRS. HIND SMITH.

An Appreciation by an Old Friend.

WITH the home-call of Mrs. Hind Smith we have lost one of the old brigade—a conspicuous character of the old times. Her husband, Mr. W. Hind Smith, was for forty-six years a prominent worker in our Association, and was taken away in his eighty-second year. It is interesting that when his widow passed over she also was in her eighty-second year.

She was a sister of the late Mr. H. J. Wilson, M.P., of Sheffield, a niece of the late Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., and a devoted worker in the Y. W. C. A. and B. W. T. A. She founded the Young Abstainers' Union, and was actively associated with Mrs. Josephine Butler in her Purity Crusade.

She had two sons: Norman, who died when quite a young lad, and Mr. W. Wilson Hind Smith, an active worker for many years in connection with Dr. Barnardo's Homes. This work was dear to his father's heart, and the son has done praiseworthy service in visiting the public schools of the country on behalf of the Homes.

Mrs. Hind Smith's last illness was a very brief one, and even those who knew of her indisposition hardly expected the end would come so quickly as it did; but on April 6 she fell "asleep in Jesus," full of days, rich in good works and in the love and esteem of a wide circle of friends.

She was a quaint, strong, and independent personality. Her fidelity to principle was curiously exhibited in her dress, which was always severely simple and belonged to a past generation. None of us ever saw her in any other than the Mildmay bonnet and the ample cloak, relieved in its sombre colour by the spotless collar and cuffs. Closely identified in all her husband's enterprises, it often happened that her own special interests separated her from him for long periods, and he was heard to remark, after some visit to the provinces, that he had had the pleasure, unexpectedly, of meeting on the public platform the wife from whom he had been parted for some weeks. Their common diligence in the common cause had brought them together. She took the deepest interest in the welfare of the work through the difficult times which brought about the transfer of the National Offices from old Exeter Hall to 13, Russell-square. She belonged as much to Exeter Hall as any of the old school, but when the removal took place she made it her business to visit the new premises occasionally and keep in touch with National affairs. She had, of course, no official connection with the staff there, but that did not hinder her from manifesting the kindliest personal interest in all, and as soon as it became known that Mrs. Hind Smith was in the entrance hall we all knew that presently there would be for each one of us a handshake and kindly inquiry after our health or general welfare. With the rapid increase in the staff of late years this became no small task for the active but frail little lady, yet she never shrank from it, and if a new face appeared in any of the offices she would say to me, "Who's that? Do I know him? What does he do?" And I had to tell her. Whereupon the newcomer would be greeted in the same gracious, gentle way as the older hand. Her kindness was not confined always to words. Her homes at Sherwood, in Kent, and at Westcliff-on-Sea, received several times members of the staff for whom she thought a change would be beneficial, and I have often wondered how far she had a hand in the great baskets of fruit and flowers which her husband used, in spite of their great weight, to bring into Russell-square and distribute to the occupants of the house.

With all her fidelity to the past, and her loyalty to first principles, she exhibited a wonderful reasonableness and breadth of outlook towards the new order of things which has come with the war, and the phenomenal expansion, consequently, of Y. M. C. A. effort. She believed in our leaders through all criticism, and one of the nicest letters of sympathy received by our chief of staff during an attack in the religious Press came from her.

We shall miss her, and just her particular place will remain unfilled.

There was a large company at the Abney Park Cemetery when the remains were laid to rest. The service was conducted by Rev. B. Hinchcliffe and Mr. W. R. Lane, and the Headquarters staff was represented by Mr. Howard Williams and a number of the older secretaries. The committal words at the graveside were spoken by Rev. J. McCleery, of Southend.

* * *

[The portrait which we are privileged to reproduce on this page has a particularly personal interest, since it was sent "From Mr. and Mrs. Hind Smith" to the writer of the above appreciation by way of picture-postcard greeting. There is a delightful "Darby and Joan" atmosphere about it which those who know how much home meant to Mr. and Mrs. Hind Smith will recognise to be indeed characteristic.]



THE LATE MR. AND MRS. HIND SMITH.

The Bishop of London, who is Chairman of the Central Council of the Mission of Repentance and Hope, recently said that the Church had better put up its shutters and go out of business altogether if it had nothing to say to the nation in this the greatest crisis in the history of the world.

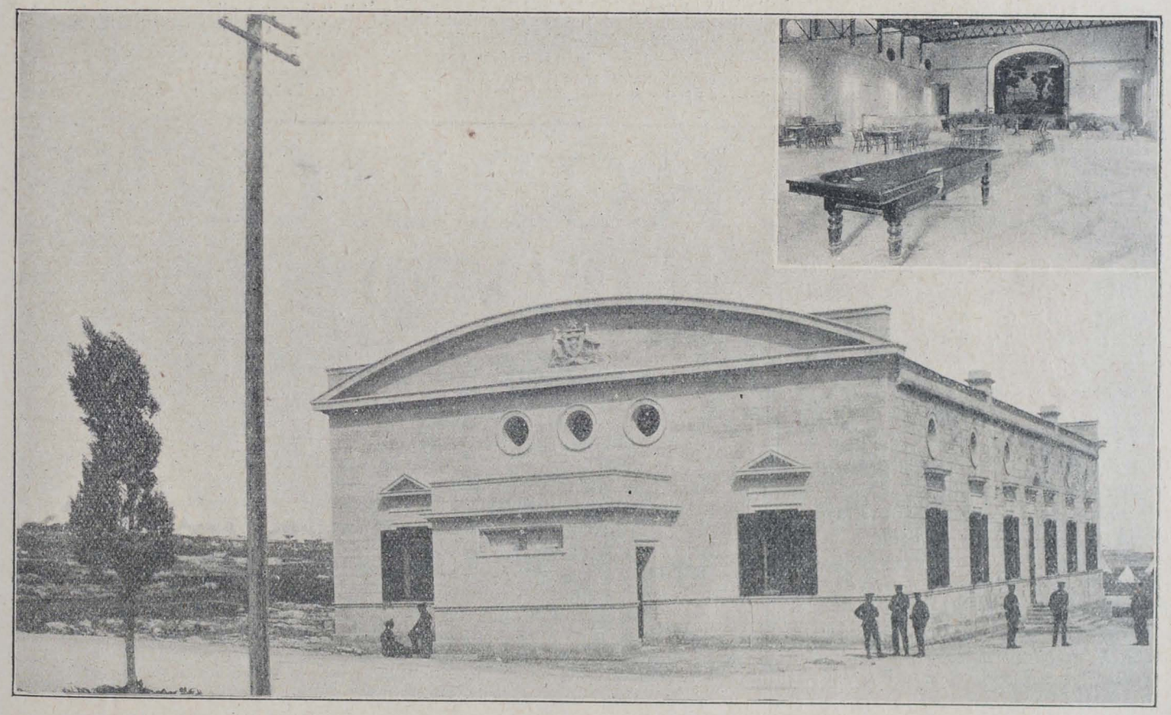
His Lordship went on to deal with the weaknesses in our national life which it is the aim of the Mission to remove, and, in the course of his address, said that it was perfectly monstrous that the Church should not be as lively, as *alive*, as the Y.M.C.A.

THE BANDSMEN'S RACE.



A popular feature at the successful Sports' Day arranged by the Y.M.C.A. for A.S.C. men in Greenwich Park last Saturday. The Bandsmen had to run 200 yards, playing their instruments. *Photo: Daily Graphic.*

"AUSTRALIAN HALL."



This fine hall has been specially built for the recreation of soldiers in Malta, and the Y.M.C.A. has been requested to run it in co-operation with a V.A.D. detachment.

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 and Colonial Union: HOWARD WILLIAMS.

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THE EDITORIAL OFFICES of "Y.M." are at the CENTRAL Y.M.C.A., TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, 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.

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.

FROM THE EDITOR'S POSTBAG.

What Really Happens in a Y.M.C.A. Hut.

I HAVE been out "on active service" since the beginning of October, 1914, when for the first months we had no leisure, no opportunity even for worship and prayer. The strain of those days is indescribable. Then came the Y.M.C.A., with its primitive organisation, but with that spirit of loving sacrifice which has endeared it to our hearts.

The increase in the numbers of our men enabled us to take advantage of a respite from the terrible tension, and we gladly availed ourselves of the sympathy, love, and recreation we found in the temporary tents or sheds which alone were available then.

Those who have smelt sulphur in the war work of the Y.M.C.A. ought to have seen some of the meetings it was my privilege to attend and even address—held in the midst of men crowding inside and outside the tents to hear the Gospel before they proceeded to the firing-line. If our fallen brethren could speak, what a volume of testimony would be theirs as to the part such meetings played in their salvation!

The hardness of our life out here, the perplexities, the awful temptations, gave us new conceptions of the possibilities of the Christian life. Gradually things began to fall into their true perspective; and we learned and are still learning the real value of our relationship to God through Christ. The majority of the men who frequented the huts were of the class wholly, in normal times, indifferent to religion, and who regarded all religious institutions as being the inheritance of a deluded pharisaical elect, and despised them as became men of the world. Their recreations were found in the workmen's clubs, or in the convivial "pub." But the loss of home life, the strain of the military demands, drove them to the Y.M. huts, where they could enjoy something that helped to mitigate the terrible sense of loss and discomfort. And further than that, the breezy fellowship of the Y.M. wallahs became a splendid and in not a few cases a very effective counter to the demoralising influence of the canteens.

I speak now more of men in base camps who were permanently engaged in the laborious work of supply and repair for the armies in the line.

There were times when it seemed to some of us who loved the spiritual more than the social side that we could have successfully given more emphasis to the former; but as time went on, and men who had been avowedly antagonistic to the things of God became interested and began to yearn after the privileges of the eternal kingdom, we began to realise that a work was going on through concerts, games, and social fellowship that was as truly of the Holy Spirit as was the winning of souls by the definite preaching of the Gospel. Men were being led to the Christ, who by direct preaching might have been driven away because of the prejudice we were gradually undermining. It was a form of strategy in the eternal conflict.

Recently I have learned to value even more greatly the spiritual worth of the Y.M.C.A. hut, for I have been moved from one depot where we had a hut to another where we have no hut. The difference in the moral of the men is remarkable, and, strangely enough, the men themselves are conscious of their loss, asking continually, "Why can't you get us a hut up here?"

In the early stages of the war denominational differences were sunk in our common sacrifice and need. We had enthusiastic and fruitful evangelistic services, in which Nonconformist, Anglican, Roman Catholic, believers and would-be believers joined heartily—this before the Y.M. came. In the Y.M. we found the same happy unity with no question of weakness or yielding of principle.

It would be well for us all who love God, and who are trying to follow our Lord, to learn the secret of His holy intercession which found its victory in Gethsemane and its consummation "within the veil," "that we all may be one as He is One, with our Father which is in heaven."

HERBERT E. E. HAYES
(A.-L.-Sergeant, A.O.C.).
Havre, Palm Sunday.

HORLICK'S
MALTED MILK
The Ideal Food-Drink

Horlick's Malted Milk has built up and increased the capabilities of a great number of leading athletes, and its use will also increase your strength and vitality in the same manner. It is pure, full-cream milk and 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 water only.

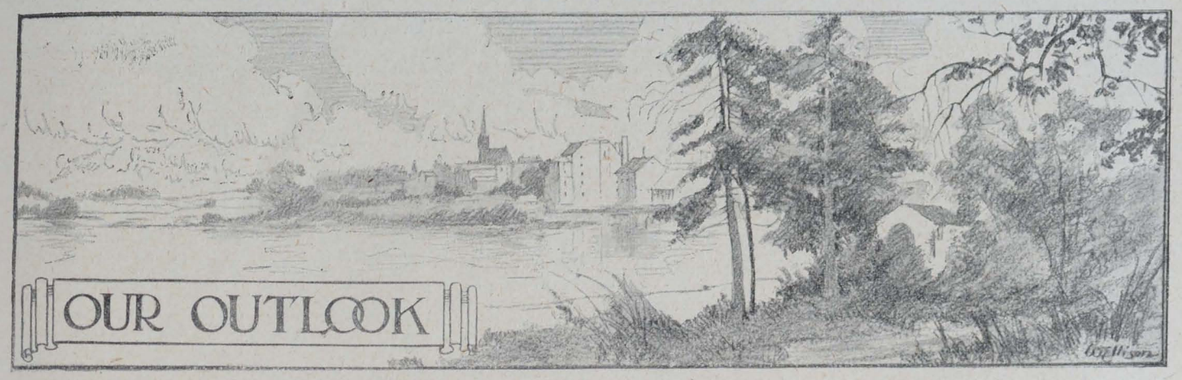
Served in Y.M.C.A. Refreshment Rooms & Tents

Also available in the form of delicious food tablets to be dissolved in the mouth. Relieve hunger and thirst and prevent fatigue. Supply sufficient nourishment to sustain for hours. Used very largely by men on Active Service.

Of all Chemists and Stores in Glass Bottles, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 11s.; the tablets also in convenient Pocket Flasks, price 6d. and 1s. each.

Liberal Sample of either Powder or Tablets sent post free for 3d. in stamps.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS.



THERE are few war pictures in the Academy this year. There is one which we should like to see made without delay a national possession. It ought to be before the eyes of Britain for the next three generations. We believe its message is already written on the nation's heart. No allegory or dream-figure is needed to suggest the truth that is to be conveyed. The scene has become a common one. Yet its significance has not till now been so simply and strikingly expressed.

***

PICTURE and title are wonderfully wedded. The whole of the artist's inspiration speaks in the two words that he has put below his canvas. He calls his work "The Creditors." On a bench in the park sit four soldiers—convalescents. Nearest is one with a heavily bandaged foot. Next him is a Kiltie, who must have come very near losing his life, for he has had a bad head-wound. The third man looks as though he will never use his hand again. Between him and the fourth, the nature of whose wound is not indicated, sits a grave, sweet-faced nurse, intent upon the match she has lit for her charges' cigarettes.

***

THE faces of the men are finely drawn. Alight with the energy and hope of youth, they bespeak swift transit, under the stern discipline of facing death, from eager boyhood to the steady strength of tested men. Whatever sacrifices they made in order to answer the king's call, their choicest has been that of the future—and they were men who had the ball at their feet. They have held back no part of the price, high as it may have been. They epitomise all that has been given by their comrades who have received "the promotion of death," and by those fellow soldiers who will come back well and strong in the day of victory—to begin life again.

WE are piling up a national debt in more than money. Our soldiers, and the women and children who have let them go, have a claim upon us for fulness of life. We owe such men as those in the picture more than a medal, an artificial limb, a pension, or secure employment suited to their maimed powers. They have purchased the right to see their quest completed. This lays upon us a liability which we must meet now in part, but which will require long years of reconstruction after the war as well.

***

BECAUSE they are already our creditors we are willing that the State should make its last demand upon our persons and our possessions. Measures of compulsion which were but the fad of the few in peace time, and would amount to the Germanisation of Britain if they were continued when the war is over, have become the will of the nation as a means of meeting a present obligation. The Sinn Fein adventure, though it has cost good men their lives, has made much wreckage in a fair city, and would have seemed at any other time a fatal blow to the happiness of Ireland, has but served to show how little those victims of German intrigue understood the great loyalty of Ireland to the British flag.

***

UNDER pressure of war the nation has attained an almost unimagined unity. But we are discovering that this is by no means a product of war. It is created by the ideals that have animated these creditors of ours. It will last long after peace has been declared, and will work itself out in citizenship as it has manifested itself in soldiering. Our boys have committed us to a new conception of Britain, of the Empire, of Europe, of world-relations, pledged us to it by shedding their blood upon a dozen battlefields. It is for this that we are most of all in their debt. We cannot go back from ideals of mutual service and national regeneration which before the war we dared not entertain. They seemed too high for us.

***

THEREFORE we cannot discharge our debt by "doing our best" for these boys when they come home. We must needs make Britain worthy to be fought for as they have fought. It is easy to talk of old social sores—class war, political sordidness, general slackness, and selfish love of ease. There is every temptation to declare, as a chaplain did in London the other day, that beside France England is a sink of iniquity and immorality. In certain quarters you may find all you look for in the way of suggestive performances and silly youngsters, supposing that they are seeing life. *But there is so much else.* Denunciation does little to change things. For anybody who will explore a little, there is waiting a glorious discovery of great new forces eager to be led to a victory of constructive Christian ideals.

***

WE have known what was rotten in the state of Denmark. What we have not known was the splendid reserve of strong new life ready to be drawn upon. Our creditors are showing us where this lies, and inviting us to share the joy of bringing it into play. The Bishop of London said not long ago that he wished the Church were as much alive as the Y.M.C.A. Whatever life and leadership God has given to the Association it holds in trust for the Church, or, shall we say, for the Kingdom of God. And if, when the war is over, it is given a part in rallying the manhood of the nation for the payment of this real "debt of honour," it will be indeed privileged. That will be the testing-time—and we must make ready.

CEYLON'S SHARE.

CEYLON has displayed a magnificent patriotism in its many and varied gifts to the Mother Country during the war. In addition to the Ceylon contingent, it has given a million pounds towards general Government expenses, nearly £30,000 to the Prince of Wales' Relief Fund, £2,000 to the British Red Cross, £500 to the Belgian Relief, and large gifts to other funds, such as St. Dunstan's Home for Blind Soldiers, and Mrs. Aste's Free Canteen at the Gare du Nord, Paris. It has also given four aeroplanes, and over 350,000 lbs. of tea for distribution amongst the families of soldiers and sailors. Last, but not least, it has contributed £1,000 towards the splendid new Y.M.C.A. hut at Paddington Station, and has undertaken to keep it supplied with all the tea it needs in catering for the men.

The hut is called the "Paddington and Ceylon Hut," and is distinguished by Ceylon flags and a large model elephant.

A series of photographs of this beautiful colony are being sent over to help decorate the interior. The hut is splendidly equipped in every particular; forty beds in cubicles, a cosy "inglenook" where the men may gather round the cheery fire, reading and writing tables, refreshment buffet, and a most complete kitchen equipment, with larder, pantry, and scullery all suitably arranged. In the basement are bathrooms, lavatories, drying room, and a disinfecting chamber.

The hut is open day and night; all the principal trains from the West of England and Wales are met by members of the staff, and the soldiers and sailors invited to take advantage of the accommodation thus provided. The Association is deeply grateful to the people of Ceylon for their magnificent gift, and to Professor and Mrs. Womack for their efforts not only in procuring the practical sympathy and help of Ceylon, but for the way in which they have helped in the general equipment and practical management of the hut since it opened. The official opening will take place on Friday, May 5, at 6 o'clock, when Princess Christian will perform the ceremony.

HELPING SERBIA'S NEW GENERATION.

SOME 160 boys and youths from Serbia landed at Southampton last week *en route* for Oxford, where they are to be placed in English schools. They represent all classes of Serbians, and their ages range from ten to eighteen. There were only a few of the latter age, and these were unfitted for military service. They went through incredible hardships during the great retreat of Durazzo and Salonika, many of them having to cross the breadth of Serbia ahead of the retreating army. What they had to bear in the way of lack of food and shelter and in personal terror and weariness can only be guessed, but a month's rest in Southern France has set them up again.

They have been taken in hand by the Serbian Relief Fund, and the day before their arrival at Southampton Mr. Burnett, our leader at the hut, was rung up by Col. Anderson to ask whether the Y.M.C.A. would undertake arrangements for feeding and sleeping them.

By the kindness of the Chairman of the Educational Committee a big school was placed at the disposal of the Association, which provided a substantial breakfast and later on a dinner, arranging also for their sleeping accommodation. The whole of the cost is being defrayed by the Serbian Relief Committee.

The young Serbians were taken on a long tramcar outing, and were, on the day after their arrival, given lunch by the Municipality, after which they went to Oxford, where it is understood that they are being accommodated at Wycliffe Hall.

Mr. Burnett says:—"I thought you would be interested to know this, as showing how ready the authorities are to turn to the Y.M.C.A. when they are in a difficulty. I can assure you we are extremely obliged for the opportunity of being of some little service to these young Serbians."

FROM AN AMERICAN COUSIN

Who is Trying to Do Her "Bit" for England.

"MY England! Not my native land,
But dear to me as if she were:
How often have I longed to stand
With those brave hearts who fight for her!

. . . . .

"To-day, when desperate tyrants strain—
By greed, and fear, and hate combined—
To blast her power and rend her reign,
She fights the fight of all mankind.

"She fights for us—for this fair clime,
Our home belov'd, where freemen dwell,
Columbia, grandest born of Time,
That Teuton malice burns to quell."

(MRS. CHAS. F.) EMILY D. S. BERGER.
Pelham, New York, U.S.A.

MONKEY BRAND.



CHIVALRY REVIVED WITH MONKEY BRAND.

I cannot clean this ancient lance,
Without a thought of men in France,
Of Chivalry to-day.
From ev'ry walk of life they came
To champion right—to play the game—
Barbarity to slay.

For Happy, Bright Reflections use Monkey Brand. It Makes Copper like Gold, Tin like Silver, Paint like New; but it

WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

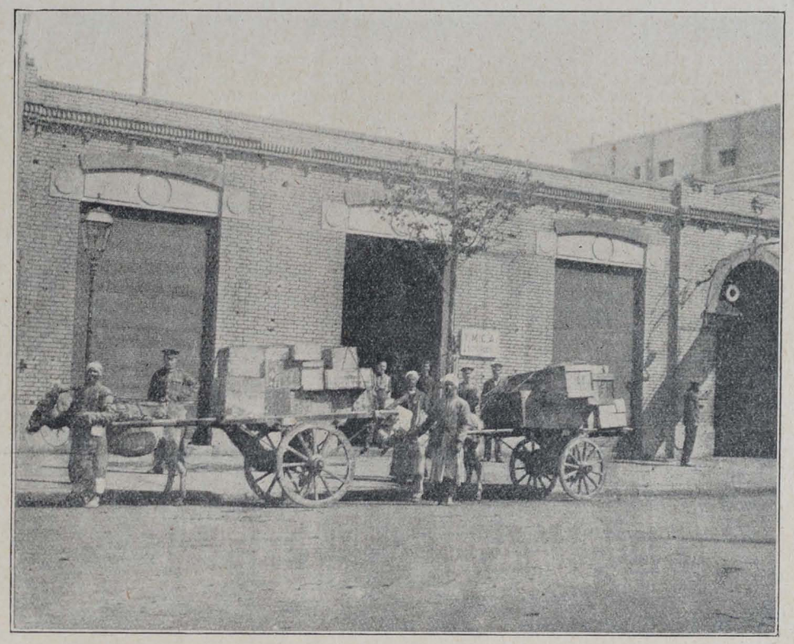
Monkey Brand is also prepared in powder form under the name of Powder Monkey. For some parts of the work Powder Monkey is handier than Monkey Brand. Both should be in every household.

BENJAMIN BROOKE & CO. LIMITED.



M 95—11

AT THE SIGN OF THE RED TRIANGLE



OUR NEW STORES IN CAIRO.

Contributions Received April 25 to 29, 1916.

Among the special gifts of the week are the following:—

	£
Davies, Messrs. T. H., and Co.	1,000
Per Bank of New Zealand, Christchurch Branch, N.Z.	1,000
Ormiston, Per Mr. T., for "Motherwell" Y.M.C.A. Hut	500
Sharrock, Per Mr. and Miss	525
Robinson, Mr. E.	200
Reynolds, Colonel J. P.	125
"J. F. C."	100
Anon.	50
Curtis, Mr. T. R.	50
Montgomery, Mrs.	50
Tritton, Mr. J. H.	50
Torin, Mr. L. N.	50

We have the pleasure of recording some remarkably successful efforts by groups of friends for the Association.

Thus a gift of £525 per Mr. and Miss Sharrock represents a splendid little piece of local organisation, the whole sum having been raised by means of collecting cards which Mr. and Miss Sharrock induced their friends to take.

Well Done, Wigton!

Another sum of £122 has come from Wigton in the names of Miss Winifred S. Stamper, Miss Mary L. Sampson, Miss Jenny Graham, Miss Elizabeth T. Jackson, and Miss Annie Johnston.

Mr. J. W. Crookes, who forwards the cheque, says that some months ago five young lady assistants and apprentices in a small millinery establishment in Wigton (a town of some 3,500 souls), desirous of rendering some service in their country's crisis, conceived the idea of working for a small sale of work in aid of the Y.M.C.A. War Emergency Fund.

Consistent labour during six months of spare time and at considerable sacrifice resulted in a sale on Thursday last, producing £122.

From Argentina.

Mr. Dereham writes from Manchester that he has just received a cheque for £95 8s. from three young girls, F. Gertrude Leach, Rachel Taylor, and Joyce Taylor, living in Injuy, Argentine Republic, being a sum collected by them amongst the English colony there, towards the Military Camp Department of the Y.M.C.A.

The eldest of the three, Gertrude Leach, aged fourteen, has just come to England with her father, and before leaving the Argentine sold her pony for £12, with which she headed the list, and Rachel and Joyce Taylor each contributed £5.

This was the outcome of a letter written by Mrs. Taylor, 39, King-street South, Rochdale, who same months ago wrote asking for some pamphlets to forward to them.

THE SERVICE SOAP.

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(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.

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Brave, Boys of St. Paul's!

We have just received from Mr. Cecil E. Bird, of Mill Hill, a postal order for 3s., which, he says, "is the proceeds of a Lenten Self-Denial Box in a class of little boys in St. Paul's Sunday-school, which was collected quite unknown to me."

An Australian's Tribute.

The other Saturday an Australian soldier visited the "hut" at Watford, and presented to the soldiers present, some 500 in all, a packet of cigarettes each. The Australian (Corporal Goss) did this as a token of the respect and esteem he had for the brave way the British Tommy fought in the Gallipoli Peninsula side by side with the colonial soldiers. After the presentation he gave a graphic description of the Dardanelles fighting. Corporal Goss was a native of Watford before he went to Australia.

A Gift from Waterlow Bros.

Through the kindness of Messrs. Waterlow Bros., we are able to place a large number of humorous pictures in our huts, and we are indebted to them for the gift.

From a South African in Egypt.

The Earl of Haddo sends us the following extract from a letter from Private C. Robinson, of the South African Expeditionary Force in Egypt, dated April 15:—

"Before closing this letter, a word about the *indispensable* Y.M.C.A. huts, which these soldiers appreciate very much, especially in a country like Egypt, where so few people speak English. We can go to the Y.M.C.A. hut and get anything we want without fear of being 'done down.' They are so obliging, and seem only too pleased to help in any way. The hut in our last camp at Side Bishr was always crowded, and it was very hard to get a seat at times."

Dublin Y.M.C.A. Under Shell Fire.

The headquarters of our Association in Dublin have already a somewhat unusual history, for the building was in the occupation at one time of the United Irish League, and it seems to have been the place in which the land murders were plotted. Some years ago it was purchased for Y.M.C.A. use, but being not far from the Post Office, it was seized the other day by the Sinn Feiners, and used as a sniping place. The result was that the military were obliged to make an attack upon it, and to send some seven shells into the building, creating holes through which a man might walk.

Mr. Smart for the Mediterranean.

The following note of appreciation comes to us from the Y.M.C.A., Crystal Palace:—

"On Wednesday, April 26, the popular leader of the Y.M.C.A. with the Royal Naval Division at the Crystal Palace, Mr. H. S. Smart, and one of his staff, Mr. Vincent Johnson, who has so ably managed the concert parties for many months, bade farewell for a visit of some months' duration to the Mediterranean, where they have gone to open up new camps as required.

"All the prayers and good wishes of their fellow-workers will follow Mr. Smart and his colleagues, and, judging by the great success attending Mr. Smart's work with the men of the Royal Naval Division at the Crystal Palace, of which those in high authority speak most favourably gives us the assurance that the new work he is undertaking will bring much blessing to the camps he hopes to form, and his work will be closely followed with much interest by many of his fellow-helpers who have been with him from the very beginning of the war, and look forward to his return to them in renewed health and vigour."

THE SPIRIT OF THE Y.M.C.A.

I ALWAYS think of a remark our chief made at a meeting once. He said, "The Y.M.C.A. does not talk of what it is going to do, but does it first and then talks."

At the outbreak of the war it tackled the great question of supplying the men in training with tents and huts, in which all the comforts of a club are to be found, and places where the soldiers can obtain everything in the way of refreshments; also concerts, games, facilities to write letters to while away the long evenings, and, above all, to give a never-failing sympathy in all their little troubles.

Surely one must realise that some higher agency inspired this work. Cant has no place in the Y.M.C.A. The soldier is not treated as a sinner to be converted to any one creed, but rather as a dear friend, of whom one is very proud. Ask ninety-nine out of a hundred soldiers what they would do without the Y.M.C.A. They look aghast; they think it is unbelievable that it should not have existed. Wherever duty calls the soldier, there the familiar red triangle is to be seen welcoming him to all its comforts. Britain, France, Egypt, India, Africa, there it is! always calling out its welcome.

"What you have lost in leaving your home we strive to replace as far as possible."

And what about the *personnel* of the men who started this work? Youth is the keynote, not necessarily the youth of years, but that eternal youthfulness that refuses to be weighed down by encroaching age. A buoyancy that rises triumphantly over all the difficulties that are always on the horizon, strong in the faith that can master mountains, and not only faith, but endeavour and hard work. While nations rend and tear one another, the Y.M.C.A. goes on serenely, not entering into the rights and wrongs of theories, but always practical, helping those who need help, and always working for the betterment of the soldier.

After digging the foundation of this great work and seeing it well on its way, the young members of the Association went to take their places in the ranks of their combatant comrades, leaving behind them their unperishable spirit as an inspiration for the older members to follow.

In this tangled scheme of life the star of the Y.M.C.A. shines clearly. Thank God that here is a definite work to be done, to show the world that the brotherhood of man is still existent, and that we are forging the links more closer still, until at last they are bound up with the Great Artificer Himself.

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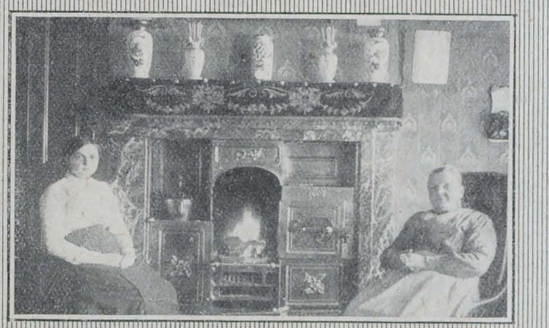
Y.M.C.A.









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THE SERGEANT'S VIEWS.

A Chat in a Highland Camp.

WHEN the day's work is done, the last coffee cup washed, the floor swept, the tables scrubbed, and everything tidied up in readiness for to-morrow, it is a relief to sit down in a comfortable basket chair in front of the kitchen fire, and when I have lighted my favourite briar all my worries vanish in tobacco smoke. And then often the sergeant drops in for a friendly crack. There are dozens of sergeants in our camp, but there is just one whom we all know as "the Sergeant," the loyal and tried old friend of the Y.M.C.A., the organiser of the men's concerts, and the one indispensable man on whom we all depend.

He is not a talkative man, this grizzled old soldier, who wears on his breast the ribbons of the first and second Boer wars, of the Zulu war, and of two Egyptian campaigns. His pipe must be fully going before he opens his mouth, but at times, such as last night, he is in the mood and then what he says is worth noting.

"We had a bit of a friendly argument in the sergeants' mess last night," he says, "about the Y.M.C.A. There are one or two of them that never come near the place, and I opened the ball by asking Sergeant-Major MacFarquhar why he never came along.

"'Oh,' said he, 'I will have nothing to do with the place. It is nothing more or less than a big trading concern under the mask of philanthropy, making profits out of the Tommies, and calling it Christianity.'

"'Bide a wee,' I said. 'Bide a wee, major, and I will show you that you are transfixed between twa horns of a dilemma, and the twa horns are these—that either you are a blethering idiot, or else you are a confounded liar!'

"That was maybe a wee bit severe, but my dander was up, and, moreover, I had had a more trying time than usual with the awkward squad. It's enough to break a man's heart the way they go on! 'You would do fine,' I told them this morning, 'if we were playing at dominoes. When I tell you to form fours ye give me nothing but double sixes!'

"But the major took what I said in good part and told me to go on with my argument. And then I proceeded to tell him of what I knew about the Y.M.C.A. I gave him facts and figures, for I knew what I was talking about. I asked him if he knew how much the Y.M. spent on notepaper and envelopes alone, and if he could tell me of any trading concern that would spend that amount in supplying free stationery to every man who asked for it. And what about the games—the draughts and the bagatelle and so on for which no charge was made? I told him a little about the free entertainments that are provided, and showed him how the actual loss on the camps came to over £800 a week. Did he know anything, I asked him, about the draft teas, at which hundreds of men are treated freely? Was he aware of the fact that all the lady helpers, and many of the men workers of the Y.M.C.A. were entirely unpaid? Did he suggest that these ladies and gentlemen were supporting a mere trading concern? I told him a little of what the Y.M.C.A. has done for the Army during the present war, and I asked him what dividend did he think a commercial concern would declare that carried on business on the same lines?

"I tell you the man was dumb. He had just got engrained in prejudice through sheer ignorance, and had never thought of inquiring into the facts of the case. But he had the decency to admit his error. 'You're right, sergeant,' he said; 'I was a blethering idiot to denounce a thing I knew nothing about. Have a cigar!'

"Well, he's coming along to see the place for himself next Friday, and I don't think he'll say much against the Y.M.C.A. again."

"It is very good of you, sergeant," I said, "to take such an interest in the Y.M.C.A. How long have you been associated with it?"

"Not for very long, I'm sorry to say," he replied. "It was not until some months after this war began that I first realised for myself that there really was something in Christianity. Before that I thought it was a good enough thing for women and children, but beyond that I never gave the thing a thought. The wife many a time asked me to go to the kirk with her and our two boys, but I always made some excuse, and then I was not much at home. But though I was no Christian, I have been a total abstainer for the last twenty years, having been brought to my senses after losing a stripe through some foolishness caused by too much drink.

"God moves in a mysterious way, and sometimes a very little thing is used as a means of grace. You'll no' laugh at me, I hope, when I tell you that I was brought to Christ through a soda water bottle. I'll tell you how it happened.

"When this war broke out my two laddies were among the first to enlist. They had both received a good education, and were in good situations, but when the war broke out nothing would serve them but to join the Army. And I, who was giving up my own snug little business to join the Army again, could not well refuse them. So Frank and Dan both joined the Expeditionary Force, and were soon fighting in France. Well, we had a letter one day from Frank describing his march somewhere in France through long miles of country. They were passing through a village, and the peasantry thronged round them with refreshments, in most cases bottles and glasses of wine. Frank was hot and thirsty after a march of thirty miles, and he said to himself, 'If anyone passes me a glass of wine or beer I simply can't refuse it, though it will make me break my pledge'; for both my boys are members of the I.O.G.T. And then, he said in his letter, he just put up a short prayer that he should be spared this temptation, and at that very moment some unknown hand held out to him a soda water bottle. It just seemed to come, he said, in direct reply to his prayer, and very glad indeed he was for that soda water.

"Well, this impressed me a little, and I began to think that there might be something in religion after all. And the very next week we got word that Frank was seriously wounded. His mother was in an awful way about it. 'Dan,' said she, putting her arms round my neck, 'won't you join me in a prayer that God will spare our laddie?' And at that moment my pride went smash, and the man who had not prayed for thirty years was down on his knees, greeting like a child, and pouring out his heart to God.

"Our prayer was heard, and Frank was brought home as a convalescent. I need not tell you of the fuss the wife made of him, but one of the first things he showed her when he got her to his own room was a little New Testament, which he had got at a Y.M.C.A. hut in France from a member of the Pocket Testament League. In the flyleaf he had written his name in the middle of a text printed there, making it read in this way, 'For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that Frank Fraser who believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

"His mother came in and showed it to me, and said, 'Dan, could you not sign that too?' 'Yes,' said I, 'praise God I can!' And we had family worship in my house for the first time in my life that night.

"But I'll be wearying you with this long story, and it is time for 'lights out.' I'm sorry to miss Davie, but you tell me he's off giving a lantern lecture at the neighbouring camp. Tell him I was asking for him when he comes back. Good-night!"

R. C. R.

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dyspepsia, etc., and whenever the digestion of ordinary food is difficult, take Benger's Food. It soothes the distressed stomach and gives freedom from pain. Though "light as snowflakes" it is fully nutritive, and quickly restores strength.
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NOTES ON DAILY READINGS.

For the Junior Department Branch of the Scripture Union.

By the Rev. A. J. COSTAIN, M.A., Headmaster of Rydal Mount School.

Author of "Life of Arthur Jackson," "Men in the Making," etc.

Saturday, 6th.—Numbers xi. 16-33. Here we see Moses in a better light, and, after all, we have to measure a man by the best that is in him. Eldad and Medad had been prophesying in the camp. Joshua asks Moses to forbid them; but Moses is above petty jealousy, and he uses words which are quoted to-day, every day of the year. "Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets." Moses has risen to a conception of the great possibilities which lie before every servant of God. Dean Inge has said, "There are two ways of combating what is called sacerdotalism. One is by belittling the office of the clergy; the other is by magnifying the office of the laity." There can be no doubt which is the true method. So to the cry, "Down with the priests!" we reply, "Would God all the Lord's people were priests!" We must not forget to-day that everyone who is called of God has a high calling indeed. We should all be prophets, all be priests.

Sunday, 7th.—Numbers xii. 1-16. One of the saddest things in life is the way in which good people fall out with one another. When there are three people banded together for some work, how often you will see two of them talking together about the other. No leader seems safe against such treatment; it makes one inclined sometimes to think hard things about our human nature. We are miserable little people after all. Loyalty is one of the chief of the virtues. God rid us of mean, debasing jealousy; let us make up our minds to be true to our friends at all costs. Without loyalty we are only a pack of yelping curs.

Monday, 8th. Numbers xiii. 17-33. Men have been sent to spy out the land of Canaan. They come back with their report. As so often happens, the reports do not agree. (To-day when Parliament appoints a Commission, we often find that a Majority and a Minority Report are presented. Is the majority report always the better of the two?) Caleb wants to go up at once and possess the land: "we are bound to gain the day." The others are terror-stricken: "it is not a land that feeds its inhabitants; no, it devours them. There are giants there." What we see always depends upon our eyes, or rather on the mind that is at the back of our eyes. We all of us wear spectacles. Some are rose-tinted, others are yellow-tinted, others are green-tinted. I wonder what sort you wear?

Tuesday, 9th.—Numbers xiv. 1-10. Here we are told that Joshua was also on the side of Caleb. Together two men can stand up against a multitude, and yet one man has stood alone against the world. *Athanasius contra mundum*—do you know what that refers to? Together they withstand all the Israelites, and urge them to remember God and to cast away fear. Their thanks were a stoning, a frequent experience for prophets. It's a pity really that boys ever learn to throw stones. It gives them too good a chance of making fools of themselves later on in life.

Wednesday, 10th.—Numbers xiv. 11-25. This is a bold story. It tells us of Moses standing up against God and turning Him from His purpose concerning the children of Israel. It is a story that would be told in a very different way to-day. Can you think how it would be told to bring it into harmony with Christian views of God? I call it bold because we see Moses reminding God of His better self. He quotes an earlier word that God has spoken; those are words that we are glad to remember concerning God, that He is "slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy."

Thursday, 11th.—Numbers xiv. 26-45. Grumbling gets its reward sometimes. These Israelites were inveterate grumblers. Nothing pleased them. Everything was out of joint. They couldn't trust God to lead them out of the wilderness. So in the end God leaves them to themselves. They say they are going to perish in the wilderness. Well, let them perish. God can only deal with men according to their faith. "According to their faith be it unto them." Are you one of the people who are only happy when they are grumbling?

Friday, 12th.—Numbers xvi. 1-15. It is generally agreed by scholars that three separate accounts of this rebellion are here blended together. As you read the story you cannot but be struck by the different motives that seem to be at the back of the rebellion, and the different ground that Moses takes in meeting it. It would be an interesting study for you to try and separate them out for yourself.

It is an essential of gifts for soldiers that they should be small in compass while they are perfect in use. Messrs. D. Harper and Co. have become specialists in providing excellent articles to be sent as presents to men in camp or in the trenches. Especially useful are the little pocket work-cases which they sell at from 1s. 1½d. to 1s. 6d.; chest protectors, which may be had for 2s. 11d., and (very valuable now that we may look forward to sunny days) sun shields or wind protectors for attachment to the back of caps, which are sold at 6d. Among other items on their list are leather identification and letter cases, note case and purse combined, and metal mirror in leatherette case, these costing 1s., 2s., and 1s. each respectively.

We have recently received the following letter:—

Dear Sir,—This is my second donation, first in January, 1915, £1 1s.; the present one, January, 1916, £1. A bit of my history. Father killed at seven years old, mother died at eleven years old. Went to work at eight for 1s. 6d. week for three years; at fourteen went to plough at 4s. 6d. per week and boarded myself, paid 9d. per week lodgings. Was driving plough when Queen Victoria was crowned, so I consider I was a child seven years, a boy seven, a ploughman twenty, a farm bailiff thirty-five, and now retired sixteen, but still only eighty-five after all. I looked over 1,000 acres of land.

Yours truly,
A TO MR. BARCLAY.

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is still unsurpassed

THE DRINK THAT KEEPS YOU FIT!

DELICIOUS, WHOLESOME & REFRESHING. (Insist on having ROSE'S.)

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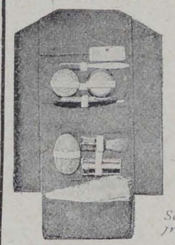

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The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 70. Vol. 2. MAY 12, 1916. PRICE 1d.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THAT was a charming tribute to the Prince of Wales which Captain Kendall paid recently. He said that in a certain village "somewhere in France" is a line of cottages, and many a time has the Prince of Wales slept on the floor in one of these humble homes. Over the other side of the road is a beautiful old mansion, but the Prince would not go there, preferring the miner's cottage. "I have seen the room in which the Prince slept," added the speaker, "and the Frenchman who lived there knew who his guest was, and told me he did not give a bit of trouble. I have seen the Prince 'doing his bit.' He was often in danger, for he went where the boys went. I am very proud of the Prince, and glad to be able to tell you this about him."

Before the war most people knew very little about the Prince of Wales, though the little was all to his credit. They saw him at a few public ceremonies, obviously shy of demonstrations. They had heard of his keen interest in his profession as a sailor, and of his whole-hearted enjoyment of an undergraduate's life at Oxford. But the war brought the Prince, as it brought hosts of young men in this land, to the touchstone, and the result has been to reveal a strong, simple, unselfish nature. If there is one thing that the Prince dislikes it is the seclusion which Royal rank has often entailed on sons of the Sovereign. The war found him eager to go to the Front, and he was greatly disappointed when his regiment preceded him, leaving him to follow in November. I was outside Buckingham Palace on the day when the King opened Parliament in 1914, and suddenly became aware that the young officer standing near me was the Prince. In khaki he looked very different from the slim, boyish figure I had last seen at Oxford. But when their Majesties approached his voice rang out with clear authority, and the salute was given under his command with all possible alertness. The King and Queen showed a very natural pleasure as they recognised their son.

When at last the Prince got to headquarters, his chief anxiety was to escape all precautions. He revelled in the excitement of driving his motor under war conditions. There is no "side" about His Royal Highness, as all who have met him know, and many a "lift" he gave to officers and men who had got stranded. Once he was given a couple of German prisoners to convoy to their proper destination—an incident to relate in the brief but frequent letters home which he never forgets to write. A Baptist chaplain arriving in camp as a stranger was greeted kindly, and escorted to his quarters by a young officer whom later he recognised was the Prince. He would do anything and everything that his comrades do, and thwarts all efforts to limit his risks. There are many stories told of his energy. The Prince has always been a good walker, and after a long march has been known to challenge a wearied brother-officer to a game of racquets or some equally active exercise.



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.
[Photo. Speaight, Ltd.

It has meant a great deal to the British Army that the heir to the Throne, only twenty-one years old, should have shared many of its toils and discomforts on active service. Innumerable references to the Prince occur in the letters which soldiers send from the Front, and he is regarded with real affection by all who have seen him.

What are his characteristics? First, a distaste for ostentation and servility. Next, a keen interest in things naval and military. He has always been fond of machinery, and motoring, "wireless telegraphy," and airmanship have been studied closely by him for years. He is kind-hearted, delighting to give pleasure, with much of the tact for which King Edward was famous. He is serious in his outlook on life, and anxious to fulfil to the utmost the duties that devolve on him. In this war he has lost his former equerry, the Hon. William Cadogan, and personal friends like Lord Wendover, the son of Lord Lincolnshire. He has lately accepted the chairmanship of the National Committee which is taking in hand the question of caring for the dependents of our brave fighters. It is probable that other duties of an important character will be assumed by the Prince within the next few months. The affairs of the Duchy of Cornwall have also interested him considerably, especially the increase of the far-famed Dartmoor ponies.

May the future bring him much happiness and usefulness!

HOLY DAYS AND HOLIDAYS.

By the RT. HON. G. W. E. RUSSELL, Author of "Collections and Recollections," &c.

I HOPE that I number among my readers some lovers of *John Inglesant*. If so, I believe they will share with me my high admiration of the author's gifts. He was the master of a rare and beautiful style, a little archaic, and not always quite correct, but full of light and colour and stately music. This style he used as the vehicle of a religious philosophy, which few could understand but all could admire. Having been brought up as a Quaker, he found his spiritual affinities in mysticism, and he specially appealed to those who combine devotion to his Inward Light with the objective sacramentalism of the English Church—an audience fit but few. However, I am just now thinking of Shorthouse, not as a religious teacher, but as a student and interpreter of Nature. He worshipped her in all her forms with a lover-like assiduity, and no one, I think, ever described her more faithfully. He is never so happy, never so much at his ease as when he is reproducing an English landscape, with its meadows and woods and running waters, its grey churches and its moated halls. In Shropshire and in Worcestershire, in Oxfordshire, Wiltshire, and Huntingdonshire, his observation is equally close and his touch equally felicitous.

But the passage of description which I have in mind to-day, and which befits my title, is to be found, not in *John Inglesant*, but in a much less familiar piece, Shorthouse's Introduction to George Herbert's *Temple*—a most delicate and suggestive essay, which supplies me with an apt foreword for to-day's meditations.

"The invitation to write this Introduction came to me, with a surprising appropriateness, upon Easter Day—upon an Easter morning such as even an English spring can sometimes afford, a morning bright with sunshine and cherry-blossom and flowers. The primrose, the daffodil, and the polyanthus were around the windows, and the fresh green of the woodlands tinted the distance, from which the church bells were faintly heard—a season chosen by God for festival, who knows how many thousand years ago!" Those words have the true feeling of Easter in them—a feeling partly spiritual and partly physical. They breathe "the chill, sweet morning air of spring," borne to us from the country places which God made and not man.

Though the "Day of Days" is over, the season of Easter lasts till Ascension Day. We are informed by a learned writer that "the extension of the Easter festival, through seven days is mentioned by St. Chrysostom in one of his Easter homilies, by St. Augustine in one of his epistles, and in the Code of Theodosius, which directed a cessation of labour during the whole of the week." This last is a very human touch, and Theodosius must have been a most beneficent legislator—a kind of St. John Lubbock born before his time. Certainly, in weather such as we are now enjoying, "the common heart of man" responds with alacrity to the command of Theodosius, and most willingly accepts a cessation of labour during Easter week, and would gladly extend it, if 'twere possible, through the forty days of the Easter season.

While I commend "the weather which we are now enjoying," I rejoice with trembling, for I am well aware that, before these words see the light, we may all be huddled up in furs and comforters, cowering over the club fire, or shivering in that cold and cruel sunshine of the spring which has been aptly likened to the gleam of a silver plate on a coffin.

But if we are wise we shall dismiss forebodings, and imitate the "epicure" whom the preacher satirized.

> "Live while you live," the epicure may say,
> "And catch the fleeting pleasures of a day."

We shall yield ourselves to the full fascination of a specially beautiful Eastertide. The passion for holiday-making in springtime is a root-instinct of human nature. Chaucer knew all about it, and expressed it in verse half-pretty and half-humorous. My friend James Payn amplified Chaucer's verse into a passage of fascinating prose—"When the streets are filled with light, white-awninged carts, full of blooming flowers which make sweet the London air, then it is, even more than in the autumn, one longs to flee from bricks and mortar into the country, where one can enjoy the cool, soft, river-airs, and all the sweetness of the land in spring."

I linger with delight over these words, so excellently appropriate to this, the truly festive season. For the last two years we have had sterner topics than holiday-making to occupy our thoughts; but, before the war began, it was a favourite theme with our croakers and pessimists—the crew who are now baying the moon with howls about inefficiency—to lament the increase of pleasure-seeking and holiday-making as signs of national degeneracy. I never joined in that outcry. To be sure, if there were no pleasure except sin, and if every holiday must be devoted to vicious indulgence, I should be the foremost to denounce a condition so lamentable. But it has been mercifully ordered that the most innocent things may be the most richly enjoyable, and a holiday may be, if we choose to make it, a Holy Day.

There is not the slightest fear that Englishmen, whether in war-time or in peace-time, will ever work too little. As it is, they work too much. The dignity and the beauty of Labour disappear when, under the pressure of competition, life becomes an incessant and mechanical grind. Unbroken idleness is certainly a degrading lot, but unbroken toil is not much better. "The labour of life is cheered by the song of life"—the saying is Mr. Gladstone's, himself the most strenuous of workers. The more frequent the oases in the desert, the more cheerfully we can pursue our pilgrimage across it; and of all those refuges from the dust and heat and toil of life, none is more delectable than a holiday at Eastertide.

Most rightly did the Church—not merely the Church of England, but the Christian Church of all time and all lands—stud her sacred Kalendar with Holy Days which were also Holidays. Most foolishly—even criminally—did Puritanism abridge the long-sanctioned festivities which had kept England fresh and young. In the early part of Queen Victoria's reign much clumsy ridicule was flung at chivalrous Tories like Lord John Manners, who pleaded for the restoration of National Holidays. But Time was on their side. To-day all social and economic and political considerations are making in the direction of shorter toil and better holidays, "more music and less care." Even the Church, though rightly jealous of the special use for which Sunday was ordained, is beginning to see that her duty and her wisdom lie in encouraging the love of honest pleasure. "Cakes and Ale" represented the mediæval conception of a holiday; "Beer and Skittles" was a more modern formula for the same idea. In these latter days we have improved on both these combinations; but, though we are learning to take our pleasure in more refined forms, we must remember that every well-ordered scheme of enjoyment must provide for the physical part of human nature. "Through pleasures and palaces though we may roam"—though the "pleasures" be romantic rambles by the rushing Derwent, though the "palaces" be Hardwicke or Haddon or Chatsworth—we cannot get a living, let alone a holiday, out of landscapes and picture galleries. Nature claims a place for the slice from the joint and the pint of bitter beer, or the more temperate delicacies of a farmhouse tea. No doubt the joys of the mind are higher than those of the body; but, if they are so high as to despise their lowlier companions, they will make havoc of a holiday.

THE YOUNG WELSHMAN'S GIFT TO BRITANNIA.



Dame Wales: "Indeed now, ma'am, I am very proud of my Y.M.C.A., look you! It have done famous!"

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ER gorllif gwallgof y rhyfelgar nwyd,
Cyhwfannu'n hoew wnaeth eu baner wen,
A chlod y dewrion, ddon't i'w cottai llwyd
A'u plastai'n ol, a atsain hyd y nen;
Os crynai'r genedl ddoe wrth wylio'n fud
Y tanllyd fellt yn gwibio yn y pant,
Drwy'r gwaed fu yno'n cochi'r hawddgar dud
Mae salm o foliant heddyw ar ei mant.

Ond nid yw trannoeth brwydr i gyd yn hedd,
Mae prudd-der draw yn aru cwysi hir
Ar ruddiau llwyd, a myrdd yn welw'u gwedd
A'u gwarrau'n crymu tan eu garw gur;
Mae gweddill cenedl ddoe oedd yn llon,
Yn cilio adref tros yr erwau rhudd,—
Pwy, od yw'r ddwyfol fflam o dan ei fron
Nad wyla dros y gorchfygedig prudd?

O, hacred ydyw gwedd y rhandir gwyrdd
'Rol rhuthr y nerthoedd, a chymanfa'r mellt,—
Cartrefi na fu'u clytach yn garneddau fyrdd,
A derw'r fforest fawr yn fil o ddellt!
Ond hacrach ydyw'r ffosydd, fu'n noddfeydd
I'r gwydn fateloedd, tan *ddistawrwydd dwys*,
Ac angau'n chwerthin uwch ei erch rodfeydd,
Tra thorf o mrodyr dan bob gwaedlyd gwys!!

Mae corn y gadlys wedi tewi'n llwyr,
A distaw bellach yw'r cyflegrau rhwth.
Ond cri ofnadwy drallod—nef a wyr—
A esgyn o bob lluest, o bob bwth;
Mae swn uchneidiau prudd calonnau briw
Fel gorllif gwyllt yn tonni dros y byd,
Ac yn y twrf clybuaf waedd ar Dduw
I'w Gariad ruddo'r cledd a rhwd i gyd.

J. J. DAVIES.

Y.M.C.A. Hut, Y Baracs, Caerdydd.

From Sir W. James Thomas.

I feel that I cannot but express my warmest appreciation of the noble work done by the Y.M.C.A. From information I have received from time to time from gentlemen possessing full knowledge of the work done among our gallant soldiers by your Association, you are deserving of all possible support.

We are not able to fully realise the wonderful work done by your Association both in a social and religious sense. They have helped our men to keep in touch with high ideals.

Y FRIALLEN.

FRIALLEN gynta'r flwyddyn,
O ble y daethost ti?
Y Gwanwyn aeth drwy'r goedwig,
Ac ol ei droed wyf fi.

A wyt ti'n teimlo'n unig,
Ar lethrau'r gelltydd mawr?
Na, gyda'r wawr yfory
Bydd lluoedd hyd y llawr.

Mor bur a glân yw'th wyneb!
A'th wên fel seren dlos!
'Rwyf beunydd yn ymolchi
Ym mheraidd wlith y nos.

'Rwyt felly'n cadw'n effro,
Heb huno'r nos na'r dydd?
'Rwyf wedi cysgu digon
Drwy oriau'r gaeaf prudd.

'Oes rhyw gyfathrach rhyngot
A'r deryn ar y pren?
'Rwy'n gwenu pan y disgyn
Ei fiwsig ar fy mhen.

Beth yw dy neges imi,
Friallen fach y coed?
Y Gwanwyn yw fy mrenin,
Rwy'n deffro'n ol ei droed.

E. VAUGHAN OWEN (Abergavenny).

UNDER THE SIGN OF THE RED TRIANGLE IN WALES.

SOME INCIDENTS.

By J. GLAN GRIFFITHS.



The Rev. J. Sydney Jones, The Mayoress of Port Talbot, and Mr. H. Boon.

IT was about three weeks after the outbreak of war. The barracks were crowded. The Y.M.C.A. tent, though only a week old, was already the General Bureau for information on all topics, for complaints, for recreation, for amusement, and for war news. Under the first heading came inquiries of all kinds, from separation allowances and allotments up to National Insurance and Unemployment cards. The second covered a vast field—some imaginary grievances, others real and acute; but, such was the excellent and enthusiastic patriotism of the men, that the gravest complaint never reached the stage of violence. Recreation covered anything from leap-frog to chess and draughts and entertainments, anything from a comb and paper solo to a scratch male voice party.

Twenty Watches and Chains and £25 Cash!!

There was consternation one night when it was whispered that a soldier had lost, or otherwise relieved of, his mobilisation grant of £5. It was a pitiful case. Mentioning this from the platform, the Camp Leader suggested that soldiers could deposit any cash or valuables at the Y.M.C.A. for safe custody. When the entertainment was over a large number of men stood in line outside the sleeping quarters of the Y.M.C.A. man, with the result that he slept—more or less peacefully—that night with twenty watches and £25 in cash under his pillow! On another occasion the leader announced that, should there happen to be any men in barracks who were unable to write, he would be glad to help them by writing their letters for them. Five appeared at the close of the entertainment. No. 1 wanted a letter written to his brother (easily done); No. 2, to his sister (again easily done); No. 3, to "Gladys—the girl wot I goes with" (not so easy, because of lack of experience—so says the camp leader). When asked what he wanted to say, No. 3 could only reply, "Oh, you know, boss" (rough on the leader). No. 4, however, presented graver difficulties—a letter to the missus! Many and varied questions to the husband failed to elicit much information as to what the letter was to convey. "The usual" was what the husband wanted, so he said, but the Y.M. man being single, "the usual" did not convey much to him. The very opening presented difficulties—how should he commence? My Dear,——? My Darling,——? He decided on a compromise, and commenced, "Dear Wife,"—then went on to say that he (the husband) was well, comfortable, well-fed, and happy, with free entertainments nightly, and wound up with, "Don't worry about me at all"—together with a number of crosses, which, it is said, mean kisses—to the wife and kiddies. The wife was, however, evidently less illiterate than the husband, for a few days later the same husband brought a letter to the camp leader to read for him. It was from the wife—short, curt, and to the point. It read, "Dear ——,—You may be happy, comfortable, and well-fed in ——, but what about me and the kiddies? There ain't any wages, and I have had no separation allowance yet!"

When Did You Write Home Last?

Fixed prominently in most of the Welsh centres is a long streamer bearing the question, "When did you write home last?" An instance of its quiet work was revealed recently when a "Tommy" asked for notepaper and envelope, saying, "That there notice has stopped me sleeping of late, because I haven't written home for five years, but I'm going to do so now!"

What to Do with the Kaiser.

Eisteddfodau are popular features of Welsh camps, and admittedly serve three purposes—they have provided excellent evening enjoyment and entertainment, they have entailed preparation, and they have been the means of putting leaders in touch with the varied talents which exist among the soldiers. There were admirable essays in a recent Eisteddfod on such topics as "Why I Enlisted" and "What I would do with the Kaiser," &c. The latter subject brought an effort which, though not an essay, because it contained but one sentence, was eloquent, if short, especially to those who were privileged to know "B" Company. The "essay" read, "Hand him over to 'B' Company!"

I Apologise, Boss.

In one camp swearing and gambling were features, but our tent had not been there many days before an improvement set in. One evening the leader had occasion to cross the camping ground to the officers' mess, and *en route* heard most vile language. The Y.M. man stopped, looked around, and, without saying a word, walked on again. Some time after "Lights out" that night, there was a rap at the tent, and a whispered "Are you in bed?" On receiving a negative reply, and an invitation to step in, he entered, and said, very shyly, "Excuse me, Boss, but I can't sleep. I want to apologise for using that language when you were passing this evening." The leader was much taken aback, and, slowing, gripped the hand of the soldier, and said, "Now, look here, old chap, it's very nice of you to come down this time of night to apologise for that language, but don't you think that if you are man enough to apologise for it that you are man enough also to give it up?" "Well," replied the Tommy, "that's a tough job, boss, but I'll try." And try he did. Often after that he came in to report progress, and within a fortnight signed the anti-swearing pledge.

All Hands on Deck.

In another centre on one occasion there only remained about twenty soldiers; all others had been drafted away; the evening sing-song had been short and somewhat spiritless, and the men had early made for the barracks mess-room, which was somewhat cosier than our tent, since it was early autumn. The night was miserably wet and very stormy, and towards nine o'clock down came the Y.M. marquee and over toppled the piano, and the wind threatened every moment to ruin our equipment Up went our soldier orderly to the messroom for help, but none came. In despair, the Y.M. man ran to the messroom, knocked, and entered. Moneys passed rapidly into pockets, and cards were covered, and immediately there was silence. The Y.M. man asked apologetically for helpers, but ere he finished all the men filed out and did all that was needed.

The 12,000 soldiers who were billeted in one centre in a Welsh town last winter had an exceptionally good time. The Y.M.C.A., with the generous and enthusiastic assistance of the townspeople, provided each evening during their stay an excellent free event. A whole page could be taken up with incidents from this one centre, but that another time.

There is but one purely Welsh centre. There Welsh only is spoken. Our workers are Welsh, all trading is done in Welsh, all notices are in Welsh, and the concerts and services are all conducted in the Welsh language.

From Sidney Robinson, M.P.

There can be but one opinion of the admirable work of the Y.M.C.A. recently done in Wales and elsewhere on behalf of our young men in the Army.

The organisation was there, and splendidly was it employed to dot here, there, and everywhere a centre to which men can and do flock, where they can find some of the refinements and a reflection, at any rate, of the home left behind. Our letters from the front and elsewhere written on Y.M.C.A. paper testify, if nothing else did, to the ubiquity of the organisation, and the entertainments given and helping hand held out by members of the Association cannot be too highly spoken of. I wish the attempt now being made to infuse even more energy into the organisation God-speed, and feel I am echoing the voice of thousands in Wales, which has sent so many of her sons to fight for the Empire's cause in Europe, Asia, or Africa.

A PAGE OF WELSH PICTURES.



(1) At Abergavenny last year. (2) Depot at Pembroke Dock. (3) At P. D. (4) Skating-rink at Aberystwyth, used Nightly for Four Months as Concert Hall. (5) Chapel Bay. (6) At Dale. (7) At Bush Camp. (8) The Beginnings at Chapel Bay.

WHAT WELSHMEN THINK OF THE Y.M.C.A.

Mr. Gordon Griffiths, of Cardiff, has been at pains to collect a fine series of tributes paid by prominent Welshmen to the work of the Association. They represent the view of every profession, sphere of public service, and denomination. So numerous are they that a whole page will not contain them, and others will be found on nearly every page of this issue.

From Sir A. Garrod Thomas.

I have had very numerous testimonies to the magnificent work done by the Y.M.C.A. from friends and relatives at the front and elsewhere. The Y.M.C.A. never stood higher in the estimation of right-thinking men than it does to-day.

From Rev. H. M. Hughes, B.A.

The Y.M.C.A. work amongst the troops and munition workers is simply invaluable. I have seen much of it myself, and have a pile of letters from young soldiers in the home camps and on the various fronts, all uniting in unstinted praise of the Association's magnificent work. Its splendid organisation, its rich experience, its trained skill, its wonderful power of adaptation to the needs of the men and their circumstances, and command of the sympathy and co-operation of widely divergent classes in this country, enable it to do the Master's work in these great times in a way that the Churches, separate or combined, could not perform with the smoothness, the thoroughness, and the promptness that characterise the work of the Y.M.C.A. both at home and abroad. I consider it, therefore, the most efficient instrument of the Christian Church in ministering to the highest spiritual welfare and the wholesome comfort of our troops and munition workers at the present juncture, and pray for God's richest blessing upon it.

From the Bishop of Llandaff.

I have seen a great deal of the excellent work of the Y.M.C.A. in many camps and military stations in different parts of the country, both in England and Wales, for many years past; and I am filled with admiration for the splendid way in which the Association has met, and is meeting, the real needs of our young men, who are so nobly offering themselves in the service of their King and country. I think that both the Army and the country owe a great debt to the Y.M.C.A. and to those who are so indefatigably carrying out its work.

From Principal T. F. Roberts.

I had the opportunity of visiting the headquarters of the Y.M.C.A. in the town and of judging for myself as to work done, which I regarded as invaluable both from the religious and from the social point of view. It was interesting to see how fully the young soldiers availed themselves of the opportunities offered to them. Students of this college who have taken part in the work both here and elsewhere have spoken to me of the value of the experience which they have thus gained.

From Lord Rhondda.

The splendid work, beyond all praise, done by the Y.M.C.A. all over the world justifies the assurance that the work done among the troops and munition workers is equally thorough.

From the Late Sir E. Stafford Howard.

I can unhesitatingly say, as far my experience goes, that the work of the Y.M.C.A. in raising money for and in working recreation huts for the troops and munition workers in Wales, as elsewhere, has proved invaluable, especially in outlying places where, in the absence of some such place of meeting for religious, social, and recreation purposes, such as the Y.M.C.A. huts afford, the lives of the soldiers and workers would have been pitiable indeed.

The response to the call of the Y.M.C.A., both in money and in voluntary workers, has been wonderful, and the good effects of their well-organised efforts will, I hope, last long after the war is over.

From Principal Lewis, M.A., B.D.

When we shall look back upon this war we shall all admit, not without some amount of righteous pride, that we were entirely unprepared for a struggle on such a stupendous scale. This state of unreadiness will be urged in explanation or extenuation of some tragic blunders which have been committed at home and abroad. Germany's state of readiness has astonished the world. There was a general idea that Germany was making elaborate military preparation, but recent revelations prove that not half had ever been told. It is not likely that the historian of this war will be able to discover many glaring mistakes on the part of Germany, but, whatever mistakes Great Britain may have made, it can be said without any hesitation or fear of contradiction that the Y.M.C.A. has been one of the outstanding successes of the war. The organisers of this Association have had serious difficulties to overcome, but they have faced them with intrepid courage and unfailing tact. It was not any easy thing to start new huts or tents in the different military centres which sprang up throughout the land. The work has been a triumph of bold initiative and clever organisation. The Association has deserved to the last penny and to the last word all the generous support in money and men which it has received. Thousands of soldiers testify that the Y.M.C.A. has been a place of refuge for them. The ways and manners of the Army do not help young men to keep their moral character untainted. Young men who had been brought up in some of the most religious homes in the land offered their services to the country in the hour of dire need, and found themselves in a strange and unkind environment. To thousands of young such men the Y.M.C.A. has supplied the congenial atmosphere of the old home and of the Church with which they had been associated. It has been said that the war proves the impotence of the Church. It has failed during the war, as it had become a failure before the war. It is a stupid and unjust indictment. The Y.M.C.A. is essentially a Christian institution. It is a branch of the Christian Church. The great majority of the workers are members of Christian Churches. Clergymen, ministers, ministerial students of all denominations, and lay members, have offered their services, and worked together in perfect harmony. The Y.M.C.A. has furnished a fine illustration of co-operation on the part of men and women who belong to different denominations. The record of the Y.M.C.A. during this war will be one of which its leaders will be justly proud.

From Rev. Gwilym Davies, M.A.

I first came into touch with the Y.M.C.A. in connection with my duties as a secretary of the Welsh School of Social Service. Some years back I was sitting at the receipt of custom in the lobby of the Friends' Meeting House at Llandrindod, and in came two men. The first asked what was expected of a member of the school in the way of financial assistance. He was told that it was half-a-crown for a course spreading over a whole week, or sixpence for a single lecture, and, in the alternative, it could all be had for nothing. He promptly placed 5s. on the table, and insisted upon its being taken. That man, the soul of generosity, was the late Gwilym James, and the friend with him was Roberts Powell—two of the best-known leaders of the Y.M.C.A. propaganda in Wales. Later I met Mr. Higman, who said that any help he could give would be ours for the asking. All this seems to me to sum up the movement on Welsh soil—always generous to every other good cause, always willing, always ready. When the great call came with the suddenness of a thunder-clap it was no surprise that the Y.M.C.A. leapt to its task, for, drilled by the discipline of service, it had got into the way of being on the alert, of standing at attention! The Y.M.C.A. now wields a tremendous power; its initials are carved upon the hearts of thousands upon thousands of grateful citizen-soldiers. It will be difficult to live up in times of peace to the great reputation of the days of war. But I have no doubt that it will be done. The sign of the Red Triangle, with its moral, physical, and spiritual implication, will be one of the most potent influences for good in the moulding of the Wales that is to be.

From Major-General Sir Ivor Herbert, M.P.

I have great pleasure in testifying to the great value of the work done by the Y.M.C.A. since the war began. The number of letters I have received have been written from the tents or huts of the Association, both at home and in widely separate centres of military operations abroad, and this is tremendous strong evidence of the form of practical help which is perhaps more appreciated than any by soldiers on active service.

By helping to keep our recruits from many of the temptations to which they are exposed the Y.M.C.A. has assisted in adding to the strength of the Army. In all its activities the Y.M.C.A. has shown the widest spirit of Christian charity, helping all men without regard to religious denomination and without attempt at proselytising. I heartily wish the Y.M.C.A. continued success in its good work.

From Geo. Barker (South Wales Miners' Federation).

The work of the Y.M.C.A. is really beyond all praise. No one who has been to the various fronts can fail to have noticed how exceedingly well the needs of our Tommies have been administered to, and their leisure hours enlivened and made endurable. Very best wishes for its success.

From Sir John D. Llewellyn.

An opportunity came with the war, and there is abundant testimony that the Y.M.C.A. has been doing good work.

Another opportunity will assuredly come when the war is over to consolidate and rebuild the basis of an Association on the old foundation-stone, and I anticipate that this will be an anxious time. Young men have thought as they never thought before the whys and wherefores of the Y.M.C.A. Some may perhaps forget, but not all, and from the ranks of the latter we may find recruits who may be trusted to carry on our principles for the Master and for our fellowmen with redoubled devotion and care.

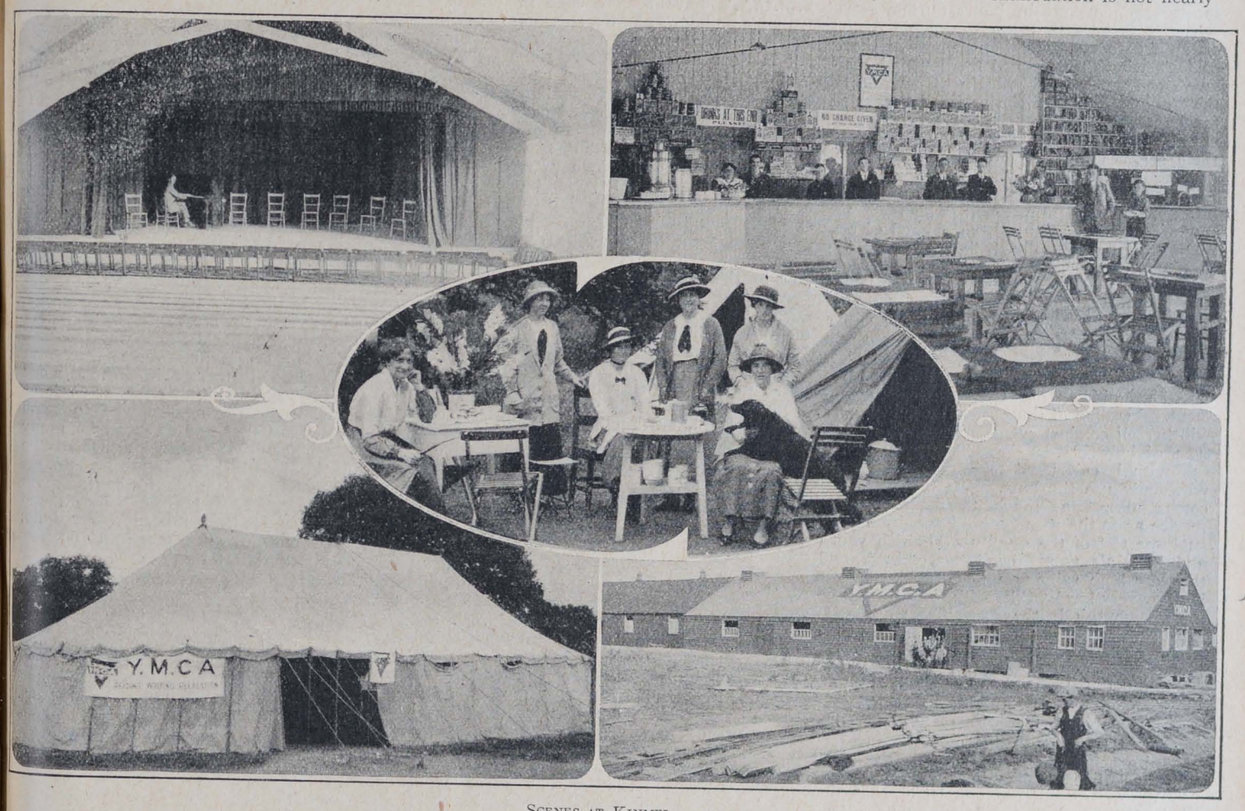
"CROWDS."

By ALAN S. MILNER.

WELSHMEN have never turned a deaf ear to their country's call. When Llewelyn, our last Welsh Prince, and the brave Glyndwr sent the war-torch blazing through the land, the whole of Wales rallied to the call. Their hearts aflame with love for their dear Wales, they rushed from every corner of the land—and the brave Welsh hearts are no less brave to-day than in the days of Llewelyn and Glyndwr—and so it comes that the smiling villages and glorious valleys of Wales to-day re-echo with the marching of men and the blast of bugle calls.

Everywhere men in their thousands are gathered together to be trained for the stern military business ahead.

Great military training camps and "white canvas towns" have sprung up in all parts. Men are there under new conditions and in an entirely new environment.



SCENES AT KINMEL.

The military duties for these men are long and stern, but there must always be hours in the daily round when the men are free of these duties, and these are the very hours when they are up against life's strongest temptations. They are mostly very young men—some mere boys—splendidly occupied whilst they are busy on military duties, but ofttimes lost for something to do and for something to occupy the time when they are not on duty. It is at this critical time that the Y.M.C.A. and other organisations step in. Magnificent commodious huts have been speedily erected, and equipped with every conceivable practical thing which will help to improve the spiritual, moral, and intellectual side of the soldier. Wherever one comes across these encampments, one will find the now familiar huge red triangle, with the letters Y.M.C.A. painted across on the roof of one or more of the buildings occupying the central position in these camps.

General Owen Thomas has written, "Welsh people need have no scruples in sending their sons to join the Welsh Army to-day. The number of Welsh-speaking chaplains drawn from every religious denomination is amply sufficient to meet the need."

It is in these huts that these chaplains of every denomination gather, and it is in these huts that the crowds are to be found. Crowds in their thousands gather here every night, and it is these crowds in their thousands who, as the hour of nine arrives each evening, suddenly and almost mechanically become quiet and reverent. It is as if some Great Voice had whispered the word "Hush." All the games stop, billiard cues are laid down, the refreshment bars close down. The men know that at nine o'clock every evening one or other of the chaplains or a Y.M.C.A. leader will step up on the platform and conduct the usual family evening prayers. It is a very big family, but the time occupied in this short evening service is not very long—only about five to seven minutes—just a reminder to the men of the great spiritual force which is impelling Y.M.C.A. work in these military camps. Just a reminder of the "One" who can befriend them better than all others, of loved ones at home, and of relations and friends in the trenches. It is very short and very impressive. A verse or two of a hymn is sung, and then comes the noise and din once again. Tommy Atkins will want his cup of tea or coffee, a sandwich or a cake before he leaves to go to his hut bed. He will want to complete the half-written letter for home or finish a half-completed game of chess or draughts.

Crowds are everywhere, round the post-office counter, clamouring for change, stamps, postal orders, or to put money into the savings bank.

Crowds are round the refreshment bars, some of them trying to persuade the ladies to serve them with an "extra large bun." Crowds round the writing tables, waiting for seats—300 men can sit down and write letters at the same time in one of our huts alone, but this accommodation is not nearly sufficient. Men are standing waiting at the back of the writers. Crowds are gathered round the games tables, round the billiard tables, and away in the corner there, round the platform, upon which stands the piano, are a party of men—may-be young officers—who are providing the nightly musical programme. Away on the other side of the hut are the "quiet" rooms, where the studious and quiet members of H.M. Forces are making themselves comfortable with books borrowed from the Y.M.C.A. camp lending library. It is in these Quiet Rooms where the chaplain or a Y.M.C.A. man has his quiet talks with the men. Away down at the far end of the room is a little door marked "Private." This is the Y.M.C.A.'s staff entrance to the concert pavilion. It is in this room that the great religious meetings and parades are held; here comfortable seating

for 1,000 men is provided, but more often than not anything up to 1,500 men are to be found in this pavilion. To have to stand is no tremendous hardship to Tommy Atkins. "Something" is going on in this room every day of the week from 5 o'clock until 9.20. Cinema exhibitions, concerts, lectures, wrestling and boxing exhibitions all find their place in the week-day programmes, and here are crowds again—always full—always crowded. Military lectures are often given in this hall during the afternoons, and on Sundays, commencing at 9 o'clock in the morning and occupying practically the whole of the day, the platform is occupied by one or other of the Army chaplains or speakers specially brought down to the camp—of various and every denomination—and every speaker always has a crowd.

The military church parades are held in this hall also during Sunday. It is here that a small military orchestra provides music for the men at certain hours during every day. It is here that the grand piano and organ are to be found for the use of those soldiers who have learned to play and who love good music, and it is in this way that the off-duty hours of the soldier is provided for by the Y.M.C.A.

Ladies have come forward and offered their services in the place of a very large number of our men who have joined the colours. Our Y.M.C.A.'s are at all times homely, and the atmosphere which we try to create in all our huts is considered of primary importance. The ladies are splendid; they help very largely in creating this homely atmosphere. Some of the most noble ladies of the Principality are to be found gathered in our huts attending to the men's peculiar needs. Some of the huts are entirely managed, staffed, and run by such ladies. They sleep, eat, and work on the premises in the middle of this vast encampment. In some of the places the lady leader will herself conduct evening prayers, and the type of lady helper she will surround herself with is calculated to inspire the crowds who daily use the huts. The country's call comes almost as much to the ladies for service as to the men for military duty. The supreme test of the quality of British youth and Britain's womanhood has arrived, and they are both rallying up magnificently. It is very, very hard work, with very little time for rest, but it is the magnificent appreciation shown by the men themselves which keeps our workers going. They are not always "fit," but they are certainly always "ready," whether it be to serve at the bar, to wash up mugs, scrub down counters or tables, help the men with their letter-writing, or take part in the men's games, or organise concerts, or dispense at the small "medical shops" (the minor aches and pains of Tommy Atkins are wonderful, but one of the ladies can always find a cure for them in the motley little assortment of bottles and packages kept in the glass case near the post-office counter). It is really just a bit of "mothering" they want! The energy of the ladies is wonderful. Somehow a man will confide to a larger extent his little family troubles and worries in the lady, and the homely advice and sympathy which these ladies give seems to be a wonderful help to the men.

Just an incident that happened when Mr. J. J. Virgo, our Y.M.C.A. national field secretary, visited one of the huts at Kinmel Park. He was announced to give a talk to the men at 6.30 on the Sunday evening. He had already spoken to them on the previous Thursday, when he spoke to over 1,000 men, but if he had had the place, and time had permitted, he could have spoken to three times the number, and so he came back on the Sunday. However, by 4.15 there was a queue of possibly 1,000 men waiting admittance to the pavilion in which Mr. Virgo was due to speak at 6.30. Keen not to lose an opportunity, we threw open the doors and let the men in there and then. In a few minutes the hall was packed to overflowing, so we commenced our meeting right away, and then we turned the men out again when the meeting was over, and we let the next crowd in, and so on, a third time that same Sunday evening! Of course, Mr. Virgo was very tired after it all, but the enthusiasm shown by these men was wonderful. A crowd is always an impressive thing, and Mr. Virgo could have gone on, if time had permitted, speaking to these crowds—a different crowd of men every time. This is something of the work that is going on of a similar nature at most of the centres where the Y.M.C.A. huts are.

At Abergele, St. Asaph, Rhuddlan, and Rhyl—towns which are very closely situated to the great military camp at Kinmel—Y.M.C.A.'s have been opened in the best available buildings; here men who are taking their strolls along the roads from Kinmel call in their hundreds for rest and light refreshments. These houses of call opened by the Y.M.C.A. and staffed and managed by local ladies have been a tremendous boon during the cold, wet nights of the past winter. Cheery and welcome fires have been provided, and the hot cup of tea and the casual chat with one of the lady helpers have been the means of inducing the men to specially make for one of these cosy spots and to give the "go-by" to the wide-open doors of the numerous public-houses they pass on their journey to and from the camp.

At Abergele difficulty was found in procuring suitable premises, so we rented an old, disused public-house, to wit, "The Red Lion." Alterations were made, cleaners and decorators were soon on the spot, and in place of the old sign the "Red Triangle Club" now meets the eye of the passer-by. It is a small, low-built old shanty, but the ladies are in possession. There is a bright fire, a cheery welcome, hot drinks, and cosy rooms for H.M. troops, instead of the old smoke-laden bar parlour. The piano is there. There is still plenty of noise, but the place is different somehow. In short, there is the Y.M.C.A. atmosphere permeating the place. Outside, opposite No. 9 camp, is another Y.M.C.A. branch; this, again, is quite different from the other three which are to be found inside the Park at Kinmel. In this case the camp contractors, when building the camp, built and handed over these premises to us for use of their workmen. We supplied good, wholesome hot meals for the men—6d. or 8d. will provide a meal of quantity and quality good enough for anyone. It is here in the evenings that soldiers have been able to purchase at the lowest possible figure tempting hot meals, well cooked and nicely served, during the cold winter evenings we have passed through.

At Colwyn Bay thousands of men were billeted. A hut was put up here on a spare piece of land near the station, and the usual Y.M.C.A. programme for military men was carried through with magnificent results. When the men left, the hut, which happened to be a portable one of a very large size, was taken down and transported by traction engine to Kinmel, and was erected and was being made use of by the troops within a week's time. So the work goes on, a deep spiritual sense underlying and propelling the whole.

Out on the wind-swept Morfa at Conway again crowds are gathered in the long Y.M.C.A. pavilion there. The Y.M.C.A. men who ran this hut during the past winter have gone to join the colours, and the place has been handed over to be run by ladies, but the "spirit" of the whole thing is there just the same. The hall is always crowded; men are being benefited every hour they spend there; our old spiritual principles are deeply embedded in all our work, although the methods applied may be always varying.

We are seeking to deal effectively with the spare time of crowds of spirited young Welshmen in Wales, and we are succeeding beyond all anticipation. The help of the Church of England bishop is as welcome, and is given with the same whole-hearted energy, as is the help of the Nonconformist and Roman Catholic chaplains. The blend is wonderful; they realise that we are not out to teach any particular dogma or creed, but rather that we are out to impress the all-round principle embodied in that Triangle sign of the Y.M.C.A.—*i.e.*, the cultivation and improvement of the mind, body, and spirit of the soldier, irrespective of his creed or denomination.

In one place where great munition works are speedily being erected, there are a few hundred soldiers, who form a guard; here, again, we have made provision for the spare-time hours of these men. The foundry institute has been cleaned, decorated, and refurnished. Immediately adjoining the guards' quarters, this "home from home" place is ready for the men of "The land of the leek."

Carnarvon, Denbigh, Gwernegron, Middleton Park, Penmaenmawr, Queen's Ferry, and so on, all these places have in turn been large or small military depots during the months that have gone; each have, or have had, their Y.M.C.A. marquee, hut, or special building. The effort has been made, and in some cases, the military having left, the work itself is now closed down, but the results are lasting.

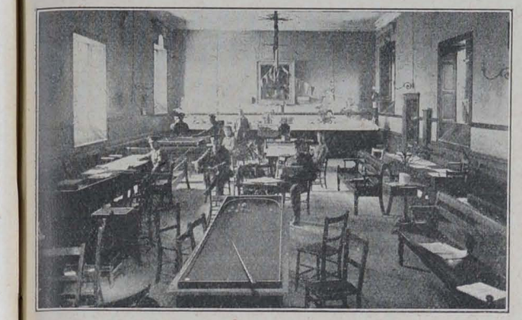
Out in the trenches in France and Flanders—in fact, in all the British war zones—Welshmen will be recalling—now—the hours they have passed in these Y.M.C.A.'s. They will be recalling the evening prayer circle or other religious gatherings—maybe to some of them the first they had attended for many years—and how they rather laughed at the idea of "Collier Joe" wanting to go into one of these meetings one night after he had spent rather too long a time in the canteen, and how "Collier Joe" had been rather quiet when he came out of the meeting, and how he had said, "It's sensible enough, that," and then had gone again to a similar meeting next night.

They are thinking also of the free-and-easy concerts, the cinema exhibitions, the long rows of crowded writing-tables, busy billiard-tables, the library with its piles of books, the free stationery they were provided with, postal facilities, and of how they were able to put a "bob" a week away in the savings bank at the Y.M.C.A. How they long for the bright, cheerful refreshment bars and the cheery helpers behind the counter, who were always willing to pass a cheery word. They look forward to the times when they can get back to their billeting centre away back behind the firing lines, or one of the base camps, because they know that, amongst other comforts, they will find there a Y.M.C.A. Perhaps not quite the same kind of big affair as they remember in Wales, but still it is a Y.M.C.A., and this is how we deal with crowds—small crowds and big crowds.

There is still plenty of room for extensions; the opportunities are multifarious and magnificent, *and it is all splendidly worth while!*

From Rev. J. Jenkins, M.A. (Gwili).

I have received numerous testimonies to the excellence of the Y.M.C.A. work, both at home and in the field. Our soldiers can never forget its wonderful service and sacrifice, and it is not likely that the nation will soon forget when the war is over.



Y.M.C.A. WORK AT KINMEL PARK.



IN the foregoing articles you will have read of the many departments open for use of H.M. forces in the Y.M.C.A. huts.

The following figures, taken from the books at Kinmel Park, N. Wales, representing the work done in this camp from June 12, 1915, to April 28, 1916, will give you some idea as to what extent these departments are actually used.

The average number of men we have had in camp during this time is 13,000. 705,918 letters have been written and posted through the Y.M.C.A. centres here, which averages 1.18 letters per man per week.

Our Post Office figures show that in addition to the above, 56,060 postcards and 9,094 parcels have also been posted in the Kinmel Y.M.C.A. huts. These letters, postcards, and parcels, as regards their volume, would cram full twenty Ford vans.

We supply notepaper, envelopes, and postcards free, as do all Y.M.C.A. centres, and during the period in question we have had considerably over one million sheets of notepaper issued to us from headquarters. For an all-round figure we will say that only one million sheets have been issued to us. These sheets are 10¼ inches in length, and if placed end to end, the one million sheets would reach from Manchester to the Mountains o' Mourne (Ireland), or twice round the Isle of Man. One million sheets would supply the populations of Cardiff (Glamorgan), Swansea, and Rhondda (as per last census)—over two sheets to each person. If piled up, one sheet on top of another, they would reach 11 feet higher than the extreme height of the Manchester Town Hall tower.

This amount of paper, mark you, is only what has been given away to men at Kinmel Park, and the Y.M.C.A. are doing the same thing in over 1,000 centres, and have been doing for a longer period than these figures represent.

Over 738,480 postage stamps have been sold (½d. and 1d.) in our three huts amounting to £2,837 1s. 9d. This is equal to 3,077 sheets of stamps, which would be sufficient to paper the walls and roof of our central pavilion here (which is an extra large one).

Over 4,000 postal orders have been sold, amounting to £2,050 19s. 6d., and over 7,500 deposits have been deposted in our Temporary Savings Bank, amounting to £6,587 12s. 2d.—this amount would maintain all the Y.M.C.A. centres now in use for nearly a fortnight.

22,033 books have been issued to the soldiers through our lending library. Something like 811,440 cups of "drinkables" have been handed over our refreshment counter, including tea, coffee, cocoa, lemonade, malted milk, &c., &c., which is equal to 50,715 gallons. This quantity would more than fill the average swimming bath.

We have ten billiard tables, on which have been played 12,735 games of one hour each.

This is only one side of the work done in only one camp, and is done chiefly by ladies.

From Mr. William Lloyd George.

As a Welshman who has been in close touch with the work of the Y.M.C.A. during the war, I can only say that I entertain the highest opinion of its value to our soldiers, and through them to the community at large. When the war is over, and the victory won, it will, I believe, always be remembered that much of the credit for keeping the men morally and physically fit—often under very trying circumstances—was due to the Y.M.C.A. and its noble band of helpers.

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Lemon Squash

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BRAND

—it is real fresh lemon squash, just like you make at home. It is guaranteed by the makers—London 'O-T' Limited—to be the real thing; you will find it fully equal to the best squash you have ever made yourself.

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BLACKFRIARS, LONDON, S.E.

HELP THE HELPERS!

THE soldier's is a strenuous life—
An arduous post amid the strife.
He may be slain, or stricken sore,
Or languish on an alien shore.
His part he plays that we may be
Safe on our isle amid the sea.
Our duty, then, in this dear land—
To stretch to him the kindly hand.

Our duty—aye, it is the least
That we can do when 'gainst the Beast
He battles as he does to-day.
Who to the call will dare say nay?
Who cheer and comfort fail to send?
Who grudge to be the soldier's friend,
Or aid the many causes planned
To proffer him the helping hand?

Are you in doubt what you can do?
Here is a joy awaiting you:
See the Association rear
Its thousand Tents both far and near—
Here in our midst, in France, away
'Mid Babylonia's ruins grey—
Where'er our gallant warriors stand,
There goes the kindly helping hand.

'Tis well to hope, 'tis well to pray,
But likewise you can work and pay
To speed this splendid Scheme along
And fill the soldier's heart with song.
Brave fellows, strong, and gentle, too,
With such o'erwhelming claims on you!
Say, is it not a mission grand
To stretch to them the helping hand?

Oh, when the hideous war is o'er,
And Peace assumes her reign once more,
Glad will you be you lent your aid
To this beneficent Crusade,
Proud that you did the best you could
To help a noble Cause and good,
Enabling it on every strand
To stretch the friendly Christian hand.

ARTHUR MEE ("Idris").

Western Mail, Cardiff.

From Sir Thomas Hughes.

"The Y.M. has made good!"

This was the verdict of a relative of mine—a London special constables' inspector—to whom I was talking only last week. In his nocturnal beats he had come across endless instances of the fine work of the Y.M.C.A. with Tommies in the Metropolis.

And what is true of London is true of Cardiff. Ever since the late autumn of 1914—(how long ago it all seems!)—the early advent of the Welsh Horse to the Sophia-gardens until the present-day advent of the munitions canteen at Grangetown, of which my wife is hon. commandant, I have been in close touch with the work of the Y.M. in the City. There is only one word that can adequately describe it—"Ardderchog!"

WHAT HAPPENED TO US IN DUBLIN.

THE RED TRIANGLE UNDER FIRE.

DURING the course of the recent rebellion in Ireland, and while measures were being taken for its suppression, we had great reason for anxiety. Our Dublin premises, where fine work has been carried on for soldiers during the war, were within the zone of street-fighting. It was therefore with great thankfulness that the following letter from Mr. O'Connor, our secretary in Dublin, was received on Monday :—



"43, Sackville-street, Dublin,
"May 4, 1916.

"DEAR MR. YAPP,—You will readily understand that the happenings in Dublin for the last ten days have made it quite impossible for me to go to London. We have passed through a terrible time. This street, for the most part, is a heap of ruins. God has wonderfully preserved our workers, as far as I can ascertain at the moment, although many of them were exposed to great peril. You will regret to hear that our building here was shelled by the military authorities in order to clear our roof of Sinn Fein snipers. Six 18-pounder shells came into the building, as well as a great deal of machine-gun and rifle bullets. The upper portion of the building is badly wrecked.



"Our Soldiers' Café in this street was set on fire by the Sinn Feiners, and there is nothing left but the framework of the windows.

"Many of our innocent citizens were shot, including the brother of your Mr. Cowley. Perhaps if he has not already heard you would convey the news to him that his brother, Mr. T. K. Cowley, superintendent of the Christian Union Buildings, was shot by the military, who rushed the premises in search of the enemy. I am just going to attend his funeral now.

"You will excuse further news at present as our hands are very full. Requesting the prayers of the friends in London for guidance in our difficulties.

"Yours faithfully,
"HENRY O'CONNOR."

It appears that the Sinn Feiners somehow gained access to the roof of our buildings, and used it as a sniper's nest. No way of dislodging them could be found short of shelling the premises. Though we rejoice that none of our staff or *employés* was injured, we sympathise very deeply with Mr. Cowley, our colleague at headquarters, in the loss of his brother. Apparently Mr. T. K. Cowley was killed on the Christian Union Buildings, but details other than those supplied by Mr. O'Connor have not yet come to hand.

Our cover picture shows the outside of the building after it had been shelled. Those on this page show the caretaker's room, the Soldiers' Café, and the committee room.



RED TRIANGLE SPORTS FOR THE R.G.A. AT CHARLTON.



(1) Critical Spectators. (2) "Get Out or Get Under." (3) and (4) The Pull. (5) Boat-race. (6) Mops! (7) Pillows! (8) The Pavilion.

Y. M.

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

Organ of the Y.M.C.A. in
GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

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HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

President: The Rt. Hon. LORD KINNAIRD.
Chairman British and Colonial Union:
HOWARD WILLIAMS.

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THE EDITORIAL OFFICES of "Y.M." are at the CENTRAL Y.M.C.A., TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, 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.

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.

FOUR LETTERS.

By the Rev. W. F. Phillips, B.A., B.D., B.Litt.

NO one ever hears a soldier speak of "The Young Men's Christian Association." Your modern warrior is a young man in a hurry. He is "some hustler," as the Americans would say. So, instead of using the full title of the institution which has done, and continues to do, so much for them, our gallant lads in khaki speak of "The Y.M.C.A.," or even more often of "The Y.M." When a man is known to his friends by the bare initials of his name no further proof is needed, so it is commonly believed, of his popularity. And when a soldier trots out the letters "Y.M.C.A." or "Y.M." one may be certain that he regards that institution with something of the affection a lad has for his mother.

These four letters, apart from the words of which they are the initials, are exceedingly suggestive. To the tired Tommy, his day's work done, they seem to say, "You May Come *Always*." No wonder he responds in his thousands to that sincere, though silent, invitation! When he has finished his letter to the old folks at home, and sets out again for camp or billet, those magic letters seem to say, "You May Come *Again*"; and he does come again, and yet again, until he feels that the Y.M.C.A. is indeed a Home from home.

But if the initial letters of this magic quartette of words are full of suggestiveness, the words themselves, taken either singly or collectively, are big with inspiration:—

(i) "Y" stands for "Youth." And who shall say what Youth stands for? Why, the word is a wizard! It makes difficult tasks easy; it turns the dark clouds inside out, and reveals their silver lining; it can accept suffering with a shrug, and death with the Doxology! And if you want to find Youth at its best, you need go no further afield than the Y.M.C.A.—its native heath.

(ii.) "M" stands for "Men"—and, of course, for "manliness" also. And manliness stands for all the qualities of a clean, vigorous, and serviceable life. Every young man has his temptations. Of no one is that truer than of the soldier. The Y.M.C.A. is well aware that the old enemy has sown the young soldier's course with mines, and that careful navigation is necessary if disaster is to be avoided. That is the meaning of the Pledge Books that are displayed on the counter of every Y.M.C.A. room. They are spiritual mine-sweepers to remove the enemy's dangerous devices of destruction from the young man's path. Here they are by name: Temperance Pledge Book, Betting and Gambling Pledge Book, Purity Pledge Book, and Clean Speech Pledge Book. They are all aids to manliness in the best and truest sense.

(iii.) "C" stands for "Christian." And the Christian and Christianity stand for everything that is worth standing for on this earth. Some youths are not manly; some young men are not Christian. But what grander conception of life can we have than the one that is expressed by the words "Youth," "Manliness," and "Christian"? Let the first refer to age, the second to disposition, and the third to character, and you have a perfect picture of the type of life which the Y.M.C.A. would encourage in the rising generation. Youth, in itself, is a thing of joy; manliness, in itself, is a thing of beauty; but youth and manliness united to the service of Christ are a thing of beauty and a joy *for ever*.

(iv.) "A" stands for "Association," and that word, in turn, stands for the social ideal—for the defence of common interests and for the overthrow of common enemies; in a sentence, for the bond of brotherhood between all young men the world over. "We are members one of another" is a cardinal truth of Christianity. It is also the corner-stone of all institutions and organisations that are truly Christian. So the Y.M.C.A. offers a common platform where young men of all shades of opinion may meet, and, without sacrificing any essential principles, may sink their differences for the nonce.

The Great European War, in which, with our gallant Allies, the British Empire has righteously taken sides against the enemies of liberty, found us in many respects unprepared. But it found the Y.M.C.A. prepared; the four letters "Y.M.C.A.," the words of which they form part, and the ideals for which the words stand, have won for themselves a permanent place in the social and religious life of these islands. And we may venture the opinion that the work which the Y.M.C.A. has accomplished in time of war is but the earnest of a still greater and grander service in the piping times of peace—soon, we hope, to come.



OUR OUTLOOK

THE great event in the Association World next week is the Hut Flag Day, on Tuesday, May 16. We earnestly solicit the co-operation of friends of the Y.M.C.A. in all parts of the United Kingdom. Our need of financial help is undoubted, though it is not always apparent to the ordinary workers.

***

WHEN we are busily engaged in our own huts, especially if we have a good day at the refreshment counter, it seems, on first sight, we must be making money hand over fist. When one takes into consideration the enormous rise in prices of recent months, and the inevitable waste in camp life—waste over which we have no control—damage wrought by gales, inexpert cutting of cake, and the like, it will be readily seen that the margin is not any too large.

***

THEN there are the unceasing demands for the opening up of new centres. Many of us thought that the pace would be much more moderate this summer, but evidently that is not to be the case. Extension in the home field is most urgently needed in many different directions.

***

AGAIN, there are the claims of the work overseas. Next week we hope to devote considerable space to an account of the recent visit to the Y.M.C.A. in France and Flanders by the hon. treasurer and general secretary. They have come back immensely impressed with the work the Y.M.C.A. is doing, and also with the urgent need for immediate extension. At least twenty additional huts must be erected in France in the course of the next few weeks.

***

A FORTNIGHT ago we were standing amid a field of mud close to a hut in France, within two or three miles of the firing-line. The men have been there for months, but they have had no Y.M.C.A. hut nor recreation room of any kind to go to. When we were there the hut had arrived in sections, but had not yet been erected, and the men said, as they crowded round, "This is exactly what we want; there is nowhere for us to go when we are off duty, and the Y.M. hut will be a perfect Godsend to us." Whilst they were speaking the rain was streaming down, and the heavy guns were booming quite close to where we stood, and amid the roar of heavy artillery came the familiar call-note of the cuckoo. How we wished that our friends in England could have heard, not only the cuckoo's song, and the booming of the guns, but also the exclamations of the men. They are doing their "bit," and we have our opportunity of doing ours by making life more comfortable for them by providing for these brave sons of Empire what will in effect be a "home from home."

***

ON November 30 last there was a deficiency of £53,000 on our National War Fund. That amount is not met to-day. Of course, we have assets in the way of stock and furnishing, but they are not realisable, and they will not increase in value as the months go by. If we are to make the greatest use of the present unparalleled opportunity, it is essential that this incubus of debt should be removed at once. The War Emergency Committee should have a substantial balance in hand, not to hoard for meeting problematical needs of the future, but to meet the immediate needs of the present. We hope that Flag Day will bring in a sum that will accomplish this.



***

WE have received many generous gifts, for which we are more than grateful, but it is not everyone who can afford to defray the cost of a complete building. We are grateful for the gift of £50 or £100, and on Tuesday next a special effort is to be made to secure small amounts, especially from those who have not yet contributed to our fund. It is wonderful what the penny can do, and we offer our thanks to the army of ladies who have kindly promised to help us by selling the little Triangle flag, which we hope everyone will wear on the Y.M.C.A. Flag Day.

SPECIAL reference is being made in this issue of Y.M. to the war work of the Y.M.C.A. that is being carried on in Wales. This work is exceedingly efficient, and has had the benefit of the organising ability of Mr. F. S. Higman, who has been responsible for the work throughout nearly the whole of the Principality. There are few very big camps in Wales, but service of great value has been carried out for the men who have passed through Cardiff and other big centres on mobilisation. An invaluable work is also being carried out in small camps far from the haunts of man. One of the most important bits of work has been in the Pembroke Dock area. We have had the opportunity of visiting personally many of the centres in South Wales, and know how enormously they are appreciated. As in many other parts of the country, we have been fortunate in securing the help and co-operation of a large army of voluntary workers, ladies and gentlemen.

***

WE are indebted to the Lancashire friends for the magnificent piece of work that has been accomplished at Kinmel Park. This is the biggest camp in Wales, and under the able direction of Mr. A. S. Milner, the Y.M.C.A. huts have been a great success. In two of them the experiment has been tried of carrying on the work entirely by the aid of ladies, and has proved an unqualified success.

***

THERE are three or four huts in the group, and on the Headquarters staff there are three or four male workers who keep in touch with the whole and supplement the efforts of the ladies. In view of the increasing difficulty in securing the help of suitable men, and also in view of the still further extension of our work, it is more than ever important that we should make the utmost use of women. Given the right women—women of tact, organising ability, and Christian character—it is surprising how successful the work may become under these conditions. We are indebted to the Hon. Mrs. Brodrick, sister-in-law of Viscount Midleton, for the successful experiment at Kinmel Park.

***

THE work in munition areas in South Wales has also been very successful, and we predict for the Y.M.C.A. a great future in the Principality. Once win the hearts and appeal to the imagination of Welshmen, and there is no end to the work they are able to accomplish. The Y.M.C.A. has come to stay in Wales and we believe it is capable of rendering a national service, not only whilst the war is on, but to an even greater degree when peace has been attained.

A. K. Y.

A GIFT OF THE "GREATER LOVE."

The Dean of Westminster Tells the Story of His Brother's Work.

Presentation of Mr. Arthur Ryle's Pictures to the National Council.

FOLLOWING the National Executive meeting on Friday last, a very memorable little ceremony took place in the drawing-room at Tottenham Court-road. The Dean of Westminster, Bishop H. Ryle, presented to the National Council the forty-seven pictures from the studio of his brother, the late Mr. A. J. Ryle, M.A., R.B.A., whose executors wished by this gift to mark the association of the artist with our war work. The hymn "For all the saints" was sung, and then, after offering prayers of thanksgiving and dedication, the Dean drew a brief character sketch of his brother, which was most charming and effective by reason of its intimate simplicity.

"We lost him just fourteen months ago," said the Dean, "of that horrid spotted fever, in your hut at Felixstowe. Taken ill on Friday night, he was found unconscious on Saturday morning, and never spoke again.

"The happiest fortnight of his life was that last fortnight, which he spent with you. He had been unhappy till he found this opportunity of serving with the Tommies and for the Tommies. He wrote me saying that, after trying other things, this seemed exactly suited to him, provided that he was not called upon to preach, since all his fifty-seven years his line had been another way. But the Y.M.C.A. quite properly took him on his own terms, and he thoroughly enjoyed personal contact with the soldiers, getting to know them, getting to know their names and the sort of homes they came from, helping them to write their letters, and looking after them during their leisure hours."

Pointing to a picture of Dornoch painted by Mr. Ryle, the Dean said: "For thirty years, or, at any rate, between twenty and thirty, he used to go there every year. He had a house there, and was known to everybody. He formed the golf club, and the caddies were 'his boys'; he taught most of them to swim, helped them with their accounts, helped them to keep straight. He was quite a little king of the place. If you wanted to go to Dornoch for a holiday, your best plan was to write to him. He knew who had lodgings to let, and loved to make you comfortable. That was the sort of man he was—always doing things for other people.

"He was very simple in his religion—quite an ordinary man in that way; but he lived what you would call a good Christian life. He was just full of simple faith and sheer goodness—and you know how that counts, what sort of stuff it makes.

"He had such a splendid influence with the people, knew their lives so well, reconciled



MR. ARTHUR RYLE AT DORNOCH.

them in their quarrels. It was impossible for people to fall out when he was around.

"Every year in late winter or early spring he used to go to Italy, and was especially fond of Porto Vino, from which he drew subjects for many of his pictures. He got to know all the people there, too. There was a man who used to carry water and do other work of that kind, and he used to correspond regularly with him.

"Many of his boys from Dornoch joined the Army when the war broke out. He wrote to them, especially to one, and was quite distressed if he did not get an answer after a fortnight or so. This lad to whom I have referred was all through the retreat from Mons, and was wounded several times. He came home for machine-gun training in the North of Scotland, and when he heard of my brother's death he would give his officers no sort of rest till he had secured permission to come to the funeral. At last he said, 'I must see the colonel.' He saw the colonel, and expressed his wish, but the colonel said, 'It is impossible.' He would give the colonel no sort of rest, however, till at last he got leave of absence for twenty-four hours. He travelled all night to get to Lowestoft, and when we saw him he was just going to travel all night in order to get back. We gave him the Bible that my brother had on a table by his side at the time of his death. What better memorial of a good man could be given to a good lad?"

Dr. Parker Young accepted the pictures on behalf of the Council, saying that indeed Mr. Ryle was "a living epistle, known and read of all men." He referred to the desire of provincial members that some of the pictures should be hung, with suitable inscriptions, in some of our permanent Y.M.C.A. buildings in other parts of the country. Mr. Cicero Smith, in speaking of the provincial appreciation of the gift, urged that this should be done, especially in the case of Liverpool, where the late Dr. Ryle, father of the Dean and of Mr. Arthur Ryle, was for so long Bishop.

After one or two other speakers, including Mr. Yapp, had added tributes of thanks, Mr. Jacomb Hood, who spent the springtime in Italy several times with Mr. Arthur Ryle, undertook to fulfil the request that a catalogue of the pictures should be prepared.

The hymn "Giver of All" was then sung, and Dr. Ryle dismissed the gathering with the beautiful old Mosaic benediction.

We owe to Dr. Ryle the privilege of reproducing a comparatively recent and quite characteristic portrait of Mr. Arthur Ryle in his golfiing days at Dornoch. All the pictures comprised in the gift are at present on view at the National Headquarters, Tottenham Court-road, and visitors are invited to inspect them there. Together with the seventy cartoons drawn by the late Frederic Shields, the famous pre-Raphaelite painter, whose chief works are the frescoes in the beautiful Chapel of the Ascension at Bayswater, the pictures form a unique and valuable collection at our Central Building.

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.

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EDWARD COOK & Co., LTD. The Soapery, Bow, London, E.

AT THE SIGN OF THE RED TRIANGLE.

News and Notes Gathered from All Quarters.

Special Gifts.

The list this week is headed by the splendid sum of £2,500 from Northampton county and town, which is remitted through Mr. H. G. Reynolds, our divisional secretary.

The Boy Scouts' Association has raised the round sum of £1,000 for a hut at Etaples, and the money has been handed over to us by Sir Robert Baden-Powell.

Miss Grant has contributed £300 for a hut at Rouen; Mr. S. Manlove sends £160, and Lady G. Robertson and an "Anonymous" donor £150 each.

A particularly interesting gift is that of 100 guineas, per Mrs. W. H. Gray, from No. 22 London Voluntary Aid Detachment.

Contributions of £100 have been received from Mrs. Boyd and Miss Cruddas respectively, and £50 from each of the following:—Mrs. B. Browne, Sir George W. Macalpine, Messrs. Alfred Laming and Co., Messrs. Spillers and Bakers, Limited, Messrs. T. Smyth Ross and Co., Messrs. Heatley and Co., Messrs. Lewis and Towers, Sir John Glover, and "A Lady Client."

We wish to accord our warm thanks to these donors. With the coming of the spring and summer, a very large number of men are going under canvas, and we have sent out from headquarters alone some thirty-six tents and marquees within three weeks, while the need for huts, both at home and in France, grows constantly greater. In addition to the cost of erecting new huts and tents are the running expenses, which for our whole work amount to no less than £600 per day.

The Gift of Domestic Servants.

Domestic servants have not been backward in doing their bit for the men in the fighting line. The Birkenhead Y.M.C.A. has received up to date for the National Fund for Huts at the Front six donations, amounting to a total of £71, from the Birkenhead and District Servants' War Fund.

Please Give Some Chairs for Convalescents.

At Seaford Convalescent Camp, where are men back from the "fighting line," there is urgent need of a large number of camp chairs for their use. Many of the men cannot walk much, and are compelled to stay in camp all day long. If we had a supply of easy camp chairs for their use, it would be possible to make our wounded men comfortable out of doors, and thus enable them to get the fresh air without bodily fatigue.

Gifts of chairs or subscriptions for the purchase of same may be sent direct to "The Leader, Y.M.C.A. No. 2, North Camp, Seaford."



A POPULAR CORNER IN A WELSH HUT.

Lieut. Charles Wounded.

Lieut. Charles, son of Mr. W. Charles, who takes such great interest in the work of the Y.M.C.A. in South London, is lying badly wounded in Guy's Hospital. His many friends in our work will sympathise with Mr. Charles in this time of anxiety.

"Mother's Day."

On Sunday, May 14, "Mother's Day" will be celebrated in Great Britain, Canada, the United States, and Australia. It originated a few years ago through a Miss Anna Jarvis, of Philadelphia, who, when commemorating the anniversary of her mother's death, was struck by the thought that it would be a beautiful tribute to all mothers, the living as well as the dead, if their children on a given day would unite in the simple wearing of a white flower, and thus make "Mother's Day" universal. The honour of inaugurating "Mother's Day" in this country must be ascribed to Mr. J. J. Virgo, the general secretary of the Y.M.C.A., who in 1913 observed the day by a special service in the Central Y.M.C.A., Tottenham-court-road, London, from which it has spread throughout the whole of the Y.M.C.A. world. The speaker at London Central on Sunday next will be Mrs. Burnett (Annie Swan), and doubtless the attendance will be a record one, though Mr. Virgo says the "Mother's Day" meetings have been the three largest that he remembers in London Central.

ANGEL Y Y.M.C.A.

MUIG yw hynt y bachgen o dre,
A throiog heb lygad mam;
Ond gwybydd cyn crwydra ymhell oi le
Fod angel yn gwylio'i gam.

Edrych yn syn y mas'n llanc o'r wlad
Yn llygad Temtasiion gref,
A chyn ei ddyrysu ym magl Crad
Daw'r angel i'w achub ef.

Nid cynt y mae'r pebyll yn tyfu yn frith
Ar gwr yr anialwch draw,
Na wibia yr angel yn eu plith
A bendith y nef yn ei law.

He gwelwa'r clwyfedig ar fass y gad,
Rol beiddis i uffern dau,
Mae yns i ddiddauu'n ddinacad
A'i fywyd i gyd yn gan.

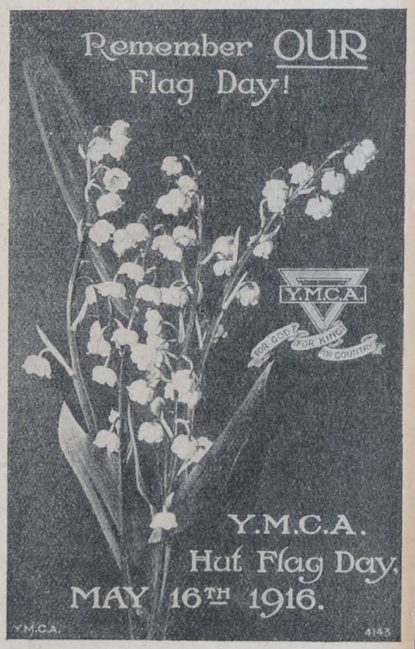
Mae'r Fauer flamgoch yn chwifio'n y gwynt,
A'i fflam yn ponfferi'r byd,
A'r angel yn hedeg ar ei hynt,
A'i neges yn fflam i gyd. DYFNALLT.

Gallaf dystw ar ol profiad o ddau fis gyda'r Y.M.C.A. nad oe's yr un cyfrwng arall heddyw yn dwyn cymaint o heulwen, llawenydd, chwerthin a bendith i fywyd dynion ieuains a'r Gywdeithas odidog hou.

Caerfyrddin. J. DYFNALLT OWEN.

From W. Llewellyn Williams, K.C., M.P.

I have had considerable experience of the good work of the Y.M.C.A. in London and elsewhere with the troops. It has won golden opinions from soldiers at the front. In the camps its work has been invaluable, and its devotion in charity and practical goodness have saved thousands from temptation and sin.



AT THE SIGN OF THE ELEPHANT.

Our Newest Station Hut, Opened by Princess Christian at Paddington.

AFTER all that we had heard about the origin of the Ceylon and Paddington Hut—a story that was told in our columns last week—we expected great things at the opening ceremony on Friday last. We were not disappointed. The special decorations in honour of the day served only to emphasise the artistic and convenient character of the hut itself, with its charming ingle-nook, its splendidly spacious kitchen behind the counter at the opposite end, its cubicles, arranged like those in the first of the station huts—Euston—along the sides, but shut off by doors instead of curtains, and its excellent accommodation for drying and disinfecting the clothes of the men.

After the singing of the National Anthem, Sir Francis Lloyd, in a vigorous speech dealing with the necessity for organisation and economy in face of the military situation, cited the Y.M.C.A. as an outstanding example of efficient organisation, and said that there is but one end to all our efforts—the defeat of Germany. "I consider the Y.M.C.A.," said the General, "one of the most powerful organisations in the country for helping on the war, though it and all similar agencies are only a means to an end—the crushing of Germany and the peace of the world. It is the big battalions that are wanted, and we are in a fair way to have the big battalions. There must be no shirkers left in the land. The older men must come forward to release the younger for military service. Then there is the great secondary Army who have offered themselves, and when the history of the war comes to be written there will be nothing finer to record than what the women have done. With them and the older men these huts will run—and that is saying a great deal—as well as they have ever done with the younger men." Referring to the generous gift from Ceylon, Sir Francis said, with a glance at the elephant high above the heads of the company: "We owe thanks to Ceylon, which has had its own severe testing, but has found time to send this magnificent elephant, and so much more. To it is due the thanks not only of the Y.M.C.A., but of the whole Army."

In a concise and happily-phrased speech, Mrs. Alexander Scott, who superintends the lady workers at the hut, told how last September a little group of twelve ladies in the locality met to discover a way of securing a hut for the site generously provided by the Great Western Railway Company, and how through the daughter of one of them a point of contact with Ceylon was found, resulting in the happy union of the two communities—Ceylon and Paddington—and the completion of the fund for the erection and furnishing of the hut on behalf of the subscribers. She presented the hut to the National Council for the use of the soldiers.

Sir Stanley Bois, speaking for the Ceylon donors, said that their gift was primarily due to the happy thought of Mrs. Womack, who cabled to her daughter, Her Excellency Mrs. Stubbs, whose husband was then administering the affairs of Ceylon. Mrs. Stubbs appealed to Sir Stanley to take the matter up, and he found an immediate response among the Europeans in Ceylon. "Since the war broke out," he said, "Ceylon has done its utmost to show how completely it is identified with the Empire in the terrific struggle now proceeding, not only through the supply of men—especially officers—for the fighting line, but with money, aeroplanes, and subsidiary resources like those of the Red Cross and the Y.M.C.A. From the small European population of 5,000 more than 1,200 men have joined the colours, and since the services of Cinghalese have been accepted as doctors, &c., the number of volunteers has reached 2,000." Sir Stanley spoke of his own experience of work in a Y.M.C.A. hut before he left for Ceylon a year ago, and of the resultant sense that the gift was one of the greatest practical value to fighting men.

Mrs. Tollard told, in a vivacious speech, of how the £800 originally guaranteed by the good folk of Paddington was increased to £1,700 when Ceylon came in, and how it had been raised so readily that some had been banked, yielding sufficient interest to pay the expenses of the opening day. She recounted the gifts that had been added—chairs, a disinfector, a piano, pyjamas, flowers, and free printing!—and was greeted with applause when she expressed the hope that subscribers would feel that their money had been used in the best possible way.

Mr. Yapp, in accepting the gift on behalf of the National Council, spoke of the magnificent help generously given by the ladies of the Empire, and said that he believed there were some ladies who were sorry that they could not take part in the actual fighting—but they would have a very good chance in Y.M.C.A. huts of helping to kill Germans! Not numbers only tell in war, but character. Ladies are doing infinitely much to help men fight temptation, and to make the best use of their leisure. Mr. Yapp went on to tell some thrilling stories of Y.M.C.A. work at the front, which will be found in an article from his pen to be published in our next issue.

H.R.H. Princess Christian, who was accompanied by H.H. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, then declared the hut open, saying, "It gives me the very greatest pleasure to come here to-day, and I am grateful to Mr. Yapp for asking me to come and open this hut which has been so generously given, and to add my thanks to the colony which has done so much in support of it, as well as to those in the neighbourhood. I wish it all the success possible, and to all the men who use it, comfort and happiness."

A vote of thanks was proposed by Dr. Parker Young, who expressed the regret of those present at Lord Kinnaird's inability, on account of ill-health, to be present, and seconded by Mr. Cicero Smith, who promised the Princess a real Lancashire welcome if only she would go North. It was carried with enthusiasm.



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Y.M.C.A. WORK IN PEMBROKESHIRE.

The Story of One of Our Most Active and Successful Centres in South Wales.



CAMPING AT PEMBROKE DOCK.

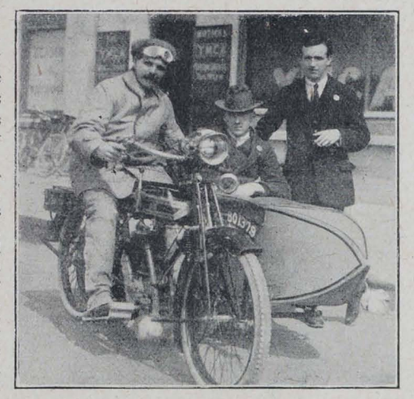
THE renown of Pembroke's castles was sung by the earliest Welsh bards, but now the castles lie in ruins, and in their place forts and camps have sprung up throughout the county, and where once the bard amused and the monk taught, the Y.M.C.A. now seeks to be both bard and priest. A review of the area reveals a great variety. We work amongst naval men and amongst soldiers in forts, camps, barracks, huts, and billets. Many kinds of buildings have become improvised Y.M.C.A.'s, and for transit every vehicle except aircraft is used.

Commencing at Pembroke Dock, we have the "Depot." The building is a converted hotel, and here stores are distributed to the camps and accounts are controlled. The remaining rooms, which comprise reading, writing, and games rooms and a café, are much used, not only by the men stationed in the town, but also by the hundreds of men constantly passing through on their way to and from the forts. Sailors sometimes contribute to the crowds that block the stairs, waiting their turn to use the writing-rooms.

From the Depot the naval and military hospitals are visited, and, in addition to the cheer resulting from a friendly chat, it has been found possible to purchase articles needed by the men, and to do many other things to make them more comfortable.

At the old —— barracks we commenced work under canvas in August, 1914. As winter came on our marquees were repeatedly blown down and damaged, so in January, 1915, a hut was erected and opened. The pressure in the hut was even greater than in the marquee. For many months, in addition to the ordinary program, almost the whole inward mail of the barracks was distributed, this entailing the work of two men. —— Camp is now a town of huts. Here, also, we commenced under canvas, and when the men moved into their newly built quarters our hut was ready, and was immediately opened to them. The conditions in these two centres are much alike. In both we have large numbers of men concentrated for training, and men undergoing physical culture month after month need relaxation. Unfortunately, the facilities for amusement in Pembroke Dock are inadequate, so there is danger that, to put it in a soldier's words, "we get so fed up that we don't care what happens to us, so we go to bits." We endeavour to meet this peril by an attractive program. An instance will illustrate. A man in —— Camp had lost his grip on himself, and was drinking excessively. One of our staff discovered that he had a talent for poetry, and after a conversation the man commenced writing poetry—about thirty verses a day. This consumed much Y.M. paper, but the new passion ousted the old, and he soon apparently forgot that he ever desired intoxicants. Months after, when he returned wounded from the front, we found the cure still effective.

A drive through a country glorified by the ruins of old baronial halls brings us to one of the most beautiful towns in the county. Tenby is built on the crest of a crescent-shaped cliff overlooking curious rock formations, golden sands, and the gleaming waters of a fine bay. To provide for the large number of men billeted in the town a cinema has been taken, and transformed into a Y.M.C.A. On the ground floor there is a fine hall for reading and writing. A stage with all apparatus makes a good platform, either for concerts or services. A room at the far end is made into a cosy corner where the men love to gather round a blazing fire. Upstairs is a billiard-room



MR. G. W. THOMAS, ORGANISING SECRETARY, OUTSIDE THE DEPOT AT PEMBROKE DOCK.

and a quiet room for classes. Our staff is assisted by the local churches, who supply workers as necessary. A really good programme is being carried out.

Returning through Pembroke Town, we drive out some distance over atrocious roads to —— Battery. Work was commenced here in a small shed in December, 1914. A hut was soon erected, and the men found a home in the howling wilderness, or, as Mr. J. J. Virgo describes it, "A weird spot at the end of—Somewhere!"

Another centre, perched on the edge of a bleak cliff, is East Block House. Our hut was opened in February, 1915, and the first expression as the men filed through the door was, "Well, thank God you have come."

On the far side of "Somewhere" is West Block House. We have been working here for some months beside the fort, but ere this is published our own hut will be completed and open. Not far from West Block House is a hutment built in a narrow valley, almost a ravine, near the village of Dale. As usual, a Y.M. hut is there. An idea of the isolated position may be given—the equipment for the hut had to be loaded on the beach at Pembroke Dock into a barge, transhipped in mid-haven, and taken to its destination in a sailing-boat. The piano, which arrived later, was transported in a large open rowing-boat.

Another journey from Dale, over wretched roads, and we are at Fort ——. Here again the work was commenced in a marquee and later transferred to a hut. The staff for some months has been composed mostly of students from Carmarthen Theological College. This fort is particularly interesting, as it was designed by General Gordon of Khartoum.

This fort work is perhaps the most valuable section of work in this area, as in almost every case the men are over twelve miles from any town. The garrison have always to undergo hardship, and often peril, from the terrible storms that break on this corner of our island. We are almost their only link with civilisation, and have to do their shopping, get their watches repaired, and transact all kinds of business for them. As a compensation, however, for their loneliness, a spirit of comradeship springs up not only among the men themselves, but also between the officers and men. A Y.M. worker becomes one of the "family," and, if able to appreciate the position, may enjoy his stay even on the Cruso islands.

In addition to our permanent centres, we send concert parties, lecturers, notepaper, &c., to certain places, sometimes cut off from all supplies for days by bad weather.

This account of our work cannot be closed without reference to the artistes who give such fine concerts to the men. Week after week they travel from twenty to seventy miles to sing at the forts. They have acted heroically, and have been rewarded by the appreciation of the men who crowd to hear them.

In this area there is scope for the most energetic man, with the romance of camp-life, and the joy of working for and living with our comrades in khaki.



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MRS. HENRY WHITWELL.

THE warmest sympathy will be felt for Mr. Henry Whitwell (who for more than thirty years was the general secretary of the Birmingham Y.M.C.A.) and his family in the loss they have sustained by the passing away of Mrs. Whitwell. During the larger part of the long period of Mr. Whitwell's service in the Y.M.C.A. his wife was closely and actively identified with his labours. His cheery personality was, until failing health rendered her attendance no longer practicable, constantly in evidence at Y.M.C.A. gatherings, both local and divisional.

Their pleasant home at Frederick-road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, was frequently the centre of conference and council meetings, and their generous hospitality was freely dispensed to Christian workers identified with many religious and philanthropic institutions. For, keen as Mrs. Whitwell's interest was in young men and the Y.M.C.A., she was too large-hearted and catholic in her sympathies to limit either her outlook or her labours to any one organisation. Consequently the workers of many societies foregathered from time to time in the cheerful rooms or on the bright lawn of the home of our friends while they were resident in the Midland Metropolis. But while this is so, and the Y.W.C.A., as well as many other organisations, shared her sympathies and claimed and received her consideration and co-operation, Mrs. Whitwell's work, apart from family claims, was chiefly for many years that of a real and enthusiastic helpmeet to her husband in his many and diversified efforts on behalf of Birmingham's young men, through the Y.M.C.A. How far that work has borne fruit is to be measured, to some extent, by the splendid building in Dale End, in which the work for young men is to-day being carried on.

To the loyal, loving sympathy and practical aid she afforded her husband in his life's work at Birmingham not a small share of its success is to be attributed to the late Mrs. Whitwell, whose home-going will create a break in the family life, which all will realise who were privileged to share in it even casually, cannot be repaired.

WINCHESTER DIVISION.

1. *Mr. C. E. Heald.*—Hosts of admirers of our able and devoted divisional secretary, Mr. C. E. Heald, will learn with deep regret and sympathy that he has at last been compelled to yield to the overstrain which has been manifestly demanding rest and change for months past. We hope soon to see him back a giant refreshed.

2. *Our Flag Day* (Saturday, June 3).—The arrangements for this event, in the capable hands of Mr. T. Bramall Daniel, are well advanced. And the outlook is rich in promise. County ladies are organising fêtes, brigadiers and C.O.'s are having mess subscription lists, and promise to secure the co-operation of officers and men. At Hursley Park, Brigadier Lord St. Leven is organising a gymkhana.

3. *Centres Reopened.*—Two centres in camps temporarily closed have been lately reopened, namely:—

Flowerdown, in charge of Mr. J. Ernest Neale, ministering to a fine body of men, mostly Yorks. and Lancs. R.G.A.'s.

Hursley, in charge of Rev. J. Stanley Eley, of Co. Durham (formerly secretary Lancaster Y.M.C.A.).

Both centres are crowded and are doing excellent work.

Victoria Barracks, Portsmouth (after epidemic), where Mr. C. J. Marpeet and the Marquis of Tavistock continue their good work.

Duke's Lodge, Winchester, has also had a short closure owing to epidemic, and Mr. Arthur J. Dunnill, of Chandler's Ford, who we regret became a victim, is succeeded by Mr. A. J. Heale.

Congratulations and best of good wishes on his recent marriage to Mr. C. E. Pigot, leader of Dinam Hut, Winnall Down.

From Mr. C. B. Stanton, M.P.

The Y.M.C.A. has done work for which our Empire will feel ever grateful, and the boys at the front never forget. All best wishes.

From Sir Isambard Owen, D.C.L., M.D.

Like everyone else, I regard the work of the Y.M.C.A. during the present war as meriting the highest praise.

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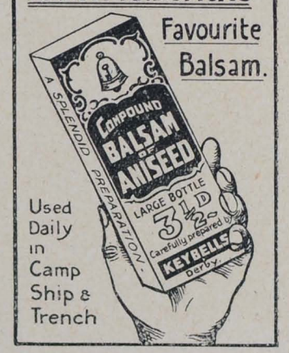

Used Daily in Camp Ship & Trench

"WHEN YOU COME BACK."

A Story from Life.

By "DRIVER."

CHAPTER I.

HOW Jake Crewdon got into the Y.M.C.A. sing-song that night he could never really tell. Before enlisting he had been a collier; a big, rough chap, fond of a pint—or more.

Not so many years ago he had mated with a bonnie lass in a home which promised much happiness. But the glamour of early love had soon worn off, and his steadiness went as well.

He spent his nights in the "Red Lion," gambled all he had and what he could get hold of by pawning things out of the home.

Needless to say, the blithesome lass he once courted was now a pale, sad woman, and his home, instead of being tuned to the laughter of happy children, was a little hovel in a back street where fear and poverty reigned.

But Jake, like many others, had answered his country's call long before persuasion or law was used. He had often cursed the day that saw him enter the Army, but could not give any adequate reason for being there. All he remembered was a sudden desire to enlist, a feeling which took hold, rushed him into a recruiting office, and—well, here he was, and I don't think, in spite of all his cursing, he would have taken his discharge willingly.

Now Jake, like most men—at least, if they are human—had a big streak of sentiment. In his leisure hours he enjoyed nothing better than taking his place behind a well-filled pot in the canteen and singing for all he was worth songs of love, of the sea, or the happy days to be when the war was finished.

But one cold, wet night, when wind and rain came sweeping over the Downs, and lashed with fury the camp laying in the hollow, Jake, human-like for its paradox ways, forsook the canteen for a tramp over the Downs.

Coming back fairly well soaked, he was passing the Y.M.C.A. hut, when there came floating through the air the sound of a familiar song. Whether it was the gloom of the damp-enwrapped camp that drove him into the hut, or something in him that responded to the volume of sentiment the soldiers were letting off, he cannot tell; before he recovered himself he was roaring with the rest of them as hard as he could. What a revelation of hidden feelings a sing-song is! Men who are rough, crude, stoical, and seemingly placid in daily life show the feelings which bind humanity together. Nor did Jake stop to consider where he was, but sang to a finish, then trooped with the rest of them to the counter, drank his cup of coffee, and wandered out into the night.

"Well, it's a licker!" he exclaimed when he got outside. "Fancy me, Jake Crewdon, in a Y.M.C.A. drinking coffee! I'll get to kip and sleep it off!"

But all the time he was getting into kip there kept running through his mind two lines of a song:

"When you come back, dear,
Our path will be strewn with roses"—

and with them he dropped off to sleep.

CHAPTER II.

Next morning the same two lines flashed through his mind. In the stables, grooming, at the "cookhouse door," in the gun park, drilling, they haunted him. In amongst the officer's orders Jake's mind formed the words "when you come back, dear," and then he began to curse himself for being a fool.

"I'll go and have a pint to-night to wash this rot away!"

But night came, and through the smoke and noise of the canteen there came the same haunting refrain.

"Curse it!" said Jake. "It seems to mock me."

There seemed to come with it the scene of his home, scanty with poverty through his own selfishness, and written over it, mocking with irony, the words, "Our path will be strewn with roses."

"Bah! What a fool I am! I'll get out of this," he muttered to himself, and strode out of the canteen.

But Jake had realised his position; his mind seemed to take him without mercy all



over the past—to the days of courting, when the future promised so much; the day he was married, when he promised to love and cherish the lass he had taken; and then the hopeless failure he had made of that home.

How his drinking and gambling had robbed it of the things that took so much getting together; his kiddies threadbare, and how instead of loving his wife, he had beaten her in his drunken sprees. As the fact burned itself into his brain his wife and kiddies seemed to stand there appealing in a way that was unbearable. "When I go back there'll not be much roses about it," said Jake to himself, and with that he entered the billet. But his decision was already made. Jake's mates did not see him in the canteen the next night, and when they inquired why, he gave it them in his own blunt way.

"I've chucked the beer!"

"Turning religious," someone sneered.

"No, I'm not!" said Jake. "But I'm going into Y.M. on a night, and if anybody has owt to say against it, let him say it to me!"

But no one seemed to have any desire to test the strength of Jake's arm, so they left him alone.

CHAPTER III.

The breaking off of a selfish habit cost Jake something, as all unselfishness does, but when a man's mind is made up, it's wonderful what he will go through to accomplishment.

Like most soldiers, Jake appreciated leave, but never before had he looked forward to it as now. He wanted to be getting home to give his new ideas a real start and tell his wife what a fool and rotter he had been. In his letters home there seemed a different note: words had strayed in that were not usually there, and more than that, a P.O. came with them occasionally.

At first she put it down to an extra drinking bout, but when it continued she was mystified. Still the day for leave came, Jake had written his wife asking her and the kiddies to meet him at the station, and though it was extraordinary to her, she made them look as tidy as possible, and away they went to meet him. Jake meanwhile was travelling towards home. He had treated the sergeant for getting his pass in a way which had astounded him. All the way he was as expectant as a little boy on his first train ride.

Ah! there they were, and then Jake began to feel a little bit—well he didn't quite know how he felt, but he didn't know what to do or say for the moment, and it was rather a shamefaced Jake that kissed his wife and then the kiddies.

"Come along, lass!" Jake exclaimed as he shouldered the little lad and took a girl of about six by the hand, for this extraordinary conduct was proving too much for her.

Woman-like, she was wondering, "Was he drunk? No, that could not be it, for she had never seen him more sober."

Did he want to beg something to go on his usual spree? And pondering thus they reached home.

What was the matter with the man, she wondered, as he tried to assist in getting the tea ready. It is only natural for a woman who has had life's joy crushed out by man to be suspicious of fresh moves. But after tea Jake suddenly exclaimed, "Mary! I've been a fool!"

Mary gasped, for she had never heard Jake Crewdson admit that before.

"I've not done right to you and the kids, and—well, to tell the truth, I've chucked gambling and drinking."

It took a lot of saying, and an awkward pause was following, when Jake saved the situation by exclaiming, "Mary! let's all go to pictures to-night!" and for fear of the mood changing she readily consented.

But as the leave passed away she realised that he intended something more than just sacrificing his drink. He was making life more like what courting days had promised.

In his desire to make amends, Jake, too, had found that which for years he had sought in vain—happiness! The love and happy laughter that filled the home came like music to this man, who had so long lived only to satisfy selfish desires.

The leave passed all too quickly for them both; but when Jake kissed her good-bye at the station she whispered almost shyly—

"Till you come back, dear!"

From the Bishop of St. Davids.

I am thankful to hear from many quarters that the Y.M.C.A. has been very helpful, and is warmly appreciated by the men.

NOTES ON DAILY READINGS.

For the Junior Department Branch of the Scripture Union.

By the Rev. A. J. COSTAIN, M.A., Headmaster of Rydal Mount School.

Author of "Life of Arthur Jackson," "Men in the Making," etc.

Saturday, 13th.—Numbers xvi. 23-35. **Sunday, 14th.**—Numbers xvi. 36-50. Did you make the attempt to find the three separate accounts? They are as follows: (1) Dathan and Abiram rise against Moses, jealous of his authority and disappointed with the results of his leadership. (See verses 12-15, 28-34.) This was a revolt of laymen against the *civil* authority of Moses. (2) Korah, at the head of 250 princes of the congregation, instigates a rebellion against Moses and Aaron. (See verses 1-7, 18-19, 35.) This is a revolt of laymen against the ecclesiastical authority claimed by the tribe of Levi. (3) Korah, at the head of 250 Levites, opposes, in the interests of the tribe of Levi, the monopoly of the priesthood claimed by Aaron. (See verses 8-11, 16-17; verse 35 may be taken as also part of this story.) Here it is not a case of non-Levites against Levites, but of Levites against the family of Aaron. This is what is called Biblical criticism. Please remember that Biblical criticism is only another name for Bible study.

Monday, 15th.—Numbers xx. 1-13. This is the account of one of the great failures in the life of Moses. It is one of the virtues of the Old Testament that its heroes fail sometimes. They were men of like passions with us. We know that Moses failed—because of the rebuke which he received—but it is not so clear wherein precisely his failure lay. Was it that he smote the rock petulantly instead of speaking to it as he had been told to do, and took credit himself for what was really God's doing? (See verses 8, 10, 11.) Or had he and Aaron proved unworthy of their trust and shared in some way in the rebellion against God? (See verse 12, "because ye believed not in me.") Perhaps the latter is the true reason. God was condemning their inner spirit rather than any outward act.

Tuesday, 16th.—Numbers xx. 14-29. Here is the record of the death of Aaron. We read that all the congregation wept for Aaron for the space of thirty days. They wept for him when he was dead: they had made him weep while he was alive. Doesn't it often happen like that? We reserve our flowers for men's graves. All our tears can avail men nothing then, but our smiles would have meant much to them in their lifetime. Boys don't think very much of their master until he has gone to another school: then they say, "We'll never have anyone who will be so keen on the school as he was. Cynicism on my part? No, my boy, foolishness on your part (I'm not talking of head masters: they don't count.) I don't think much of the motto, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* (About dead people speak nothing but good): there's a mistake in the second word.

Wednesday, 17th.—Numbers xxi. 1-9. Here they are again. Look at verse 5. More grumbling. Aren't you tired of them? They were marching to the promised land. Did they expect a picnic? Was it nothing to them that they were free men? Nothing that Egypt was a thing of the past? Just think of our soldiers to-day, and mark the difference. We have had a good many foolish catchwords in England in my time. We have been exhorted to prevent our hair becoming of undue length, and told to inquire of the constable if we want information as to the hour of the day. But the catchword of the present hour deserves to live. "Are we downhearted? NO!"

Thursday, 18th.—Numbers xxi. 21-35. "Each victory will help us some other to win." Do you remember the words of the old hymn? There is nothing like a victory to put heart into you. What you have done once you can do again. "Og, King of Bashan"—it has always seemed to me a fearsome name, a name to strike terror into your heart. And when you have to face Og, King of Bashan, it means a good deal to be able to recall what happened to Sihon, King of the Amorites. We have a lot of enemies to meet in life, but, thank Heaven, we can generally take them one by one. It isn't true that troubles never come singly. They always come singly. They often come close on one another's heels, but still they come singly, after all.

Friday, 19th.—Numbers xxii. 1-14. Here is the famous story of Balak and Balaam. There are few stories which reveal more of human nature. Balaam was like most of us: there was good in him, and there was evil, too. He is not to be condemned or commended off hand. You ought to read the story carefully, and see where Balaam makes his mistakes.

From Principal Thomas Howat.

By its many-sided concern for the interests of our young men the Y.M.C.A. makes a powerful contribution to the success of the Allies in this war. Through its agency enemies more subtle than the Germans are held at bay.

A considerable number of the Trefecca students have assisted in the work and it is their testimony that while the task imposed on the helpers is heavy in the extreme, it is greatly appreciated by the men.

Wales may justly be proud of the extensive application of this form of Christian service. It is worthy of our best support in providing a home from home and in supplying materials for our soldiers to send home those messages which bring so much cheer.

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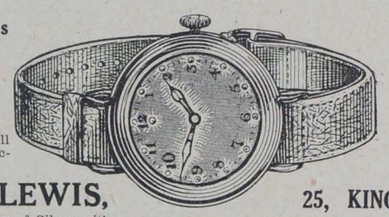
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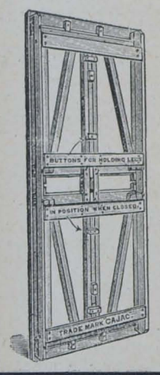
"YINDAW" CHAIRS Fig. 1452


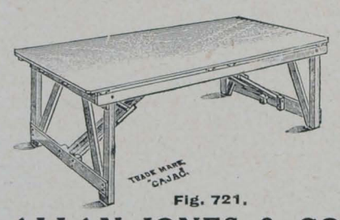
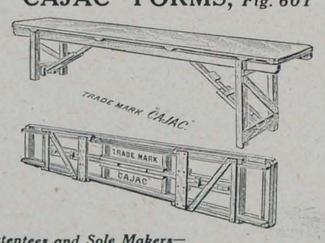
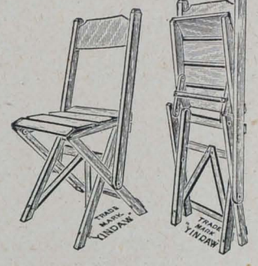
"CAJAC" TABLE, Fig. 721


Fig. 721.
"CAJAC" FORMS, Fig. 601




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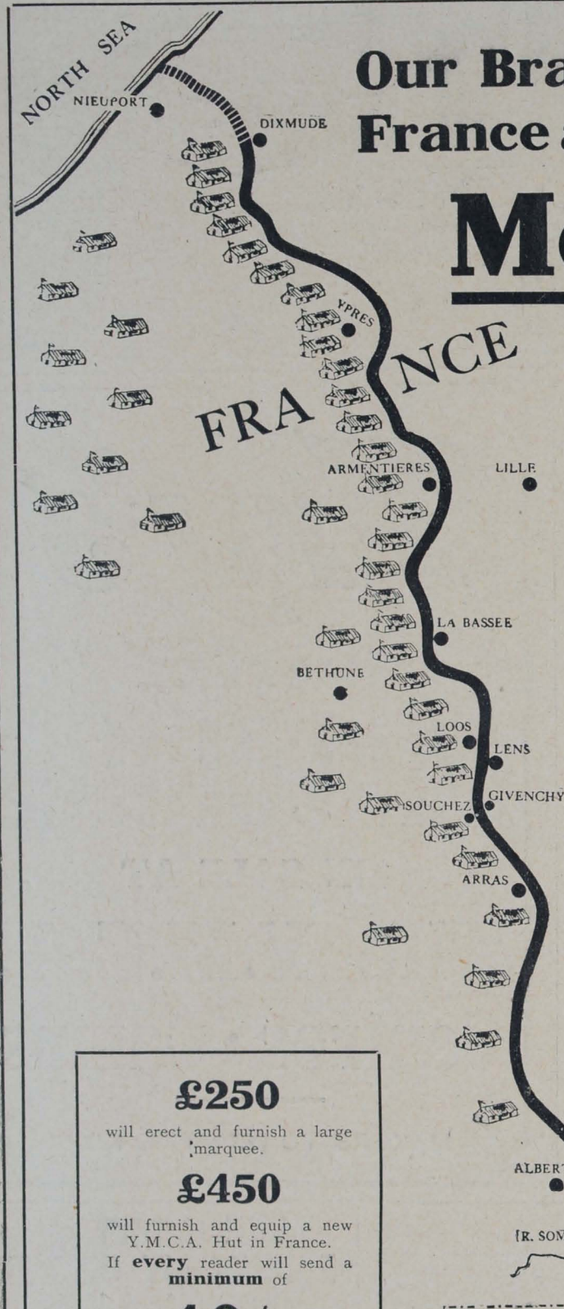

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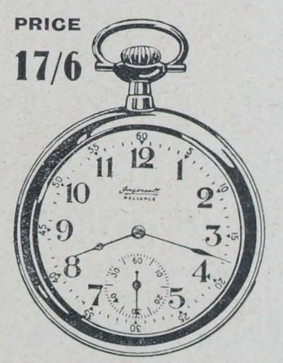

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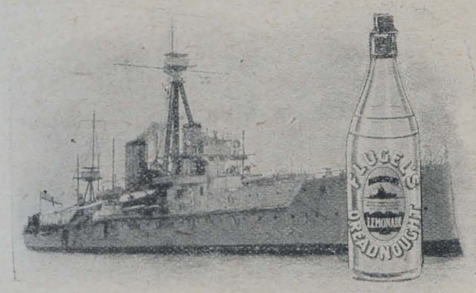

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The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

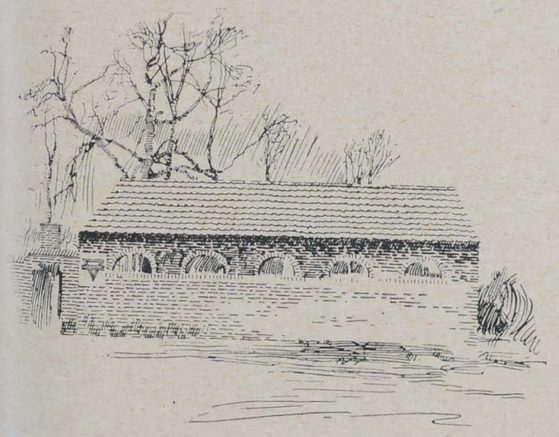
No. 71. Vol. 2. MAY 19, 1916. PRICE 1d.

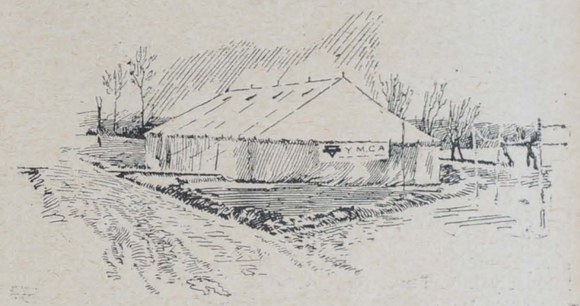
THE Y.M.C.A. IN FRANCE.

IN revisiting France after an interval of seven months one noticed a striking advance in the work of the Y.M.C.A with the Expeditionary Force. It has been developed on wise lines, mistakes have been avoided, and rapid extension has been accompanied by increased efficiency everywhere. It is difficult to say whether it was more interesting to revisit centres one had known previously or to pay a first visit to new huts and institutes that have been recently opened up. It might be expected that there would be a sameness in the work seeing that the huts are so much alike, and do not readily lend themselves to architectural effect, but such is not by any means the case. Every centre is different, and the individuality of the leader is shown in a variety of ways.

The Y.M.C.A. in France and Flanders is now represented in 157 centres. Most of these are huts, but all kinds of buildings have been requisitioned—an old church, a convent, a cinema, a Mayor's parlour, and canvas marquees, while farm buildings and structures of every conceivable kind have been fitted up as Y.M.C.A. clubs under the sign of the Red Triangle. The British line in Flanders, as everybody knows, has been extended, and that has led the Y.M.C.A. to "lengthen its cords and strengthen its stakes."

It is interesting to notice the living links in the endless chain with which the Association is encircling the Empire. Commencing in the training camps and billeting centres at home, the Y.M.C.A. has established important centres at the ports of debarkation, so that if the men are held up owing to submarine trouble in the Channel, or for any other reason, there is a Y.M.C.A. hut at their disposal. When they land on the other side there is almost certain to be a Y.M.C.A. in the rest camp to which they are taken on arrival, and whether they remain at the base or go up the line the





hut with the Red Triangle is open to them. If they return home on leave there are eleven Y.M.C.A. huts in London open night and day, where they can always get something hot to eat or drink and a bed to lie on. There are six to seven thousand men every week sleeping in these London huts, and two of our Y.M.C.A. motor-cars in a single week conveyed no fewer than 1,800 men between railway stations and Y.M.C.A.'s. There are special huts stationed where they can be of great service to the men travelling in the leave trains, and in many instances each train is stopped for half an hour to enable the troops to visit the Y.M.C.A. buffets, and the half-hour is full of glorious life, and as busy as it can be. Useful links in the chain are those connected with hospital and convalescent camps, and some of the most important links are those still to be forged, and that will be concerned with work after the war. The men have learnt to know, to love, and to trust the Red Triangle, and we must not fail them after the war—but more of that anon.

The work of the Y.M.C.A. in France has been admirably planned, skilfully organised, and rapidly extended, but is deeply spiritual in tone, and it would be impossible to see much of it without having one's faith strengthened in the all-round programme and the living message of the Y.M.C.A. The boys in France are subject to endless temptations, and one saw everywhere the tremendous need for the kind of counter-attraction the Y.M.C.A. is able to provide. One realised the urgent need for the social side of our work and the importance of the trading department, but one always felt what a poor weak thing it would have been had we nothing else to offer to the men. It is the definite religious programme of the Y.M.C.A. that makes it so popular and helpful to the troops. It is a revelation to visit the huts in the big reinforcement camps, and to see the dense crowds of men who make them their home. In many of the huts it is anything but an easy task to elbow one's way from counter to platform, and very often there is a queue extending the whole length of the hut waiting for coffee, or to get access to the change counter.

A. K. Y.

THE RED TRIANGLE AT THE FRONT.

"UP THE LINE."



THROUGH the courtesy of the military authorities we had the opportunity of visiting Y.M.C.A. centres along the whole length of the British line in France. It was a great privilege, and we were glad of the opportunity of seeing for ourselves the conditions under which our soldiers live and of gauging the extent of the opportunity for service by the Y.M.C.A. In some places we motored along roads that were hidden by screens, as otherwise any traffic would have been in full view of the Germans. In many places the country is most captivating, with its picturesque buildings, its familiar windmills, beautiful woods and gardens. Almost every building is occupied by British Tommies, and it was intensely interesting to visit some of the billets and see for ourselves the conditions under which our men live. One of these billets, which was a perfect palace compared with many we were to see afterwards, was nothing but a ramshackle barn. The boarded walls provided ample ventilation. One side was screened off with sacking, and behind it were a number of horses tethered. Six beds had been rigged up most ingeniously. From the farm, poles had been obtained, and these had been fastened to stakes driven into the floor. Wire had been taken from the bundles of hay sent from England for the horses, and worked into an ingenious wire mattress; sacking from round the straw bales had been used to cover this, and over all was a layer of straw covered with blankets, making a not uncomfortable bed. The harness was hung up in various parts of the barn.

The magnitude of the work the Y.M.C.A. is already doing at the base and right up the line may be gathered from a perusal of the charts on pp. 452 and 453. The positions of the various centres are not exactly as indicated, for obvious reasons. All are within the area of one or other of the four armies at the front, and some of our centres are within less than a mile of the German trenches.

Unfortunately, we have not space to permit of even a passing reference to all the huts or other centres included in the list, but some have features of special interest.

No. 139 is a canvas structure that was being used at the time of our visit by Australian troops.

Nos. 123 and 124 are situated in a comparatively large town. We were billeted there for two nights, and the first night the sky was illuminated by the ceaseless flashes of the German guns, whilst early on the second morning one of the Taubes of the enemy came right over the town, but fortunately departed without dropping any bombs. It was great to visit the Y.M.C.A. hut and find it crowded for a concert by Miss Lena Ashwell's firing line party, whilst the cinema adjoining it was packed with nearly a thousand men and more than forty officers. It was at this centre that the town major told us that the advent of the Y.M.C.A. had meant a reduction in crime of 80 per cent.

At No. 141 the leader was ill, but it was cheering to listen to the stories he had to tell of cases that had come under his personal observation where men had been spiritually helped by the Y.M.C.A. in this "up-the-line" centre. Less than a mile away we visited a town that had been almost entirely destroyed by German shell-fire. Whilst we were in the Y.M.C.A. a young officer called to purchase cigarettes, chocolates, &c. He was on his way to the trenches for the first time that night.

There are three Y.M.C.A.'s in the space indicated by Nos. 129 and 130. One day last week one of the three—we are not sure which—was destroyed by shell-fire, and the orderly in charge, we regret to hear, was killed.

No. 144 is in Belgium. It is a tiny hut, situated on the side of a wood, which covers one of the highest hills in Flanders. When we visited it the leader was ill, and an exceedingly nice Canadian orderly was in charge. It was evening, and the hut was illuminated throughout by candles. An advance by the Germans was expected that night, and the men had all been ordered to stand by ready for any emergency. The hut was crowded, and most of the men were engaged in writing letters home. The orderly asked us if we would like to walk with him to the top of the hill and see "Fritz" send up his flares. We walked along a banky meadow, which was just full of craters caused by the explosions of "Jack Johnsons" and "Whizz-bangs." All was silent when we reached the summit of the hill, and there was no sign of movement anywhere. Presently we saw one of the star-shells burst high up in the air, and this was followed by others, which illuminated the whole countryside. As we returned by the lane to our hut we had difficulty in avoiding huge craters that had been caused by bursting shells the previous afternoon.

No. 112 was formerly a convent, but is now an admirable town institute under the sign of the Red Triangle, whilst No. 113 is a hut erected at the request of the military authorities close to the station for the convenience of "leave" men. A number of beds have been rigged up, and are much appreciated by men going on or returning from leave.

Hut No. 115 was originally erected for the benefit of the Guards, but they left soon after it was opened. It has been beautifully decorated, and is constantly crowded.

No. 117 has been erected by the St. Helens Y.M.C.A. as a memorial to the late Colonel W. W. Pilkington, their esteemed president and one of the earliest friends of the war work of the Y.M.C.A. It is a beautiful little hut, and quite close to the firing line.



THE RED TRIANGLE AT THE FRONT—*Continued.*

As we approached it in our motor we saw what appeared to be a tiny cloud about the size of a man's hand, standing out from the clear blue of the sky. A moment later another, and yet another, appeared, each one snow white, and each one gradually growing larger in size, and as we watched we knew we were looking at bursting shells; then a Taube appeared, which might have been made of burnished silver, and which looked about the size of a seagull. It was rapidly mounting higher and higher, and presently disappeared behind a cloud, only to appear again a few seconds later higher up, and as we watched, shells burst in front, behind, above, and below until it disappeared in the distance, closely pursued by the bursting British shells. As we stood on the doorstep in front of the St. Helen's hut we saw some of our own aeroplanes and others belonging to the enemy high up in the air closely pursued by bursting shells.

The large double hut furnished by the Scottish Brotherhood, No. 118, is one of the busiest centres in France. It is situated in a dreary manufacturing centre. As we sat at tea we could hear the guns all the time. A few yards away we saw a street that had been almost entirely demolished by the gun fire of the enemy.

No. 119 is the gift of the London and North-Western Railway Company. Appropriately enough, it has been erected at the entrance to a railway station, and is greatly used by men going on leave or returning to the trenches.

The Sheffield and Hallamshire Hut, No. 121, had not been completed on the occasion of our visit. The rain was teeming down, and the men gathered round and told us how greatly it was needed. Our heavy guns were firing at the time, and in between the booming of the guns came the call note of the cuckoo, fresh and cheery as we are wont to hear it here in England.

No. 122 is a Mayor's parlour: a quaint room crowded with Tommies as we saw it. The square outside will always be memorable as the scene of a gallant charge of the London Scottish, who in the early days of the war drove the Germans from the square.

The "Harold Chapin" Memorial is a commodious building erected in the market place of a well-known town, and No. 146 is a market house that has been fitted up as a Y.M.C.A.

Nos. 150 and 151 are 2½ miles from the firing line. Canvas equipment amid a sea of mud was the former as we saw it, and there were evidences that it was in constant use. The other place consisted of a barn that had been beautifully fitted up as chapel and quiet room. Our leaders in charge are pastmasters in the art of decoration, and no wonder that their efforts are much appreciated.

The Heath Harrison Hut, No. 153, is situated by cross roads 3½ or 4 miles from the Germans, and exposed to shell fire, and from early morning till late night there is an endless queue of men passing to and from the refreshment counter. In a place like this one could not help asking oneself the question, What would the men have done here had it not been for the Y.M.C.A.?

No. 154 consists of four farm buildings in a village where the men usually live in cellars. It is two miles from the German trenches, and a short time before our visit the worker in charge was standing outside talking to three soldiers, when a shell burst, killing his three companions, whilst he himself was blown across the road, though, fortunately, apart from the mental shock, he was uninjured. We are thankful to feel that our men are as ready as any to share the dangers of the troops.

Nos. 155 and 156 are farm buildings. The "Rowland Hebeler" Hut is a fine, commodious one, and has been beautifully fitted up. We shall always be glad we had an opportunity of seeing the work of the Y.M.C.A. at the Front when the weather was at its worst. It was cold and cheerless, and very often the rain was coming down in torrents. We can never forget standing near the entrance of No. 155 and seeing the endless stream of soldiers on their way to or from the trenches, in drenching rain and through awful mud. During the whole time we were there we never heard any complaining. The men were cheerful and ready to go through anything, partly no doubt because out there they realise more clearly than we can do here that they are not fighting for freedom and truth in the abstract, but for their loved ones and for their own homes in Britain.

As we motored towards Albert we saw a number of men sitting and lying round the corner of the road, and it looked as if a shell had burst amongst them. One man lay on a stretcher evidently dying, and we heard afterwards that he had no fewer than forty wounds. Others badly wounded were receiving first-aid. The whole thing happened through the explosion of a hand grenade. It brought home to us the horrors of war, and yet probably a hundred things more serious had happened that very day along the British line in Flanders.

No place appealed to our imagination more strongly than the "Threapwood" Hut, No. 127. It was situated at the base of a beautiful wood, within a mile or so of the German lines. Our heavy guns were booming just behind us as we picked violets in the wood. The hut was thronged with men, and there were more than 50 places where damage had been done by fragments of bursting shell or shrapnel. A dugout had been provided by the military within fifteen yards of the hut for the use of our workers, and all around were craters caused by bursting shells.

There are remarkable contrasts in France and Flanders. We visited Albert, and saw the glorious Cathedral that has been almost destroyed by German shells. The figure of the Virgin has been partly dislodged from the top of the steeple, and as we saw it it was leaning forward holding in its hands the figure of the infant Christ. Everything in the immediate vicinity of the Cathedral had been destroyed, and amid that scene of desolation we saw the British soldiers playing football. Nothing could be more beautiful than France as we saw it. It was early spring, and the countryside was resplendent with the new foliage of spring. Wild flowers were there in endless variety, and then quite unexpectedly one would come across some tiny village that had been almost destroyed by shell fire, and amid the ruins the children were playing, and almost up to the trenches the land everywhere is carefully cultivated, and even the flower gardens have not been neglected.

Nos. 131, 132, and 133 are all situated in a well-known town in Flanders. One of these centres has suffered severely through shell fire, and our workers have to sleep in dug-outs or in the cellars of an *estaminet* which forms our central institute. A mile and a-half away is a small town that has been almost entirely destroyed by shell fire.

A. K. Y.

"THE LITTLE MORE AND HOW MUCH IT IS."

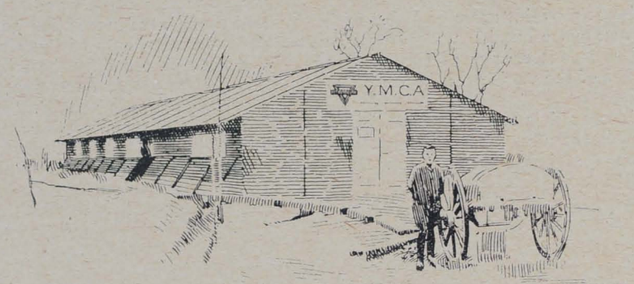
It is a revelation to go into the Y.M.C.A. stores in any one of the base camps, and particularly is this the case with regard to Havre. Everything is admirably managed, and the work is carried out on a very big scale. The fact that the workers in charge had, before the war, no experience of the handling of work of this kind makes it all the more creditable. A visit to the advanced stations of the Y.M.C.A. in France make more clear than ever the value of the trading side of our work, and we remember visiting one centre within a mile of the trenches and finding the workers almost in tears because, through lack of transport, they had been unable to get up any stores. The leader in charge said to us, "You have no idea what it is like when there is an endless procession of men coming up and asking for chocolate, cigarettes, or cake, and you have to give the same reply, 'We have none left in stock.'" These trivial things make so much difference to the comfort of the men living necessarily under such uncomfortable conditions.

AT THE SIGN OF THE RED TRIANGLE.

Cameos from France.



THE Rev. Harry Miller told us how one night the "Gordon" hut was crowded and the light had gone out. There were only two candles left; one of them was blown out, and a lad in khaki held the other in a corner of the hut. "We talked together as if we were round the fire at home; we talked of the war, of the homes we had left behind us, of our loved ones, of the trenches, of the life beyond the grave. There was a curious Something in the hut that night! What if that Something happened to be God?"



"Only Two."

On one occasion two lads came to Mr. Miller and said they wanted to be prepared for Confirmation. He asked them if it was not difficult for them to live as Christians in camp. "Oh, no," was the reply; "as a matter of fact, we are the only two in our tent who are not Church members."

The Extra.

In one of the huts at Etaples we noticed a number of men in khaki, who were helping to deal with the rush. One young fellow was hard at work washing cups; before the war, he was in training to become a barrister. Another was a Y.M.C.A. member from Huddersfield; he had been wounded, and was awaiting his discharge, and in the meantime doing all he could to help the work of the Y.M.C.A.

For the Poilus.

"*Ygrec M. C. A.*!" The Red Triangle is almost as familiar in Northern France as it is in England. The magic letters rendered in French "*Ygrec M.C.A.*," and a sight of the Triangle, act as "Open Sesame" to most of the camps and many other places that are carefully guarded. It is a sign of the times that the French people themselves are beginning to inquire whether it would not be advisable to undertake work for the soldiers of France similar to that carried on by the Y.M.C.A. amongst our British troops. Near Le Touquet, in a little town by the seaside, an *estaminet* has been opened as a club-room for the use of French soldiers. It was the adopted daughter of one of the most famous of the French Generals who first of all drew our attention to the need for work in that centre. Our representatives gladly co-operated, and undertook the furnishing and equipping of these rooms for purposes akin to those of the Y.M.C.A. It was in the afternoon when we called, but quite a number of men were present, making full use of the facilities provided for them. In all probability similar work will be opened for French troops in other centres. In the course of the next fortnight, we hope to open the first Y.M.C.A. building to be attached to the Belgian Army. So much are the Belgian authorities impressed by the value of our work that they have established a special department to deal with the recreation of their troops, and they have asked our co-operation.

Portable.

We have pleasure in including amongst our illustrations this week a drawing of one of the portable huts as used by the Y.M.C.A. in the advanced stations in France. The design is most ingenious. The huts are built in 5-ft. sections, and can be erected easily in three days.



AT THE SIGN OF THE RED TRIANGLE—*Continued.*

When the great advance comes it will be comparatively easy for us to transfer our huts wherever they may most be needed. The huts are somewhat narrower than those generally used in England, and not quite so lofty, but they are admirable in every way for the purpose for which they are intended. Linen is used instead of glass for the windows, and the structures are more artistic in appearance than the average British huts.

They lend themselves to decoration, and most ingenious schemes of ornamentation have been devised by our leaders in various centres.

Artists and Gardeners.

In two or three cases artists serving in the ranks and holding commissions in the camps in which we are at work have painted striking pictures on the woodwork, right across the platform end of the hut. Simplicity of construction means everything when the work is carried out under existing circumstances. We are thinking of one case up the line where one of our workers who is not yet old enough to join the Army has supervised the erection of several of the huts. Some of the gardens in France add greatly to the picturesque appearance of the huts.

Royal Visits.

His Majesty the King, on the occasion of his last visit to France, visited the Woodbine Hut, and expressed himself as being greatly pleased with all the arrangements. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales also visited two or three of the centres, and on one occasion when serving with the Guards he bought his dolly cake and cup of coffee, taking his place in the queue in the ordinary way.



A Group of Secretaries Working in France.

Concerts and Conjurers.

We have been able to do big things in France in organising music and singing. It would be difficult to overestimate the value of the work that has been done by Miss Lena Ashwell's concert parties. With possibly one or two exceptions, they have been absolutely first class. We had the pleasure of attending one of these concerts in the Great Theatre at Rouen, when the building was crowded from floor to roof with an enthusiastic audience. The programme was exceptionally fine. The following evening we had the pleasure of listening to the effort of the combined male voice choir organised by the Y.M.C.A. The performance was most creditable, and shows what can be done by a man who understands his job and who is a leader of men. The Y.M.C.A. conjurer and entertainers are invariably popular. We had the pleasure of being present at one of the concerts given by one of our firing-line concert parties. The hut was crowded and the programme greatly appreciated.

Workers and Leaders.

We were immensely impressed with the efficiency of the services rendered in France by our workers, both ladies and gentlemen, and by the brilliant leadership that has been shown not only by Mr. McCowen, but those who are associated with him in this work. When one remembers that many of those who are bearing heavy responsibilities for the Y.M.C.A. in France to-day were not connected with the movement prior to the war, one appreciates all the more the value of their help. It would be impossible to exaggerate the value of the magnificent work that is being done by ladies in the various base camps, and for this we are largely indebted to H.H. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, the lady president, who is now on a visit to our centres in France. We owe much to her, and nothing could exceed her enthusiasm for the work. We make a most urgent appeal for additional workers, particularly laymen between the ages of 41 and 50 and younger clergy. Full particulars may be obtained on application to Headquarters.

"Up-the-Trench" Libraries.

The great majority of the Y.M.C.A. huts in France have really good libraries. The books are in constant demand by the men, and in a number of cases "Up-the-Trench Libraries" have been organised, and there is a great demand for 7d. editions of popular books for use in the trenches. We want many more magazines for most of the huts, particularly the popular illustrated ones, whilst properly prepared scrap-books are also invaluable.

The "Bath."

The "Bath" hut is attached to the No. 3 Canadian General Hospital. It is staffed entirely by men from the McGill University. No refreshments are sold, but the hut is open fourteen hours daily, and a good all-round Association work is carried on. There are 1,000 volumes in the library, and forty current papers and magazines are on file. Seventy-two members are enrolled in French classes, and a medical library with a "quiet room" and study have been set apart for the use of the forty medical students attached to the hospital. There is a full range of British medical journals available. Private Richards acts as secretary.

The Royal Horse Guards Blue.

In a series of tiny villages somewhere in France are billeted the men of this crack regiment. The only Y.M.C.A. hut erected at present serves altogether seven or eight hundred troops, and up to its advent the public-houses or estaminets had everything their own way. Lord Tweedmouth, who is in command, is most interested in the work, and the Marquis of Londonderry and other officers have frequently helped in various ways. Boxing contests and concerts are arranged in our hut, and Lord Pembroke said recently of the Y.M.C.A., "They love it. It has put a new spirit into the men of our squadron." The leader in charge is a young Irish clergyman, and he has got a remarkable hold on the troops. Two of the men who were somewhat addicted to drink were overheard talking inside the hut one day. Presently one of them let slip an oath, when the other rebuked him, "Don't let that parson bloke hear you. I have no peace of my life when he's about."

The story was told of a wealthy trooper who is likely to obtain his commission soon. He drives a limber, and a few

AT THE SIGN OF THE RED TRIANGLE—*Continued.*

days before our visit brought a load of coal to the Y.M.C.A. The man who rides with him on the same limber is a Tommy of the rougher type, and it is pathetic to see how the other man brings him round to the Y.M.C.A., hangs on to him, and keeps him away from drink.

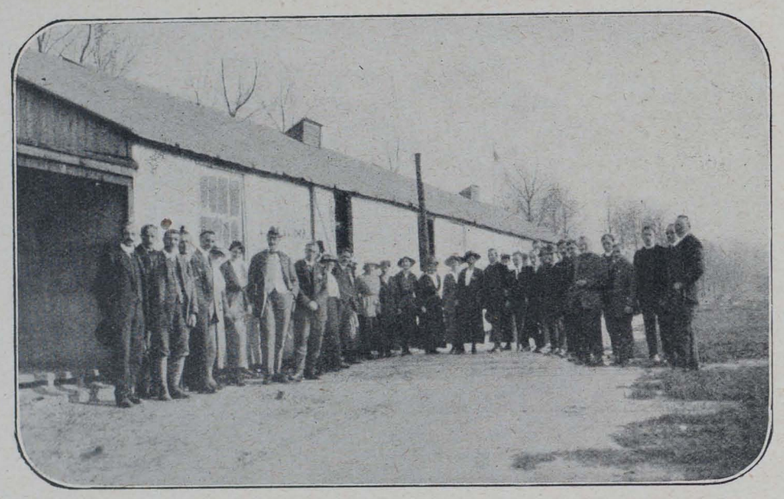
They have fine services on Sunday evenings, and practically all the men stay for family prayer each night.

Athletic Sports.

We had the privilege of being present at athletic sports organised by the Y.M.C.A. in one of the important bases. A pleasing feature of the proceedings was the opportunity given for emphasising the *entente cordiale*. Practically all the British officers in the base were present, fraternising with the officers of the French Army. There was a French military band, as well as a troop of Scottish Pipers. Several thousands of people were present, including British and French wounded, nurses, thousands of English Tommies, and crowds of the civil population. It was interesting to see how many Tommies had climbed the trees in order that they might get a better view of the proceedings.

Dr. Holland Rose,

of Cambridge University, has recently been in France. His lectures have been greatly appreciated, and a class has been organised consisting of one representative from the staff attached to each of the Y.M.C.A. huts. Together they have studied some subject of historical interest, and then each one has reproduced the lecture in his own hut. It is a sign of the times that one of the leading savants of one of our great Universities has been willing to devote his time to this work. When we thanked him for his services, he responded that the time spent in France working for the Y.M.C.A. had been the greatest time of his life.



HUT LEADERS AND HELPERS.

Sunday Afternoon Tea at Calais.

We happened to be in Calais one Sunday afternoon, and at the request of Mr. Sitters, the secretary in charge, had pleasure in speaking to the men who were gathered together for the "Strangers' Tea." It was only a comparatively small gathering, but thirty different towns were represented.

A Young Soldiers' Club

has been formed in one of the big base camps. It is used almost entirely by lads who have joined the Army, but who are not of the prescribed age. Several hundreds of them are in camp around our hut, which is a great boon to them, and will, we believe, exercise a strong influence for good.

The Central Town Institute at Havre

is extremely popular. It has been fitted up with billiard and refreshment rooms, and the evening programme usually consists of a cinematograph performance or a high-class concert. It was an interesting indication of the number of men who use the building to note on the day of our first visit that 940 eggs had been poached between the hours of 3 and 6.20. It is interesting also to note that no less than two tons of toffee were despatched in one week to one camp, and the men attached to our Central Stores have handled as many as 2,000 cases containing provisions and supplies of various kinds in a single day.

Work Amongst Indians

has been carried on at the request of the Indian Government, and on the distinct understanding that the work is purely social and secular in character. We might have endless opportunities of proselytising, but our workers have loyally stood by the agreement that has been made, and we believe the results of this work are likely to be far-reaching. On one occasion four Sikhs had been punished for drunkenness. A meeting was held by members of their confraternity to decide how they should overcome the disgrace that had overtaken them, and it was proposed that a Y.M.C.A. man should be invited to come down and lecture to the men on temperance. He gave a lecture of an hour's duration, and a remarkable scene followed as the culprits one by one came forward to confess what they had done, and to promise that nothing of the kind should occur again. Afterwards the Sikhs invited the Y.M.C.A. representative to attend meeting after meeting, so completely had he won their confidence. On another occasion the hut was crowded with Indians. They were playing all kinds of games, shouting for notepaper, &c., and one man was kneeling on the floor and trying to kiss the feet of the Y.M.C.A. leader, so grateful was he for a simple service that had been rendered to him. A tall, stately Indian soldier stood silently by, watching everything, and when the hut was cleared he came forward and said, "Sahib, I have been watching your work. You close and open your building when you like. You are always serving us. You are always pleasant. The Government has not sent you. You must be Christians, because no other religion would have sent its disciples out not to proselytise, but to serve."

New Huts Needed.

At least twenty additional huts are needed for France, and we are glad to acknowledge the following gifts already promised :—

"The Halifax," per local Y.M.C.A.	£600
Mrs. Cuninghame, per the Scottish Y.M.C.A. ...	500
"Accrington"	300
Motherwell	800
Per the New Zealand Government	600
Belfast Boy Scouts	600
Mr. Alexander Joy	450
The Misses Howard for the new "Threapwood" Hut	450
Mr. H. G. Judd, for a quiet room to be attached to one of the huts in France	100

Additional gifts will be very much appreciated.

A. K. Y.

WORK FOR THE RELATIVES OF THE WOUNDED IN FRANCE.



IN quite a number of centres in France we are rendering a much-appreciated service to friends of soldiers who are dangerously ill. We have special hostel accommodation in eight centres, where needy relatives are entertained at the expense of the Y.M.C.A. during their stay in France.

At C—— 486 people in about three months had accepted our hospitality in the hostel which has been specially built for the purpose, and 314 at H—— between February 1 and April 27, during which time our lady housekeeper provided 946 meals at the Y.M.C.A. headquarters.

A few days before we visited the "Brown" hostel a Lancashire woman had been staying there, having been urgently summoned to visit her husband, who had been dangerously wounded. It was her first visit to France, and, in fact, she had never previously been far away from her own home. She sat down on one of the moving stairways in London, and was terribly frightened by the pace at which the Y.M.C.A. motor-car was travelling when conveying her from the landing stage in France. She assured the chauffeur that she would die unless it stopped, and added that she had had enough of the sea, and was determined to return home by 'bus.

The Y.M.C.A. motor-cars meet every boat, and the honorary drivers help the relatives to get through Customs, convey them to the hospitals, find out the whereabouts of the ward they desire to visit, and do everything they can to help them during their sojourn in France.

On the occasion of our visit to T—— we had an opportunity of seeing something of the work done by our leaders in charge. One of them was on the *Sussex* at the time it was torpedoed. Just as we arrived the Y.M.C.A. car turned up with three relatives, who had been motored more than 80 miles from the boat to the hospital. Had these three people had to travel by rail it would have taken them the whole day.

Some of the stories our workers have to tell are pathetic in the extreme. In one case the sister in charge went in first to prepare her patient for the visit of his mother. "What would you like best in all the world," she asked him. "To go back to 'Blighty,'" he replied. "But," she said, "that is impossible, so what would you like next best to that?" "To see my father and mother," was the answer. The man's joy may be imagined when he heard that his mother was waiting to be ushered into the ward.

In another case the invalid was delirious, and did not recognise his wife. After a few minutes she said to him, "You remember little Willie and Lizzie, don't you, dear?" and for a moment only she was rewarded with that look of intelligence on the poor sufferer's face which made the long journey from England worth while.

A father returned from one of our hostels rejoicing because his boy seemed so bright and cheerful, and was apparently on the high road to recovery. The next morning one of the hospital orderlies met our leader with the words, "He has gone, sir." "It cannot be true, orderly," he rejoined. But, alas! it was all too true. He had had a sudden relapse, and passed away early that morning.

Another man came all the way from England, and was ushered into the ward to see his boy, who greeted him with the words, "Hello, dad!" and never spoke again.

These are some of the little tragedies of life that are usually unrecorded, and if the Y.M.C.A. had done nothing else in France than what it has done to help those who are passing through untold anguish owing to the sufferings of those dearer than life to them, it would have been well worth all the money and effort that have been expended on the work.

A day or two before our visit to the splendid hostel at C——, which has been erected to the memory of the late Mr. — Brown, a poor woman, who had come over to see her husband, who was dangerously ill, gave birth to a baby boy. As this was the first event of the kind that had happened in the camp, it naturally aroused a great deal of interest.

A. K. Y.



WE are glad that the continued success of Y.M. is enabling us to carry into effect our plans for constantly improving the paper; and we trust that this will still further enlarge our constituency. Adequate treatment of our work in France has compelled us to omit several of our usual features. Indeed, the Editor has not space for all the Special Articles dealing with France that have been sent him.

Next week we shall issue an Empire Day Number.



Our Outlook

THE Bishop of London, speaking in the Upper House of Convocation at Canterbury a few days since, is reported to have said that the Y.M.C.A. had formed a kind of new religion, and the Church must be prepared with similar warmth and adaptability in the future. The religion of the Y.M.C.A. is only new in the sense expressed by One Who said, "Behold, I make all things new." A leading London daily characterised the new religion of the Y.M.C.A. as "a religion of limitless helpfulness." It is the old message, indeed, that is ever new, and the new note struck by the Y.M.C.A. in its war work has been the note of unity as opposed to controversy, and that of practical service as opposed to mere theory. Not only have people of almost every creed and party benefited through the service it has rendered, but they have actually made their contribution towards that service. The Y.M.C.A. message of the "cup of coffee" is only another expression of the Master's message of a "cup of cold water." The "serving of tables" in the Y.M.C.A. hut, if carried out in the proper spirit, is merely following in the steps of Him Who washed His disciples' feet.

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PROFESSOR CAIRNS was pronouncing the Benediction in the Cavalry hut at Rouen as we entered the building. It was a fine evening, and there were not quite as many present as usual; yet there were between six or seven hundred men taking part in an ordinary week-night service. A lot of them had just arrived from Egypt and the Dardanelles, and several came to the quiet room after the meeting was over for a heart-to-heart talk with the Professor. Coming forward to greet us, he said, in words that could not fail to impress one, "*I knew you had a great opportunity before I came out here. Now I know that the greatest spiritual opportunity in Christian history is with you—rests on your shoulders.*" It was a strong expression to use, but no one acquainted with the facts would call it exaggeration.

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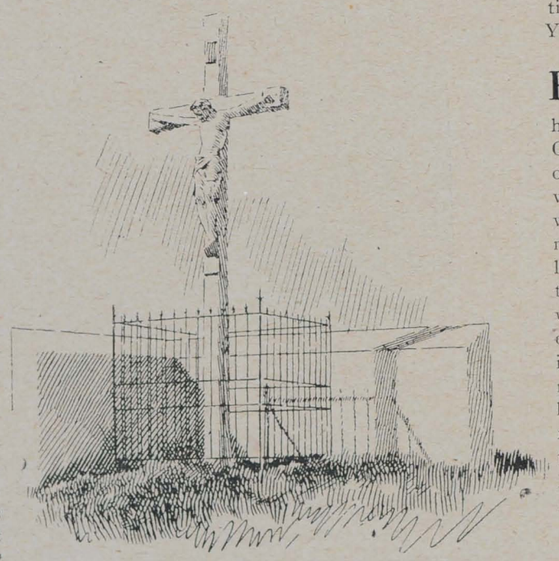
ONE comes back from France not only convinced of the great opportunity before the Y.M.C.A., but also feeling that this is the supreme opportunity for the Church of Christ to regain its hold on the manhood of the country, and that if it fails now, humanly speaking the opportunity will have gone for ever. There is nothing "panicky" about the religion of the men at the front, but their thoughts are turned to God as possibly never before. The informality of the religious services of the Y.M.C.A.; the straight speaking, with an entire absence of anything in the nature of beating about the bush; the absence of controversy and hair-splitting theology; and the fact that a man can come and go as he pleases appeal to our soldier lads at the front. For these men, as well as for the Church, it is a time of crisis. Never were men more ready to listen to any man who has a message for men. They are living too near the heart of things, too close to the Unseen, to be put off with the shell instead of the kernel. They crave for reality, and the message that always appeals to their imagination and grips their attention is the message of Jesus Christ and Him crucified.



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SPEAKING generally, the chaplains are co-operating most helpfully with the Y.M.C.A. in France—some of them are actually living in the huts and taking charge of the work, and doing it efficiently, too. In one of the Y.M.C.A. huts I met Canon Hannay, better known as "George Birmingham," and associated with him was Captain Brown, a chaplain of the Church of Scotland, who has been virtually leader of the religious work in that particular hut for many months. When I thanked another well-known chaplain for the work he was doing for the Y.M.C.A., he replied, "We chaplains would be hopeless, homeless, and helpless were it not for the facilities you give us in the Y.M.C.A."

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FOR Good Friday the Y.M.C.A. had arranged to hold a sacred concert in the Grand Theatre at Rouen. One of the chaplains, a Mr. Kennedy, who has been doing splendid work in Rouen, happened to mention to Mr. Callan, our leader, that he was arranging to take a cinema for a special service to men on Good Friday evening. Mr. Callan said, "That is a pity, as I am afraid we may ruin your meeting, but if you have already made your arrangements, we will cancel ours, and try to get the men to roll up and listen to you." Then, as an afterthought, he suggested that Mr. Kennedy should come to the theatre and speak at the close of the Y.M.C.A. concert. He came, and spoke to more than 2,000 men. The Assistant Chaplain-General, Bishop Gwynne, was in the chair, and paid a generous tribute to the work of the Association.

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IT was a pleasure to meet Gipsy Smith at Havre, where he was doing splendid work for the Y.M.C.A. A young soldier came up to the Gipsy at the close of one of his meetings and told him how, several years ago, he became greatly attached to the clergyman of the country parish in which he lived, and through him was led to Christ. The vicar left, and a new man took his place. Over some trifling thing the two fell out, and the young soldier swore he would never enter a church again. "I have not attended a single service from that day until to-night," he said, "but it has all come back to me, and I want you to know that I am beginning again to-night where I left off." It was another man who said to Mr. Smith, "I have been up to the trenches three times, and it is no good talking; up there the men want God."

LEMONS.

When we are thirsty what we think of first and most is a Lemon drink—Lemon Squash, Still Lemonade, and so on. Lemons do not grow by the roadside in Great Britain, nor are they always on sale at fruit shops, which most aggravatingly sell out on hot days.

We can tell you where you can always buy a pure, fresh lemon drink, one really made from fresh ripe lemons and free from harmful preservatives or chemical colourings and acids—you can always buy

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LEMON SQUASH

at every Y.M.C.A. Canteen in Great Britain.

Sole Makers—
LONDON 'O-T' LIMITED,
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THE morning I first saw him he showed me a letter he had just received from a woman living in Halifax. She was a Christian, and her husband had written saying that he had heard Gipsy Smith in one of the Y.M.C.A. huts at Havre, and was determined to lead a new life. He had been a bad character, and she had been separated from him for years. She begged the Gipsy to try and get into touch with him, and try to win him. At supper that night Mr. Smith told me that the pianist who had played for him in our hut in Camp 15 came up at the end of the service and said, "I came early this evening, as I had made up my mind that if I could get to the piano first no one else should play at your service. I come from Halifax, and want to thank you for the help you have been to me." Gipsy Smith looked at him, and said, "Have you a wife and little girl living in Halifax?" "Yes," was the reply. "Would you be surprised if I told you that she had written to me about you? Well, what is it to be?" It was the same man, and showed once more that God has His own ways of leading men to a knowledge of Himself.

***

IT was interesting and encouraging to find that in many instances the busiest huts in France were those in which the spiritual work was particularly good. A case in point is the "Gordon" Hut, in one of the big reinforcement camps. One of the chaplains is the Rev. Harry Miller, of Edinburgh. He is working hand in glove with the Y.M.C.A., and he and Mr. N. Berry, our leader, are doing magnificent service for the Kingdom of God. This hut, like so many of our centres in France, is understaffed, and there is an endless rush of men whenever it is open, but time is always found to look after the things that really count. Mr. Berry told me that he was in personal touch with more than 200 men who had passed through that camp, and who had received definite spiritual help through contact with the hut. A quiet room is a useful adjunct to most of our recreation huts in France, and has over and over again proved its indispensability to the work.

***

AS to the future, humanly speaking, everything will depend on the personal element. Without a sufficiency of men and women of the right sort the work will be crippled and limited, and where the men are to come from it is not easy to see. We would appeal in the strongest possible way for the help of men between the ages of 41 and 48, also for the co-operation of an increasing number of the younger clergy and ministers. The opportunity is unparalleled, and we desire to share it with the Churches—nay, it is the opportunity of the Churches, and the Y.M.C.A. esteems it a great privilege that to it has been given the opportunity not of founding a new religion in the sense of forming another sect or denomination, but rather of serving and strengthening the Churches in their God-appointed work.

A. K. Y.

HORLICK'S
MALTED MILK
The Ideal Food-Drink

Horlick's Malted Milk has built up and increased the capabilities of a great number of leading athletes, and its use will also increase your strength and vitality in the same manner. It is pure, full-cream milk and 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.

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Served in Y.M.C.A. Refreshment Rooms & Tents

Also available in the form of delicious food tablets to be dissolved in the mouth. Relieve hunger and thirst and prevent fatigue. Supply sufficient nourishment to sustain for hours. Used very largely by men on Active Service.

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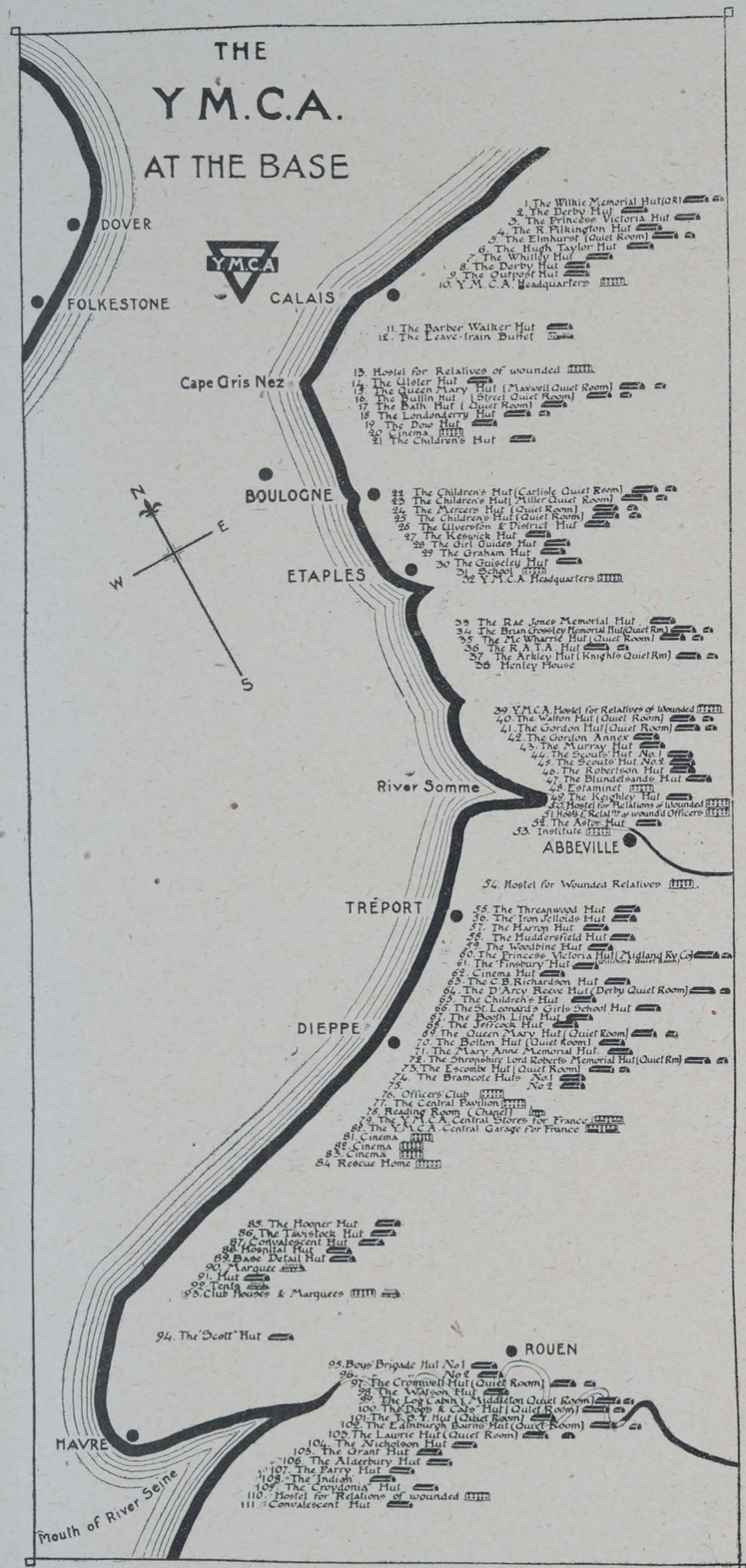
HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS.



FROM THE BASE TO THE FIRING LINE YOU WILL FIND Y.M.C.A. HUTS



Even 158 Cen are not enough.
Going to the Trenches, return to Rest Camps, working at the Base, Wounded or Convalescen len find what they need at the Sign of the Triangle.

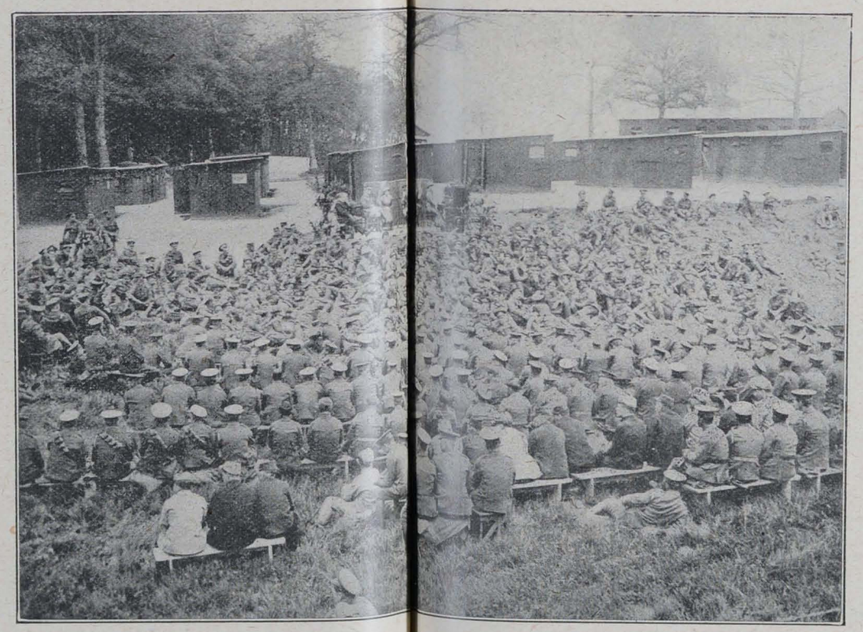
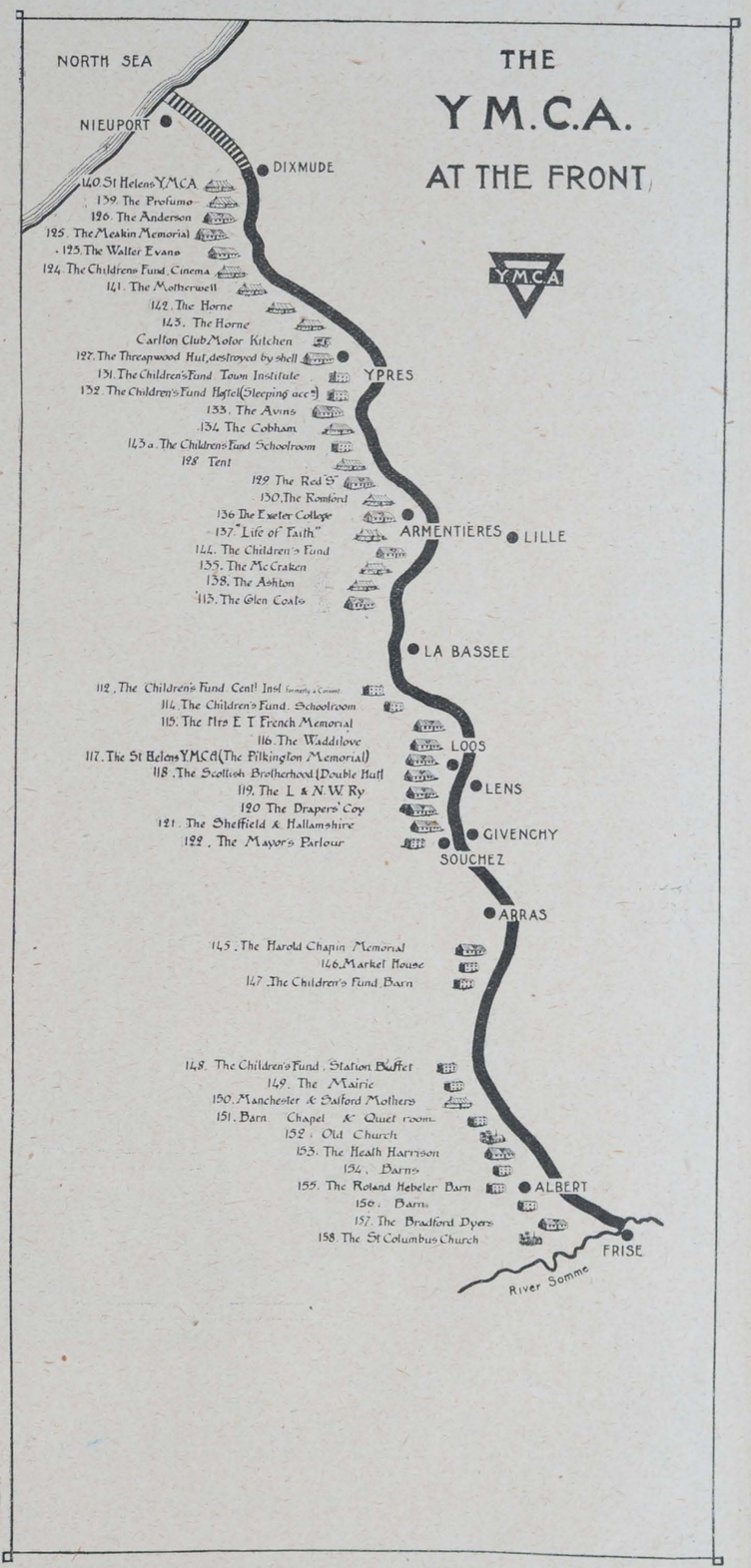


Photo: L.N.A.

Our Firing Line Concert and its usual Audience.

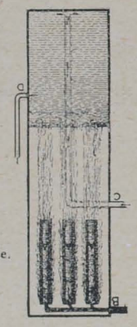


These charts show the number and relative positions of the Huts, but naturally military reasons will not permit of precise indication.

Photo of a Flugel Aerated Water Machine, Four of which have just been shipped to Y.M.C.A. Huts in Mesopotamia.

Water Filtered. **Purity Assured.**

Filtration takes place inside the Carbonating Chamber, thus rendering contamination impossible.





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THE SONG IN THE DARK.

AN IDYLL OF SPRING.



IT was my privilege to stay on two occasions in a beautiful châlet, known as "Les Iris," that has been opened by the Y.M.C.A. as a hostel for the friends of dangerously wounded officers. It is a noble chateau standing in its own grounds in the midst of a beautiful wood, and not far from the sea. It was my last night in France, for some time, at any rate, and when I retired for the night I was thinking of what I had seen during my tour in the zone of the armies, and of the task awaiting us in England.

I recalled the story the lady superintendent of "Les Iris" had told me of a man who had sold out his interests in mines in South Africa so that he might come to England and join up to do his bit. He got his commission, was drafted out to France, and died not from wounds caused by the enemy, but from consumption. His wife came to visit him, and stayed as our guest at "Les Iris," where she was thankful for the sympathetic interest of friends who entered into her trouble. I thought, too, of some of the stories that had been told me that evening by the leader of the "Gordon" hut. One concerned a young Australian who had enlisted in the early days of the war. He had had to face endless temptations in Egypt and France, but had been kept straight, humanly speaking, by the love he bore to the girl to whom he was engaged. Her letters from Australia meant all the world to him. He was taken ill, and our Y.M.C.A. leader went to visit him in the hospital. He saw at once that something was wrong, and asked what it was, and in reply was handed a letter just received from Australia saying that the engagement was broken off, and that the girl who meant so much to the young private had become engaged to another—a lieutenant. Turning to my friend, the soldier said, "I am more thankful than ever now that through you I was led to God. If it had not been for my faith in Christ and for your friendship I should have gone to the devil directly I got this news."

Another story concerned a young Scotsman who had been a regular attendant at the Y.M.C.A. One day our leader mentioned something to him about one of his friends, and then turning suddenly to him said, "You are a Christian, aren't you, Jock?" "No," was the reply, "I am not." "Oh, I am so sorry; I would not have spoken to you as I have done, had I known. I do not want to take advantage of you now, but remember if you ever want to speak to me on matters of religion I shall be only too glad to be at your service." Three weeks of silence followed, and then this young Scotsman sought out my friend, and in the simplest possible way gave his heart to Christ.

A few days before I visited E—— he brought a letter to his friend, the leader of the "Gordon" hut—a letter which he had just received from his mother, sent in response to the one in which he told her of his great decision. In that letter the mother said, "After the war began and you enlisted I never sang a note until I got your letter: then I could not help bursting out in song." I thought, too, of this awful war, and as I thought of all these things the nightingales were singing in the garden, and I remembered the cuckoo's song, amid the booming of the guns, and I knew that spring was coming in more senses than one, that God would give us the victory, and that the Y.M.C.A. had a not unimportant part to play in the preparation for the great day that is coming.

Some time since we received the following extract from a letter written by an Association member serving in the French Army:—"I was on guard from midnight till two o'clock on the edge of a wood. Moonlight, springtime—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 cannon boomed quite near, but this bird took absolutely no notice of them. And I thought how little man is when the most powerful implements of violence that he has invented cannot even silence the song of a little bird."

The following morning, as I stood near the harbour at Boulogne, waiting for the boat that was to take me to England, one of our leaders motored up to tell me of the destruction of the "Threapwood" Hut, No. 127. The worker in charge was lying awake in his bunk, thinking of the events of the past day, when at one o'clock the previous morning he heard a high explosive shell burst in the lane a few yards away from the hut. He hurried into his clothes, aroused the workers and the orderlies, and they escaped to the dug-out only just in time. At four minutes past one a shell burst between the counter and the stores inside the hut, and the whole building was set on fire. For an hour and a-half the Germans strafe-d the whole of the wood from one end to the other, and the "Threapwood" hut was absolutely destroyed. When the morning came not a vestige of it remained. The leader of the hut the following morning recovered the rims of a pair of glasses he had to leave in his hurry. The glass was gone, and the shrivelled-up rims alone remained. A few days since a soldier called at the Y.M.C.A. headquarters at Tottenham Court-road and brought a two-franc piece that in the heat caused by the fire had been soldered to a twenty-centimes coin. The soldier was enthusiastic about the Y.M.C.A. at the front, and told how much the men appreciated that particular hut, whilst one who was present during the bombardment told me that whenever there came a moment's lull between the bursting of the shells the nightingales could be heard singing.

The Misses Howard, to whose generosity we owed the "Threapwood," have already promised to replace it.

A. K. Y.

The Vogue of the Silhouette.

ARTIST-BEGINNER'S PRESENT-DAY OPPORTUNITIES.

ARTISTS who can make effective and easily reproducible sketches now find a splendid market for their work. The Silhouette is one of the simple striking styles of design developed by the need for Efficiency and Economy.

It is cheaper to print a little drawing in black than a picture in colours, and it is proved that the little drawing is just as effective.

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This Correspondence Instruction constitutes a comprehensive training in the more lucrative of the applied arts. It also gives thoroughly practical tuition in remunerative art work and the application of design: Stencilling Posters, Fabrics, etc., Lettering, Perspective, Figure Drawing, Lithography—commercial and artistic, Designing for all modern processes.

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Mr. Dawson's system of regular lessons and conscientious constructive criticism of exercise drawings afford an up-to-date London training at home. The instruction — confidential and exclusive to each student—begins where any previous training left off and continues — until proficient. He values his time and reputation too highly to attempt to teach any but those who possess artistic ability. Before you can begin the Course you must send a specimen sketch to enable him to decide if it will be worth your while to study with a view of increasing your income by Art.



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Queen Victoria.



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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.

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE.
RED WHITE & BLUE
For Breakfast & after Dinner
In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

THE CHANNEL IN WAR TIME.

A Memorable Crossing.

IT is only a narrow, silver streak that separates England from the Continent, and, humanly speaking, in that silver streak has been her salvation. One trembles to think what would have become of the towns, cities, or villages we call "home" during the first few weeks of the war, had it not been for that silver streak and for our glorious Navy, whose duty it is to guard it night and day.

There were only a few passengers on board the packet boat, and a thousand or fifteen hundred soldiers returning from their "leave." They were on their way back to France to take their places once more in that ring of steel, that living belt of armour, which is holding the German legions at bay, and will soon, we hope, be strong enough to encircle and overwhelm them.

It was not like an ordinary crossing. Danger was in the air. Every man had been furnished with a lifebelt, and the sailors on the bridge were ceaselessly scanning the horizon and the whole surface of the sea with telescope and glasses, seeking for lurking submarines, and searching the sky for hostile aircraft.

It was not long before this that the Huns had torpedoed the *Sussex,* without warning, and a few days later on we were to see her lying in dock with her fore part blown away —a monument to German duplicity and to her uncivilised methods of waging war on women and children. It was not her fault that hundreds of innocent men, women, and children escaped a watery grave.

Short as our passage was, we were not left to do it alone. We had hardly started when a little torpedo-boat destroyer, not nearly as big as the ship we were on, took her place just ahead of us, and conveyed us across to the French shore. It was a great sight to watch her as she ploughed her way through the waves, ready at any moment to defend her charge against any danger that might threaten from above or below, or from the surface of the sea. No hostile craft appeared, however, but we were ready for any eventuality.

The Channel crossing is a picture of life. Even in the moments when things seem safest we need to be on guard against temptation. We must be on the look-out day and night, for, "What I say unto you I say unto all—watch." With us, too, speed makes for safety—it is rarely wise to stand and argue with temptation, and usually the only safe plan is to take refuge in instant flight.

To carry the analogy a little further, it may be pointed out that as the transport's course is directed, not by the pilot at the helm, but by the Admiralty, so "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps," but One above who knows all and sees all has said, "Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left." The life that is entrusted to the care and keeping of the living God is not left alone, and that is why St. Paul was able to cry with confidence, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." St. Paul knew that One strong to save and mighty to deliver would convoy his frail bark until it was safe in harbour. Moreover, as a big boat is fitted with wireless, and can send out its cry for help the moment danger threatens, so the disciple of Jesus can send out his S.O.S. cry when danger appears, and that cry will never pass unheeded. It was in the midst of a terrific storm at sea that St. Paul was able to say, "There stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am and whom I serve, saying, 'Fear not.'" The servant of God can face the future with confidence, because "perfect love casteth out fear."

A. K. Y.



DURING THE FIGHTING IN DUBLIN.

Mr. H. O'Connor's Story.

OUR Y.M.C.A. workers in Dublin have had some exciting experiences during the days of the Sinn Fein rebellion. The first contact which many of them had with the actual fighting was on arrival home on Easter Monday night from an excursion to Belfast, which the Dublin Y.M.C.A. organised on that day. There were over 500 excursionists who travelled to the northern city. Before leaving Belfast for Dublin there were many alarming rumours afloat as to the happenings of the day in Dublin. The excursionists were informed that they could not get home that night as a bridge on the Great Northern line at Donabate had been blown up by the Sinn Feiners. It afterwards transpired that only a portion of the bridge was damaged, and the excursionists arrived safely in Amiens-street Station at about 11 p.m., to find the station in the possession of the military, practically the only railway station which had not been seized by the rebels. The excursionists were informed that nearly all the public buildings had been seized by the Sinn Feiners, and that the streets were in a very dangerous state. Most of the excursionists had to make their way through the heart of the city to the southern suburbs, including the general secretary, Mr. O'Connor, and his assistant, Mr. O'Grady. Going through the streets they had some narrow shaves from shots passing between the military and the rebels. At one point two armed Sinn Feiners waited the oncoming of Mr. O'Connor and Mr. O'Grady, and as they got within hearing distance one of the Sinn Feiners held up his hand warning the other not to fire, remarking, "They are not in khaki." This happened outside the Stephen's Green Park, where the Sinn Feiners were entrenched.

During the following ten days the attempts made by the office staff to get into Sackville-street only met with failure every time. During the first couple of days they were held up by Sinn Feiners, who would not allow pedestrians through Sackville-street, and on the succeeding days, when the military had taken the upper-hand, military cordons were drawn across the streets in the centre of the city. Sackville-street was one of the hottest corners in the fire, the street continually being swept by rifle, machine-gun, and artillery fire, the result being that a great portion of the street was laid in ruins. The caretaker of the Association and his wife and sons had very narrow escapes during the bombardment. It was necessary to open artillery fire without warning. The caretaker fortunately observed the gun being trained on the building and fled to one of the back rooms with his family; they had scarcely been out of the room one minute when the first eighteen-pounder shrapnel shell came into the room which they had vacated. To the credit of the workers on the barrack squares of Dublin they all remained at their posts, although several of the barrack squares were subjected to continual sniping by the rebels day and night, and it was extremely dangerous to cross the barrack square.

Special services were held at night for the men going out to the street fighting, some of whom never returned. The "Amen" responses to the prayers offered for their safety were something to be remembered. During the days of the fight it was the privilege of the workers to lead many of the men to definite acceptance of Christ. It was stated that some 40,000 soldiers were drafted into Dublin from England during the days of the strife. These men were unable to change their clothing for the whole period, and the strain of day and night fighting was exceedingly trying. Large quantities of lemonade were made by the workers, and served out to the thirsty men as they returned after many hours' service on the streets, which was greatly appreciated. During the fighting the Association building (as the pictures appearing last week will have shown) was a good deal damaged, while the Soldiers' Café in Sackville-street was completely destroyed. It is estimated that the Dublin Association has suffered to the extent of about £500; it is not at all certain that this amount will be made good by the Government. Neither insurance companies nor ratepayers are liable for damage done by the "King's enemies." The Association Committee and workers are profoundly thankful to God for the wonderful preservation of all who are connected with the Association during the days of peril. While numbers of people who had nothing to do with the strife were accidentally killed through the fighting on both sides, all the workers of the Dublin Association escaped. Many of the members of the Dublin Y.M.C.A. were thrown out of employment through the destruction of so many business houses in the city. This problem had to be at once faced by the Dublin committee, and we are glad to be able to record that openings have been found for nearly all the members who were knocked out.

THE WHOLE STORY OF SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

A is the Annexe whose surname is J,
B is for Baron so witty and gay.
C are the Camels for which we all throng,
D is that superfine car called Ding Dong.
E is for England, it's hard to get there,
F for the Freaks who often get here.
G is for Gilroy, sometimes called Muffin,
H for the Homes who think we are "roughin."
I is the Idiot, we all know his name,
J is for Joy rides, not a word of the same.
K is the Kinemo, spelt the wrong way,
L are the Leaders who all want their say.
M is MacDonald, who censors our letters,
N is the Nonsense we talk of our betters.
O for the Orders that somebody scatters,
P for that popular person called Patters.
Q for Quiet Hour—let us not be profane—
R for Reade Bros. with manners urbane.
S for the Stores all working so hard,
T for the Turbot who lives in the yard.
U for—(*Censor*)
V for the Vim of which—(*Censor*)
W is Willis, his patience profound,
X for Example, a better not found.
Y is the Years that the war's going to last,
Z are the Zepps, may they always fly past.



Between your smokes just try a piece of WRIGLEY'S. It cleans your palate, soothes your tongue, prevents throat parch, and adds 50 per cent. to the enjoyment of good tobacco. All smokers ought to get acquainted with Wrigley's SPEARMINT

It has become the National sweetmeat, Soldiers, Sailors, War Workers (men and women) all finding it not only delicious, but wholesome and refreshing, too, and it lasts a long time.

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
CHEWING GUM.

Flavoured with the juice of fresh gathered mint leaves.

½d. bar—5 bars 2½d.—40 bars 1/6.

On sale at all Y.M.C.A. Canteens, and of all Confectioners, Tobacconists, Chemists, and all branches Boots Cash Chemists, or direct from

WRIGLEY'S LTD., LAMBETH PALACE RD.



Leisurely Letters

From One Booklover to Another.

MY DEAR A,—If it comes to swapping war-stories I think I can beat your last hollow. Being honest, I won't pretend, as you generally do, that I heard it. I don't even mind confessing that I can't tell it as vividly as Frederic Coleman does in *From Mons to Ypres with French*. But it runs thus:

During the retreat, Major Tom Bridges, of the 4th Dragoon Guards, had been sent into St. Quentin to fetch any stragglers that might still be there. He found a couple of hundred in the square too dejected and "done" to move. No appeal to discipline or camaraderie could have availed to get them on their feet. Even the probability that the Germans would be upon them within a few moments had no effect. Seeing no way of accomplishing his task, "Big Tom Bridges" suddenly conceived a quaint idea. He went into a little shop, and bought a toy drum and a penny whistle. The latter he gave to his trumpeter, and the former he strapped to his belt. Then the two went round the square playing "The British Grenadiers" for all they were worth. The sight of the six-foot major with his drum and the sound of the familiar tune on even a tin whistle roused the men as perhaps nothing else would have done. Limping, spent, and almost lifeless they were none the less game, and he led them, still beating his drum, several miles back along the road to safety, and then returned to his own unit.

This is only one among many glorious stories that Coleman tells of the characteristic pluck and humour of the men in those early, difficult days. When you have read his pages you will realise how inevitable it was that when the time came to turn back upon the Germans the chosen ground should have been swiftly seized and securely held, and how certain it is that the "great push" and the resultant victory will come.

Coleman was one of the little band that at the very beginning went out as an Automobile Club Corps for service at G.H.Q. The months he spent in France were full of adventures under shell fire, and he tells his tale with a quiet, matter-of-fact, and yet thrilling directness which enables me, at any rate, to see and feel the meaning of life in the trenches as nothing else has yet done. After a while he was attached at his own request to the Cavalry Headquarters, and so was in the very thick of whatever was afoot in the way of fighting. He shows how simply—how little differently from their men—Smith-Dorrien, Allenby, De Lisle, and Haig lived. Fancy a general sleeping in a manger, while his staff officers spread their blankets on a stable floor!

I liked the books you sent, and I don't think you cracked them up too much. But they are after all fiction, even though founded on fact. I lose myself in a sketch or novel just as much as you do. The figures are almost flesh and blood to me. But there is no "almost" in this book. If you can't afford six shillings net, write and beseech Messrs. Sampson Low to issue a cheap edition—but meantime borrow a copy. Mine's not available! I know that it would never come back—too many people would want the loan of it!

You once told me, I think, that you had met the "piping Parson," Lauchlan Maclean Watt. *Britannia's Answer* is a bundle of poems from his pen. All are spirited and striking, but there is a touch of greatness about "Bobs," which utters the hearts of the Indian troops about their hero. He makes the men who bear Bob's body to its deathless abode say—

"Sikhs and Gurkhas and all are we,
Of many a faith and race,
We'd leave his soul at the door of life—
We claim not here our place.
But 'tis hard to have followed the man we love
Through danger, death, and fate,
To march with him right to the land of light,
Yet say farewell at the gate!"

Soft as a whisper through moonlight borne
O'er the breath of a wind-stirred tide,
Came the voice of One whose hand was pierced,
And a wound bled in His side.
"They are fools," He said, "who'd narrow God
To a priest's word at the grave;
There is room in heaven for every tribe,
There's a song in heaven for the brave."

Even that is not the climax, but I haven't room to quote more. You were saying that you wanted one or two fresh recitations for the huts in your neighbourhood. Use these.

I thought you were exaggerating in what you wrote about the war work of women—though I believe Britain owes as much to them as to the men, or more. But I had no notion of the amazing variety of service that they are rendering till I read, the other day, the little book edited by Lady Randolph Churchill, *Women's War Work* (C. A. Pearson, 2s. 6d.).

To take only one example, I thought the various suffrage societies were temporarily snuffed out. Instead of that I find that they have incarnated their extraordinary enthusiasm and energy in work demanding just those qualities of womanhood which certain movements (no, I didn't say *all!* fair play's a jewel, and I'm not going to let the follies of license kill my fundamental belief in liberty, for women as well as for men)—*certain* movements, I repeat, seemed to lack. A wonderful commonwealth of women has been created by the war; a sisterhood of service among all classes and all nations. Kipling says somewhere—

"The colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady
Are sisters under their skins."

Lady Randolph's book carries you a good deal further than that. It inspires the thought that a "United States of Europe" may be brought about by women more than by men, and as she passes under review the activities of British, French, Belgian, Russian, American, German, and Austrian women, you begin to see what immense resources for the reconstruction of Europe lie in such a splendid army of the future. We are beginning to see that if only in peace we could mobilise men, money, and material for social reform and rebuilding as we have done for the destructive activities of war we might all see new heavens and a new earth before we die. But this book makes you feel that women are already leading the way. And what they have done individually—even in the ranks—affords material for a stirring chapter on "Heroines of the War Zone," which rivals the column announcing a new batch of V.C.'s and describing the deeds that won them the Cross.

Our Red Triangle women come in, as well they might, for honourable mention. You ought to get a copy to lend your lady workers. And after the epic of adventure and achievements which fills these pages you will agree with the few words at the end in which Lady Randolph sets forth, with all the force of a single and sufficient sentence, the great secret. "To them the Cross is an emblem which has not lost its meaning."

Yours always, B.

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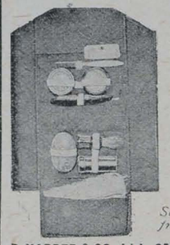

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The Editor will be pleased to receive for publication interesting news items and topical photographs. Articles and short stories sent for his consideration should in all cases be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

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Flag Day in London.

THOUSANDS of ladies spent a hard, happy day of flag-selling in the City and suburbs of London on Tuesday. We are not yet in a position to say what the results will be. The Bank remained open till 7 p.m. to receive the cash. We hope that the total will even exceed our very high expectations. But this at least we know, that the first piece of business done by the national general secretary on arriving at Headquarters in the morning was to send a khaki lady post haste to Enfield with more flags, because the supply had already given out; that the Scottish national secretary happening to be in the restaurant at Tottenham Court-road, and offering 5s. for a flag, found that the lady who took a ten-shilling note gave no change; and that the Countess of Wilton got a ten-pound note from an Irishman.

If the present issue could have been a Flag Day number we might have filled it with dainty pictures of buyers and sellers. Those we are able to insert show that the soldiers were among the readiest to respond to the appeal, "Won't you buy a flag?" They know how the money is spent! We shall give next week some pictures showing a most ingenious submarine which an Oxford-street firm set up in its window, bearing the Y.M.C.A. flag, and disappearing at intervals beneath the surface of the water as if bowing its acknowledgments of gifts to the funds.

Flag Day in Scotland is to-morrow, Saturday, May 20, the date selected by Aldershot and other centres. For some weeks to come various provincial towns will be holding their flag-days, and we wish them good success. Meantime we thank the ladies of London, and especially the Countess of Wilton, hon. secretary, while we hope the Earl of Clarendon will enjoy his task as treasurer to the same extent as Sir John Barran has obviously enjoyed his chairmanship. We should like also to congratulate Mr. H. B. Mason, the organiser.



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THE THIN END OF THE WEDGE.

Davie on Daylight Saving.

"I SEE the Government is going to do us out of an hour," said "Davie" to me, "and I canna say that I like the idea."

Being an enthusiastic advocate of the Daylight Saving Bill, I proceeded at some length to give the main arguments in favour of it, but as these must be familiar to the readers of the *Y.M.*, I need not recapitulate them here.

"I'm hearing what you say, laddie," he said—he always calls me "laddie," though I am one year his senior, and only the other day the helpers of the Y.M.C.A. celebrated with due ceremony his fiftieth birthday. "I'm hearing what you say, but look for a meenute on the other side o' the question. This knocking off of an hour is, I fear, the thin end o' the wedge, and whaur's the thing tae stop? If the Government docks us of one hour, why no' twa, or sixteen, or twenty-fower? 'Pit yer watches on for one hour,' says the Government, 'and call eleven o'clock midnight on the date specified.' 'Very good,' says the obedient taxpayer, and the poor married man, wha in the ordinary course of nature, being left tae the freedom o' his ain will, would ha'e been hame five meenutes past eleven, comes hame an hour later by the kitchen clock, an' gets a row frae his wife for keeping her up tae 'the wee sma' hours ayont the twal,' as Burns puts it. That canna happen to me and you in the meantime, seeing that we are baith in the single state, but ye never know what may befall, when the war is owre, and then the Government might try the same dodge again. Whaur would we be then? We would be in the cairt, no' tae say the wheelbarrow, and twa peaceful an' happy hames would be desolate. It mak's me wae to think o' it.

"'War economy!' say you. Weel, I've never heard o' waur economy than robbing a man o' a hale hour, for time is money. How much would it come tae? If that sodger laddie frae the United States, wha was a lightning calculator, was here, he could gi'e ye the answer in five seconds. Tak' it at a shilling an hour; multiply that by the population o' the United Kingdom, and you ha'e the result. It would come tae millions, laddie, and they'll a' gang bang—by Act o' Parliament! And then, as I've said, whaur's the thing tae stop? We are told tae gi'e up one hour oot o' the twenty-fower, but will they stop at that? Once begin capering wi' the calendar, and whaur will ye end? The next order, maybe, will be tae skip a day. Ca' Friday 'Saturday,' and pay-day will be oot o' it altogether. Whaur then would be the receipts o' the Y.M.C.A.?

"Then, again, look at it frae the romantic point o' view. Dinna say that romance is dead, or that a man wha has reached his half-century should ha'e no thoughts o' love. A man's as auld as he feels, and if we go by that, you and me, I'm thinking, are but yearling calves. We may ha'e wrinkles, but there are no wrinkles on our hearts! Look at it frae the romantic point o' view, and what do you see in this precious Daylight Saving Bill? Nothing more or less than a cold-blooded scheme tae rob us o' the gloaming!

"'Oh, it's roaming in the gloaming,
On the bonnie banks o' Clyde,
Oh, it's roaming in the gloaming,
Wi' my lassie by my side!'

"Did ye never hear Harry Lauder sing that? Ye'll never hear him sing it again, that's one thing certain, for the gloaming will be abolished by Act o' Parliament, or at any rate postponed tae a time when a' respectable people are in bed. Why, a' the poets above military age will be thrown oot o' wark! It's simply impossible tae mak' poetry if there's no gloaming, or 'twilight,' as they ca' it in England, whaur they ken nae better.

"Was it no' Hogg wha said that the happiest hour o' a' is

"'Twixt the gloaming and the mirk,
When the kye come hame'?

"And the best way of spending it is, as he says, tae kiss the bonnie lassie on that happy occasion. Aye, it's me that says it, and I'm thinking in your heart ye dinna disagree wi' me, austere though ye look. Our daft days are no' done yet, and even if this Daylight Saving Bill comes into force, as no doubt it will, the time will come when it, too, will be abolished, and the dark shadows o' war will gi'e place tae the sweet, saft gloaming o' a summer nicht. And then once mair, unhindered by Bills and Acts o' Parliament, the young in heart will be free, as in days o' auld lang syne, tae

"'Breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.'"

R. C. R.

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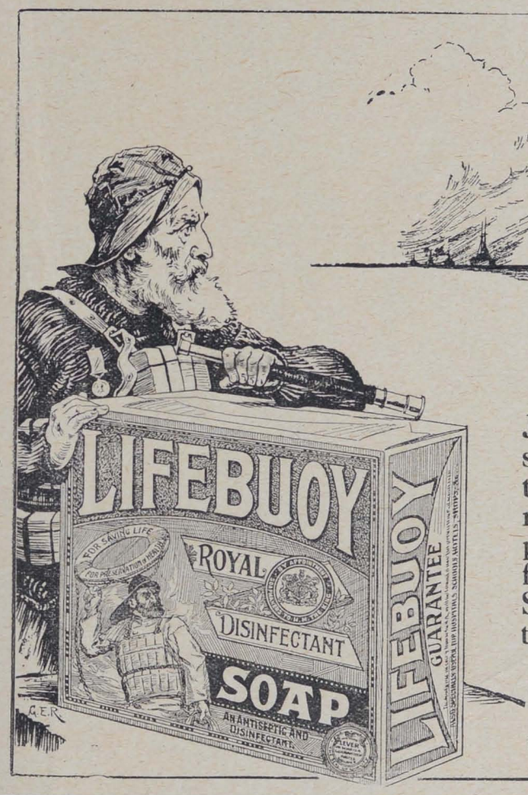

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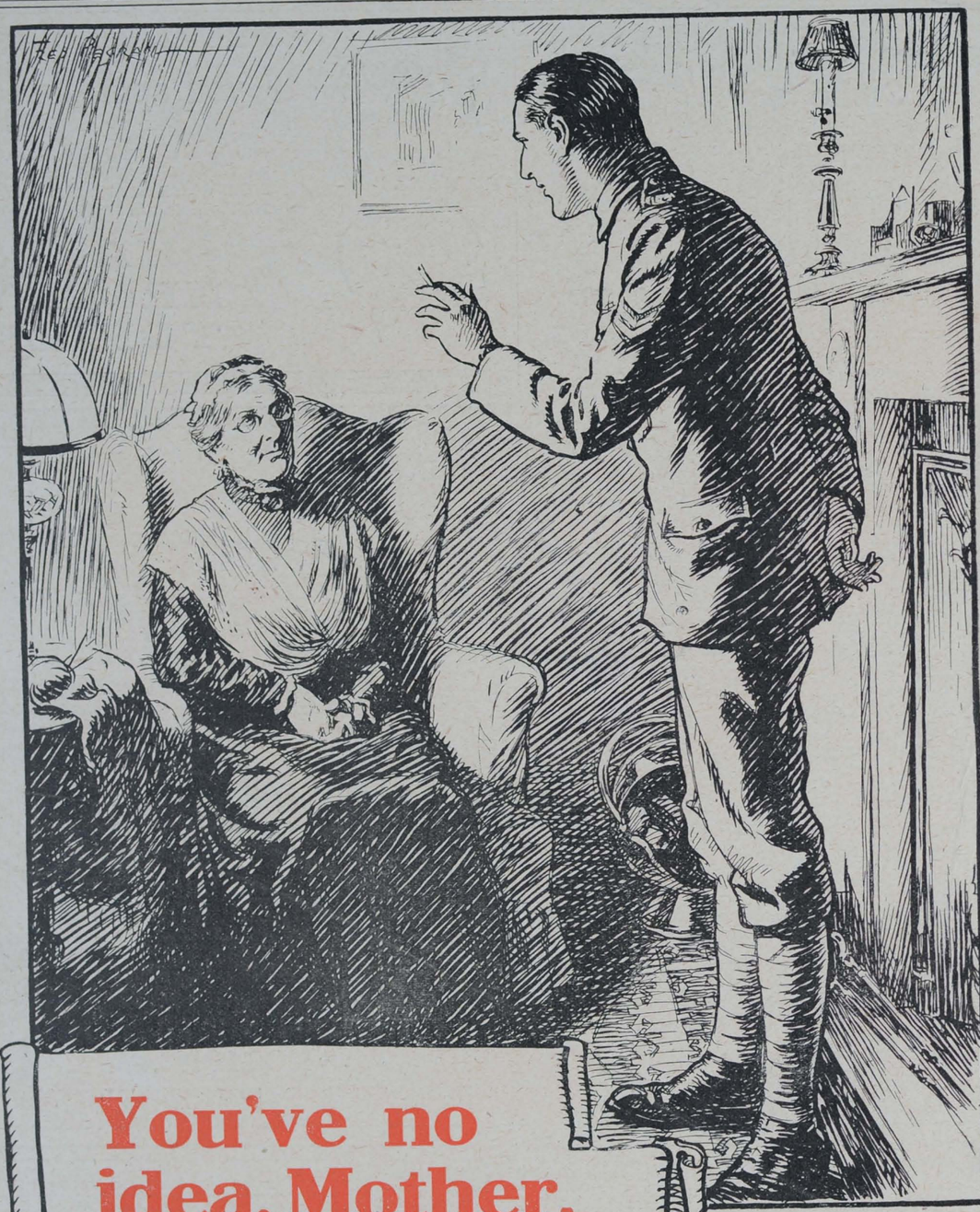

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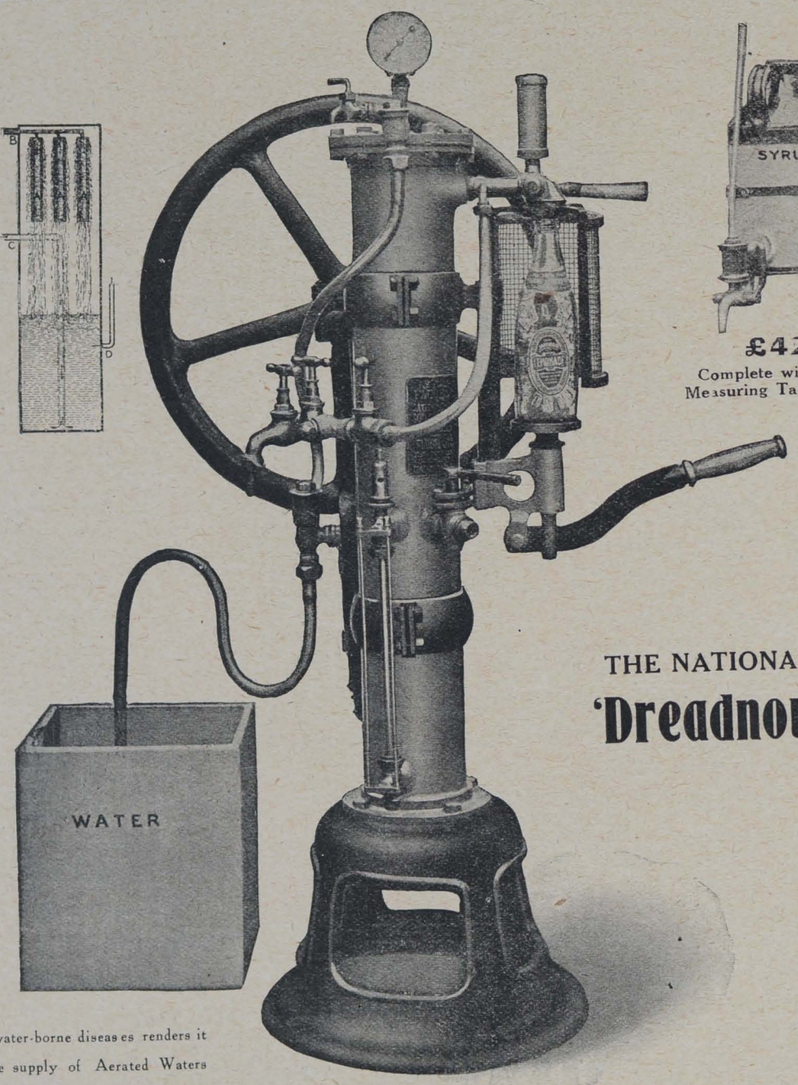

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OUR OUTLOOK:

WHAT ARE WE DOING FOR EMPIRE?

FOUR or five years ago Empire Day suggested to most people a sentimental festival with a suspicion of being jingo. The war has given it a new significance for us all. The colonies celebrated it with more enthusiasm than we of the Motherland. Now we understand why. At the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria the little company of overseas troops was a novelty. When similar detachments came to grace a Coronation procession, there was still a touch of curiosity in the warm welcome given them. Now the men of West, South, and East are familiar figures among us. The brotherhood of khaki would be thought woefully incomplete without them. The war has welded the Empire into a new kind of unity.

Nowhere is this more evident than in Y.M.C.A. huts. Thousands of soldiers are members of Associations in the lands from which they come. Many thousands more made acquaintance with the aims and work of those Associations as they went under training. The articles on other pages of this issue will show what good reason they have for looking upon a Y.M.C.A. as the natural place wherein to foregather. Said a strapping young Canadian of the 2nd Lifeguards to me in our Windsor hut one night, "When I left home to come over and enlist, I said to my young brother, 'Look out for the Y.M.C.A. in whatever place you may go to in Canada,' and now I can urge the same advice upon him about the whole Empire—though, you know, I'm not what you'd call a specially religious chap."

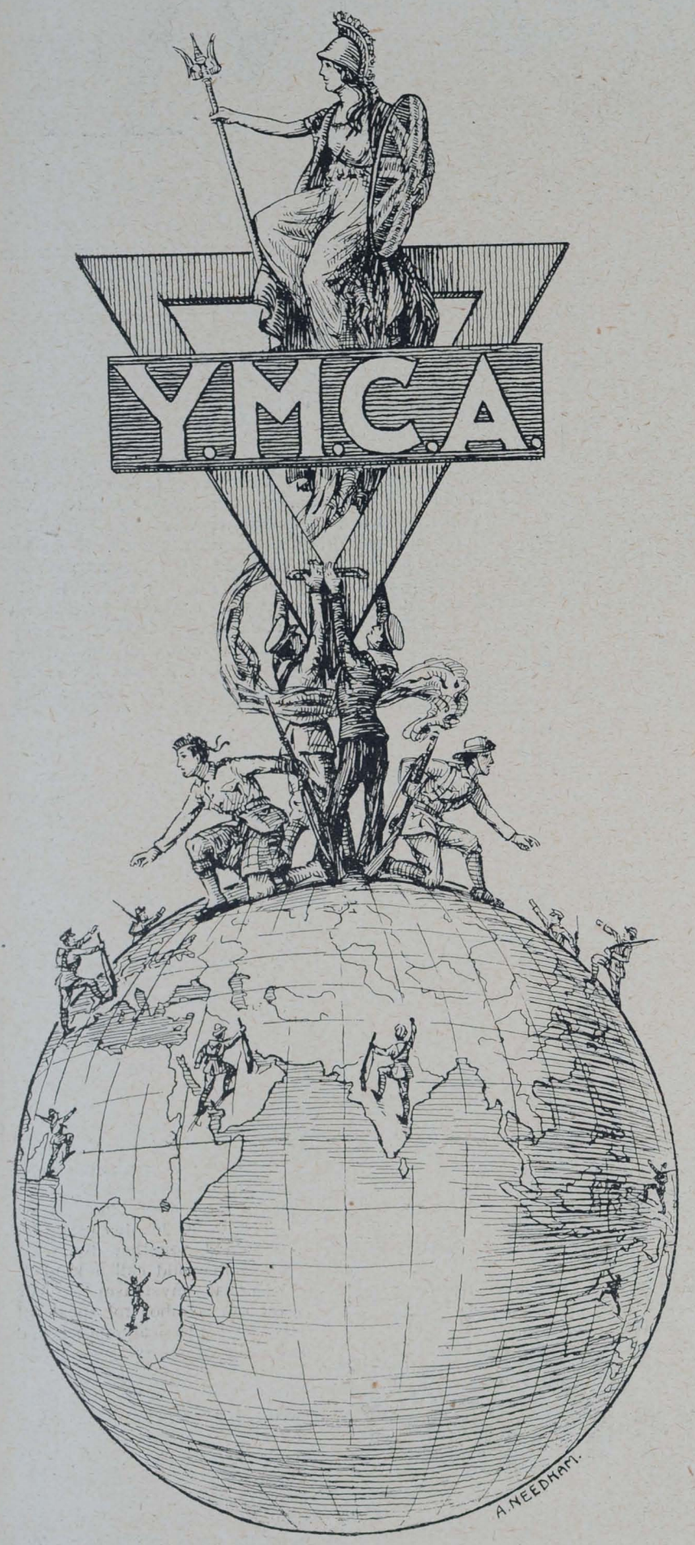
One Sunday afternoon, standing in our Waterloo hut, I spoke to three or four men in succession—or, rather, they spoke to me—quite at haphazard. The first, a smooth-faced boy, said he was from West Africa (the Gold Coast), had come over to enlist, and, after training here, was starting next day for Mesopotamia. He wanted to sign the War Roll before he left. I was able, of course, to tell him to look out for the Red Triangle on the banks of the Tigris, and his face lightened at once. The next was a middle-aged, hard-bitten Canadian. He wore the South African ribbon, and said he thought he'd done all his fighting in his younger days, so he'd settled down, and was doing well in Canada. But he couldn't turn a deaf ear to the call, so he had left everything, and was off to France next morning, hoping to be in "the great push." He dwelt on the value of the Y.M.C.A. to a middle-aged family man. The third was an Australian from "out-back," who found the temptations of London far fiercer than those of a wild station in the bush. Yet another was a well-to-do planter, a Coldstreamer, from the West Indies, who did not find it easy to drop comparative luxury for the hardness of infantry training, and had discovered under the Red Triangle a fellowship that made up as much as anything could for the absence from home and kiddies. When the Trinidad men came over, they were marched *en masse* to Tottenham-court-road, and made it their headquarters till all were either commissioned or in the ranks of their chosen regiments. The Jamaican negroes found in our hut at Seaford a true brotherhood with their white comrades in arms.

This social contact means much. Loyalty to one another has never been lessened by the fact that we knew so little about each other. It has been immensely enriched by the friendships and opportunities of fraternisation that have grown up in hours of leisure, as much as by sharing great battles and hard-won victories in the trenches. We hope to be able to do very much more by way of making our colonial fellow-citizens of the Empire at home when, in the course of a week or two, our Overseas Hut at Aldwych is open. Then, too, the Shakespeare Hut behind the British Museum, which will shortly be ready for occupation, will, we hope, have an Imperial value during, as well as after, the war. We are making arrangements for an authority on historic London to use that hut as a centre for explaining the City to visitors from overseas, and conducting parties to the wonderful old buildings and historic spots in the heart of the Empire. There will be many departments there for helping men who settle here from the colonies, and men who go out to the Dominion or the Commonwealth. One of our first functions as a factor in Imperial life is to enable men to know and help one another in all parts of the Empire.

Our dearest ideal, however, is to develop a great reserve of splendid young manhood in every place where the British flag flies—a brotherhood, indeed, held together by what Cromwell would call a kind of "practical mysticism." We want our symbol to speak of *wholeness*, physical, mental, and spiritual, corporate as well as spiritual, throughout the Empire. Having no concern with politics or parties, but very deep concern for the welfare, the progress, the ideals, and the morale of our manhood, it is our ambition to foster the thought of Empire that rests upon the twin enthusiasms for freedom and service.



Our Aldwych Hut behind the Australian Building.



THE RALLY TO THE CALL OF BRITANNIA:

Canada,
Australia,
New Zealand,
India,
Ceylon,
West Indies,
South Africa,
British East Africa,
West Africa,

EVERYWHERE THE RED TRIANGLE PROVES A . . . LINK OF EMPIRE.



ANZAC, LOOKING TOWARDS SUVLA, WITH OUR TENT AND DUG-OUT IN CENTRE.

THE RED TRIANGLE IN AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND.

"THE bearer . . . first time away from home . . . natural anxiety of parents . . . do what you can . . . suitable apartments . . . secure situation . . . above all, helpful influences . . . ever grateful . . ."

These excerpts represent the type of letters sent in thousands before the war to the Y.M.C.A.'s of the Colonies. When delivered at the Antipodes, they rarely failed to secure a "home away from home" for the lad, and comfort and assurance to the parents.

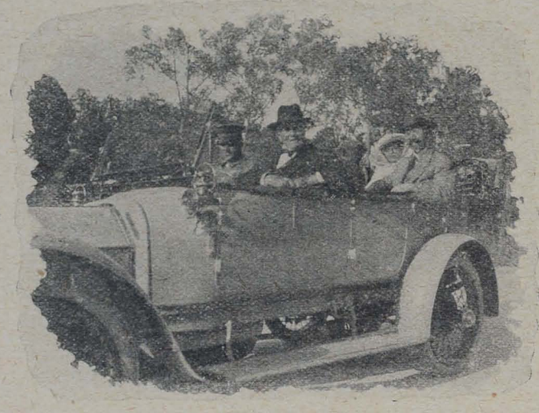
Better still were the letters which ran: "There will arrive by steamer," &c., &c., for other influences on the journey out sometimes prevented the delivery of the letter committed to the hands of the lad himself, whence sad prodigal stories have resulted. The introduction by post secured a personal visit to meet the steamer on the part of an Association representative, and ensured for the "new chum" a wholesome influence at the moment of his arrival.

What did he find? An up-to-date building at every important centre in Australia and New Zealand. (The cost of these makes an aggregate of over half a million pounds.) Equipment second to none in any part of the Empire. Activities emphasising the three sides of a man's nature, with special provision for social life, a strong feature of the Colonial work, where fellowship and friendship count for so much—a virile presentation of the message of the Gospel, with its insistence that character matters even more than knowledge, and that "Faith without works is dead;" an opportunity to develop life and talents, so as to fit him for the highest offices open to men.

For "opportunity" is writ large in all the King's possessions "down under," and the Y.M.C.A. is one of the most helpful of agencies in making possible the development of character, providing facilities for acquiring knowledge, helping men of ordinary talents to secure positions, and bringing about co-operative effort in service towards advancing the best interests of a nation.

The oldest living member of the Y.M.C.A. in the world is Sir Charles Goode, of Adelaide, who joined the Y.M.C.A. in London in 1845 (less than a year after its formation). He carried the Association principles with him in the occupation wherein he started life in the Colonies. He has *maintained his membership subscription* for seventy-one years, having, by dint of hard work and strict integrity, succeeded in becoming one of the most successful merchants in the State, and has, in addition, contributed many thousands of pounds towards the advancement of the Association, besides giving equally large sums to other philanthropic institutions.

He affords the best illustration for my purpose (though I could give scores of others), because, as I have said, he is the oldest living member in the world to-day, and at the age of eighty-nine is one of our most active members, and one of the staunchest adherents to the principles for which our Association stands. Taking from it what it offered to encourage his youthful ambition, he has also put into it, in service and money, more than any other man in the colony which he so worthily represents.



Sir Charles Goode.

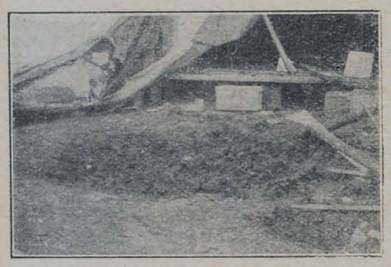
Australia and New Zealand are rich in the possession of such men, who have firmly laid the foundations of true religion and philanthropy.

At the time of the Boer War the Colonies were alive to the importance of playing their part in providing the best of all equipments for the men who went to South Africa to help defeat the intriguing efforts of the nation with which we are now at war.

In peace times provision was made to meet the needs of the Volunteers during their annual encampments, similar to that which has been so splendidly accomplished in the British Isles.

Coming to the present war, in which the Colonies have played such an important part, securing for the "Anzacs" undying fame, a piece of work has been accomplished by the Colonial Y.M.C.A.'s which provokes the highest admiration. Not only were tents and huts erected at all the camps, Western Australia supplying probably the largest hut in the world among those built specially for the purpose, but permission was sought, and readily granted, for secretaries to accompany the troopships. Request was then made that they should continue to remain with the troops on arrival at the base camps. So indispensable were these men held by the military to be that they were asked to go forward to the firing line. Very readily did they accept this responsibility, and gladly shared the privilege of risking their lives with the saviours of Empire; some, indeed, have made the supreme sacrifice.

I saw something of the work of the Colonial secretaries in Egypt, heard the unsought testimony given concerning the splendid service that they rendered on the long journey on the troopships, and we have since known of their valiant efforts to make life a little more bearable for the soldiers in the fighting line. We do well to be proud of them, and rejoice that they, in common with so many others of our British brethren, have so nobly represented the cause of the Y.M.C.A. in the most tremendous situation that our great Empire has ever had to face.



Shellhole, Y.M.C.A. Tent, Gallipoli.

Last year Mr. A. B. Pursell, a respected citizen of Sydney, was in London. He saw what was being undertaken by the English National Council, and felt that the Colonies could, and should, do more than up to that time had been attempted. He undertook to represent us in the matter, and, being able to give first-hand information as to the need, returned to Australia, and pleaded for a further sum of £25,000 in money, with a larger proportion of men.

Instantly the secretaries responded to the call. Since his return an additional contribution of men has been sent, and more than two-thirds of the sum asked for given.

On my arrival in England, five years ago, at the call of the parent Association, I stated publicly that we Colonials always spoke of the Mother Country as "Home," and that I was sure no call to the Colonies in time of need would be in vain. That time of need arrived, and the fact was sufficient to provoke the offer of the children of the Mother Country to bear a part in safeguarding Imperial interests.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Australia and New Zealand, too, I am proud to say, was also ready, and its loyal share in helping to contribute to the nation's highest well-being can never be forgotten.

It is the more gratifying to me, in response to the Editor's request, to be able to write in this strain about the recent enterprising operations of my Colonial friends, with whom I had twenty-five years of happy Association work, inasmuch as circumstances have made me an interested spectator rather than an actual sharer of their accomplishments, and, working now as British national field secretary, I have a chance of realising what these mean to the Empire as a whole. On the other hand, personal experience of the mutual pleasure and profit found in the fusion of Colonial and British effort leads one to look for an ever closer fellowship between the Y.M.C.A.'s in Australia and New Zealand and that of Great Britain. It is a great joy to be able now, even more than during the last five years, to shepherd Anzacs coming to these shores, and to secure for boys going from here to Australia or New Zealand the personal welcome for which the Red Triangle stands.

J. J. Virgo.



The Tent Destroyed by the Shell.

AN EMPIRE CELEBRATION AT HEADQUARTERS.

LONDON CENTRAL, our National Headquarters, has already a fine tradition as a rendezvous for overseas men. It is, therefore, particularly fitting that in place of the usual annual meeting this year a gathering of friends for the purpose of hearing about the Empire work of the Y.M.C.A., followed by a reception, should have been arranged. H.R.H. Princess Christian and H.H. Princess Victoria are expected, and Lord Kinnaird, our President, will have the pleasure of welcoming as speakers the group of Empire-makers whose portraits we give on page 478. Lord Derby is chairman of our Munitions Committee, the Hon. Sir George Perley, who is now acting for the High Commissioner of Canada, has already spoken with enthusiasm of Association work, the Hon. Sir Arthur Lawley and Sir John Hewett know of old what we have been able to do in India, for they have occupied high Government positions there, and the Rt. Hon. Will Crooks is a devoted advocate of our cause. We are expecting a great company to-night (Friday) at 8.45.

WITH THE CANADIANS IN PEACE & WAR



FROM the day in 1855, when the first Young Men's Christian Association on the North American continent was organised in Montreal, Canada, until the present, when the value of the buildings used exclusively for Association work in that city amounts to over £150,000, the history of the Y.M.C.A. in Canada has been one of continued progress. Today it is safe to say that no organisation or institution plays such a prominent part in the life of the young manhood of the Dominion as does the Young Men's Christian Association.

This has been evidenced in many ways, more particularly by the way in which money has been forthcoming from the public for the provision of modern Y.M.C.A. buildings in practically every Canadian town and city of note. As before mentioned, the central and branch buildings of the Association in Montreal, a city of approximately half-a-million population, are valued at £150,000; those of Toronto, a city of the same size, at £175,000; those of Winnipeg at £70,000, and almost all the other cities in proportion.

At the time of writing I have not by me exact figures of the total employed staff of the Canadian Associations, but they number well over 250, including secretaries and physical directors.

The work of the Association overseas is very similar to that done by the modern Association in England, and the buildings, of course, provide for religious, social, educational, and physical activities. Owing to the large numbers of young men who are away from home, special emphasis is laid upon the provision of living accommodation in the buildings, and, to quote only one example, the Association building in a small Western city of about 30,000 population has dormitory accommodation for over 100 men.



Canadian Y.M.C.A. Advance Dressing Station. "'Ware Gas!"

Recognising that the boys of to-day are the men of to-morrow, the Y.M.C.A. in Canada gives particular attention to boys' work, and in addition to three national secretaries, who devote all their time to the promotion of boys' work, almost every Association of any size has a boys' work secretary, and in several cases more than one, on its employed staff.

Not least in importance is the work which the Canadian Y.M.C.A. does for and among the young men who in pre-war days came in their thousands from the Old Land to seek the opportunities of the New. It is in this work, too, that the Empire extent of the movement is best shown, inasmuch as it is truly international in its character. Secretaries of the British Y.M.C.A. get in touch with these young men before they leave the homeland, at railway stations and docks, giving them free information and advice, and oft-times help. Canadian secretaries meet them at the ports of landing and railway stations in Canada, giving them further help and information, and then, when they reach their destination, the Y.M.C.A. helps them to find lodgings, employment, and friends. If space permitted, hundreds of instances could be quoted where men who have emigrated have found a card of introduction from the British port secretary the first step towards a successful career.



Canadian Y.M.C.A. Dug-out in Front Line Trench.

In these days of strife, however, the Canadian Association's energies, like those of the parent organisation, are centred on work for and among the troops, and in this connection it is interesting to note that the first work ever done among soldiers in training was done by a Canadian secretary, Thos. J. Wilkie, at Niagara Camp, Ontario, forty years ago. Every year since then work similar to that done in the Territorial camps in England has been carried on in the training camps in Canada.

Two of the Canadian Y.M.C.A. secretaries accompanied the Canadian troops to South Africa during the Boer War, and it is significant to note that one of them, Captain T. F. Best, is now serving with the Canadian troops in France as a Y.M.C.A. officer.

The Canadian Training School was in session at Lake Couchiching, Ontario, when war was declared, and immediately a special meeting of the Militia Work Department was called to discuss possible work in the event of the Canadian troops being mobilised.

The way in which the first Canadian contingent of 30,000 men was enlisted, trained, equipped, and sent to England



Baseball at Sandling.

within six weeks of the outbreak of war is now old history, and the first tents to be erected at Valcartier Camp, where this contingent was trained, were the two large Y.M.C.A. marquees. These, however, were soon found to be totally inadequate to meet the needs of the troops, and before two days were past two more were erected for use as reading, writing, and concert rooms.

When the contingent sailed for England the Canadian Militia Department authorised the appointment of seven Y.M.C.A. secretaries to accompany it, and granted them the honorary rank of captain. While the contingent was at Salisbury Plains these secretaries carried on social, religious, and recreational work among the troops, working largely in the splendid huts and buildings which were provided by the British National Council Y.M.C.A.

Then when the first Canadian Division was sent to France in February, 1915, five of these secretaries accompanied it. Space will not permit of telling in detail anything of the work which was carried on by these secretaries in the firing-line, but suffice it to say that it won unstinted praise from officers and men alike. The second Canadian contingent arrived in England during the spring of 1915, and six more secretaries were attached by permission of the Militia Department. When this contingent proceeded to France five of them accompanied it, doing a similar type of work to that being done in the first division. When the third division was organised at the front five more secretaries were sent over to be attached. So to-day there are fifteen Canadian Y.M.C.A. secretaries working among Canadian troops at the front. In addition to carrying on the regular Association activities, in huts and tents back where the troops are billeted during their rest periods, several of the secretaries have organised small Y.M.C.A. dug-outs, in some cases in the front-line trenches. The following description given by one of them of his work will probably prove interesting :—

"You may wonder what opportunity is afforded us to work when the troops are so constantly at work. Well, the present position is rather a unique one. The portion of line held by us is backed by small wooded hills ; in this wood the men in reserve are billeted while the others are in the trenches. The right and left half of the brigade do alternate duty in the trenches. I have purchased a small tent, in which I sleep and keep my supplies. The engineers have made me a couple of large tables, and for the past two months I have been running an open-air Y.M.C.A. within a thousand yards of the front line. Thus I am able to serve from my open-air centre the half of the battalion that is out of the trenches, and being in such close proximity to the front line I can stroll over the hill and take reading matter and the gramophone to the men whilst they are in the firing-line. Every week I give my gramophone a one or two days' trip to the front line, within 150 yards of the enemy. Although these conditions are not what one could call the acme of comfort, I am enjoying the life immensely, and feel that the work I am able to do for the soldiers whilst they are in the trenches is perhaps the most valuable, and I believe is the most highly appreciated of any side of my work. You see, the men are awake during the hours of darkness, and after daybreak they take to their dug-outs to rest till nightfall. In the damp, unwholesome atmosphere of a dug-out men cannot sleep all day long, so you can imagine that any respite from the tension of the trench life—something to read, a gramophone concert, or a quiet chat—is most welcome.

"We had a great time on both occasions when we were resting. During the daytime we had all kinds of sports and games, and every evening a slap-up concert with the assistanc of our battalion band. I might say, too, that I have been fortunate on each of these rest periods in being able to hire a piano from the nearest town. I wish the people in Canada could have witnessed a scene that occurred at one of our closing concerts during one of our rest periods. From a rudely constructed platform I was leading the boys in singing choruses and old home songs. Some seven or eight hundred men were there, sitting round in a huge circle in the flickering light of several coal-oil torches. The time had arrived for closing, and I said : 'Well, boys, this has been a pretty good sing. What do you say to closing it with the singing of that dear old hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee"?' A roar of 'sure' was the immediate response, and someone shouted, 'Let everybody stand up,' and to a man they arose and sang. My, how they sang! I shall never forget it. I stopped singing and listened, and as I heard the great volume of song rising from that crowd of strong men, as I looked up to the starry heavens and then

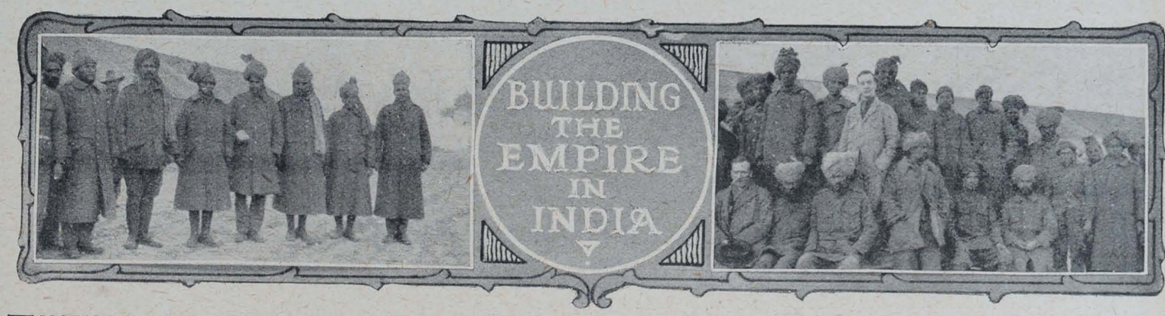


French Canadians at Sandling.

at those hundreds of weather-beaten faces showing dimly through the flickering light, I could not but feel that here was a really religious act, a sincere offering on the part of that crowd of men."

The Canadian National Council of Y.M.C.A.'s, under whose direction and supervision this military work is being carried on, has now established work in over fifty centres where troops are in training in Canada, and is also sending over twenty trained secretaries to work in the Canadian camps in England. It has been demonstrated beyond shadow of doubt during this awful war that, when the Motherland calls, her sons from the Dominions overseas are not slow to respond. So has it proved with the Y.M.C.A. movement, and to-day secretaries from all parts of the Empire are working together for the welfare of the Empire troops. Inevitably, and much to be desired from the Association standpoint, there must come after the war a closer union of the Y.M.C.A.'s throughout the Empire, and the realisation of the Master's prayer which is now the Association's watchword, "That they all may be one."

W. W. Lee, Capt.



THOUSANDS of Territorials are now serving in India, and there, as here, the Y.M.C.A. Army work has grown enormously during the course of the war. As soon as the transports reach the ports the men find Y.M.C.A. secretaries waiting to receive them and Y.M.C.A. buildings wherein to spend their leisure hours. The Association has endeavoured to reveal to men thus visiting our great Dependency something of the heart of India by taking them during short leave to the historic spots of that storied land. It has sent trained secretaries to work in France (*e.g.*, Mr. McCowen, Mr. Kenneth Saunders, Mr. Callan, and Mr. Brough), in Salonika (Mr. Wilson), and has helped to staff the "Y.M.C.A. Expeditionary Force" in Mesopotamia and British East Africa. On the other hand, many secretaries have been sent out from the homeland to help the National Staff in India to cope with its ever-growing task.

Apart from its war work, however, the Indian National Council is doing a veritably Imperial service in its permanent work for Indians of every rank, as well as for young Europeans stationed in India. The Government has recognised this by conferring, first upon Mr. Oliver McCowen, and later upon Mr. E. C. Carter (one of the three general secretaries to the Indian National Council) the Kaisar-i-Hind medal for distinguished service to Indian social welfare.

During Mr. Carter's recent visit to England in quest of more workers for India a very pleasant evening was spent in the drawing-room at headquarters, London Central, by a number of young Indians resident in London, who assembled at the invitation of Sir Daniel and Lady Hamilton to meet Mr. Carter. The story then told by Mr. Carter affords an interesting glimpse into the work of the Y.M.C.A. in India for the welfare of the Empire's young manhood, whether Indian or European.

"She Must Go Forward."

Sir Daniel, who presided, said that the problem of India would be the greatest problem that we shall have to face after the war. When India crossed the boundary to fight the battles of the Empire in Flanders, Egypt, East Africa, and Mesopotamia she burned her boats behind her. She could not go back, she could not stand still : she must go forward. It was the business of the Y.M.C.A. in India to help her to go forward on sound lines. The policy of "Wait and see" would not suit India ; she had waited a long time, and the result was not quite what might have been expected after 100 years of British rule. The policy for India was to see and go ahead. It was the business of the Y.M.C.A. to help India to go ahead in every way possible, to develop young men of East and West.

Mr. Carter, in the course of an inspiring and graphic speech, said that he saw in that room men who had recently come from India. In the few months that had elapsed since then India had leaped forward almost as much as she had done in previous decades. We heard much of mass movements in India. In the last year the women's movement had begun, and had come to such a place in public thought that it might be said that a new day had dawned. If we could realise how women of India had kept back their menfolk, not with evil intent, but with the highest aims, and could now realise how the war has pierced the *pardah*—has, indeed, torn it to shreds—it would be evident that not only male India, but the whole of India was ready for the step forward. Even now only 5.9 per cent. among girls of school-going age were at school, but the number had increased from 1,000,000 to 1,100,000 in this one year. In Madras the number of Mohammedan women in various educational institutes had been doubled in that time, and there were so many Brahmin widows prepared to become school teachers (in itself something that seemed entirely topsy-turvy to the ordinary Indian) that in one district of Madras (Triplicane) there were twenty-five in the hostel. Two new University colleges for women—one a Government and the other a missionary college—had been started within the twelve months. At Delhi the Lady Hardinge Medical College for women had been opened—a college second to none in India, second to few in the world, because of the lavish way in which Indian princes have poured out money in memory of a lady so much beloved.

A New India.

Sir John Hewett, who left India three years ago, but had just been out for two months, had said that he visited a new India, totally changed from what it was when he last saw it. You would find the women of India, women of noble caste, working for the troops, soiling their hands, handling the most awful-looking things! A number of Indian women were driving their own motor-cars and tearing the *pardah* still further to shreds as they dashed through.

India had had the chance of being *either* a problem or an asset to Europe in the present crisis. Supposing India had gone the other way. Great bodies of troops would have had to move eastward to India instead of the Indian troops coming over to help to bear the burden of Europe.

The present head of Y.M.C.A. work in India was his distinguished Indian colleague, Mr. K. T. Paul. Young men of China could tell you how leadership there had passed from European to Chinese hands, and Mr. C. T. Wang, at one time Cabinet Minister, who had held a high position, was now national general secretary of the Y.M.C.A. in China.

In India 150 secretaries, both European and Indian, were working efficiently and loyally under the Indian national secretary. This was not a figurehead relationship ; the executive felt that this man among all the Indian and European secretaries was *the* man for the work.

Men of All Religions and Men of None.

The Y.M.C.A. in India was frankly a Christian organisation. The membership was wide open to men of all religions and men of none. What the Association wanted, above everything else, was that Hindus and Mohammedans of India should come to love, honour, and obey Jesus Christ. It feels that India has judged the Lord Jesus by the lives of Europeans in India far too often, has seen nothing it wishes to copy, and so has passed by inadvertently not them, but Him. Yet he knew no Indian, whether Hindu or Mohammedan, who would not say when he saw Christ as He really is, and not as portrayed by a rushing American or a cold, reserved Englishman, "Here is One to appeal to my heart." Their task and the task of the Church was to take away the things that obscure the vision of Him as He is. As Jesus sought on earth to remove pain and satisfy hunger so now do we.

In Indian villages millions of people go hungry to bed every night by reason of the hard conditions of their life, or the exactions of the moneylender. Some people said that their work should be purely spiritual. They were in India to do not what anyone present thinks they ought to do, but what they think Jesus Christ would do.

Under the leadership of Mr. Paul they were endeavouring to introduce better methods of agriculture, seed growing, cottage industries, better breeding of cattle and the development of the co-operative credit movement. Money was used as a lever in the formation of character. Supposing a drunkard came to the Y.M.C.A., the *panchayat*, or Council in charge of a village bank, for a loan to buy oxen, the *panchayat* said, "We will give you the money—if you will keep sober." If a man who kept his house in filthy condition came for a loan to buy seed, it would say, "Yes, you shall have the money—if you will keep your house clean."

Perhaps the village might want money for a well, but had never had a school, though it was rich enough. The *panchayat* would say, "Yes, you shall have the money for the well—if you will start a school." In one caste village the only man able to read and write or do accounts was a sweeper, so he became teacher of the village school and manager of the village bank.

"If that is not new India," said Mr. Carter, "I do not know what is."

They thought in the Y.M.C.A. that men's bodies were not to be dispensed with, but were the Temple of God, not to be got out of the way in order that men might lead a holy life, but to be used as a help and an asset. Therefore, they were developing physical education. In some cases that had meant the re-establishment of old Indian games crushed out by Western ones. In others it meant the building up of the very instinct of play. He had seen old men watching boys who were having the time of their lives in one of the new playgrounds, and these old men had said, with tears in their eyes, "Oh, that I had been a boy! I stepped from babyhood into manhood; I never had a chance of being a boy."

During the past year four of the best physical directors they could secure from abroad had been appointed, and, even better still, four of the finest medical graduates were entering the Y.M.C.A. in June to give their lives as Indians to the playground movement.

A young Indian, who came over to Europe not long ago, had expressed his desire to give his life to Christ, and when he was asked why, he said it was because of the influence of the life of Dr. Gray, the physical instructor, on the gymnasium floor at the Y.M.C.A., Calcutta.

They looked forward to getting Christians, Hindus, and Mohammedans into fellowship in social service. It was infinite gain when people did not get on to platforms and discuss differences, but in the thoroughfare of social service work side by side, coming thus to know and love each other, the ideals that are cherished in this way becoming the property of all.

Civilians of high rank were co-operating with Indians, both Mohammedans, Hindus, and Christians. Some even said they never believed in Indians until they came and worked side by side with them in the Y.M.C.A. and found out what fine chaps they were.



Jamaican Negro Troops Fraternising with White Comrades in our Seaford Hut.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE IN PAGODA LAND.

NO finer foreign work has been accomplished by the Association than in Burma, where Mr. Oliver McCowen and Mr. Kenneth Saunders won their spurs. The headquarters of our work there are in Rangoon, and a recent report issued by the Y.M.C.A. of that great mingling-place for young men of East and West says:—

The following are the main directions of the work of the Association in Rangoon.

(*a*) The central building, which has residential accommodation for over fifty men, with library, reading, and billiard rooms, educational lectures, concerts, athletics, devotional classes, &c. It provides decent quarters and refreshment for young men at a cheap rate, and keeps a large number of youths from less reputable places of resort. There are nearly 600 members who use the facilities this building offers, a very low fee being charged for membership so as not to exclude any to whom it can be of use. During the last few months the building has been largely used as a lodging on shore by sailors from warships visiting Rangoon, and well over 200 sailors slept there last month.

(*b*) The students' hostel in Godwin-road, which provides a respectable home for students under the supervision of a resident secretary of the Association. The fact that the hostel is recognised by the Government Education Department and that its rooms are always full is proof of its usefulness.

(*c*) An Indian branch in Montgomery-street with hostel accommodation and various departments, including work among Indian boys.

(*d*) The Army branch in Simpson-road, which was started to meet the needs of soldiers, particularly Territorials, for a respectable place of refreshment and amusement outside barracks. It is used by an average of fifty to sixty soldiers nightly, provides light refreshments, and amusements in the form of concerts, games, and library, with periodicals and writing materials.

(*e*) A junior branch in Dalhousie-street, which organises a troop of Boy Scouts and provides various interests, athletic and educational, for young boys. One of the Scouts from this branch was among the first to volunteer for active service in the war, and was killed in action.

So impressed are the Burmese by the efficiency and influence of the Y.M.C.A. that the Buddhist community has started in Rangoon, as at other places in the Far East, a "Young Men's Buddhist Association," the president of which recently, in the annual address, paid the Y.M.C.A. a high compliment by urging that "Members (of the Y.M.B.A.) should try to copy the methods of the Y.M.C.A. as far as they were adaptable and practical to the needs of Burmans, so that there might be more cohesion among members."

DECISIVE MOMENTS.

By F. C. HOGGARTH.

I.—MOMENTS are often the watersheds of experience. Like the Great Divide in America or the Pennine Chain in England, they permanently determine direction. The more one knows of human experience, the more remarkable do the possibilities of moments appear. Again and yet again incalculable results have flowed from momentary experiences. A vision has changed a career. Herschel the astronomer was, up to his thirtieth year, a successful musician. Then a view of the heavens through a small and imperfect telescope changed the current of his life. Henceforth stars, not sounds, claimed the stupendous energies of the man. In that vision of starry depths he felt something authentic and irresistible.

Hugh Miller, the famous geologist, began life as a quarryman. One day the charge had been laid, as usual, fragments of rock fell in all directions; he picked up a mass of blue limestone, broke it with a stroke of his hammer, and found inside scales of fishes.

That was Miller's call—the discovery that changed his life.

There is no question as to the suddenness of these illuminations. As by a lightning-flash have men seen some hitherto hidden beauty and wonder in rocks or stars, in the infinitely little or the infinitely great, and with or without a struggle the choice has been made. In the morning they have gone out to their accustomed tasks, and before evening fell they have seen new horizons and made new allegiances.

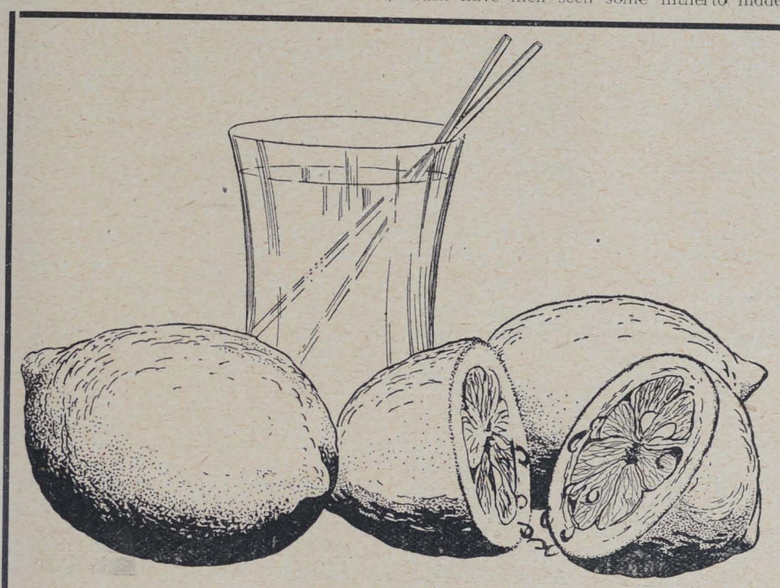
II.—There are similar moments for the soul—"moments when we read new values into life and experience"—when suddenly men move from a lower to a higher plane of living. There are crises in which new loves and new ambitions find birth. There, again, biography is illuminating. We see how often lives rich in beneficence, saintly in purity, trace all to some such moment of vision and of dedication. Take two cases, the more interesting because of their difference, one ancient, the other modern.

III.—St. Francis, the rich, high-spirited youth, had squandered much of his time in pleasure and festivities. He found, however, no satisfaction, rather a deep dissatisfaction. One day he was walking in the country outside the gates of the little town of Assisi, and, seeing a little chapel in a ruinous condition, he went in to pray. As he prayed he was visited, we are told, by "unwonted visitations, and found himself another man than he who had gone in." He hears also a Voice, "Francis, go repair My house, the which thou seest is falling into decay." He prepared to obey, and the result was one of the happiest, sweetest, and most fruitful lives of the ages.

IV.—On the other hand, there is the case of Henry George, whose name is associated with a school of land reform. It is not, however, his peculiar economic gospel that is our immediate concern, but the man's life, his noble, unselfish service for humanity, and how he came to live it. He was walking, he tells us, in a street in New York, in broad daylight, when there came to him an unwonted experience. He was strangely moved, felt he had been lifted from a lower and selfish level to a higher and unselfish level. Henceforth he loved the people, and, loving them, he came, as he told Manning, "to love God."

V.—It is thus still "in a moment that ye think not" that the great opportunity comes, that God touches men's eyes and they see. By the most trivial external things are deep thoughts stirred, and incidents of the common day give rise to unexplained impulses and feelings and vows. These significant moments are very wonderful. They carry in them one of the strongest of all arguments for religion. In the depths of our lives there is God. We are not left alone. There are moments when He comes to us. It is well if we know the time of our visitation, and are not disobedient to the heavenly vision.

Many readers will doubtless recall an article some weeks ago describing and illustrating life in Park Royal A.S.C. camp. The writer was Mr. W. Surman, who has been leading the work there for the past seven or eight months. He has now been called up for service, and on Monday night of last week the Y.M.C.A. hut was crowded with men to bid him "good-bye." No one who was present could mistake the sense of the company. Mr. Surman had evidently won the hearts of the men by his self-denying and unobtrusive service. His comrades of the Association staff at Park Royal presented him with a wrist watch, and the men also had a present ready, handed to him by a corporal, with very warm words of thanks for all he had done for them.



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AT THE SIGN OF Y.M.C.A. THE RED TRIANGLE.

Colours and Costs.

THE new cover of the "Y.M." has met with general approval, and many of our readers have told us that they think the paper looks much brighter with the inclusion of the triangle in red. Of course, this costs money, and the expenditure can only be justified by increased circulation. We shall value the help of all our readers to this end, and can assure them that on our part no effort will be spared either by the publishers or the editorial staff to make the paper interesting and helpful. We particularly wish to cater for the men in the Army and Navy, and shall be glad of special subscriptions that will enable us to send copies for free distribution amongst the men at the front.

Colonel Winston Churchill in the Trenches.

Colonel Winston Churchill, M.P., was in the trenches the night the "Threapwood" Hut was destroyed by the enemy shell-fire. His men had to bear the brunt of the attack, and he saw the Y.M.C.A. building bursting into flames as it was struck by shell fire, and ultimately completely destroyed. Mr. Churchill says the Y.M.C.A. is doing an immense amount of good work at the front.

Shelled Again!

Mr. A. Gordon Hamlin, writing from one of the advanced stations in Flanders on May 10, says:—

"I am writing on the counter between the sales in the tent you now know. We were shelled yesterday, and the bits of the shells came pattering on the roof of our tent, but most of the shells burst just sufficiently far off not to injure our equipment or ourselves. I enclose a five-franc note. A young soldier came one day, slipped it into my hand, and then quietly withdrew. A five-franc note is the usual weekly allowance to most soldiers. This man gave up his week's pay. It was a real gift, as when his next pay day will come is not by any means certain."

Look at Your Letters.

Mr. W. F. Greenwood, of Canterbury, N.Z., who is at present one of the Australian Red Cross Commissioners in Egypt, has written expressing his delight at the Y.M.C.A. work in Cairo, and concludes:—

"This letter paper, if you hold it up to the light, shows a water mark, which please study. It was intended for an edition of the *Koran*, and is being used by the Y.M.C.A. boys. The Mussulman would sell anything if he could make a profit." It seems that when the late Khedive was in power he had a lot of paper specially made for the purpose of printing a special edition of the *Koran*. The paper had a special water mark with the Khedive's signature, Abbas II., in Arabic, and the Mohammedan year 1329 since the flight of the Prophet from Mecca to Medina. The paper has been given to the Y.M.C.A., and makes 4,000,000 sheets of letter paper. It has been ruled and printed, and is being used by our troops to write home. Every sheet is a souvenir. Those in Australia who receive letters from Egypt on Y.M.C.A. paper should ascertain if it bears this water mark, with which it is well worth preserving."

Exciting Experiences in Dublin.

Lieut. H. W. Norman, the brother of Lieut. R. A. Norman, the former secretary to the Bradford Y.M.C.A., has had a most exciting experience in Dublin. Soon after arriving there his horse was shot dead under him, and Lieut. Norman, being thrown, had his shoulder dislocated. After being treated in hospital he reported for duty again at the Castle, though he was not obliged to do so, and was put in charge of mechanical transport. He went out with two men to deliver a motor load of ammunition, and the man beside him was shot dead. They got the ammunition through safely, but on returning the other man, who was driving, was mortally wounded, but he struck to the wheel. Then Lieut. Norman received a bullet wound in the arm, and just afterwards the chauffeur expired. Lieut. Norman was able to stop the car, and he was removed to the hospital, where he is progressing satisfactorily.

At the Railway Stations.

The Y.M.C.A. Station Rest Huts were very busy again last week, as will be seen from the following figures, which deal with the numbers of men who actually paid for beds, and slept in one or other of the huts during the week:—

Waterloo (May 12 to 18)	1,074
Museum Industrial (Horseferry Road)	1,113
Little Theatre	732
Victoria	748
Victoria (officers)	136
Paddington	239
Grosvenor Gardens	671
King's Cross	299
Euston	428

Sir Andrew Fraser's Speech.

A fine new hut has been opened at Brockenhurst by Sir Andrew Fraser, late Lieut.-Governor of Bengal, who said that when he was employed under the Crown of India, he found the Y.M.C.A. a very useful institution, not only for Englishmen, but for Indians. "The war work of the Association," he said, "had spread over the whole of the Empire, and was appreciated by everyone, and this was possible because the Y.M.C.A. got hold of the great note which was sounded over the whole Empire on August 4, 1914—the note which summoned the whole Empire to war. It came as a great blast of a trumpet to summons the Empire to resurrection. We were getting a little slack, we were unprepared for anything, and when that horrible thing occurred and Germany threw aside all the principles we ever held dear, there was a wonderful response. Germany believed that the colonies would drop away from the Empire; that Canada, Australia, and South Africa would question the right of Great Britain to summon them, but, to the astonishment of the whole world, the Empire arose, not only as one man, but with a tremendous enthusiasm, such as had never been seen before."

A Draper Memorial Hut.

Almost every day a new hut is opened somewhere among the camps behind the firing line or for munition workers.

Lady Nunburnholme recently opened at North Ferriby the twenty-first hut in the Hull area.

Lady Wolverton has opened in Warwickshire a canteen, where night or day some 400 munition workers will be able to obtain refreshment.

Huddersfield has still another hut, given by British Dyes, Limited, and recently opened by the Mayor, but one of the most interesting of recent openings is that at Weelsby, near Grimsby, this hut having been given by an anonymous donor to replace the tent formerly in use. On a framed scroll in a prominent position in the hut is the following inscription:—

"In memory of Roger Francis Draper, Captain of the 6th Battalion York and Lancaster Regiment, who fell August 21, 1915, in Gallipoli whilst doing his duty. Presented to the National Council of the Y.M.C.A. by an anonymous donor."

Something Worth While.

Major Birks, Sen. Secretary with the Canadian troops, in appealing to the Canadian Club in Toronto for funds towards the provision of at least one hut for every brigade of infantry at the front, said:—

"Gentlemen, this thing is worth while. In many ways the thing has got to be done extravagantly, for it has got to be done quickly. But the money is not being expended for the period of the war alone. What our quarter of a million men are when they come back to Canada, Canada is going to be for generations to come."

Contributions Received May 15 to 20, 1916.

We have pleasure in acknowledging the following special gifts sent to us during the week:—

	£
"A. I. A. E."	600
P. and O. Steam Navigation Co.	250
Weir, Andrews, and Co., Messrs.	250
Alcock, Private A. H.	125
Huth and Co., Messrs. Frederick	105
Kerr, Mr. James	100
White, Mr. Woolmer	100
Portman, Viscount	100
Fair, Mrs.	100
Stevenson, Mr. G.	100
Anderson, Anderson, and Co., Messrs.	52/10
Wrigley, Mr. Fred.	50
Kilvert and Sons, Messrs. H.	50
Tangye, Mr. A. W.	50
"A. E. W."	50
Lamb, Mr. C.	50
Anon	50
Menzies, Mr. S. J.	50
Hull, Blyth, and Co., Messrs.	50
Thesiger, Mrs.	50
The Planters' Stores and Agency Co., Limited	50
Trinder, Anderson, and Co., Messrs.	50
Usher, Mr. and Mrs. E. L.	50

Association Men in the Forces.

We are compiling lists for reference at Headquarters of members of the Y.M.C.A. who since the beginning of the war have voluntarily joined H.M. Forces. We have 14,492 names and addresses of such at Tottenham Court-road, but the list is anything but complete, and a full list is most



"Derbyites" Entering the Y.M.C.A. Hut, Horfield.

desirable. May we appeal for the co-operation of Y.M.C.A. secretaries everywhere. The list as it stands shows that 191 members of the Association have joined the Flying Service, 554 the Yeomanry, 3,805 the Territorials, and 7,613 the Regular Army; 8 have won the Victoria Cross, and 216 have made the supreme sacrifice, and have been killed on active service, or have died of wounds. The names of the latter are to be permanently recorded through the kindness of Baron Profumo, first of all in the Y.M.C.A. Hut given by his brother at Fulham Hospital, and permanently after the war at Tottenham Court-road.

Canon Potter, of Canterbury Cathedral,

recently conducted evening prayers for the Y.M.C.A. for the 300th time since war broke out.

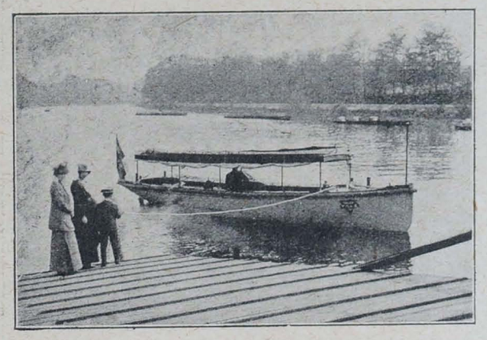

Photo by courtesy of "The Motor Ship and Motor Boat."

A Y.M.C.A. Motor-boat for Mesopotamia.

Wimbledon.

The Wimbledon Hut was looking very pretty when we called a few days since. An interesting feature is an admirable series of paintings by Miss Sutton, daughter of Mr. Arthur Sutton, J.P., and a large and striking reproduction of Mr. Swinstead's famous picture, "The White Comrade," by Miss Callve, reproduced by kind permission of the artist.

Maresfield.

The Y.M.C.A. equipment at Maresfield Camp has been greatly improved by extension in length and by the addition of a handsome and commodious "Quiet Room." Both are the generous gifts of the Countess of Portarlington and her husband, the Hon. Portman. We are indebted to Miss Mangles for the gift of the orginal hut. The C.O., Colonel Tickel, is a very warm friend, and so is Chaplain Heeley. The Chaplain not only co-operates in the spiritual work, but he has personally assisted our leader, Mr. Payne, in repainting the hut after its enlargement.

Crowborough.

After the Maresfield meeting we motored over to Crowborough, and saw once more something of the good work that is being done by Mr. Jackson and his devoted band of honorary workers in the Waterloo Hut in Crowborough village. We also visited the great Y.M.C.A. Hut in Crowborough Camp—this is one of our biggest buildings, and it was a pleasure to see it in such good condition and looking so pretty. When we called a cricket match was in progress just outside, and hundreds of men were sitting and lying outside the Y.M.C.A. enjoying the game. When the last division left Crowborough all the commanding officers wrote to Mr. North, who has been in charge of the Y.M.C.A. all along, thanking him for what the Association has done for their troops. One C.O. said "the Y.M.C.A. is the centre of the finest life of the camp."

Seaford No. 1.

A surprise visit to this camp on a recent afternoon was most interesting. The large treble hut was well filled, and suggested a scene of animation. Everything throughout the hut was spick and span. The pictures on the walls, though not of great intrinsic value, are a pleasing feature, whilst the whole building was decorated with an abundant supply of wild flowers. The stove, too, had been blacked instead of being left rusty, as in some huts we have visited. Mr. Stephens often had over fifty men present for his Bible class, which is held on Friday evenings and Sunday afternoons, and he says this class is the mainspring of the whole work. From the men who attend it he gets a constant supply of invaluable helpers for the general work of the hut.

Y. M.

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

Organ of the Y.M.C.A. in
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THE EDITORIAL OFFICES of "Y.M." are at the CENTRAL Y.M.C.A., TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, 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.

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.

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The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Derby, K.G. (3), the Hon. Sir George Perley, K.C.M.G. (1), the Hon. Sir Arthur Lawley, G.C.S.I. (2), Sir John Hewett, G.C.S.I. (5), and the Rt. Hon. Will Crooks, M.P. (4), who are addressing an "Empire Y.M.C.A." Meeting at London Central to-night (Friday), at 8.45 p.m.



WHAT THE DOMINIONS ARE DOING FOR THE RETURNING SOLDIER.

By E. T. SCAMMELL, Fellow of the Royal Colonial Institute.

THE question, What is to become of our boys when the war is over? is one that demands earnest and immediate inquiry, both in its national and Imperial aspects. One is glad, therefore, to note that the subject is receiving some attention from the Home and Dominion Governments and from institutions like the Royal Colonial Institute, which has recently commissioned Sir Rider Haggard to visit South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and Canada, in order to ascertain what provision those countries are prepared to make, not only for their own men, but for men from the British Isles, who may desire to make homes for themselves, when they return to civil life, in one or other of his Majesty's oversea Dominions. Our first consideration must necessarily relate to the question of home provision, and this is a matter that primarily concerns our own Government and the various Committees and organisations appointed by the authorities at Whitehall or by the societies whose sphere of operations is confined to the United Kingdom.

But the immediate object of this article, as befits the Empire Number of *Y.M.*, relates to the overseas aspect of the question, and is written to show what the Dominions are prepared to do for their own returning men, and, ultimately, for the expected flow of our British ex-Service men, at or prior to the conclusion of peace. It may be well to state, at once, that special attention, both at home and overseas, is being directed to the opportunities of settlement on the land and to the need of all parts of the Empire for men who may wish to avail themselves of such opportunities. Here the cry of "back to the land" is being raised on every side, and the recommendations of Sir Harry Verney's Committee are being discussed with keen interest and, in the main, with warm approval.

Canada.

Two Commissions—the Military Hospitals Commission and the Economic and Development Commission—have been appointed by the Dominion Government, the former for dealing with disabled and able-bodied men of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, on their return to Canada, and the latter for dealing with the general question of land settlement and migration. Provincial Commissions and local Committees have been formed in all the Canadian Provinces, and the co-operation of the local authorities, municipal and military, and of many leading citizens—landowners, farmers, and employers of labour—has been secured. A Conference, presided over by the Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Borden, was held at Ottawa in October last, at which all the Provinces were represented, when the subject was fully considered and the required preliminary arrangements were adopted.

The Ontario Commission says, "It is the judgment of the Commission that, after the conclusion of peace, to all those who have fought the battle for human freedom and democratic principles this country will owe a lasting debt. It is the duty, as well as the privilege, of Canada to offer them a home and the opportunity of earning for themselves a comfortable living. The obligation to discharged British soldiers is especially pressing. If we wait until the end of the war nothing satisfactory can be achieved. A great economic and social crisis may result. For this purpose and for the general purposes of inter-Imperial migration and land settlement, the United Kingdom and the Dominions should be viewed as a single whole. It should be possible effectively to unite the Imperial and Dominion Governments in a policy which will keep the movement of population more and more within the Empire, check the drain of population to foreign countries, and so conserve British manhood for the development of British territory, and the support and defence of British institutions against future contingencies." The British Columbia Commission, in recommending a definite and well-worked-out scheme of land settlement, says that it should be available to "all returned soldiers," and should be open to any man who has served the Empire.

Among the provisions recommended by these Commissions are (Ontario) "That an Imperial Migration Board be organised in London, representing the British Government, the Governments of the Dominions, and such Provinces and States in the Dominions as desire to be represented on the Board," and (British Columbia) after detailing its scheme of land grants and financial aid, "that full opportunities be provided for training and instruction in agricultural matters, and that a trained agricultural adviser be appointed for each settlement," which, with other provisions, "may enable the settler to become the owner of a picked farm, with enough cleared land for an immediate start, and to possess all the transport and other advantages of a co-operative settlement."

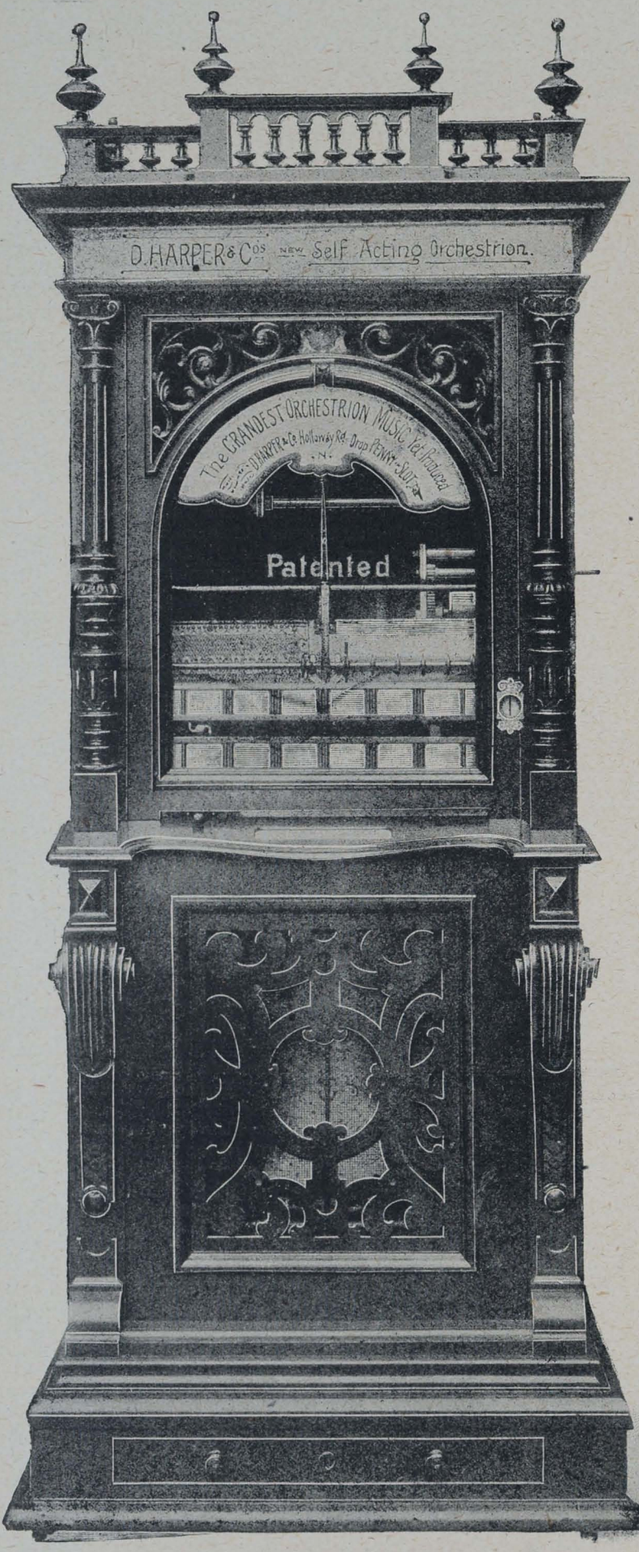
These statements indicate what Canada is arranging to do for our ex-Service men if they are willing to settle on the land, but in other directions, industrial and commercial, the Dominion is prepared to do what it can to meet the requirements of the men and of their dependents.

Australia.

On the recommendation of the Australian Federal Parliamentary War Committee, a conference was held in Melbourne in February last of Federal and State representatives for the purpose of considering various aspects of the problem presented by the need (*a*) for absorbing the returned soldiers, and (*b*) for the adoption of a complete scheme of land settlement for the men and their dependents. The Premier of Victoria, in a letter to Sir Rider Haggard at a meeting held to welcome Sir Rider on his mission to Australia, says: "With reference to the discussions between yourself and the Victorian Government, we are prepared to extend to all ex-Service men of the United Kingdom and their families the same advantages as regards land settlement or otherwise as to our returned Australian soldiers, with the stipulation that the men be selected in England in some approved fashion, which can subsequently be settled." The following are some of the resolutions adopted at the Conference referred to:—"The Governments of the Commonwealth and the States should co-operate in the promotion of a scheme for the settlement of willing and suitable returned soldiers upon the land." "The Federal Government will provide the funds by way of loans to the States for the purpose of making advances." "Provision should be made where necessary for the immediate establishment by the States of training farms, on which the inexperienced men might serve a probationary period for the purpose of determining whether or not they have an aptitude for the work. Where the State authority is satisfied, such training may be arranged for on approved private farms."

As in Canada, so in Australia, local committees are being formed in all the States to give effect to the Federal proposals. These committees will work under the direction of the Federal Parliamentary War Committee, of which Mr. T. C. Watson, ex-Prime Minister of the Commonwealth, has been appointed organiser. Mr. Watson has made a tour of the States, and has prepared his plans, after consultation with the various Governments and with many of the leading citizens. He now reports that for the first year, 1916-17, the six States of the Commonwealth expect to be able to make 11,616 allotments, representing total advances of £5,750,000; for the year 1917-18, 16,560 allotments, representing £8,183,000 in advances; and for the year 1918-19 the States of Victoria, Queensland, South Australia, and Western Australia expect to be in a position to provide a total of 14,000 allotments, representing advances of £9,000,000. But Mr. Watson thinks that to settle 42,000 soldiers on the land, the number indicated above, by the

(Continued on page 485)



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FLAG DAY AND "FLAGGING."



AT WOKING.



A SPLENDID SHOW.



IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

THE frequency of flag days has been the subject of much comment in the Press. This, however, has not diminished their success, so far as our experience goes. Nor has it caused the inventiveness of helpers to grow less. The figures for London and Greater London are not yet final, but over £12,000 has already been received by the Earl of Clarendon, as hon. treasurer, and we believe there is much more to come. Then, of course, "flagging" goes merrily on all over the country, and will continue through the summer, till practically every considerable centre in England has had its Red Triangle Flag Day.

One of the most interesting depots in London was that at Messrs. Thos. Parsons, 315, Oxford-street, who kindly lent their premises, while Mr. Price and Mr. Coker, of Messrs. Parsons, made all arrangements, including special rooms for stock of flags, the supply of lunch for workers, and the splendid window decorations, including the submarine model, which attracted so much attention as it dived and rose in real water! The workers here were organised by Mrs. Arthur Malden. Other centres were equally successful, though space permits of describing only this typical one.



A WILLING VICTIM.

In the provinces, Cambridge and district did remarkably well, and we have received some notes of special features in the day's experience.

A detachment of 150 R.E.'s at Hitchin were ordered to B. E. Africa on May 15—the day before Flag Day. Half-an-hour before leaving they marched to the Y.M.C.A. hut, and asked to have their Flag Day then. Each man marched off to the station with two flags in his helmet, saying that they would take them all the way to Africa with them. Twenty wounded soldiers in hospital uniform assisted in selling flags at Hitchin, and about the same number in Cambridge. Collections were taken at cinemas and theatres, and a concert was held at Bishop's Stortford in aid of "The Day." Permission was given to sell flags on all 'buses, &c. Flags were sold in many schools, the children being notified beforehand. At a private school in one town the scholars were given a holiday in order to help. In Cambridge some ladies started selling at 4.15 a.m. (old time). Hand-painted Y.M.C.A. flags were sold for 2s. 6d. each (minimum). The amount raised in this district is approximately £600.

The story of Cambridge will doubtless stimulate many other provincial districts. May they all have good success!





THE ORGAN-GRINDER FAMILY—ALL SHIREMOOR MEN—AND LADY FLAG-SELLERS.

Example Better than Precept.

No Y.M.C.A. leader or worker can hope to infuse the soldiers amongst whom he is working about the religious work unless he is himself keen. All our workers, and particularly those occupying positions of leadership should make a point of being present at all the more important religious meetings, particularly those held on Sundays. It is scant courtesy to invite a clergyman or anyone else to speak at a meeting and to be absent oneself. It is a little thing, but important, to see that our huts are scrupulously clean, particularly during the summer months. Neither food or refuse must be left lying about; the floor should be scrubbed as frequently as possible, and the windows should be kept wide open throughout the day. War should be waged incessantly against the house-fly.

The New Religion.

The *Daily Graphic,* in a leading article last week, said:—

"One outstanding work of priceless value is that of the Y.M.C.A. On all hands, from the men still training at home to those who return home from the fighting line, nothing but unity is heard of the superb work done by these huts and their attendants. It was manifestly impossible for the Government to have undertaken to supply our vast armies with the recreative and rest facilities provided by these huts, nor has it been necessary in view of the magnificent response to the leadership of the Y.M.C.A. That organisation will not favour of reward. Already it has been complimented by a Bishop on having instituted a 'new religion'—a religion of limitless helpfulness; and in the days to come it will reap a golden harvest through having won the esteem of the men to whom it has ministered."

A writer in *Answers* said:—

"The only religious organisation that has risen to the occasion is one that owes allegiance to no church or denomination. The Young Men's Christian Association has done a hundred times more for the comfort and welfare of the millions who have joined the Army than all the churches put together. It has had to beg for every penny it has spent, but it has given value and more than value for money. The churches have stood aloof, and have allowed the Y.M.C.A. to do the work they ought to have done."

Of course, we do not accept responsibility for the sentiments expressed by the writer of the article, and the fact we always wish to emphasise is that the activity of the Y.M.C.A. is the activity of the churches. The Association is not a new denomination; its members are the members of the churches, and it is out to gain results for Christ and the Church.

The Late Second Lieut. Elliott.

We offer our sympathy to the Rev. Spencer H. Elliott, who has done so much for us in various camps, on the death of his brother, Second Lieut. George Edward Elliott, 13th Batt. Royal Sussex Regt., of which he was Signalling Officer. He died on May 20 of wounds received in France at the age of twenty.

He was the youngest son of the late Rev. Wm. Hayward Elliott, who died at his vicarage of Bramhope, Yorkshire, in 1904.

In addition to the Rev. Spencer H. Elliott, Sheffield Diocesan Missioner, and Vicar of St. Paul's, Sheffield, he had two clerical brothers, the Rev. Wm. T. Elliott, All Saints' Vicarage, Bradford, and the Rev. J. M. Elliott, Chaplain to the Forces.

Second Lieut. Elliott had been looking forward to ordination, when all four brothers would then have been in Holy Orders. He was educated at St. Edmund's School, Canterbury, where he was Captain of the School, and of all the games. Just before receiving his commission he was awarded the Jodrell Scholarship at Queen's College, Oxford.

A Canadian View.

"You, and especially Lord Haddo, will be very pleased to hear that the Y.M.C.A. are doing a lot of good work out here. They have quite good stores very close to the firing line, and the goods are very cheap. I bought a tin of Canadian corn within one and a-half miles of the firing line cheaper than we can buy the same in Western Canada. Also in rest billets they have picture shows every night, and a jolly good writing and reading room, which I must say are much appreciated by the troops."

Our Need of Outdoor Games.

Now that the summer months are almost upon us, it would be of great value if we could have a number of outdoor games for the use of soldiers using our various huts in all parts of the country and overseas. We appeal to the generosity of the public in sending us such gifts, assuring them that their kindness would be immensely appreciated by the men on active service. The kind of games that would be most suitable are cricket, outdoor quoits, football, tennis, croquet. We have several urgent appeals from soldiers on active service for such articles. Gifts of this kind may be sent to the National Headquarters, 13, Russell-square.



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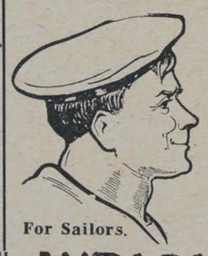
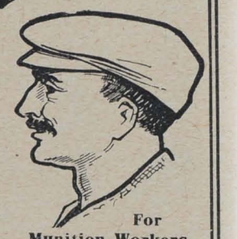
On sale at all Y.M.C.A. Canteens, and of all Confectioners, Tobacconists, Chemists, and all branches Boots Cash Chemists, or direct from



For Sailors.



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THE DIVE OF DEATH.

IT is Sunday morning, and these lines are written in the garden, where the writer is enjoying the warm sunlight of a May day tempered by a lovely breeze. A blackbird is constantly returning with tit-bits to his hungry brood in the nest in one of the laurels, built with such laborious care.

The spring flowers are at their best, and so is the foliage. Never, surely, did it look so sweet as it does this year—we think this every spring. A robin is singing sweetly; a thrush, too, has been pouring out its love-song; tiny birds in hawthorn, chestnut, poplar, and silver birch are joining in Nature's melody, and the swallows are skimming gracefully through the air, whilst the starlings—the quaint "Jack Sheppard" of rural England—are too busy for song, and each hurrying to and from their nests, that they may satisfy the hunger of their precious fledglings.

The scene is one of peace; but, listen, the noise of war is in the air. Two or three hundred yards away is a rifle range, and even on Sunday Englishmen have to prepare themselves for the task of defending hearth and home against the ruthless and powerful foe. The sound of the impact of bullet against target mingles with the more peaceful and more pleasing sounds of Nature's orchestra. Even as I write there comes another sound—a sound almost unknown before the war, but familiar enough now; it is the unmistakable hum of the motor of an aeroplane. Faint at first, the sound quickly increases in volume, and then as suddenly dies away in the distance. The aeroplane—one of the latest British biplanes—is flying at a great height and majestically gliding through the air. It looks in the sunlight more like a graceful bird of burnished silver than anything else—a bird of prey, ready to risk anything, ready to go anywhere, the pilot never starting for a flight without taking his life in his hands.

Nature's voices seemed to call to rest—it is easy to fall asleep amid the scent of the flowers and the hum of the bees. The rasping hum of the biplane reminds one of the war and of the part the Y.M.C.A. is called to play. It is a call to be up and doing that we may each do our "bit"—yes, do with all our might something that will really help our loved country in her hour of need, and bring in the reign on earth of the Prince of Peace.

It is difficult to realise how very few years ago we all felt that flying was impracticable. How simple and safe it looks to-day! Another biplane passes high over head, reminding one of those majestic words of the poet prophets of old—

> They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.
> They shall mount up with wings as eagles.

How safe it looks! One almost feels disposed to cry with the psalmist: "Oh! that I had wings like a dove."

A few days previously we had been standing in an important aerodrome in East Anglia. It was a thrilling spectacle as we watched pilot after pilot circle overhead, descend lower and lower, disappear from view, and a moment later appear again skimming the roof of the hangar and finally alighting on the field in front of us with the utmost grace and with the best of judgment. "That's Haig," remarked one of the members of the firm, who was showing us round, as we watched a big battle-plane manœuvring high above us. "He's one of the best pilots in the Army," he continued, "and his ambition is to test all the machines we are building under our present contract." How wonderfully he handles his aeroplane, and with what consummate grace and skill! We saw him descend, and a few minutes later get up again for another flight. Nothing could have looked safer, and yet it was less than a week afterwards that we saw in the papers an account of his death. The story was told in a few words. Haig had been flying with an observer, and in the descent had collided with a tree; the machine was crumpled up and the pilot and his observer were both killed. All seemed safe one moment, and the next they were taking part in a "dive of death."

There are endless risks an airman has to face. It may be engine trouble that leads to disaster, or maybe it is the difficulty of landing in the dark. It may be the fire from the enemy's guns that bring him down, or any one of a score of other things.

In the House of Commons the story was told of a young officer who, in accordance with instructions he had received, made a descent on certain German sheds from a great height. He had been travelling very fast, and for fully eight miles with his engine shut off. He came down so low over the airsheds that the explosion of the bombs he dropped damaged his own machine. He tried to switch the engine on again, but it would not work, and he descended right into the German lines. At the last moment the engine worked again and he was safe!

In some of the latest machines, if the pilot is flying over the enemy's lines and he has the misfortune to be killed or disabled by the enemy's guns, the observer can take control and bring the aeroplane safely back to its own lines. How wonderful to think that God has given us power to pilot our way through life—the God-like power of free will. There is no power greater than that of self-control, and whatever people may say, there is a very real sense in which man is master of his fate. But the time will come when a stronger hand than ours will be needed on the lever if disaster is to be averted. Shall we not each one take the Lord Jesus Christ aboard as observer, and get Him to keep His hand on the lever, so that in very deed He will be our pilot? He only is able to subdue: "He is able to save to the uttermost all them that come unto God by Him."

A. K. Y.

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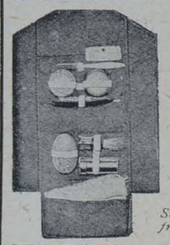

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WHAT THE DOMINIONS ARE DOING FOR THE RETURNING SOLDIER.

(Continued from page 479.)

middle of 1919 does not by any means limit the States' capacity in this direction. This is especially true, he says, of Queensland and Western Australia. In order to ascertain what proportion of men are likely to avail themselves of the opportunities for employment the Commonwealth may be able to offer, Mr. Watson issued inquiry cards amongst the Australian soldiers, both at home and abroad. By these cards he sought to know what the previous employments of the men had been, the number who have been promised reinstatement, and the desires of the men as to future work, particularly in the direction of settlement on the land. An analysis of the cards received up to the middle of February shows that, while a considerable number of the men have promises of reinstatement in their previous employments, the great majority will be thrown upon the labour market. Of the 29,543 cards analysed, 24.6 per cent. express a preference for settlement on the land. This is very interesting, and the facts elicited may be of great assistance to the Government in making provision for the return of their men to civil life. It were well if a similar course were adopted by other Dominion Governments, and even by our own, if such be possible, as, in forming plans for the employment of our men after the war, it would be a useful guide to those who are concerned in the question if the views and desires of the men themselves could be ascertained.

New Zealand.

The only facts about New Zealand that have so far been made public are those given by the High Commissioner, the Hon. Sir Thos. Mackenzie, who says that 87,000 acres of land have been definitely set aside in New Zealand for the settlement of New Zealand soldiers, another 400,000 acres having been provisionally reserved.

South Africa.

The Union of South Africa.—At an interview which Sir Rider Haggard had with General Botha at Cape Town, the Premier expressed his general sympathy with Sir Rider's mission, but he said that, at present, he was unable to give any assurance in regard to opportunities for land settlement in the Union of South Africa, unless the intending ex-Service settlers were in possession of sufficient funds to employ labour. There are, however, private movements on hand for dealing with this question, which may offer some encouragement to men, whether they are members of the South African Expeditionary Force or others who, from their knowledge of the country and their interest in it, may desire to make their homes in that sunny land.

Rhodesia.—The British South Africa Company, with whose directors Sir Rider Haggard had an interview before leaving London, has generously agreed to set apart 500,000 acres of land in Rhodesia for ex-Service officers and men. Particulars of the location of the site and the conditions of the offer will be made public as soon as the directors of the company are in a position to do so.

On the general subject of openings for our boys after the war, it is to be hoped that the Y.M.C.A., with its new and vigorous powers and its enlarged and enlarging opportunities, will be able to give attention to the needs of the men on their return to civil life, many of whom will certainly look to the institution that has done so much for them in the past for advice and assistance in the future. Perhaps, therefore, the authorities of the Association will allow the suggestion that preparation be made, as soon as circumstanees will allow, for the establishment of a Bureau of Inquiry and Information, to which the men may apply. Such a Bureau should enter into correspondence with the various Government Offices—Home and Overseas—with the Royal Colonial Institute, and other bodies interested in the future welfare of the men, and should be in a position to give such advice.

[The Shakespeare Hut will be such a centre.—ED. *Y.M.*]

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THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

Lady Workers in a Highland Camp.

THERE is not a single Y.M.C.A. hut in this country which does not largely depend upon the voluntary aid of lady helpers, but their help is especially welcome at such a place as this, where we are miles from a village, and where the men are entirely excluded from the cheering company and sympathy of women. One of my first thoughts on arriving at this Highland camp, with its long rows of tin huts, was the appalling number of men, and nothing but men. I called to mind the old story of the parrot show in London, at which, it is related, an old cockatoo poked its head through the bars of its cage, and in a plaintive voice exclaimed, "What a beastly lot of parrots!" So it seems here, where there are thousands of men all dressed alike in dismal-hued khaki, for under war conditions the gay hues of the tartan kilt are hid under a khaki apron, and where, in short, there are a beastly lot of men, and not a single lady to be seen. But there is one oasis in this khaki-coloured desert, for at the refreshment bar of the Y.M.C.A. may be seen the smiling faces of some half-dozen lady helpers, who have left their comfortable homes to rough it here in the Highlands, and to minister to the wants of the soldiers. That their presence is appreciated by the men need scarcely be said. I heard of an Aberdeen man who bought a box of matches which he did not need, merely for the sake of seeing them!

It is no picnic for those lady workers. Their hours extend from ten in the morning till half-past nine at night, with a respite of some three hours in the afternoon, and during all that time they are kept busy without a moment's respite, serving tea, coffee, refreshments, and cigarettes to troops of men who crowd round the counter from morning to night. I am not going into statistics, for I have not kept tally of the hundreds of cups that are daily washed by their dainty hands, or of the dozen of packets of "Woodbines" that are sold. Look in any evening in the week, and you will get some idea of the work that is done. A long queue of men stretches from the door to the check office, where in return for coin a lady hands out paper checks ranging from a halfpenny to a shilling. These checks are handed over the counter in payment of whatever is wanted, "Two packets of Woodbines, a cup of tea, and a sandwich," being a typical order. The refreshment room is nightly thronged with crowds of men, and when it is stated that the daily drawings average £20, and that the average individual purchase does not exceed fourpence, the number of customers can be easily estimated.

At one end of the counter a number of men are gathered waiting for their bowls of porridge and milk—twopence a bowl, and cheap at the price. One lady ladles out the steaming porridge from the giant pot, another measures out the milk, while a third in the background washes the returned bowls with the rapidity of an expert. Not long ago we only sold a hundred bowls of porridge a night, but the demand has increased, and the number sold is now well over two hundred.

The merry, jostling crowd of men lessens a little about half-past eight, and then two or three of the workers find time to slip away for a few minutes to the recreation hall, where "Davie" is keeping the boys amused with an exhibition of lantern slides, or some other simple entertainment. There are sweet singers among these ladies, and the songs they give at these informal entertainments are much appreciated. But this is merely a respite, and soon they are back once more at the counter, for there are always some late-comers waiting to be served. At last the closing hour has come, and a big "dixie" tin is filled from what is left in the coffee urn to be taken as a free gift to the guard house, where it is shared among the prisoners.

Such in brief is the daily routine of the lady helpers. There are no holidays, and Sunday is frequently the busiest day of the week. Wednesday is supposed to be a half-holiday, the shop being closed, in accordance with law, from two till five in the afternoon. But the ladies chose those hours for that mystic rite, dear to the female heart, called cleaning up. From that scene we mere men, who at other times try to make ourselves useful, are rigorously excluded. We would only be in the way, we are told, and all that goes on takes place behind closed doors. But it is easy to see the result of their labours in the well-scrubbed floor and shelves, and in the neat and methodical rearrangement of a multifarious and somewhat "messy" stock.

One of our lady helpers, it should be added, acts very capably as motorist for this and a neighbouring camp, driving a heavy motor lorry at least once, and frequently twice, a day to and from the railway station, a distance of nearly four miles each way. With such roads as we have in this part of the world, this is at no time an easy task, but the task has been successfully essayed in all sorts of weather, through mire which reached to the axles, and often in showers of blinding snow.

And what, it may be asked, do these ladies do in their hours of recreation, which rarely exceed three out of the twenty-four? Even those are almost entirely devoted to the interests of the soldiers. There is the military hospital to be visited, and what is more helpful to a man lying in a sick ward than the sunshine of a woman's smile, or a gift of flowers? Much time also is devoted to the Y.M.C.A. garden, which now greatly helps to brighten up the camp. Five large flower-beds have been formed in front of the hut, having a young fir tree planted in the centre of each. The planting of these was carried out with some pomp and ceremony under our enthusiastic leader's guidance. The United Free Church minister of the district favoured us with his presence on that eventful day, and each lady in turn helped in planting a tree. The pipe-major filled the air with appropriate Celtic music, and amid the ringing cheers of hundreds of onlooking soldiers the trees were duly planted and named after ladies who have during the past year or more been specially prominent in helping the boys here. The names of these trees are worth recording. They are as follows:—The Armongstrong, Bannatyne-Martin, Cunningham, Innes, Gunn, and Mitchell trees. May those fir trees, planted thus in war-time, grow green and flourish through long years of peace, and serve as lasting memorials of a few of the strenuous lady workers in this Highland camp!

R. C. R.

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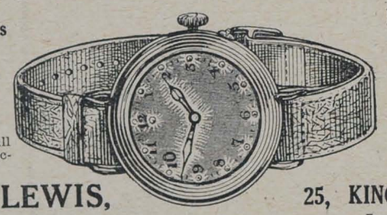

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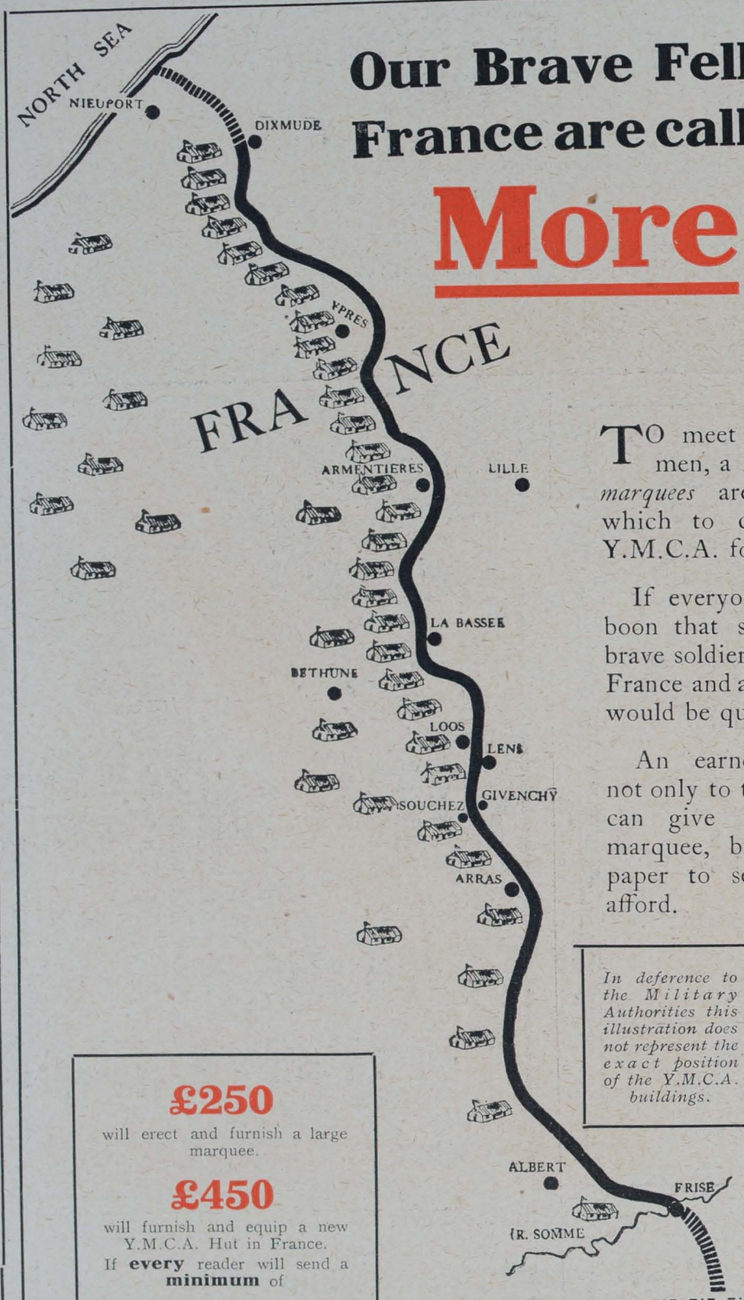

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In deference to the Military Authorities this illustration does not represent the exact position of the Y.M.C.A. buildings.

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Don't leave it to others—others may leave it to you. If you cannot fight yourself, here is your chance to help. Will you send what you can afford? Send it for the sake of those who are risking life itself on your behalf. Donations should be addressed to Captain R. L. Barclay, Y.M.C.A. National Headquarters, 12, Russell Square, London, W.C.

£250
will erect and furnish a large marquee.

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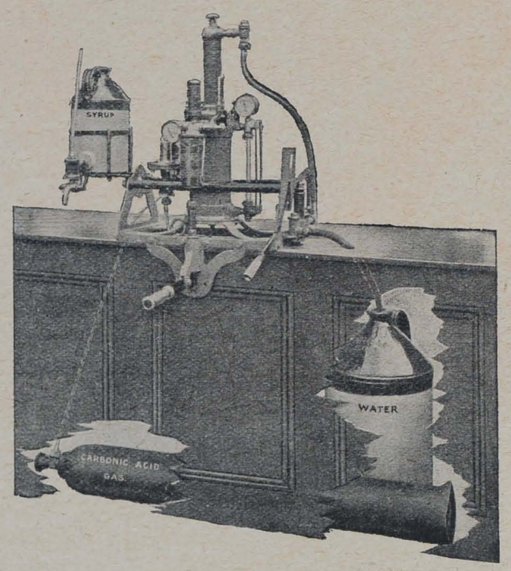

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The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

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A Message from

His Majesty the King.

"The King, the Patron of the Y.M.C.A., has received with much satisfaction the message of loyal devotion which you, as President, have addressed to His Majesty on behalf of the meeting to be held this evening of representatives of all parts of the British Dominions. His Majesty congratulates the Association on the successful results of its War work, which has done everything conducive to the comfort and well-being of the armies, supplying the special and peculiar needs of men drawn from countries so different and so distant. It has worked in a practical, economical, and unostentatious manner, with consummate knowledge of those with whom it has to deal. At the same time the Association, by its spirit of discipline, has earned the respect and approbation of the Military Authorities."

Received at Headquarters on Friday last by Lord Kinnaird, and read to the meeting by Lord Derby.

LINKS OF EMPIRE.

The Red Triangle Upon Which the Sun Never Sets.

A DISTINGUISHED gathering assembled on Friday evening last at headquarters to further the work of the Association throughout the Empire. H.R.H. Princess Christian and H.H. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, who honoured the gathering with their presence, were received by Lord Kinnaird, president of the National Council; the Earl of Derby, chairman of our Munitions Auxiliary Committee; and the Earl of Clarendon and the Reception Committee, which included Viscount Midleton, Lady Rodney, the Hon. Mrs. Walter Long, the Hon. Mrs. Stuart-Wortley (honorary secretary), and Messrs. Yapp, Virgo, and Chamberlain.

Specially welcome guests were Lord and Lady Brassey, while others who attended were Lord and Lady Cheylesmore, the Earl and Countess of Lindsay, Sir Robert and Lady Baden-Powell, Lady Ponsonby, Lady Birdwood, Lady Duncannon, Lady Drummond, Lady Ennismore, and the Hon. Montague and Mrs. Waldegrave.

Sir George Perley, representing Canada, and the Hon. W. P. Schreiner, High Commissioner for South Africa, were present, as would have been all the High Commissioners and Agents-General but for an unforeseen Dominion function.

Mr. F. T. Carter had made splendid arrangements for the evening. At the back of the platform was a gorgeous riot of colour, the flags of the Allies being set out against a background of Union Jacks. A most excellent orchestra added to the enjoyment of the evening. Flowers and palms were everywhere. Miss Hirst prepared a most dainty and refreshing "tea and coffee" (much elaborated!) at little tables in the reading room. The stewarding was admirably done by a party of Red Cross men under Mr. Jackman.

A Royal Message.

The message sent by his Majesty brought great pleasure and encouragement to us all, and Lord Derby followed his reading of it from the chair by a very characteristic speech, in which he went to the heart of the Association's successful war service. We were ready when the call came. The outbreak of war found us already in the Territorial camps. Several years' experience of work among soldiers under canvas lay behind us. What was the value of the work Lord Derby's speech, recorded on another page, very strikingly showed. "That is what appealed to me," said his lordship. "That, if nothing else, would have brought me here to-night."

The Hon. Sir Arthur Lawley, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., K.C.M.G., has a fine record, not only as an administrator in Africa, Australia, and India, but as a speaker of much eloquence, especially on Imperial questions. He gave us of his best on Friday.

The Hon. Sir George H. Perley, K.C.M.G., now acting for the High Commissioner of Canada, made a lucid and practical speech, in which he extended to the Y.M.C.A. of Britain the greetings of the Y.M.C.A. of Canada and of all the other Dominions. "We have in Canada," he said, "a vigorous Y.M.C.A., and we are doing the same kind of work that you are doing over here." Sir George went on to describe the operations of the Association in Canadian cities, and its value, physical and moral, especially to those who come from the country or from overseas and are strangers. Dealing with its war-work, he spoke of the name it made for itself at Valcartier, in Quebec, when the first contingent of 33,000 men was in training and of the way in which it followed the men to England and to Flanders. "I take it," he said, "that every one of us, and every organisation in this country, are doing our best in this war to help along the soldiers in every way it can. At the same time, the Y.M.C.A. is one of the main links in the chain, and we must give it credit for that."

Why Canada Came In.

He touched upon the fact that Canada came into the war heart and soul as part of the Empire, and in defence of the great common tradition of liberty. Affirming that the Imperial idea is a very live thing in Canada, Sir George went on to say, "We are building up a great community under the Union Jack, and under his Majesty King George, and we believe and hope that we shall be able to stay within the Empire, and that we shall find some way in which the hopes and aspirations of all the different parts of the Empire may be realised in practice. We have in Canada, and have had as the other dominions have had for years, self-government within our own boundaries, but I think we look forward to the time when our people shall have something to say, as you do yourselves, with regard to the questions of common interest and common concern, such as peace and war, foreign relations and matters of that kind. . . . This war has brought us together, and it will teach us how to solve the idea of Empire, and I believe we shall say in years to come that the Kaiser, in bringing on this horrible war, at the same time taught us and helped us to consolidate the British Empire. I believe the Y.M.C.A. is doing a good work by bringing into touch with one another men from all over the Empire, and in that way it is a valuable link, and I wish it every success."

There was "considerable liveliness" amidst the audience during the speech of the Right Hon. Will Crooks, M.P. No speech revealed greater nearness to the needs of men to-day. None was more emphatic as to the value of Association work in meeting them.

Sir John P. Hewett, G.C.S.I., C.I.E., has spent a lifetime in India, attaining to the Lieutenant-Governorship of the United Provinces, and distinguishing himself among great Anglo-Indians by the breadth of his sympathy and the range of his vision. He knows our work through and through, and he sketched the rise of it in India with the development of the great stores which took young fellows out as assistants. "At that time it was almost impossible to find in the cities in which they were situated inexpensive lodgings in proper surroundings and free from the temptations from which these young people had to be protected. It was not easy for the Government to step in and take control with profit to the people who had to be benefited, and the clergy had not the machinery with which to undertake the work. The Y.M.C.A. and the sister Association, however, at once stepped into the breach." Sir John then referred to the admiration won by the Association from Hindus and Mohammedans.

A National Service.

"There is hardly a subject connected with the well-being of the people that does not come within the ken of the organisation," continued Sir John. "They are very much interested in such matters as the improvement of agriculture, the bettering of the breed of cattle, the introduction of cottage industry, and the extension of what, in my humble judgment, is by far the most important thing for the poorer classes of India—a sound co-operative system of credit. The Government regards the Association with sympathy, and occasionally gives it more active help, and to my mind there is no apparent limit to the amount of good that the Y.M.C.A. may do in India."

Particularly interesting was that portion of Sir John's speech which referred to war work among Indian troops in Europe and Territorial troops in India:—

For Indians.

"When the Indian troops came to Europe in the autumn of 1914 the Indian Soldiers' Fund was established in order to supply them with the comforts which the British soldiers were receiving from their friends in England. The Y.M.C.A. at once offered its co-operation, and both at Marseilles and Boulogne they worked in the depots and the hospitals. They also undertook the distribution of the comforts which we sent to these places, and had it not been for their co-operation we could not have been so successful as we were in helping our Indian friends. The work of the Association was entirely social, seeing that they were pledged not to proselytise, and they loyally adhered to this pledge. They undertook the work of writing letters for the men, teaching them French, organising sports and games and giving them entertainments and exhibiting lantern slides for them. I have had the opportunity of talking to many of these Indian soldiers of the work of the Y.M.C.A., and I can assure you that they speak of those who worked among them, both Indians and Europeans, in terms of affection and even of reverence, and I have no doubt whatever that the gratitude they feel has sunk very deep into their hearts, and that the effect will never be lost.

"There is one more matter I should like to refer to, which I observed when I was in India a week or two ago. When war broke out a large Territorial force was sent to India to relieve the British force there. The meaning of this was that some 40,000 or 50,000 men, wholly unfamiliar with India, would find themselves sent there within a short space of time. This was the sort of situation which had never been contemplated, and which was likely to create great difficulty, but the Y.M.C.A. at once stepped in and did all they could to ease the situation.

For Territorials.

"I should like to read an extract from a letter from an important man in Delhi. He says:—'The Wiltshire and Hampshire Batteries arrived in July under rather depressing conditions. They had enough tents for the cold weather, but there were none of the usual amenities of cantonment life, such as recreation rooms and entertainments. The Y.M.C.A. rose to the occasion. They put up an enormous marquee and organised every kind of recreation and occupation for men. They started a big reading room with every kind of newspaper and magazine, and had entertainments twice a week. They were enormously popular. A new departure was the organisation of lectures on the history and surroundings of Delhi, and they took them for short tours in the neighbourhood. They were a particularly intelligent and good class of men, many of them from the Swindon workshops, and these tours were much appreciated.'

"Well, what was done in Delhi was done in every cantonment in India, and it seems to me that in the endeavours of the Y.M.C.A. to popularise the Imperial idea, it is questionable whether anyone has been so successful as that which has taught this Territorial force of 50,000 men, sent, at short notice, to an extreme end of our Empire, and under conditions which had never been contemplated when they were raised for service—that it should have taught these men that they would find energetic friends who would, on their arrival in India, give them the same care and attention and almost the same comforts as they would have received had they remained in England."

After the meeting came a reception, which afforded a very pleasant opportunity of meeting the guests of the evening. Altogether this Empire Day celebration, though of necessity two days late, was a great success.

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"A Bond Between This Country and the Great Englands Beyond the Sea." = = = = By Lord Derby.

THE Y.M.C.A. has spread its work all over those fields where British troops are now earning undying glory. In Mesopotamia, in Gallipoli, in France—in all these places it has earned the gratitude of those for whom it works. And at home, not unmindful of its work there, it has extended its enterprise from those camps where the men are training to those munition works where ammunition is being turned out in splendid quantity now for the use of our men in the field. But I would venture for one minute to touch on that aspect of Y.M.C.A. work which has particularly appealed to me. I am not going to speak of the work done during the war. Anybody who is worth his salt is doing something during this war, and the Y.M.C.A. is doing its fair share, and, indeed, perhaps more than its fair share. But, after all, that is their duty, and it is perhaps easier to do it now, with all the glamour that comes to those who are trying to do work for their country. The work I want to refer to is not that work, but a work that laid the foundation for the present work which had none of the glamour, but was just as effective—the work that they did in peace time.

I, personally, speak of their work with the greatest gratitude. As chairman of a Territorial Association, I am responsible, more or less, in peace time for the arrangements for the whole of a division. Anybody who has anything to do with such work will realise the anxiety it causes when you place in a camp, perhaps miles away from any town, 14,000 or 15,000 men—men not organised like a Regular regiment, with its regular habits, which provide so much nowadays for the comfort of the men in the ranks, but men who are only there for a fortnight in the year. This requires everything to be organised, if it is going to be effective, so that it will run as smoothly as if it was going all the year round. We could not have done that as an Association; we could not have done it as a division; but the Y.M.C.A. did it for us, and I do not know who was the most grateful to them—the officers, the men, or the Association which had to supervise the arrangements for the men. I cannot tell you the amount of good done at the Y.M.C.A. tents, all worked by voluntary helpers, but done during that fortnight in many successive years for that particular division. It is impossible to estimate the moral effect that it had on the men. It provided wholesome recreation, it gave them a home in camp, and through the medium of the Y.M.C.A., when the work of the men for the day was finished, instead of their having to go to a town perhaps some miles off, they were provided with amusements and entertainments of the highest possible character on the spot. That is what appealed to me, and that, if nothing else, would have brought me here to-night to assist in your general meeting for the year.

That is for the past, and now as to the future. Believe me, the work of this Young Men's Christian Association has sunk so deep into the minds and into the lives of our fellow-countrymen that its work in the future can never be

diminished and must be extended. And it is going to do more, to my mind, than simply minister to the wants of the men in camp; it is going to be a bond between this country and the Great Englands beyond the sea. With its well-established and well-recognised methods alike here and in all our dominions and in all our colonies, surely it will have an effect on the minds of those who see it and bring together nations—because we *are* nations—closer and closer day by day. There will in the future, I hope, be many inter-changes of visits between men from this country to the colonies and from the colonies to this country, and surely it will be something gained to know that when they go to these countries, far distant from their own, they will find there the same home and the same welcome that the Y.M.C.A., in the Mother Country, gives to all its children beyond the sea. I wish the Y.M.C.A. every possible prosperity in the future and at the same time tendering to them, if I may do so, in the name of all who have made use of their services, our most sincere and grateful thanks for the magnificent work they have performed."

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"A Permanent, Living Force in the Social Fabric of the Empire" = = =

By Sir Arthur Lawley.

IN the message which his Majesty the King recently conveyed to his troops there is this sentence:—"May the comradeship of the battlefield knit still closer together the peoples of the Dominions and Mother Country in the age of Peace which, please God, will be the fruit of this long and arduous War." Now, it seems to me that that is a pregnant phrase—"The comradeship of the battlefield"; for it connotes, does it not, some new quality of British citizenship which must greatly affect both nations and individuals? This same comradeship is, if I may use an expressive word which finds common parlance in the West, a great mixer. The comradeship of the battlefield is just what is wanted to draw together all classes, all creeds, into one united fraternity, and to give to the Empire this solidarity which, but for the war, it would have taken many a decade to achieve.

A Glorious Kinship.

It is obvious, of course, to all of us that the war has changed the relations of the Motherland and the Dominions. Two years ago the ties which bound them together seemed so slender; the bond of anything like an Imperial federation seemed so loose that the two great central Powers of Europe entertained in all seriousness the notion that some, perhaps, of the great Dominions overseas would hold aloof from the conflict into which they were about deliberately to plunge the whole of Europe. That day has gone by and such a notion can never arise again. To-day our civilisations and our liberties are at stake, and we, as one united people, are fighting for liberty and justice, just as England has struggled to uphold liberty and justice in every part of the world to which her flag has been carried. And to-day, and for the rest of our lives, the mere mention of any one of these great dominions will stir in the heart of every Englishman a pride and a gratitude and a glory which will never die.

Yes, it is the comradeship of the battlefield that is calling to us there. We have seen the courage and the self-sacrifice and the devotion to duty which the men of our race from overseas have exhibited at Anzac, at Ypres, and elsewhere, which has given to them a halo of imperishable renown. Let us thank God that we can claim kinship with such men as these, and let us resolve that no longer separate and asunder, but together, hand in hand and side by side, we will strive for our national purpose and our national ideals, and that together we will strive to fulfil our national destiny.

With the Red Cross.

But it is not only "in battle's thunder, shot and steel and scorching flame" that comradeship has its birth. I have just come from over a year's service in France as Commissioner of the Red Cross, and it was inevitable that in that capacity I should be in hourly and daily contemplation of the work of the Royal Army Medical Corps, and I can assure you that I can find no words adequately to express my admiration of the devotion and the courage of our doctors and our nurses in Flanders and France. The best and the ablest of our surgeons and physicians have given themselves with utter self-devotion to relieve the sufferings of the men, no matter what their rank and condition in life may be, with a watchfulness and loving patience that nothing could exceed by day or night. And the women—many of them women of gentle birth, and most of them new to war and to the wounds which war brings; all of them striving simply and unostentatiously in deeds of mercy of every kind; fostering I venture to think, a comradeship which, if there is any gratitude in the heart of man at all, must break down the barriers which divide class from class.

Cross and Triangle.

Moreover, I have seen the work in France of the Y.M.C.A., and I may say this. That while of all the many administrative posts which I have been privileged to hold, none has given me greater satisfaction and pleasure than the Commissionership of the Red Cross, yet there have been moments when I have felt almost tempted to change the emblem of the Cross for the emblem of the Triangle. And let me tell you that the work of the Y.M.C.A. is not new to me. In India, when I was Governor of Madras, I came into constant touch with the progress of the work in that Presidency; and India is a country in which temptations are perhaps more insidious than any other country; where vice and immorality are more alluring and more deadly even than in the cities of the West. And in such a country, you will believe, there is need for such influences as the Y.M.C.A. can exert, and believe me when I say that it is impossible to compute the full measure of salvation which this organisation has brought to the young members of British manhood, who were, by force of necessity, dwellers in the East.

I am not going to detail to you the various activities upon which it is employed in France, but I should like to say, if I may, that it has received great help, great encouragement, and new strength from the interest and the guidance and the sympathy of Princess Victoria.

So it comes about that in every one of our great military centres there is a hut or a marquee where Thomas Atkins may find a haven of rest; and more than that, he will find provision made for his material welfare and comfort; and more than that, he will be brought into touch once again with the influences of all that is best in our thoughts when we speak of home, and he will find the spiritual ministrations of which we are not ashamed to confess the need when we are confronted with the great issues of life and death.

A Living Force.

To all of us, I take it, the war has brought great opportunities, but to no one and to no corporate body have there been greater opportunities vouchsafed than to the Y.M.C.A., and loyally have they risen to a great occasion. They have become a living force in the life of our Army, and we have got to ensure that they become a permanent, living force in the social fabric of the Empire. And that is my whole point. Hitherto the preachers of Empire and the preachers of social reform have thought it better to occupy separate platforms in pleading the cause which they would separately urge, but the war has changed the application of Imperialism, and Mr. Hughes, that distinguished representative of Australia, has taught us that so far from Imperialism and social reform being incompatible, the latter is a wholly essential and integral part of the Imperial creed. Mr. Hughes has left us a great message, and I would that I had at my command the eloquence which he can claim. He has told us, as you know, that the Hohenzollern Hydra has got to be destroyed, but that our work is not only to destroy, but also to build up—to build up the defences of ships, and guns, and men, so that for many and many generations to come war shall be no more; to build up our industry and our commerce so that we can hold our own in the markets of the world, but above all to lift up the masses of the people, and to ensure for every man an opportunity in life and the chance of living decently so long as he is a dweller in a country which claims to be in the vanguard of civilisation. And he has told us that the great driving force of the labour movement in Australia, which has carried it to success, has been spiritual in its nature, and he has warned us that unless the enthusiasm in the minds of the workers for national work and for national reconstruction is religious, the work, whatsoever it may do, will surely perish; and it is because the Y.M.C.A. is so fitted for this work, it is because it is so qualified to carry on the work of Empire and the work of reconstruction, that again I say I hope from the bottom of my heart it may become a permanent, living force in the social fabric of a united Empire.

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"They Give Them What Money Cannot Buy" = = = = =

By Will Crooks.

MAY it please your Royal Highness, my Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—Such a gathering to laud the Y.M.C.A. and the British Empire in particular! One of the Tommies I met said to me, "What does Y.M.C.A. mean?" I said, "You may come again." (Laughter and cheers.) That practically is the sign over every hut. We are an extraordinary people. You have heard Sir Arthur Lawley in that eloquent and distinguished speech which he has made. You have heard our friend, the High Commissioner for Canada; you have his Lordship in the chair, and now comes Bill Crooks. Who says we are not moving? Really and truly, we are getting closer together. This war has made us a family. We have forgotten all our little personal differences—the fights we have had and the joyful anticipation of the fights we are going to have when we have finished the big fight.

Will We Get the Big Job Finished?

His Majesty the King—God bless him!—when he made that wonderful tour round the world, did us the honour of enlightening us as to his experiences at the Guildhall. At that memorable gathering, amongst many memorable phrases, His Majesty said, "Wherever we went the people's hearts swelled with conscious pride at their co-partnership in this Great British Empire." Not any person's particular Empire, but the whole Empire belonging to all the people. He appreciated it, and so do we, and more since the war began than ever before. We are fighting for the freedom and the virtue of our homes, and so we become a family, and when the family is in danger we forget all our little differences. You know the Lancashire story, my Lord. Two men were arguing. One said, "You can argue, but we cannot all be of one mind." "That is true," said the other; "if everyone was of my mind everyone would want our Sally." "Yes," said the other; "and if everyone was of my mind no one would want her." We have just left off quarrelling until we get the big job finished.

The Y.M.C.A.? Why, they could no more do without the Y.M.C.A. than they could do without munitions at the front! I have seen it in operation. It does not only mean that they help to feed the men, but they give them what money cannot buy—love and sympathy. How many men, how many thousands of men, seek for comradeship and sympathy in vain. How many of us in trouble could tell our trouble to someone else. With two to carry it it does not seem half so hard. A man going to work in the morning, heavy-hearted, meets a friend. "Halloa, how are you, mate?" "Ugh! Wife's ill, children ill, and mother-in-law can't come to help us." And his mate says: "Well, cheer up, old man. It will be all right. You are looking on the black side. You have had a bad night. Cheer up. Good morning; good morning." And that man feels ever so much better. He has told someone his trouble.

See a man come to the Y.M.C.A. hut and get in contact with the leader. I visited one crowded with horsekeepers and drivers—not quite a religious body. If you want to pick them out real, you know the class—men who handle horses. I saw them in a Y.M.C.A. hut on a Sunday afternoon, and what do you think they were doing? Picking out Moody and Sankey hymns to sing! Why, if the subscribers to the Y.M.C.A. never got anything else for their money than that, it would be well spent. I met a man once who began pouring out his trouble to me. It was an awful story. He ought to have had twelve years for it, and I said to him, "What do you want to tell me for?" He said, "You don't understand. I have got to live by myself." It was more than he could do to bear it. He had to tell someone about it. A man with a heavy heart can go to the Y.M.C.A. hut and have a conversation with the leader, and come out a better man. That is a labour of love.

Writing Home—Cracking Jokes.

And so you see them writing home—cracking jokes. Oh, they crack jokes in the Y.M.C.A. I give you my word for that. I ran up against a man at the door of a hut. He had got M.P. on his arm. "Cannot go in," he said. "What," I said, "one M.P. stop another?" "You don't mean to say you are an M.P.?" I said "Yes," and he replied: "I would like to change places with you." "What do you mean?" I said. "I would like to have your pocket." "Oh, my dear boy, that is where you make the mistake. When I got that £400 a year you should have seen the number of old pals that turned up." Men of thirty-five who went to school with me—and I am sixty-four. There you are, you never know quite where you are.

That is the sort of life you get in the Y.M.C.A. hut—real humanity. I asked them if they had ever heard of the woman who was in an omnibus at Ludgate Circus, and handed a penny to the conductor and said, "I want the Bank," and the conductor said, "She don't want nothing for a penny!" They remembered it all. I said, "Do you remember Piccadilly Circus?" "Oh, yes." "Do you remember the figure on the clock?" "Venus?" "No." "Cupid?" "No." They gave it up. So did I. When I asked them about the flower girls, they knew them, and I said, "Do you remember the lady who went up to one of them and said, 'I want a shilling's-worth of flowers.' And she got them. Then she said, 'Will you be here on Wednesday? For I want half-a-crown's-worth for my daughter; she is coming out.' The reply was, 'She shall have the best in the market, ma'am. What has she been in for?'" And

yet they speak of the dullness of the Y.M.C.A. hut. Rubbish! You get more than you pay for.

You have heard about the Empire beyond the seas, and the hospitality they give. My word! don't I know it. I shall never be able to pay them back, and I only hope they won't all come at once. When I went out the Imperial Parliamentary Association sent me. Do you know how they selected us? Eight Liberals, eight Tories, three Lords, and me! Hospitality? Seven meals a day and light refreshments in between. That is your kith and kin beyond the sea. That is what I said to the reporter when he put in heavy headlines that I had arrived, "An ordinary-looking man in an ordinary-looking suit, and stepped on the platform in an ordinary way, and went up to a lady who apparently was his wife." That is the only thing he had a doubt about. Like an ordinary Englishman, he left out the important detail. He should have added, "He spells Empire with a big H." H O M E! This war has proved it.

The work of the Y.M.C.A. with the fighting forces is not the limit of its usefulness. I wish a few thousand men and women whom I know personally were here to testify to the usefulness of the Y.M.C.A. huts near the munition factories. I heard people say when it was first mooted, "What do you want a hut for? Cannot they take their food with them?" They don't know. If you take your food wrapped up in tissue paper—perhaps, but perhaps in newspaper, tied up with a fag and kept in a hot workshop. You might do it on Monday and possibly on Tuesday, but on Wednesday you could not tolerate it, and on Thursday you would throw it away, and say, "I have had enough of it." They are supplying them with fresh food, and that means fresh life. And, mark you, these huts are killing the public-houses. What an awful thing! One man called me on one side and said, "This is ruining me." "That is what we are doing," I replied, and he said, "You are as bad as they are." "All right," I said. "So long!" That work is God's work. Giving them social enjoyment? Fancy the average working man having a band of music with his shilling dinner! I wonder what we are coming to.

This, then, is a labour of love. God bless the people who do it. Then look at the possibilities. In every crowded centre where there are no houses, and no lodgings to be got, it has created fresh life and interest in the localities where there was nothing but the streets and pubs for the people. It is going to these toiling men and women and showing them that someone is thinking, someone is sympathising and loving them. *The Y.M.C.A. does that.*

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THE jubilee of the Young Men's Christian Association in South Africa was celebrated last August, when the branch at Cape Town held a series of gatherings in honour of its fiftieth anniversary. Dr. Andrew Murray, the grand old man in the religious work of the sub-continent, was the first president, and no less than five foundation members are still officially connected with the institution, and supported him at the thanksgiving service.

Association history in Africa has in many ways reflected the history of the country, in that its career has been checkered because of many complex difficulties.

The white population is almost equally divided into English and Dutch, and the sphere of Association work has almost entirely been confined to work among the English half. As a natural consequence, there are only branches in the large cities where the British element predominates.

During the years when there was a constant stream of young men pouring into the country from Europe the Association did a monumental piece of work in welcoming them to the land of their adoption. During all the years in every city the Association found leaders and workers, who for devotion and energy were unsurpassed.

The Association is housed in fine structures in Cape Town, Durban, Pietermaritzburg, and Johannesburg, although it is to be regretted that several of the buildings are handicapped in service by a heavy debt.

During recent years, and since the death of Sir Henry Bale, the most conspicuous leader of the movement in Africa has been Mr. H. Wallace Soutter, the national president. He has brought to the organisation an enthusiasm and a consecration which has been invaluable, and under his guidance the movement will achieve ever larger things in the days that lie ahead.

Nearly 60,000 South African troops were engaged under the leadership of General Botha in the German South-West campaign. This concentration of practically the entire young manhood of the nation presented an unlimited opportunity for the Y.M.C.A. of the sub-continent. The Association of Johannesburg, Cape Town, Durban, Fort Elizabeth, and East London erected large marquees in the local training camps, and prepared the way by their most splendid service for the great opportunity which followed.

The northern army, under the personal direction of the Commander-in-Chief, landed at Walfisch Bay, and marching twenty-two miles north occupied Swakopmund. Twenty thousand men made this the centre and base for several months. It was the most desolate of places, and was practically nothing but a small town on a sandhill, surrounded on every side by unending white sand dunes. No trees, not a blade of grass or even the song of a bird relieved the monotony. The men designated it as "the land of sin, sand, sorrow, and sore eyes."



NAIROBI ASSOCIATION IN PEACE TIME.

The chaplains accompanying the various regiments soon recognised the need of help in organising a strong social and religious work amongst the troops, and petitioned the Government to allow the National Council of the Y.M.C.A.'s of South Africa to come immediately to Swakopmund, also asking that the Faber Hotel might be set apart for the enterprise. The necessary consent was readily granted, and a party of four proceeded by transport 700 miles up the coast to inaugurate the work. The journey from Cape Town, both by sea and land, to the final destination, brought with it some memorable experiences. On one never-to-be-forgotten time the entire consignment of eighty cases of equipment, was thrown off on to a sand-hill, as the truck was needed by the aeroplane corps. The only water and accommodation could be secured through the military authorities. Water throughout the entire country was scarce, and what was available was almost entirely unfit for human consumption.



A DISPATCH RIDER LEAVING NAIROBI Y.M.C.A.

Frequently the men in that hot tropical country were limited to half-a-pint of water per man per day for cooking, washing, and drinking purposes. The 500 dozen mineral waters which were taken by the party disappeared in three days. Frequently the canteen of the institute made and sold in one evening twenty-four buckets of cocoa. Cocoa was popular because the bad water could not be tasted in it as much as in tea. Despite many difficulties, the work was successful beyond anticipation from the moment of commencement.

The great hall of the Faber Hotel, capable of accommodating 1,000 men, became, under Association leadership, the social centre for the great campaign. Never was it before, the privilege of the members of the party to see men fight to get into a Y.M.C.A. as they used to struggle to get into that building. It was fitted out by day as a reading, writing, and games room, and was crowded from early morning to late at night. Frequently 950 letters were written and posted in that hall daily. Perhaps no service was so highly appreciated by the men as the reading out of the war news to them every night at 7.30. It was their only way of hearing how the war was going. Every tent in the encampment appointed one man to be at the Y.M.C.A. at that hour. A programme was arranged every evening, a concert, a sing-song, a lecture, a men's meeting, or a service. As it was the only open door for men in the entire place, everything held was successful from the point of attendance. The equipment on the stage was so fine for the organisation of a concert that it was frequently possible to have fourteen changes of scenery during the programme of one entertainment. As the immediate social and material needs of the men were to a certain extent relieved, the Association entered upon a programme of more definite religious enterprise. The chaplains were there on week nights to give special addresses. The parade services were generally held in the hall on Sunday morning, and at night the volunteer service, when the men met in an informal sort of way to sing the old hymns together, was perhaps the most popular religious gathering of the entire week.

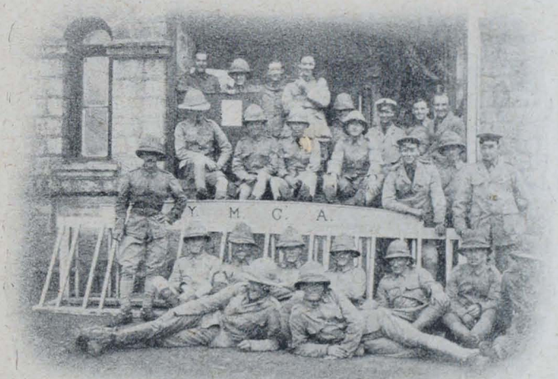
The dry canteen only supplied tea, coffee, and cocoa and light refreshments. As a matter of fact, nothing else could be secured up there. No groceries or sweets or tobacco was sold. The party were delighted that this was the case, for it enabled us to make the outstanding emphasis of the institute that of social and religious service.

The men instantly felt the institute was not there to make money. The mental attitude of the men, because of this, was favourable during the entire time. It was the popular institute for officers and men. Perhaps this can best be illustrated by a letter sent by one boy to his aunt, a lady of Cape Town. In his note he said: "Two great events have happened to-day in Swakopmund—the Y.M.C.A. has commenced and I have had a bath." The party also acted for the prisoners of war at Cape Town, and distributed to every man of the thousands of South African prisoners on their release a most-needed comfort. Altogether everyone agreed that the privilege of making a little brighter and happier, the lot of men up in a country of great inconvenience and much personal discomfort, was perhaps the largest Christian experience of every man who participated. On the cross at the head of every South African grave in German South-West Africa is this pregnant sentence, so typical of the Colonial feeling towards the "Old Grey Mother" of the north: "Tell England, ye that pass by, that we who lie here, rest content."

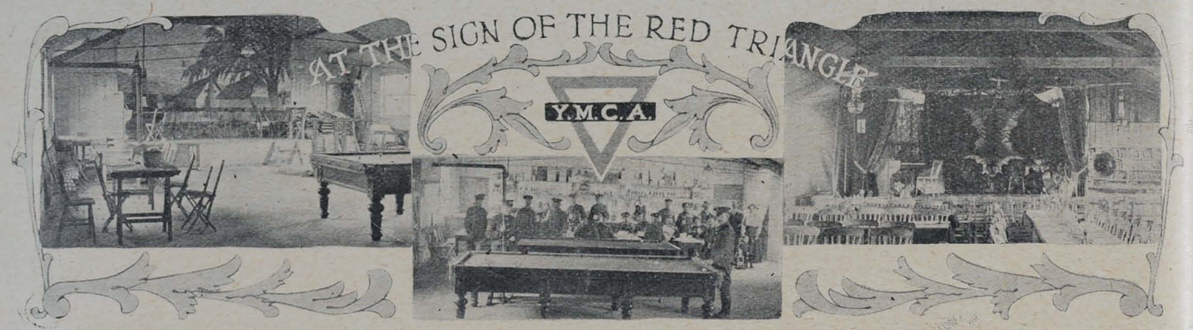
The German East African campaign, now being conducted by General Smuts, is bringing even a far larger opportunity to the South African Association. Under the inspiring leadership of Mr. Soutter (national president), Mr. W. E. Easton (general secretary and national secretary), at Johannesburg a fine work was instituted during the mobilisation and training at Potchefstroom, and now four secretaries and fifteen workers with several complete equipments are following the troops into German East Africa.

HARRY N. HOLMES.

[Our illustrations refer not to South Africa, but to British East Africa, where our work is assuming proportions that demand all we can give to it. This field is, of course, closely connected with the operations in German East Africa.—ED. *Y.M.*]



Y.M.C.A. MEMBERS AT NAIROBI.



The Late Sec.-Lieut. W. Lloyd Johnson.

Second-Lieutenant Wilfrid Lloyd Johnson, Border Regiment, was killed in action on April 20. He was the only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Johnson, Leeds-road, Harrogate, and though only twenty-three, had become assistant to the Commissioner in the United Kingdom for the Indian Tea Cess Fund, controlled by the Indian Government and Indian tea planters.

He was in active connection with the Y.M.C.A. at Harrogate, and in his last divisional cross-country race in France he was chosen as pacer for his regiment, getting thirty-seven men in under time out of fifty, an easy win for the regiment.

Captain G. P. L. Drake-Brockman has written to Sec.-Lieut. Johnson's father as follows :—



WILFRID LLOYD JOHNSON.

"I am afraid that the sad news of your son's death will already have reached you through official channels. I feel I must write and tell you what a great loss he has been to us all and to me in particular as his company commander. We had an intense bombardment of our trenches, one of the worst I have ever been in, and your son, who was with his men in the front line, was wounded by shrapnel in the head. He stayed at his post, however, and later was struck in the side by a large fragment of shell, which killed him instantly.

"I should like to add that your son was always one of the cheeriest and most plucky fellows I ever knew, and his death has been a severe loss to the battalion both as a comrade and officer."

Lieut.-Colonel Thorpe, writing to Mr. Johnson, says :—

"He died splendidly, showing a fine example of courage to his men. He was deservedly popular with all ranks in the regiment, owing to his cheerful and manly qualities; we all miss him very much in the regiment."

What the Sapper Saw.

The Halifax Sapper, in a letter to the *Halifax Courier*, tells how he saw the Threapwood Hut destroyed in France. He says :—

"We had a fine Y.M.C.A. within a short distance of the trenches, but Mr. Fritz 'strafed' us a bit a week or two ago, and it got burned down one night. We used to go in there at dinner-time and get a nice mug of tea, and buns and cakes and tinned fruit, and a good many other luxuries were available. We miss that now.

"On the night that the Y.M.C.A. was burnt down we had a narrow squeak. I was on night work with five or six others, and we had just finished and were fastening our rifles on our cycles in a ruined house when the Boche started a bombardment. 'Twas just about a quarter to one. Well, the bombardment was hottest just along the road near the Y.M.C.A., the way we generally go and come, so we waited under the meagre cover of an old thatched house, hoping that it would merely be a passing shower, but instead of a shower it became a regular hurricane of screeching, bursting, thundering shells of all kinds, and our position began to get precarious. Shrapnel was flying all over and around, and to make matters still worse a machine-gun opened on the corner of the fork roads where we were. Well, one road seemed fairly clear except for the shrapnel and bullets, which we should have to go through to get along the road, which meant our going a long way round to get back to camp, and the road ran parallel with the trenches. Anyhow, we decided to risk it, so we all ran out at top speed into the road, and it seemed like coming out of a cellar into the sunlight. There a short distance away the Y.M.C.A. was burning fiercely, and that, combined with the bursting shells made it as light as day. Well, we jumped on to the bikes and cleared off as hard as we could go, and we all got clear away without a scratch, though the bullets whistled by, and somewhere just behind us a shell cut a tree down like cutting a match with an axe. Then when we got back to camp we had to stand by in case we were wanted anywhere until near 4.30 a.m. Of course, we just carried on as usual next day."

Lord Shaughnessy's After-the-War Scheme.

The writer of the article on "What the Dominions are Doing for the Returning Soldier," which appeared in our last issue, wishes to add the following paragraph, and our readers will agree that it is one of the greatest importance :—

Lord Shaughnessy, the president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, stated in a recent interview that his company had decided to establish in Western Canada colonies which, for the present, are to be called Returned Veterans' Colonies, where men (British as well as Canadian) who wish to go in for farming can obtain improved farms on terms which will, in time, enable them to become landowners, and create homes for themselves and their families. These colonies will be given distinctive names, probably with military associations, and will contain a sufficient number of families in each, to ensure social, school, and church facilities, and in each case will include a central instructive farm, under a competent agriculturist, so that advice and instruction may be available for the colonists. The number of farms to be provided will be upwards of one thousand, which will involve the erection of 3,000 houses and barns, the construction of about 2,500 miles of wire fence, and the digging of 1,000 wells. The total area of land involved will be about 200,000 acres. Lord Shaughnessy pointed out that the experience which the company had gained from its "Ready-Made Farm" colonies would enable it to avoid mistakes which are usually inseparable from new undertakings.

Saying "Thank You."

The other morning a secretary at headquarters called a taxi for Miss Lena Ashwell, and the driver, before starting off with his fare, said :—"Are you one of the secretaries? Because I want to thank you very much for all that you have done for my boy. He was one of the early members at London Central, and has been out with Princess Patricia's Canadians. He is in hospital now in France, and we can never thank you enough for what the Y.M.C.A. has meant to him."

Messages from Empire Makers.

At our great Empire Demonstration at St. George's Hall, Canterbury, on Empire Day, Councillor A. Buchanan, who gave a stirring address on "The Empire and the War," read the following special messages, which caused great enthusiasm :—

From Admiral Jellicoe.—"All ranks and ratings of the Grand Fleet have read with admiration of the gallantry and fortitude shown by their comrades from Canada, who have come so freely from all parts of the dominion to join us in the common cause of Empire."

From Lord Rosebery.—"Empire Day finds Empire united and sublime."

From Major-General Turner, V.C., of the Canadian Forces.—"I would like to convey to the mothers, wives, and sweethearts the deep appreciation of the gallant behaviour of all ranks during the recent heavy fighting in France. It is my firm intention not to sacrifice lives only for sentiment."

From Major-General Watson, of the Canadian Forces.—"Let me say that the men in the trenches are the real heroes of this war; their splendid courage, cheerful endurance of the worst discomfort under extreme conditions, their adaptability and capabilities of meeting every emergency all combine to make one feel proud in this great test of Empire."

Huts From Scotland.

Recent gifts of huts from Scotland to the soldiers in France through the Y.M.C.A. have been intimated from the Singer Manufacturing Company Limited, and from Mr. and Mrs. Cuninghame, of Craigends. The latter is in memory of Lieut. M. C. Pearson, Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, killed in action, and is being erected near to the firing line at a spot associated with his name. It will be known as "The Craigends Hut." The gift from the employees of the Singer Company is the second from this source, and will be known as "The Red S. No. 2." So great has been the enthusiasm shown by the employees of the company in duplicating the previous effort that they are not only providing the money to build the hut, but also propose to equip it and to maintain it for a year.

The Scottish Flag Day Result.

It was reported at a meeting of the War Emergency Committee of the Y.M.C.A. on Friday that the Flag Day in Scotland had to date realised the magnificent total of £6,287, and that returns from a number of places were still to come in.

Scotsmen for Service in France.

It was also notified that within the last two months an average of four voluntary assistants per week had offered their services for work in France, many of these being ministers of the various churches, among them Professor Cairns, of Aberdeen, and Dr. R. J. Drummond, of Edinburgh. It was also intimated that a recent visit of Mr. Yapp to the firing line had disclosed the fact that demands for Y.M.C.A. centres were overwhelming in number, and that the only limit to their expansion was the provision of huts and of the minimum staff required to man them.

"Give the Dear Another Penny."

All sorts and conditions of folk have shown their sympathy for the work of the Y.M.C.A., and not the least quaint or welcomed contributions was one received by Lady Bourdillon during Flag Day at Bramshott :—

An old knife-grinder and his wife came along to the table over which she was presiding, and the old woman said: "Here's something towards your good work. We have lost both our boys in the war; here's a penny towards a good work, my dear, and if my old man, who has just gone in there to get 3d. for work, gets it, you shall have another 1d. when he comes out." When the old knife-grinder came out she said to him : "Give the dear another penny!"

Woking's Achievement.

We hear that the Woking District Flag Day, which was organised by Lady Cave, wife of the chairman of our War Emergency Committee, brought in £300. This is a splendid result, and was obtained only by hard work and much enthusiasm.

At Bexhill on Flag Day.

An old gentleman stooping down to the little four-year-



old daughter of Mr. Geo. Holder, said: "I have been dodging ladies all day, but I can't pass you by."

The Bury Bazaar.

The Bury Y.M.C.A. recently held a bazaar, which was opened by General Sir Henry W. Mackinnon, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., and £250 of the sum realised has been sent to the National Council for a Bury Y.M.C.A. Tent in Egypt. A splendid hut was erected at the Bury Barracks early on in the war, and its cost and all expenses of working are being borne locally. Altogether Bury has raised over £2,000 for soldiers' work alone. The Y.M.C.A. Ladies' Auxiliary is acting as hospital committee at the Military Hospital, Bury Barracks, providing comforts, outings, and entertainments for wounded soldiers.

Special Contributions Received May 22 to 27, 1916.

We wish to acknowledge with gratitude gifts of £500 each from Prudential Assurance Company (Chelmsford Hut), Miss Wilson, Messrs. Spillers and Bakers, Mr. Clive Davies, Mrs. Cuninghame; of £450 from *Church Family Newspaper* Readers (on account); of £275 from Women of Bromley (per Mrs. Maggs); of £250 from Lady Currie; of £200 from the Mayor of Finsbury (further); of £105 from Messrs. Dalgety and Co., Ellerman Line Company; of £100 from Messrs. Ashdown and Co., Messrs. Clarkson and Co., "H.R.R.," Lady Wernher, Mr. Alex. Joy, *Christian World* Readers (on account), Mr. Glynne Williams, Messrs. A. Gibbs and Sons, Miss Bolton; of £69 8s. per Mr. W. H. Ralston; of £52 10s. from Messrs. F. Green and Co., Pewterers Company; of £50 from Messrs. Vernon and Sons, Messrs. Turner, Brightman and Co., Mr. J. Taylor, Mr. F. L. Vaux, Mr. W. M. Grant, Miss H. C. Myers, Colonel A. S. Barham, British Women's Needlework Guild, Bangkok, Mr. F. P. Osmaston, Messrs. C. Brown and Co., "G.S.M.," Messrs. Dodwell and Co.

We are pleased to announce that through the efforts of Messrs. Bust, Barron and Denne over £5 was collected at an open-air meeting in Finsbury Park on Sunday last on behalf of the Y.M.C.A. Hut Fund.

WHERE WARPLANES ARE MADE



IT meant a motor-run of 250 miles, but we would gladly have gone twice as far to see those works and meet those men. Everybody knows the heroism of the air service: few have been privileged to see the wizardry of the aircraft factory. Apparently there is nothing to which our British captains of industry are not ready to set their hands. We went to see the manufacture of war-planes. We found shells, fuses, barbed wire, and a dozen other sorts of military supplies being made. And we discovered that when a call comes to this particular factory to undertake some new work for which they do not possess and cannot procure the machinery, *they make the machinery*. One needs to see the great wire-netting looms at work to understand all that this means.

One or two stories quietly told in a matter-of-fact way by the managing director will convey something of the thrill that comes as you move about this amazing place. "We wanted plant for a piece of munitions work, and found that the best was in Switzerland, and was being used to make supplies for the Germans as well as the French; we bought up the whole thing—and here it is!" "Our output has increased so rapidly that we needed to double our available buildings and transfer one whole section of our machine-shops to another site. We got a piece of land that six months ago was a marsh. Buildings were erected, and at Easter we sent away our aircraft workers for a holiday. During their absence from Thursday to Tuesday others of our own men shifted the whole lot of machinery into the new premises, and when the aircraft men came back on Tuesday morning they found everything exactly as they had left it, with all the machines running—only some streets away."

The firm has developed with the greatest success the policy of dilution of labour. It has been able to do this by educating the girls called into service in carpentry and engine shops up to absolute efficiency before sending them into the works, so that they can offer to the men on the staff thoroughly capable assistance. Cheery good comradeship and the complete effectiveness of every individual are the keynotes of the whole organisation.

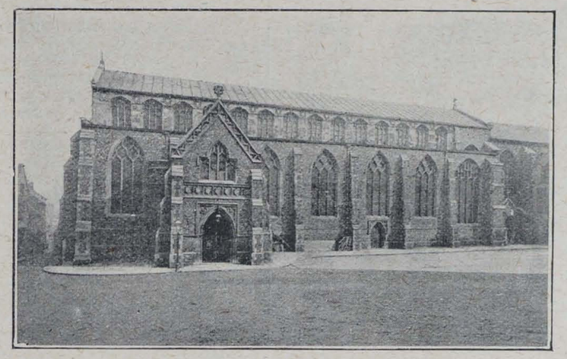
We traced the war-plane from the shops where minute parts are made with absolute precision right to the assembling shop, where a machine is built up without a hairsbreadth misfit, and on to the aerodrome where the powerful, delicate, immense yet birdlike craft circled and swooped, sailed out of sight and taxi-ed over the grass to our feet like a Rolls-Royce car. A new humanness appeared in an aeroplane, as we saw how she responded to the slightest movement of the pilot's hand upon the one control with which everything is done. We were fascinated by the desire to "go up," and were quite ready to believe our host's smiling assurance that "it's really simpler than motoring, and safer, too." Before us flew a pilot who only recently had



THE FACTORY STAFF, AND THE Y.M.C.A. SECRETARY.

demonstrated the extraordinary stability of this special machine by shutting off his engine at an altitude of some thousands of feet, and coolly climbing out on to the plane.

But what was behind it all? Utter loyalty, thoroughness, patriotism of spirit, eagerness to put every ounce of brain and brawn into an aircraft worker's "bit." And the tune is set by those young men at the head—real captains of industry. Said one of them, "I'm no engineer, though my brother is. But my principle is this: find the best man for the job, and get him: whatever he costs, *get him!*" To this we mentally added from observation two other principles plainly practised in this home of efficiency and human sympathy. "Treat him as well as you know how, and let him feel that he's a man with a contribution to make." For one of the finest features of the factory is the keenness of the directors upon the social welfare of their workers. Part—and a large part—of their new premises is a magnificent canteen for men and girls, light, daintily decorated, restful, and cheerful. And one of the first steps taken for the benefit of those who were to use it was a request to the Y.M.C.A. that it would take complete responsibility for running that canteen—"and hang the expense!"



ST. GILES'.

Nobody who knows Mr. McCormack can imagine him missing an opportunity like that. With all speed he secured a splendid staff of voluntary lady workers, and on the day in question we went down to attend the inaugural lunch given by the firm to the staff. Now meals are being served night and day in that canteen, and the groups shown in our photographs afford evidence that everybody is happy, because everybody is hard at work. The girl workers have all their meals on the premises, and at the expense of the firm. The men have their dinner and tea, and special prices are arranged by a further piece of generosity on the part of the directors.

We are happy to be sharing in so fine a social experiment—for it looks on to the problems of "after the war," and their solution, as the Bishop of the diocese, a constant helper of the Y.M.C.A., pointed out. A special message from the Minister of Munitions bore witness to its success as a price of organisation: we ourselves saw ample evidence of its fine spirit as a piece of citizenship.

Not far away in the centre of the city stands an ancient hall which has seen many stirring and sacred events in our national history. Now above the doorway stands the red triangle, and night by night seven or eight hundred soldiers and munition workers throng this grey "hut" for a social hour at the end of the day. Nor is the crowd any smaller for Sunday night's service. Upon this, too, we congratulate Mr. McCormack and his helpers.

St. Giles' forms a magnificent centre for practically every kind of work, and attracts almost every type of man in the Army or in the munitions service. You are confronted as you enter the door by a placard announcing "French class here to-night." At the same end of the hall as the entrance is the refreshment counter, and the tables for those who wish to drink coffee, smoke, and chat or write letters. Away off on one side behind the huge pillars are billiard tables, and far up the great cavernous space between the pillars are the platform and organ loft. It is possible to carry on half-a-dozen different activities here without allowing one to interfere with the other in the slightest degree, and full advantage is taken of that fact. But we wonder whether the pious and chivalrous folk who in far-off days erected this magnificent old pile ever dreamed of the use to which it would be put to-day? We think that if they had they would have been glad, for here a truly sacred vocation is being fulfilled. Men are being made and kept fit in body, mind, and soul for feats of daring in the air, for long endurance in the trenches, and for that faithfulness in ordinary toil upon which may depend the very life of airman or gunner. Only a nut came loose—but it was ten thousand feet towards the sky, and the pilot found the petrol suddenly cut off from his engine. It was merely a fuse that fired a fraction of a second too soon—but it ruined a gun and wiped out the team. Here in this city and in this hall soldiers and munition workers are mutually inspired to trust and loyalty. And the supreme secret is not forgotten.

We came home from the day's experiences feeling that we had been braced and uplifted. Energy, enterprise, and efficiency incarnate had been before us at every turn. We knew that we were challenged to equal it in the King's business. But we had also been in contact with humanity at its best, with brotherhood in action. And all such brotherhood can have only one source.



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Our Outlook

FOR many years the favourite theme at Y.M.C.A. Conferences has been the relationship of the Y.M.C.A. to the Churches. The subject has been argued from every point of view, and the arguments thrashed threadbare. Sometimes, it must be admitted, relationships have been anything but cordial, and for that unhappy state of things the blame has rested on the shoulders first of one side and then of the other. A bigoted clergyman, or an indiscreet and equally bigoted Y.M.C.A. secretary, may easily make of no effect the well-meant and admirably worded resolutions of any conferences.

***

NOT only in war-time, but every bit as much in that great career of usefulness we see opening up before the Association after the war, the Y.M.C.A. and the Churches must work together if the highest good is to be obtained. The Churches need the Y.M.C.A. as a natural clearing-house, and because its interdenominational basis provides a common platform for Christian service and gives the world a practical exposition of Christian unity. As for the Y.M.C.A., its membership consists very largely of Church-members, and its work is an expression of the activity of the Churches. The Y.M.C.A. is not called to exercise the distinctive functions of the Church, and must always be broad enough in its policy and outlook to embrace in its scope, and to utilise in its working force, Christians of all denominations.

***

WE have not the slightest sympathy with those who say the Churches have failed to grasp the spiritual opportunities brought by the war, and that the Y.M.C.A. has seized it. The success of the Y.M.C.A. is in itself the success of the Church. The money which has enabled it to carry out its great programme of work amongst the men of the Army and Navy has been in the main supplied by Church members. Its leaders are loyal to their Churches, and its opportunity is the opportunity of the Church. Chaplains and clergy and ministers of every creed have thrown themselves heart and soul into the work of the Y.M.C.A. Some of them are living in and administering the work of the Y.M.C.A. huts in France to-day, and this cordial co-operation has had the happiest results, thus closely identifying themselves with the work of the Association; they have not renounced their churchmanship; on the contrary, they have strengthened the position of their respective Churches with the men amongst whom they are working.

***

THERE are bound to be difficulties ahead of us, and the causes of friction are not likely to be few, but our position as an Association is clear—we must stick to our own job, avoid overlapping, and ever keep before us certain main facts that should guide our actions. The chaplains must by courtesy be given the right of way in our huts. We must let them see that we welcome their co-operation, and that we are ready to help them in every way we can. The wise and tactful secretary can often enlist the help of a chaplain as a fellow-worker for the Y.M.C.A. We must avoid clashing with the work of chaplains and ministers, and see that our work is administered on truly interdenominational lines.

***

THAT the Churches are willing to meet us half-way—no, to come the whole way to meet us—is evidenced by the increasing number of ordained ministers that have been set free to help the Y.M.C.A. Many of the leading men of the Churches have given us their aid in the Occident and the Orient. In return the Association has tried to make it clear that its policy is unselfish, and that its interests and those of the Church are identical.

THE new spirit that has pervaded the relationship between the Y.M.C.A. and the Churches has been evident in Scotland during the past few days. On Friday last the Church of Scotland, and on Monday the United Free Church, received a deputation representing the English and Scottish National Councils of the Y.M.C.A., and gave them an opportunity of appealing for workers and telling the story of the war work of the Association to the General Assemblies. Nothing could have exceeded the cordiality, the kindness and spontaneity of the welcome. The respective Moderators, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Brown and the Rt. Rev. Principal Sir George Adam Smith, voiced the welcome of the Assemblies, congratulated the Association on the success of its war work, and assured the deputation of the heartfelt sympathy and prayers of the Scottish Churches. The deputation thanked the Assemblies for the magnificent help the two great Scottish Churches had given to the work in France—nearly 150 ordained men connected with them have gone out under the sign of the Red Triangle.

***

THE Church has an unparalleled opportunity of evangelising the manhood of the Empire. In many hundreds of cases we can provide her with a valuable link, a point of contact, with the men. We can relieve her largely of the institutional side of her work, and set free her energies for meeting the spiritual needs of the men. Where the Churches feel called upon to do institutional work themselves, we shall not regard them as rivals, but shall co-operate in every way we can. Indeed, the Y.M.C.A. can truly say:—

"I am not Thine; I am a part of Thee."

***

IN a recent issue of *Y.M.* we referred to an estimate of our work in France by a distinguished Scottish minister, Pro-

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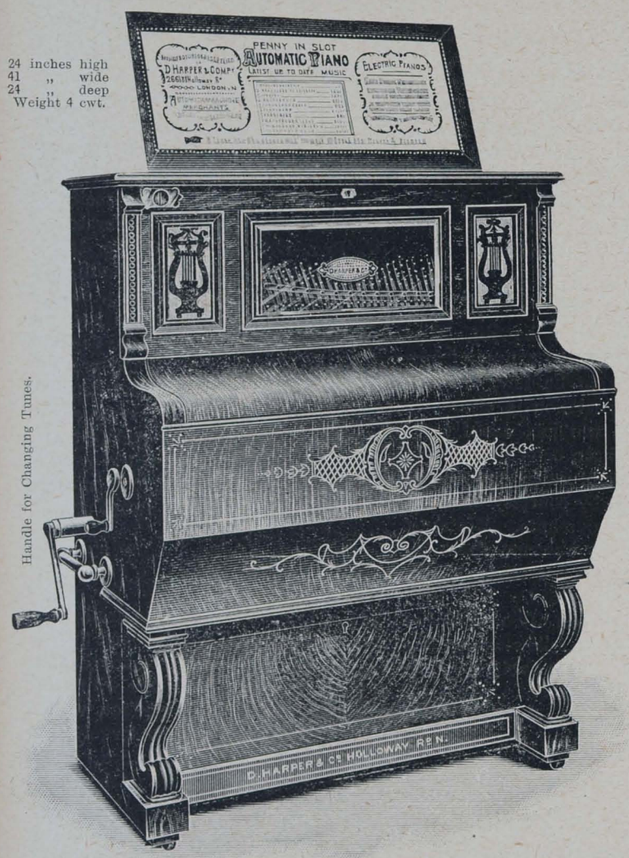

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fessor Cairns. This honoured servant of God is still working for the Y.M.C.A. in France, and in a recent letter he said:—"The more I see of the situation the more I appreciate the remarkable work that you and those associated with you have accomplished. To have seized the opportunity, utilised the older machinery and *personnel* of the Y.M.C.A., and rapidly developed the methods and improved the practice as you have been enabled to do, is a noble achievement for which one cannot be too thankful. The difficulties must have been enormous, and that the results have improved and developed as they have done, is remarkable. The country owes you a deep debt of gratitude. It is what I have hoped for for years coming true."

"I believe you will get many good men to do their share of the hard business work of the hut, if they know they will get opportunities. It must be made plain to them that you are offering them a *genuine unofficial ministry not only to the body, but to the soul.*"

A. K. Y.

"QUITS."

A Story of Britain and Flanders.

By A MAN IN THE TRENCHES.

"JIMMY," whispered the Grouser, "I'm fed up. It's not only the mud. That's bad enough—dirty, black, sticky mess—and it isn't the cold. It's the uselessness of all this. What's the good of sane men lying in pools of dirty water, and blowing out the metaphorical brains of their bosom pals with blank ammunition?"

"Well," said Jimmy, with his slow smile. "It's practice, you know." "Six blessed months, Jimmy. Think of it. Six precious months of forming fours and trunk-forward-bending with arms-upward-stretching, and saluting twice every Friday for seven bob, and never the sound of a German squeal. 'Nothing but artillery left,' when there's no such thing, and 'five rounds rapid' with *blank,* and that, too, fired at the fellow who owes you money since the last pay.

"Jimmy, it isn't sense. It isn't practice. It's red-tape, unnecessary piffle. If I must squat in the squelching ooze, why can't it be in a *real* trench, with a rifle that's good for a hundred of the blighters, and something greasy and Teutonic to shoot at?"

The moon sailed out from behind the cloud. The long hedge stood out like a huge black caterpillar, and the two hundred men in its shadow lay flat and still. These were night manœuvres, and the "enemy" were but three hundred yards in front, and for that reason silence was an imperative necessity.

The Grouser's lurid mutterings all but shrivelled the roots of the clump under which he lay, and Jimmy had to prod him carefully in order to get him sufficiently interested to pass the word along that two scouts had been captured on the left, and that the company would now advance in its final crawl by sections.

"Playing at soldiers!" growled an angry, husky voice in Jimmy's ear, as the pair lay twenty yards further on. The moon had become obscured again. The victory of the attacking company was a certainty.

"The only decent thing about this, Jimmy, is the final rush," went on the querulous Grouser (for so his companions called him, though always with a smile). "You nearly forget it isn't real—that little Paddy up there on the ridge isn't an actual sausage-eater. The rush is about due in ten minutes or so, and I won't half be glad to grab my rifle and go for 'im."

Slowly and methodically the line wriggled forward. Not a shot had come from the enemy, proving that they had not seen or heard.

"Fix bayonets!" came the whisper, running along like a gust of cold night air. There was no sound, only a dull white gleam. Then the loud click of a bayonet, a half-smothered word from the Grouser, and the flash and sputter of "blank" from the enemy in front.

"Confound you," said the officer when he had crawled along sufficiently to grab the offender by the leg. "Get on to your back, you're a casualty."

The fire sputtered itself into silence. Evidently they were not yet discovered.

"Jimmy," whispered the casualty, "did you ever? A blanked casualty! Lie on my back here, while you get up and 'whooroop' and run at 'em. I'm absolutely and most blankedly fed up!"

For answer, Jimmy gently rolled over and lay staring up at the murky sky. "Get up, then, you old Grouser! I'm not going!"

As far as circumstances would permit a heated argument followed, in the midst of which the word came. "One blast of the whistle, then up and away."

The Grouser turned himself over and looked at Jimmy with a queer glow in his eyes. The silence was rent by a long, shrill blast, a scattered volley, then, above all, the wild yell of the conquering company, in which you could almost have distinguished the glad cry of one man who had forgotten for one brief moment that he was merely playing at soldiers.

(In Flanders, two months later.) . . . . . .

"This, Jimmy, old son, is the worst yet!" And sure enough the Grouser had many things horribly real to grumble at. A straggling quagmire of three-foot mud in which they lived and moved; the cutting wind that swirled over the parapets of the trenches; grim death grinning on many a comrade's face, out there where its deadly messengers spat wickedly into the ground, or flashed and burst and jangled the nerves of the over-tired men whose relief had been delayed.

"Hang on!" "Hang on, tooth and nail," was the order, and hanging grimly on they were.

"Bully beef, Jimmy, is no grub for work like this. If—blast that cursed sniper!—if they come on at a rush, we'll be up against it. Could you imagine a rottener hole than this?"

Jimmy took his eye from the bayonet periscope.

"You whining old woman; if you don't shut up and plug up that hole in the parapet I'll duck you where you stand!"

"'Ware gas!" came along the line in gruff barks. The periscope revealed the long, low cloud of poisonous vapour behind which the enemy stood ready for attack.

The Grouser swore as he donned his helmet. Then snatched it off as he saw the blank look of concern on Jimmy's face.

"*Lost* yours, Jimmy?"

"That's about it."

"Well, you'll jolly well have mine. Now shut up, will you? You've kiddies, and—I owe you—steady!"

But Jimmy had a bullet in his shoulder.

"*Confound* that sniper," muttered the Grouser, and deftly adjusted his gas helmet over the drawn, white face.

It is an old story how the relieving force came tearing and splashing along the communication trenches, squeezed in alongside the hard-pressed defenders of that critical point, conveyed the wounded to safety, hurled the brutes back, and back, pursued them, and spent the night in German trenches.

But back there, in the sodden earth, just over the parapet of his trench "gassed" and dead, lay the Grouser, a casualty instead of Jimmy.

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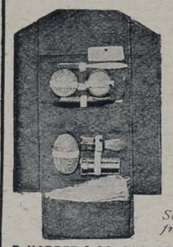

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The Editor will be pleased to receive for publication interesting news items and topical photographs. Articles and short stories sent for his consideration should in all cases be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

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Courtesy = = By the Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell.

"UPON the top of the pillars was lily-work: So was the work of the pillars finished." It was not enough that the pillars should be strong: it was necessary for them also to be beautiful. A great many people, strong intellectually and strong morally, are wanting in the graces which would make their strength beautiful and attractive. Foremost among those graces I place courtesy.

1. I suppose we all are, or try to be, courteous to women. We do not let them open the door for themselves, or pick up what they have dropped, or forage for their own tea, or restore the tea-cup to the buffet. We do not puff our smoke into ladies' faces, nor lounge or sprawl in their presence, nor keep our hands in our pockets when we are talking to them. So far so good. But do we always pay them the courtesy of talking to them as if they are on our own intellectual level, competent to understand the topics which interest us, and entitled to be heard on them? This was conspicuously the habit of Mr. Gladstone—the most scrupulously courteous man I ever knew—and in no respect was his example more worthy of imitation.

2. Courtesy to the aged. This, unfortunately, is rather a French than an English grace. It must be disagreeable enough to feel that one is old, that one's day is past, and one's company a bore, without being perpetually reminded of it by young self-sufficiency. Lately I heard a youth, whose mother remonstrated on a breach of manners, reply, "Well, my contemporaries do it, and I don't take my manners from the byegones." Surely a mother deserved rather gentler handling than this. With courtesy to the aged, and courtesy to parents, I would associate courtesy to deaf people, blind people, decrepit people—to all, in short, who may feel socially "out of it." All these have a specially strong claim on the courtesy which tries to make everyone feel happy, and contented, and at his ease.

3. Courtesy to inferiors. "Please" and "Thank you" are words as suitably addressed to a crossing-sweeper or a tram-conductor as to a Field-Marshal or an Archbishop. Always knock at the door before you enter a cottage, take your hat off, and never sit down till you are asked to do so. A youth who calls a footman a "flunkey," or the maid at his lodgings a "slavey," writes himself down a cad. Queen Victoria's instruction to the young Prince of Wales deserved to be graven in letters of gold: "Remember that servants, by contracting to do certain services for you in return for a certain payment, do not thereby forfeit their natural dignity as your fellow-creatures and fellow-Christians."

4. Courtesy to friends. There is no deeper delusion than to imagine that one's friends enjoy discourtesy. The stronger our love, the more sensitive it is to every little jar or friction. The dearest friends feel hurt by that which acquaintances would pass over unregarded. Love is sensitive to the smallest detail; it is anxious and scrupulous over the delicacies of its intimacy. Nothing is more odious than an unwarranted familiarity.

Then, again, where young men consort, there is certain to be chaff, and chaff, like slang, may be vulgar or gentlemanlike. Courteous chaff is a sunlit ripple on the river of social intercourse. Rude chaff is more like the proverbial poke in the eye with a burnt stick.

5. Beyond the circle of friendship, there is the courtesy of acquaintanceship and mixed society. "Sorry" is a poor substitute for "I beg your pardon" when you have done an accidental discourtesy, but it is better than nothing. All good manners—the little refinements of eating and drinking, the rules of speech and gesture and action—all have their roots in wholesome instincts. One does not willingly do what will certainly disgust or annoy another; nor will courtesy insist too urgently on its own likes and desires. Egotism is the ruin of manners. However fond one may be of talking, one should remember that others may wish to say a word. One should bethink one that subjects on which oneself is keen may be profoundly uninteresting to the rest of the company. One should avoid making one's memory an engine of conversational despotism—"I recollect" is often a word of fear to those around one. Serious argument has no proper place in general conversation; and a man who endeavours to shout down opposition is rightly voted a boor as well as a bore.

Courtesy avoids display—not only of wealth or station, but of all larger opportunities and richer gifts—in a word, of everything which tends to put others at a disadvantage. From first to last, courtesy seeks equality.

6. Courtesy is grateful. How often in a lifetime does one ask a favour! How often does one remember to acknowledge it? One puts a friend to any amount of trouble—asks him to find a lost quotation, or to decipher a manuscript at the British Museum, or to buy something which one specially needs and which can only be found at some inaccessible shop; or to ascertain whether someone who died thirty years ago has any living descendants—I quote my instances at random, but they will serve—and how often does one write even the shortest letter to say how much obliged one is by his friend's kindness, and how conscious one is of the trouble which he has saved us?

7. I have spoken, so far, of the uses of courtesy in amicable intercourse; but assuredly its uses do not stop there. In fault-finding, criticism, and public controversy courtesy adds immeasurably to the effect of the attack. The attack may be as vigorous as one chooses to make it; one may expose every weak joint in the opponent's armour, may convict him of self-contradiction, and cover him with ridicule; but it can all be done with courtesy, and will gain enormously in effectiveness by being so done. The glove which one flings down in challenge should be "perfumed sweet as damask roses," and Cranstoun's lance will pierce the Borderer's mail not less shrewdly because it was aimed by a courteous knight.

8. Courtesy has nothing to do with social position. There are no more courteous people than agricultural labourers, and none, let me hasten to add, who more instinctively detect the want of courtesy in their supposed superiors. I have never known more discourteous brutes than may sometimes be found in the second generation of the newly rich. After all said and done, the essence of courtesy is unselfishness, and what makes the real gentleman is gentleness. The great Dr. Pusey, who was an aristocrat on both sides of his descent, wrote thus:—

> It used to strike me in young days how the preference of others to self, the great shock that it evidently was to give pain to anyone, the consideration of everyone's feelings, the thinking of others rather than oneself, the pains that no one should feel neglected, the deference shown to the weak or the aged, the unconscious courtesy to those secularly inferior, were the beauty of the refined worldly manners of the "old school"; that it was acting upon Christian principles, and that, if in any case it became soul-less, as apart from Christianity, the beautiful form was there, into which real life might enter.

On those words I would pause. This column is not the place for sermonizing, and therefore I will not now say what I believe about that "Real Life" which alone is the true and everlasting life of man. But everyone who reads this paper, whatever be his convictions about things unseen, can do something to maintain the "beautiful form" of a watchful, delicate, and self-effacing courtesy; into which, in the fulness of time, religion may enter, and find a mansion prepared for herself. Courtesy, indeed, is not Christianity; but Christianity and courtesy have at least this much in common—that both teach us to honour humanity, to give no offence in anything, and to esteem others better than ourselves.

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Leisurely Letters

From One Booklover to Another.

MY DEAR A,—Did you know that Boyd Cable is a novelist? Like everybody else, you thought *Between the Lines* by far the best description of life at the front yet written. Even I, who haven't been over, can understand why all of you, who have, say that. Well, here's a book quite equal to it in clearness of colour and vivacity of movement. *By Blow and Kiss* (Hodder and Stoughton, 1s.) is an Australian story. Surely no man could write so vividly and surely if he is not an Australian. Whether Boyd Cable was born "down under" or not, he takes you there in a brace of sentences.

The background of the story is a dry season on a sheep farm out back, with the terrific struggle of Man against Nature. No less thrilling than the fight with drought for the life of the flocks is the strife, when the floods come, for the life of a girl. I've always thought Thomas Hardy's sketch of night on the hills in the lambing season, at the beginning of *Far From the Madding Crowd,* one of the most unforgettable bits of descriptive writing that I know. Now I have to put another author beside Hardy—though I expect you will be cantankerous enough to disagree. But you'll probably say that Boyd Cable does it better!

For the background of this story persists, to indulge in a Hibernicism, which is the only way when you really want to tell the truth, in coming to the front. You can't separate the humans from their circumstances in these pages. That is why they are so convincing. And neither the "Fly-by-Night" Steve, who proves a real white man, nor the level-headed loyal-hearted Ess, is melo-dramatic—or cinematographic. A man worth his salt is pretty sure to have seven devils to deal with. True women were sent into the world to help such men win out. But for the time being the shindy becomes ten times hotter. This story is not simply real Australia: it is real woman and real man.

Thanks for the *Anzac Book.* Cassell's have achieved a tremendous half-crown's worth. I wonder how I missed it till now! Perhaps because I had got so sick of the series of "Gift Books" that we had last Christmas—so much alike, even in the gentle art of scissors and paste. This is fresh enough, as you say, written and illustrated in the trenches of Gallipoli. Aye, and its splendid gaiety, with here and there a graver strain, is priceless when one remembers that some of the merry band of authors have since joined the great army of the dead.

If I liked exactly what you like in any book whatsoever, either the millennium would have arrived or the world would have degenerated to the dulness of Homer's *Hades,* with its bloodless wraiths and its everlasting "Once upon a time." So I'm glad you sent me the *Anzac Book,* because I believe you passed by all the best things in it! It is indeed splendid to have those excerpts from Ian Hamilton's despatches—but I love the photo of General Birdwood "in swimming." It is a unique picture of a G.O.C. in C., I should imagine, and perhaps suggests that his power to shake off trappings is the secret of his extraordinary sway with men. The story about "no shave," which you think so topping, is old, my dear chap—OLD. And it is spoiled, too. There were two adjectives in the original. But "Abdul" is tip-top, and is another bit of evidence that we shall have new worlds for old after the war, for only experience would ever have convinced us that the Turks are gentlemanly fighting men, who by instinct play the game, which is just what Fritz won't do. The drawings are as good as the sketches and verses. *Of course,* we're in! How could an Anzac write about Anzac, and leave out the Red Triangle? That sketch of "A Y.M.C.A. Canteen Queue" is delightful. Congratulations to the editors upon a book of which you simply can't skip a single page.

I have just put down a book into which you really must get your teeth. Don't worry—it's as easy to read as either of the two that we've just been talking about, and the publishers (Macmillan) have given the lucid sentences of the author a most attractive dress by way of large type and ample spacing. In this little book, *The Problem of the Commonwealth,* there is the quintessence of hard thinking on the part of the "Round Table Groups" set forth in very living ideas by Mr. L. Curtis. You are one of the people over yonder who have demanded a quarterly copy of *The Round Table* from the supply which the publishers have so

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generously sent us as each issue has appeared, so I suppose you know why none of the articles is ever signed, and why each number forms practically a most illuminating and discussable book on the current phases of the Empire question. *The Problem of the Empire* was prepared in a similar way, by submitting papers to a group, then sending round the comments thus evoked, and finally committing to one brilliant man the task of setting out the common findings.

What Mr. Curtis and his friends are anxious to discover is a way of giving to the Dominions a share in the direction of foreign policy, while yet preserving that independence in their domestic life which necessitates self-taxation, the control by each within its own borders of such matters as immigration, land settlement, &c. Whether they have found that way or not they have given us a more sane and suggestive book of some two hundred odd pages than any writer on Imperialism of the last ten years. This little eighteenpenny book will make history. Whether God is on the side of the big battalions, as Napoleon said, or not, He is assuredly on the side of the big ideas.

It is not their solution that matters so much as the way they put their problem. Their choice of the term "Commonwealth" instead of "British Empire" quietly disarms the jingo. The fearlessness with which they face the other side of every vital question—such as that of Hindus in South Africa or Chinese in Australia—is most bracing and wholesome. They believe in the British Empire as a power with a supreme vocation—something the very reverse of the German Emperor's tragic notion of pacifying the world by brute force. And while they are animated by purest idealism, they recognise quite clearly that the question at issue is ultimately a money question, a matter of taxation (though by no means only that), and they tackle it with an almost startling simplicity and thoroughness.

You know how terribly lethargic I am about political, and especially Imperial, topics which are the breath of life to you. Often enough you've give me up in despair as having had some parts left out when my engines were put in, and never having been furnished with "spares." I beg to announce that Mr. Curtis has proved the contrary—and next time we meet I'll encounter you on your own ground with the greatest pleasure, and leave you flattened—unless by that time you've read *The Problem of the Commonwealth*, in which case I verily believe that we shall be more nearly of one mind than ever before. Anyhow, the book has made me downright ashamed of having taken so little interest in these matters hitherto. I see now how much it matters that we should all have thought these things out if we are to help make true the visions and dreams for the sake of which Anzacs, Canadians, South Africans, and Indians have faced death and found deathless fame beside our British boys on the fighting fronts. Yours always, B.

ALDERSHOT Y.M.C.A. HEADQUARTERS.

WAR, though characteristic of mankind, is happily ephemeral, not perennial. This greatest of wars, greatest possibly because man is so much greater than ever, will cease, though no one can say when. And with its ending, much that has run parallel with it will end, too. Many of the great camp hutments will be demolished, and many Y.M.C.A. huts in which splendid service has been rendered the troops will cease to be. But there are Y.M.C.A. centres that will remain to continue and develop the work for British young manhood which the war called forth. One such centre is that of Aldershot town. Formerly a Freemasons' Club and Temple, then a building in use both by a cinema company and the Y.M.C.A., now wholly the property of the latter, and one of the best-appointed buildings for Y.M.C.A. purposes in the whole country, a memorial of the enterprising labours and zeal of Mr. E. J. Allan Frost and the loyal support of his staff, and the practical encouragement of the well-wishers of the Y.M.C.A. in the district. Replete with arrangements for the social good of the soldiers, it is developing on the spiritual side in a way difficult or impossible in a temporary hut, and approximating to that regular order of work which will be resumed when peace is restored. A committee of Christian soldiers arrange two evangelistic meetings for their comrades each week. These meetings are already laying hold of the men in very encouraging numbers, and addresses of high talent and spirituality are given on every occasion. Reminiscent of the best devotion of Y.M.C.A. membership is the practice of the committee in going among the hundreds of their comrades that throng the building, inviting them to the meetings. A Sunday afternoon Bible-class has also been set going with immediate success, and promise of permanence and progress. Impressive, too, is the half-hour prayer meeting preceding the evening service. This latter service, held in the large and beautiful concert hall, is proving a popular institution, and is accompanied by much blessing. Many are the expressions of appreciation from the soldiers, not only at the meetings, but at moments in the week when the secretary is found accessible amid the crowd. The nightly worship in the spacious refreshment hall, when several hundreds of men stand in worshipful silence, or rendering reverent vocal responses, and joining with fine harmony in the singing of a verse of some well-known hymn, is an event which thrills in the memory like that of a visit to Alpine regions, when the peace and purity and power of God come home to the soul with reassuring and renewing grace. The courage of Y.M.C.A. convictions in action has one of its finest sanctions in the courage it gives to many a young Christian soldier to take his stand openly for Christ among his comrades, and to many a young undecided soldier to confess his need of Christ. The deference paid to us in our Y.M.C.A. work is mainly due to our Christianity, and it is this which makes the difference between the ordinary canteen and our own refreshment huts. We may be sure of it that the great attraction of our work is the Christianity of it, and a virile yet diplomatic presentation of that, our great asset, constitutes our real and lasting power among the men.

PROGRESS AT WAREHAM.

HANDSOME additions have been made to the Wareham hut in the provision of a new concert hall and billiard-room with two full-sized tables.

The opening ceremony took place on Friday, May 19, in the presence of a representative gathering. Brigadier-General G. J. F. Soady presided, and the Lady Mary Trefusis, who takes a keen and practical interest in the work, declared the extensions opened in a charming and graceful speech.

A comprehensive survey of Association work was given by Mr. John J. Virgo, the national field secretary. He paid a tribute to the work accomplished by the ladies for the Y.M.C.A., and made special reference to the unstinted labours of Mrs. MacDougall and her Bournemouth friends. Since the beginning of the camp Mrs. MacDougall has been the inspiration of the work at Wareham, and her enthusiasm is as fresh as ever.

The ceremony, which was as brief as it was delightful, was enlivened by a selection of orchestral music rendered by the band of the 9th Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry (by kind permission of the commanding officer), under Bandmaster T. Lear.

The opening concert in the new concert hall was given by the orchestra of the 10th King's Own (R.L.) Regiment. Lt.-Colonel J. I. Bonomi, than whom there is no kinder friend to the Y.M.C.A. among commanding officers, presided, and spoke in terms of high appreciation of the Y.M.C.A. The musical programme, under the direction of Lieut. F. Waterhouse (of the Queen's Hall, Beecham and London Symphony Orchestras), was an inspiriting performance, and was listened to with tremendous appreciation by an audience that crowded the building, and made even the new additions look altogether inadequate for our needs.

Mr. Virgo had a rousing and royal reception when he stood to address the men. He has always been sure of a welcome at Wareham, and it cannot be difficult for a speaker of Mr. Virgo's eloquence to rise on such occasions to the height of his opportunity. But he has never spoken with more force, more power, or more direct appeal than he did on Friday evening. There was grip in every sentence; there was the note of overmastering authority and conviction to which men respond now as they never did before, and there was all the time the sense that the spiritual issues were being presented in a radiantly human and practical way.

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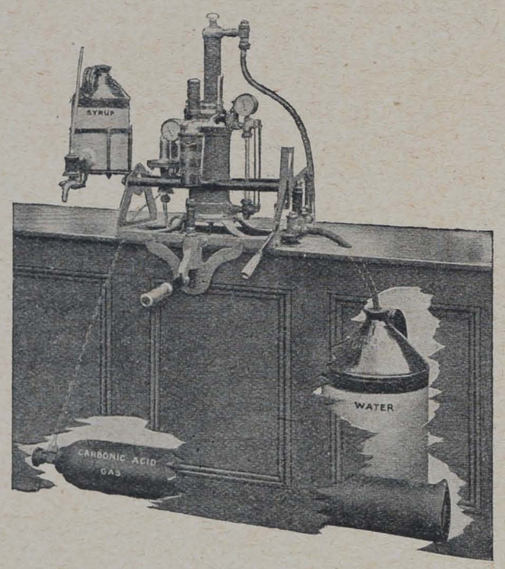

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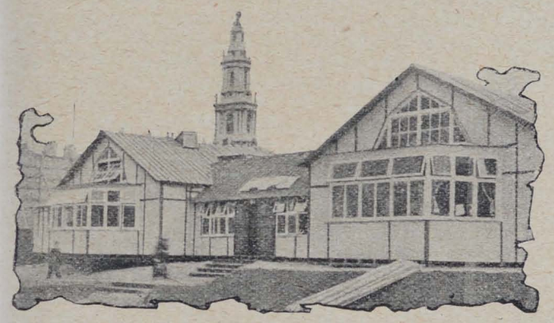
The Magic Circle

THERE is a magic circle in London within which you may put your finger on the pulse of the great war, and look, as in a *camera obscura*, upon the whole panorama



THE ALDWYCH HUT.

in its latest phases. Upon the circumference of that circle lie the great railway stations. Across it go and come the men on their way from the trenches for a few days' leave, or back to meet the Bosches by land or sea. Hard by each terminus is a Red Triangle rest-house. It is fitting that these should be among the most beautiful huts we have, and that they should be served by men and women representing every class and rank within the nation. There you will find men with thrilling stories to tell about the front line which they have left only a few hours before, or ready for a last handshake and word of good cheer as they return to their heroic task. Every night beneath those roofs sleeps a whole battalion of men. Some nights there are eleven or twelve hundred. Not a bed remains unoccupied, and the very floor has its snoring sleepers.

The other night the writer spent twelve hours in a car touring that circle again and again. Time fled in startling fashion, so many and varied were the things seen and heard. At eight o'clock in the evening a concert was in full swing at the Grosvenor Gardens Hut to provide a cheery evening for the men who had come in by an early leave train, and to keep them from streets more perilous than the trenches in certain vital respects. Here was a group of Belgian soldiers sitting down to a sumptuous supper. At the Waterloo Hut billiards were the centre of attraction, and there, as we watched the game about ten o'clock, a sergeant of military police suddenly appeared

What Happens While London Sleeps.

leading a score of Derby recruits who had been sent from Chester to Gosport, but found themselves at Waterloo with no train to take them on that night and no place in which to wait for morning save the station or the street. Their very first day in the Army, even before they had been able to join their units, was ended in a bright "home from home," with a clean bed and a clean atmosphere. Further on we found our very latest—the Aldwych Hut—opened only the night before, already filling up rapidly, and as the night drew on the cars that carry men from the "house full" huts to others where there is still a little room speedily filled it to overflowing. We looked in at the Little Theatre, and at midnight witnessed a little bit of real life as dramatic as anything that was ever staged there. Two brothers, both in Canadian Scottish regiments, had come from the land of their adoption to fight in Flanders. One hailed from Vancouver, the other from London, Ontario. After being separated for twenty-seven years they met again at the sign of the Red Triangle.

At midnight cars set out from Headquarters to scout for men straying in the streets with nowhere to go. One took up no fewer than twenty-two, and landed them in various huts—Euston, King's Cross, Paddington. Another found a couple of fine Canadians footing it from St. James's Park to Bayswater, because there was no other way to get there



GROSVENOR GARDENS: BOOKING BEDS.

save by walking. A little bit of service helped to forge another link of Empire there.

Two-thirty struck as, dropping into the Paddington and Ceylon Hut, a cosy scene was discovered by the visitors. Round the ingle nook, with its glowing old-fashioned fire, so welcome on a shrewd night, were a score of flying men. They had been kept all day on an exacting task with no chance of food or rest. Now they had descended upon this hospitable hearth with nothing but billeting papers wherewith to pay for a meal and a bed. The ladies at the canteen counted it a delightful chance, and soon that little crowd of extraordinarily nice boys were in clover. Every cubicle had long since been tenanted, but a berth on the floor under the billiard table was a privileged spot, and a settee was paradise.

A run across to the big hut over the Chatham and Dover Station at Victoria revealed the fact that not an inch of space could be found anywhere, and the last blanket had long been served out. Nor was it possible to find room at the Museum Hut in Horseferry-road near by, with its two hundred and fifty beds.

After three the morning rush begins. Trains from the North and West come in at Paddington, Euston, St. Pancras, and King's Cross. Hundreds of pack-laden figures file into the huts for breakfast, or at least a cup of tea and a cake. Somehow they must get to Victoria for the troop train



Officers' Rest-House, Grosvenor Gardens.

at 7.50. It is a long walk with so heavy a load after a cramping night journey in a crowded carriage. The delight of the men can be imagined as they find that the Red Triangle folk have not forgotten even this, and that cars are waiting to carry them across. That happened to be a glorious morning. The empty streets were radiant with sunshine, the long stretch of the Mall with the Victoria Memorial standing out against the splendid front of Buckingham Palace was a glorious road to tread, with its suggestion of a Royal *ave at que vale* from the King to his fighting men as they left for the front. But the very next morning was one of drenching rain and miserable cold. Moreover, very many of the men know little of London, and very easily get lost between the termini. It takes a great deal to depress Tommy, but it is worth while to spare him, in his last few moments of leave, the wretched experience of trudging miserably through a maze of streets in a bewildered endeavour to find his way through the heart of the Empire.

That morning the trains arriving at St. Pancras and King's Cross were very late. Barely enough time was left for quick and unencumbered walkers with no doubt about their way to get to Victoria. Neither 'buses nor tube trains were yet running. Soldiers were literally piled on to the cars, at imminent risk of damage to both engine and passengers, and



Officers' Rest-House, Grosvenor Gardens.

as many as possible were carried over in two or three journeys. The rest had of necessity to begin their "forced march." The cars rushed back to meet them, picking them up and careering away to Victoria with them. Even so, however, some were left behind when the last of the three trains steamed out. But perhaps not one-tenth of the whole number could have got across in time but for the valiant efforts of the lady drivers.

One final touch of the real and the thrilling remained. Among the arrivals at King's Cross were some sailors who had been in the battle on Wednesday. So our long night was crowned with some news that made our hearts beat high. We heard that the British Fleet had won a glorious victory, and not merely fought a valiant fight. So we felt a new eagerness to do yet more to back up the men of the fighting forces as they cross that charmed circle.

Who will help to do more? For all the provision already made in our station huts, far more is still needed. The next hut within the circle to be completed will, we hope, be the one at its centre—the Shakespeare Hut, behind the British Museum. The canteen, the hall and rest room, and the quiet room are in course of erection, and have cost £3,000. But we want a big range of cubicles, and three gifts of £500 would give us three fine blocks. As many cars as possible are spared from headquarters for night work. Many more could be used, and would be still more welcome if their owners would drive them.



Grosvenor Gardens: The Belgians.



When I called by appointment to see Lady Beatty to discuss with her the work of the Y.M.C.A. in one of the big naval bases, I had the privilege of a few minutes' talk with her husband, the brilliant admiral who commands the First British Battle Cruiser Fleet. I little thought he would so soon have an opportunity of matching the strength of his squadron with that of the German High Seas Fleet. When, less than a fortnight since, I saw H.M.S. *Queen Mary* lying at anchor with her sister ships—at least two of which the German Fleet claimed to have sunk many months ago—I little thought that to-day the mighty British battle cruiser, one of the fastest and finest warships in the world, would rest at the bottom of the sea; yet so it is, and, at the time of writing, the story of what took place has only half been told. All we know for certain is that the German High Seas Fleet tried to come out, that a terrific battle ensued, and that we lost the battle cruiser *Queen Mary* and a number of other valuable ships.

At first it looked as if the Germans had scored, but subsequent reports showed that the flag-wagging in Berlin was premature. "The German losses are heavier than the British—not merely relatively to the strength of the two fleets, but absolutely." The enemy losses are said to include two battleships, two battle cruisers and four light cruisers, nine torpedo-boat destroyers, and one submarine. Just what was the enterprise on which the German High Seas Fleet had started can for the moment be only a matter of conjecture. In all probability the enemy's aim was to raid our shores, to break the blockade, or to threaten our commerce in the Atlantic. Whatever it may have been, the aim was not achieved; the enemy fleet returned to the comparative safety of its own mined waters. The bells were set ringing in the Fatherland, and the streets were bedecked with flags to celebrate this famous victory over the Mistress of the Seas; but, said one of our evening papers: "Let them now, on the strength of their great victory, send out the merchant fleet of the Hamburg-Amerika Line, and we shall see what will happen." The sea victory is won when the merchant fleet can go out of port, not when the battle fleet runs back to it.

When the whole story comes to be written, it will probably be found that it constitutes one of the most glorious pages in the annals of naval warfare. We think of the great battle cruisers moving out to meet the foe on that Wednesday morning—the battle-scarred *Lion*, the *Tiger*, the *Princess Royal*, and the *Queen Mary*, all carrying 13.5 guns, and preceded by a screen of fast destroyers and light cruisers. For a time, we are told, the *Queen Mary* took on practically the whole German Fleet, and was exposed at close range to the concentrated salvoes of the heavy 15-in. guns of the German Dreadnoughts. The magnificent, but unequal, fight of the British cruisers could not have continued long, and in the nick of time the second squadron of our battle cruisers, consisting of the *Invincible*, *Indefatigable*, *Inflexible*, and *New Zealand* came on the scene, was followed a little later by four mighty battleships, the *Valiant*, the *Warspite*, the *Barham*, and *Malaya*. All the time the Grand Fleet, under Admiral Jellicoe, was hurrying towards the scene of action from its base, 400 miles away. Warned of its approach—possibly by Zeppelins—the "victorious" Germans hurried off home, followed as long as any light remained by our Dreadnoughts, and harried incessantly by our mosquito craft. Our own damage we know, but that of the enemy is not so easy to ascertain. Many heroic stories have already been told. The *Shark*, for instance, had her steering-gear damaged, her deck swept by gun-fire, and everything carried away with the exception of one gun. The commander and two men worked that gun until the torpedo-boat destroyer was beginning to disappear beneath the waves. The loss of these splendid warships is serious, though it leaves our fighting strength unimpaired, and does not in any way reduce our margin of safety.

The loss of men is still more to be deplored. What splendid fellows they were. A recent visitor to the fleet said about these very men, "Not a single person in a single ship throughout all this country has heard one word of boasting, self-confidence, or disparagement of the enemy." It is perfectly recognised that the German ships are splendid craft; that German officers are men of the highest professional attainments; that German works are handled with a skill and certainty second to none in the world; that German sailors are the ablest of fighters. The cheerfulness and calmness of the fleet, the excellent spirits of the men arise from no underestimate of the foe and no over-confidence of themselves. These arise from the simple fact that from highest to lowest they have been doing their duty from the first, and are doing it now, and know that they will do all that men can do if the Great Day comes.

The war will not be won by numbers only. It is true that every man who is young and fit is wanted either in the Army or the Navy. It is righteousness that exalteth a nation, and our security is dependent upon the character of our men even more than on their mere numbers or the calibre of their guns.

It is there that the Y.M.C.A. comes in. From five different



Grosvenor Gardens: The Concert.



centres in Scotland, eleven in England and four in Ireland, we are touching the men of the Fleet, and scores of other Y.M.C.A.'s are shared by sailors and soldiers alike. There is little need to describe these huts in detail. They contain all the usual features—music, letter writing, games, temperance refreshments, and the like, together with the personal supervision and help of those who have taken up the work not because they are paid for it but because they love the men and want to do their "bit." All these features go a long way towards explaining why our Y.M.C.A. huts with the sailors are every bit as popular and well used as those that serve the men of the Army. As I went round the Fleet I saw the inverted keel, all that was left of the submerged but once mighty H.M.S. *Natal*. At another part of the coast is to be seen the wreck of the *Saucy Arethusa*, the first of the new and highly useful class of fast light cruisers, and now beneath the waves lie the *Queen Mary*, the *Indefatigable*, the *Invincible*, and half a score of other good boats, their fate reminding us of the foe we have to face. When I talked about "The Day" and the German Fleet with Sir David Beatty he spoke with pride and almost with reverence of the mighty warships under his command, but said it would not do to despise the enemy—it never does. Respect for the skill and prowess of the foe causes us to be ever on guard and ready to meet him whenever he prepares to attack.

Lady Jellicoe and Lady Beatty are taking not only an active interest but a leading part in the work of the Y.M.C.A. for naval men. The biggest work for the Navy we have had going on since the beginning of the war has been in Scotland (by the Scottish National Council), in East Anglia, and at the Crystal Palace. It is a perfect revelation to go into the Crystal Palace any day of the week and to see the crowds of men who throng the Y.M.C.A. At the Soldiers' and Sailors' Institute in Portsmouth, too, we are reaching hundreds of naval men.

At the opening of one of our huts on the East Coast the lady who performed the opening ceremony said: "I wanted to come here to-day if only to show my sympathy with the Y.M.C.A. and my gratitude for what they have done for my boy. When the war broke out he joined the Royal Naval Division, and went to the Crystal Palace for training. There he found the Y.M.C.A. an immense help. He was sent to Blandford to complete his training, and the Y.M.C.A. was there. Later he was drafted out to Gallipoli, and to his amazement he found the Y.M.C.A. on the peninsula. He was wounded and sent to Suez, and the Y.M.C.A. was a great help to him there." "Yesterday," she said, "I had another letter from my son from Alexandria, where he is convalescent and spending the whole of his spare time in the central building of the Young Men's Christian Association." Thus does the Y.M.C.A. touch the men of the Army and the Navy at every point, and serve their interests wherever they are likely to be called in this great wide-world war.

We can all say, "Thank God for the Navy!" Had it not been for its ceaseless watch England would have long since been overrun by the German hordes. There is still much that is obscure about the great fight on Wednesday, May 31, but one thing is certain, our men upheld the best traditions of the senior service, and Sir John Jellicoe and Sir David Beatty have proved themselves worthy successors of "those great men who fought and made it (England) 'ours.'"

A. K. Y.



Waterloo: A Keen Game.

On Tour in the Mediterranean

By One of the Party.



The Mediterranean Party.

It was a happy thought which suggested the formation of a concert party for a tour in the Mediterranean to entertain the sick and wounded in Malta and the troops in Egypt. There are thousands of English sailors and soldiers who now feel grateful to their charming friend, Miss Lena Ashwell, for the readiness with which she incurred the larger responsibilities of a Mediterranean tour in addition to the magnificent work which she was already doing through her concert parties in France.

According to the original scheme, the Mediterranean Concert Party was to spend a few weeks in Malta *en route* for Egypt. The Malta tour began on February 23, and the first part of it has just been concluded. Notwithstanding the good offices of his Excellency the Governor of Malta, Field-Marshal Lord Methuen, it has not been found possible for the party to proceed to Egypt, but, as will shortly be seen, a new avenue of service, in every way just as fruitful, has opened up to them.

The Mediterranean party is certainly the best that Miss Ashwell could possibly have chosen. Every member combines with rare musical ability the charm of a delightful personality, which has won for them the genuine affection and gratitude of the troops whom they have been entertaining for such a considerable period. The Y.M.C.A. representatives, who have been responsible for planning their tour, have had the joy of knowing that everything the party did was done in the most perfect taste and to the honour of the ideals for which the Y.M.C.A. stands. On this account Mr. Theodore Flint, the manager, and every member of the party, merits and enjoys the sincere gratitude of the Malta Y.M.C.A. staff.

From the very first concert at the Valletta Gymnasium on February 23, at which his Excellency the Governor, Lady Methuen, Lady Limpus, and many other distinguished guests were present, to the ninety-ninth concert given to a small body of men in one of the outlying forts of Malta on May 6, the tour was a veritable triumph. No party can ever have sung to more varied or more enthusiastic audiences. The majority of the concerts were naturally for the sick and wounded in the Malta convalescent camps and hospitals, and on hospital ships, and these concerts were a real mission of mercy. In the early days of the tour the party had the privilege of singing to men broken in health by arduous months on the Gallipoli Peninsula. No one, except those who have themselves gone through the experience, can fully appreciate what such concerts meant to men who had heard little music save the sounds of the guns during these months of hardship and suffering.

It was also the privilege of the Y.M.C.A. to cater, through the talent of the concert party, for large bodies of men, who, being neither sick nor wounded, did not come within the scope of the work of such agencies as the British Red Cross Society. A large number of concerts were arranged for the men of the scattered Malta forts and in the camps of the men doing guard duties on the island. These visits marked the beginning of a general effort by the Y.M.C.A. to help the small leaders of men distributed over these lonely outposts, and they are now being followed up by a regular supply of books, magazines, and games.

A casual fixture for the concert party was the beginning of another interesting sphere of work, which has been to some extent developed. The idea occurred to the Y.M.C.A. secretary that it might perhaps be possible to give concerts to the soldiers on the transports which occasionally passed through Malta. The result was that several such concerts were arranged, and they proved as inspiring as any the concert party has given. The reader's imagination can perhaps realise the unique circumstances of a concert given on thronged decks to men for whom, after a rough passage in an over-crowded boat, a good entertainment was a veritable God-send. We have already suggested to headquarters that the Y.M.C.A. could find no more fruitful field of enterprise than to place a Y.M.C.A. leader on board every large British transport.

Those of us who have carefully watched the progress of the Lena Ashwell party are trying to make up our minds as to which of the two services supply the most enthusiastic audiences. The body of opinion favours the Navy, though the reason may be, not that the men of the Navy are of higher musical taste than the Army, but that so much less is done by way of entertaining them. The naval engagements of the concert party have been in the hands of Lady Limpus, the wife of the Admiral Superintendent, who has shown the members of the party and the Y.M.C.A. the warmest kindness and appreciation. Thursday of each week has been devoted to concerts in the naval hospitals or in the large naval canteen for the men from the warships or the merchant service. The entertainments for the survivors of torpedoed or mined vessels, which included the *Simla*, the *Minneapolis*, and later H.M.S. *Russell*, were for the concert party both happy and sad events—happy because the gladdened faces of the men made their programme so obviously a mission of mercy, and sad because thoughts of the men who had lost their lives inevitably came to their minds.



Waterloo: The Derby Man.

The Malta tour terminated, temporarily at least, on May 6. In the meantime, the Y.M.C.A. secretary, as one development of the new work which we are undertaking in the Adriatic, was able to arrange for the party to make a short tour, lasting some three weeks, of the British Adriatic Squadron. The admiral in command, Rear-Admiral Sir Cecil Thursby, who has warmly welcomed the coming of the Y.M.C.A. amongst his men, readily gave the necessary facilities, and at the time of writing the tour is already in progress. The opening concert took place in the flagship on May 13, when Rear-Admiral Thursby and other high officers of the British Squadron were present. The party were further honoured by the presence of his Royal Highness the Duc d'Abruzzi, Commander-in-Chief of the Italian Fleet, and Prince Aimone, the young son of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Aosta. The concert was a magnificent success. The quarter-deck of the battleship had been transformed into an excellent concert hall, with an up-to-date stage and lighting effects, and the audience, if intense enthusiasm for enjoyable music constitute such, was ideal. At the close of the performance both the Duc d'Abruzzi and Rear-Admiral Thursby expressed to Mr. Flint their genuine appreciation of the efforts of the concert party.

Putting a Girdle Round The Earth = = = =

SHAKESPEARE'S sprite might put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes. That was a happy fancy, and there it ended. It has taken more than fifty years to accomplish what the international symbol of the Young Men's Christian Association signifies, and bring the world within the compass of the Red Triangle. And that is only the beginning.

Perhaps the most impressive, and certainly not the least important, of the gatherings connected with the half-yearly meeting of the National Council last Friday was that over which Mr. Virgo presided in the morning. It was a survey meeting, primarily for prayer on behalf of the world work in which the Association is engaged. In order that prayer might be more purposeful, brief sketches of the existing need in various parts of the world were given by men who know the situation there at first hand.

Mr. N. Berry, who is home on leave from one of the huts behind the firing line, stirred us by his setting forth of the problem as one of simple manhood. "Work there," he said, "means *lads*. I think of the task in terms of lads whom I know, and whom I want to help. The greatest need we have out there just now is men who are human, men absolutely delivered from the professional touch, men able to bring to every lad the same spontaneous sympathy and affection we gave to the first we ever spoke to there. The soldiers are constantly receiving a perfect stream of blows, they are being fearfully hit by sorrow, bereavement, disappointment, temptation. We must stand there, and by breadth of back and strength of our own right hands break by God's grace these blows that fall on every hand."

Mr. Berry went on to tell the story of a young fellow from Wales, who received a perfect torrent of evil tidings, including the news of his mother's death, out there in France. Mr. Berry watched for him all day, and at last saw him in the middle of a crowded hut at night. Going up, he said to him, "Would you like to be alone, laddie?" "I should," said he, and Mr. Berry took him to his own cubicle and said, "There you are; you can do what you like. Here is the key; you can lock the door if you want to." "I shall never forget," said Mr. Berry, "the rapidity with which that key was turned. I was never more thankful to have a key turned upon me. When, three hours later, I went to see the boy he was sitting on the side of the bed with a new light of victory and peace in his face. He told me that all day long he had been wandering around the camp looking for a place where no one could see him, and this was the first time he had had a chance. That sort of friendship means everything to a man amidst the turmoil of war. To afford it is our privilege and our task."

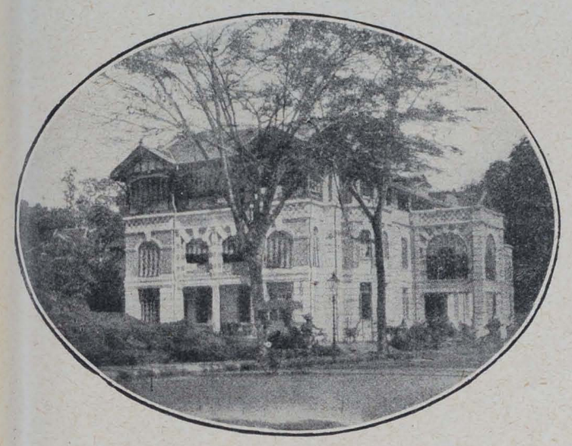
Most people imagine that Egypt is a kind of paradise to which only lucky soldiers are sent. The Rev. W. E. Rix, who has been many months there and in Gallipoli, said that one of the first remarks made to him by a colleague on his arrival was, "If it is hard for any man to be a Christian at home it will be twice as hard in Egypt."

The Task and the Men.

"Imagine," said Mr. Rix, "Australians from the back of the Australian Bush, who may perhaps come down to civilisation once in three months, being let down into this mixing place of East and West; the man from Lancashire with his evenings at the kinema and plenty of money to spend at home being let down into this whirlpool; the labourer, with fourteen shillings a week and his gaping mind, let down into this gaudy, tawdry meeting-place of East and West. In the East a man has finished his camp work by twelve o'clock, and from that hour has the whole of his time to spend and nothing to do. He is at the mercy of a climate expressed in the term 'maleesh,' which means 'it doesn't matter; nothing matters.' The climate is one that is letting our men down all the time. In Cairo and Alexandria it seems as though every whisky firm in the home country is doing its best to capture the men. There is none of the influence of the home people, none of the hospitality extended to men in the neighbourhood of the home camps, none of that elevating atmosphere created in France by the presence of good women. The British residents are a fraction of the population, and of necessity take an official point of view. Tommy cannot there get invited into a house that he can call home. There is no public opinion towards decency such as we have at home. That is the atmosphere in which your Australian, your Lancashire man, or your labourer, our own brothers, relatives and friends, are set down in a base where there is no fighting worth mentioning to keep him taut. Nothing but the Y.M.C.A. is trying to grip this problem. There is only one decent place in Cairo to go to—the Y.M.C.A. at Esbeika Gardens, with its kinema, its skating rink, its concerts, its Bible classes, yet only a fraction of the men can be accommodated there. There is enormous value in merely providing decent counter attractions by way of recreation. There is no other that you would think it decent or possible for the men to go to, as you might even think it possible for men to go to the kinema or theatre at home. There are no visiting lecturers or speakers as in France. It falls to one man to carry through the whole programme of the Y.M.C.A. for body, mind, and spirit in that atmosphere which is perpetually pulling him down unless he lives very near to Christ. He must run concerts and canteens, he must do the speaking himself unless he may happen to get help of a chaplain, and he will be alone for a fortnight at a time unless he is near enough to Cairo to go in for an hour. Whatever the need of France, that of Egypt is ten times as great. Numerically, not, perhaps, but spiritually, yes. It is impossible to meet that need in any material way. It can be done only in the atmosphere of prayer before God, claiming all the hidden resources of Christ. That is the appeal of Egypt."



LITTLE THEATRE: SUPPER.



OUR BUILDING AT SINGAPORE.

The Association has taken a foremost place in the life of the young men in India, both European and Indian. Mr. Das dealt with the way in which it may help to develop the truest aspirations of young India to-day. "The greatest need in India to-day," he said, "is in association with the national awakening. While extremely grateful for what Britain has done for the life of the nation, India yet feels that certain things have been withheld. The emissaries of Christianity who offer a golden chair in heaven may refuse a wooden chair on earth. How much more does the commercial man? The supreme need is that of better sympathy and understanding. The village community of India are self-centred and self-interested; they need men who will spend time and thought to bring them together. They need prayer that such societies as the Servants of India, men of character and ability who have given themselves to social service, and the Y.M.C.A., especially in its rural department, going from village to village to uplift and help particularly through co-operative credit banks, may have strength and wisdom.

"India is a religious country. From the cradle religion is dinned into the ears of our people, and our only aspiration is to attain final reality. We have codes of ethics, philosophies as old as the hills. Gentlemen, we do not need these things, not even your theologies; we need Christ. We need to see the humble Nazarene in the streets of India."

The Rev. W. E. Soothill, our religious work secretary, has spent thirty years as a missionary in China, and knows land and people with the greatest intimacy. Appealing for China he said: "China needs our prayers that she may have peace and stable government. China has not always been, as people suppose, a peaceful nation in the past: she has been drenched in blood. She needs peace in order that the ideals of the best minds of China, stirred by the spirit behind Christianity, may be realised. China a generation ago was a month from our own shores, now she is but a fortnight. In twenty-five years she will be only a week. Not only are we dominant factors there in moulding their civilisation, but they will have in turn an effect on ourselves. Shall it be good or evil? That question can be answered here and now by you, by your prayers and work. There are a hundred million young men in China to be shaped and influenced. The great need of China is an increase in the number of Y.M.C.A.'s. In China the Church has done and is doing magnificent work through her missions, but there is no greater need in China than a strong Y.M.C.A. in each town and village. This is an enormous order, but if we start them in this generation they will do the rest, and then we can withdraw men and send them to deal with the next great problem—that of Africa.

"If they can but see God revealed in Christ and understand prayer, revealed by Him, there would rise a power sufficient to revolutionise a great people."

LINES ON A STORE-ROOM KEY.

[Camp leaders receive strict instructions that the store-room in the hut must be kept locked and the key placed in the possession of some responsible person.]

THE instructions I have given you are plain.
If you want stuff from the store-room you may take it.
But there is one regulation, must I tell it you again?
You will see that of necessity I make it.
It isn't just for fun that I repeat to you once more,
When you've finished in the store-room you must lock it;
Do not leave the door wide open, nor the key within the door,
But take it out and put it in your pocket.
And yet, as I go round the hut to "organise" the show,
With nothing in particular to do,
When I find the door *wide open*, you say you do not know
Who's responsible; it simply can't be *you*.
Or again, when I am dashing in a mad and wild hurry,
To obtain and mix ingredients for the tea,
I find the door fast locked, and it really is a worry
To be told that no one knows who's got the key.
And when with searching questions inquiries I make,
And do my best to fix upon the sinner,
I am told "Miss 'Blank' was in there getting out a box of cake,
And she's just off in the motor for her dinner."
I really should get angry but perhaps it may be found
(I can scarcely face the triumph in your smile),
When I've finished blaming everyone and finished rushing round,
That *I've got it in my pocket all the while*.

S. J. HUGHES



LITTLE THEATRE: AFTER TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS.

"MANY INVENTIONS!"

A Story of Six Days and Three Hundred Pounds.

"HUTS! Although it has nothing to do with my subject, I must ask you to pardon me whilst I implore you to do what you can towards forwarding the splendid work which is being done for our soldiers and sailors by building recreation huts! Couldn't you women collect enough money for one?" The above sentence was flung at a few women who were attending a committee meeting on a snowy day in March last. Explanations followed, and it was soon decided that the women of Bromley should try to subscribe enough money to endow a hut with their own name. "If 'twere done, 'twere best done quickly," and a week in April was chosen for the collection.

In a small provincial town the same people cannot be asked to give money in the same way too often, so various devices were hit upon for gathering in enough money.

The first day was market day. Early in the morning the spectacle of a small green tent, covering a market stall, attracted much attention. A brown tablecloth covered the table. The front of this was decorated with the Red Triangle, and heavy printing told the world at large that buyers would help "The Bromley Women's Hut Fund." We were very proud of our colour scheme; the green tent over all, the brown tablecloth held down by large pots of daffodils, and the climax—literally thousands of tiny pots of marmalade. The only intense spot—our poster with the Red Triangle. Oh! I forgot to mention—a very large tin, painted green, and labelled, "Spare Pence." This it was impossible to overlook. The marmalade was sold very quickly, and at about one o'clock we filled up the stall with jam, in small pots. In a few hours these, too, were all gone, and our large green box was nearly full. Both helpers and buyers enjoyed the day, and it can be heartily recommended as an amusing and effective way of gathering in funds. People love buying things in a market! Our first day was certainly a success.

The next morning we started to build our hut in crayons. As headquarters for the week a shop was lent us which had a large doorway. We used this to show our big skeleton drawing of a hut; beside it were crayons. A large notice in the shop window asked passers-by to come in and build the walls, roof, or windows. A penny built a tiny piece of wall, two pennies a scrap of roof, sixpence a window pane, and shillings helped with the doorway. But people were so grasping, they wanted to build all the roof at once. Children love to crayon, and most of the building was done by them. The little boys from the elementary schools were fascinated, and fetched their friends to "do their bit." On the same day at the other end of the town we put up the model of a hut which had been lent to us by the Y.M.C.A. Headquarters. It was a splendid collecting-box. We embellished it with a row of tiny pots of flowers, each about two inches high, and here again children had to be coaxed away. Our second day was essentially the children's day.

The third day was Rosemary Day. We made badges with tiny sprigs of rosemary, pinned with crossed strands of red and white ribbon—rosemary for remembrance, and red and white for the Y.M.C.A. These were prepared by those who could not do the more strenuous work of selling all day, and were sold in the streets as a variation of a flag day. We were very lucky in that all our ideas caught the popular fancy, and this, again, was a success. In the evening a few workers were allowed to stand in the vestibule of the picture palace and sell badges to the audience as they went in. A notice had been thrown on the screen on previous evenings warning the people that they would be asked to help. The picture palace managers were very enthusiastic and encouraging—all thanks to them.

We started our collecting week on a Thursday, so that Rosemary Day finished on Saturday evening. After a much-enjoyed and well-merited rest on Sunday we got up with the lark on Monday to turn our headquarters into a tea-shop. Chairs, tables, screens, and all the necessary *impedimenta* were lent. One helper took down the curtains from her bedroom because they were "just the thing" in the matter of colour. Cakes, tea, butter, and all the food was given, and at three o'clock we were quite ready. Large notices were in the windows: "Ye Hut Tea Rooms. Large teas, 1s.; small teas, 6d." May I say that on the first day the place was full of our personal friends, but the fact that it was very full on the other days was sufficient testimony to the excellence of our teas. We had a *very* busy time indeed, which became busier the next day when we started at eleven o'clock in the morning with coffee and cakes for lunch. Our last day was market day again. We held a sale of home-made cakes, potted meats, &c., in the tea-shop, and we made much money by the sale of daffodils.

During the whole of this week we made house-to-house collections; on every side we were welcomed and treated with the greatest kindness. Every one of the clergy of *all* denominations gave out a notice during Sunday morning service telling of our scheme, and asking for helpers. The police helped us in every way, and even the cabmen refused to take their fares when they carried materials to our headquarters from us, and insisted on starting our collections with their particular sixpence.

Among the discoveries made by Tommy in the present war is that of the value of chewing-gum. Many a man on a route march has found it valuable for quenching thirst and allaying hunger until a meal could be had. Wrigley's is as familiar a sight on the Y.M.C.A. hut counter as Woodbines, and we believe that the sale of it has created a record.

When thirsty don't drink too quickly

WHEN you are hot and thirsty it is hard not to swallow a drink just as fast as you can get it down, but it is better to take at first a big mouthful and swallow slowly, then finish your drink gradually. The best and healthiest thirst-quencher is

Kia Ora Lemon Squash

which is made from fresh lemons and cane sugar. It has a delicious flavour, and is cooling and blood-purifying.

Sold at all Y. M. C. A. Canteens.

Made and Guaranteed by London O.T. LIMITED, BLACKFRIARS, London, S.E.

Our Outlook.



Founders' Day.

JUNE 6 was Founders' Day. It was in 1844 that the Y.M.C.A. was first started on the initiative of George Williams, who was knighted by the late Queen Victoria on the occasion of the Y.M.C.A. jubilee celebrations. In these days when through its war work the Y.M.C.A. has become a household name, and when the country is ringing with an account of the work which it is doing, it is easy to forget what we owe to those good men and true who shaped the policy of the movement in the early days. Some people speak disparagingly of its early history, but those who belong to the inner circle know that the great work now being accomplished could not have been possible but for the faithful service rendered by those men when the Y.M.C.A. had to do its work in comparative obscurity.

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SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS was a born leader of men and a man amongst men, and the whole weight of his personality was thrown into the movement from the beginning. During his life-time he was permitted to see the extension of the work to all the countries of the world. It was on the occasion of the great reception at the Hotel Continental in Paris, when the World's Conference was being held in that city, that Sir George gave what proved to be his farewell message to the movement he had founded. The scene was a memorable one. The huge reception hall was crowded with some 4,000 Y.M.C.A. representatives and their friends, who had gathered from all quarters of the globe. The question that seemed to be on their lips was "Is he coming?" and presently he came, a little old man leaning for support upon the arms of two younger and stronger men. As he entered the room the assembly with one accord made a pathway from the door to the platform. He had a rousing reception, and taking his seat on the platform gave a short address that must ever be memorable to those who were privileged to be present.

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THERE were three points to that address. "Give your hearts to the Lord Jesus Christ while you are young." That always had been, and ever must be, the keynote of the whole Association movement. The second point was equally forceful. "This is the time to fight, not to rest." There seemed something infinitely pathetic to the onlooker in the sight of the old warrior taking off his armour and laying down his weapons, and sounding out the clarion call to the thousands of young men present to carry on the battle, and to carry the movement from victory to victory. The third point was equally significant. "I am leaving to you to-day my last legacy, and it is a precious one—it is the Young Men's Christian Association."

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WE have often thought of that historic occasion since the commencement of the war, and particularly of those words, "My last legacy." Never in his wildest dreams did Sir George Williams imagine that the movement he had founded, and that he led so faithfully through to those decades, was destined to become the world-power that it is to-day. We who are left to follow in his steps not only account it a great privilege to be connected with this work, but a huge responsibility, for does not the Y.M.C.A. stand face to face to-day with the greatest spiritual opportunity that has ever been given to any religious organisation?

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SUCCESS to the Allied arms in this great war does not depend merely upon numbers or men. Though both count, and are of tremendous importance, yet there is one factor that counts even more, for in the long run it must always be righteousness that exalteth a nation. As an Association our great mission is to lead men to God and to organise them in Christian service, and every item of our programme should be arranged with that end in view. By no means does that mean that all our work is to consist of meetings; but it means that nothing should be done in connection with any of our activities that will counteract the great end for which the Y.M.C.A. has been founded.

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A Good Soldier.

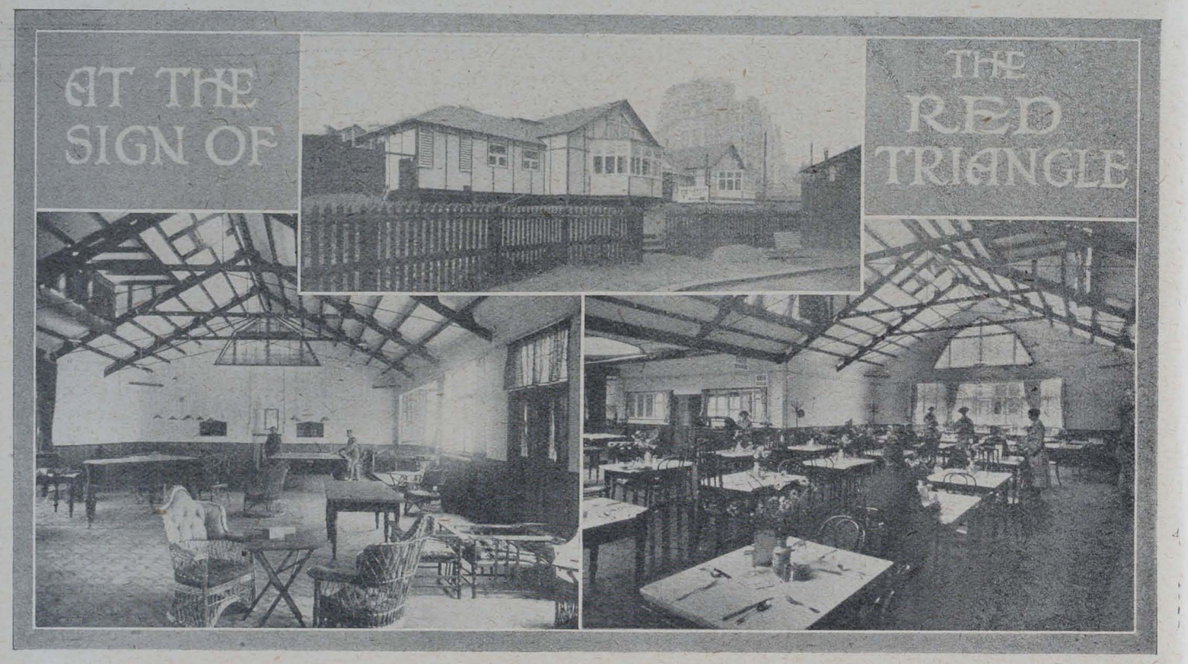
IN Lord Kitchener the nation has lost not only a great man, but a good man. It was not his way to eulogise people for doing their simple duty. We know, however, that he appreciated highly the work of the Y.M.C.A., and that we could count upon him as a real friend. Moreover, he stood for things which we have at heart. His strong, straight message to men of the Army at the beginning of the war will live long as expressing the soldier's ideal of chivalry and service. "You have to perform a task," he said, "which will need your courage, your energy, your patience . . . You can do your own country no better service than that of showing yourself in France and Belgium in the true character of the British soldier.

He did not hesitate to warn men very directly against two of the greatest temptations which they were likely to meet, nor did he forget to say that a good soldier must put his trust in God.

It was very noticeable on the occasion of the great war economy meeting held in the Guildhall and addressed by Mr. McKenna and Mr. Balfour that it was Lord Kitchener who made a strong and definite reference to temperance. He declared that drink was the supreme foe to the country at the present time.



LITTLE THEATRE: THE AUDITORIUM.



For Overseas Men.

A very beautiful and most spacious addition to our London Rest Hut is that recently erected in Aldwych, and informally opened at the conclusion of the half-yearly meeting of the National Council on Friday last. The building was provided by the munificence of three or four donors, including the Misses Davies and Baron Profumo, who presided at the opening.

Lady Plumer, who is acting as superintendent of the ladies working there, herself raised £500 towards the cost. It is hoped that the hut will be especially useful to overseas troops, though all men in uniform will be welcome there.

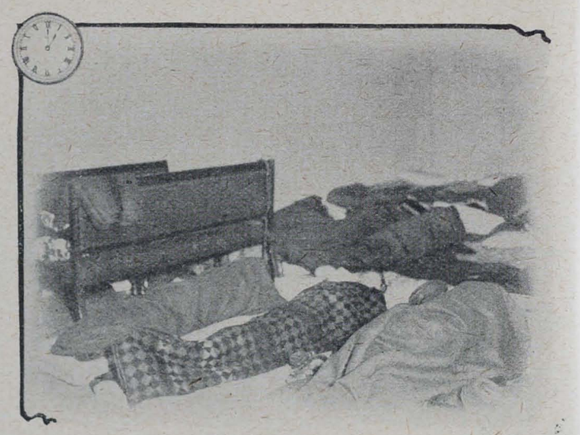
A special feature of the building is the cosy little foyer at the entrance, while the illustrations on this page will show how splendidly lighted, decorated, and furnished the buildings are. On Saturday night every bed was occupied. At the informal gathering on Friday a dedicatory prayer was offered by the vicar of St. Clement Danes, in whose parish the hut is, while an eloquent address was delivered by the Vicar of Brompton, who dwelt on the joyous side of Christianity, of which Y.M.C.A. work is an expression.

Our First Munitioners' Hostel in Scotland.

The opening of the first of our munition hostel centres in Scotland took place on Wednesday, 31st ultimo, at the Tollcross Tube Works, Glasgow. The offer of the owners, Messrs. Stewarts and Lloyds, had presented a unique opportunity of opening up this branch of Y.M.C.A. activity, and the opportunity had been seized by the Scottish National Council under the convenorship of Mr. Robert Orr. The Duchess of Hamilton, who was accompanied by the Duke, performed the opening, under the presidency of Sir John Maxwell Sterling. On the platform local interests, both of the firm and the public, were strongly represented. Sir Andrew Pettigrew gave a stirring address on the aims of the Association, and Mr. John Graham Stewart, on behalf of Messrs. Stewarts and Lloyds, welcomed the Y.M.C.A. on the inauguration of their activities. A charming little incident occurred when the very diminutive niece of the works' manager (Mr. Cunningham) presented a shower bouquet to her Grace, although the flashlight of the Press photographers nearly caused a disaster. The brunt of the organising has fallen upon the munitions department secretary, Mr. Thos. Pollock, and the honorary leader of the centre, Mrs. MacKinlay, who has already gathered together a band of lady-workers. The centre comprises a beautifully equipped canteen, a billiard hall, with three full-sized tables, a small hall (which may be thrown into the large canteen on occasion), a quiet lounge or writing-room, and each apartment is fitted with a large open fireplace. The hostel comprises 100 bedrooms and an isolated sick ward with four beds, bathrooms, lavatories, &c., for the men, besides a full complement of staff quarters. It is well known that the local corporation are considering the development of a large suburb of cottages for the war workers, but in view of the scarcity of labour and the price of building materials, it is more than probable that an extension of the Y.M.C.A. scheme will be substituted, so far as war purposes are concerned, and it was quite evident that those members of the corporation who were present were impressed by the possibilities of the scheme. They should certainly make a pilgrimage to our "Garden Village" at Northwich, in Cheshire, before they commit themselves to a slow and costly scheme in bricks and mortar just now. There they will find over 500 bedrooms occupied by munition workers, and, of course, the institute accommodation, &c., is most complete. Both schemes have been designed by Mr. S. Phillips Dales,



Lincoln's youngest flagseller, Barbara Mary Elvin. The gross receipts now of flag day in Lincoln amount to £231.



Victoria Station: Crowded Out.



A New M.C.

Temporary Second-Lieut. Alexander Bothwell, 1st Battalion Gordon Highlanders, is a member of the Forest Gate Committee, and took a very keen interest in our work, and was an instructor in the boys' department. He is twenty-three years of age, and was awarded the Military Cross for conspicuous gallantry. During a very heavy bombardment, after his Company Commander had been killed, he took command and greatly distinguished himself by his coolness and bravery, thus saving the situation at a critical time. He was himself wounded next morning, but continued to command the company.

Lieut. Bothwell is the son of Councillor and Mrs. Bothwell, of Romford-road, Forest Gate. As a result of the wound mentioned Lieut. Bothwell is in Lady Ridley's Hospital, Carlton House-terrace, W. The wounds in the arm, hand, and face were rather severe, and he has been granted three months' leave, but he is progressing well. Lieut. Bothwell only returned to the front on April 1, and was wounded on April 3. He was wounded last year on June 3.

For Flying Men.

On June 1 the new Y.M.C.A. at Hendon was publicly opened. It is under the personal direction of Mrs. Winston Churchill and her cousin, the Hon. Mrs. Henley. There are two large huts, and both have been most tastefully decorated. One of the workmen came up afterwards and said: "We don't say much about it, but we do appreciate this place. I cycle over from Harlesden every day, and have nowhere to go when off duty. I shall be glad to have a place like this to come to." In Hendon, Ponders End, and Enfield Mr. Scotcher is the Y.M.C.A. leader, and we owe much to him for his efficient work. On June 24 he is organising sports in one of the great aerodromes in the North of London—for enlisted men, of course. For the first time there will be flying events in Y.M.C.A. sports.

For Munitioners.

It is always a revelation, even to one familiar with the war work of the Y.M.C.A., to visit any of the great munition centres and see what is being done under the sign of the Red Triangle. Last Saturday we had an opportunity of visiting Woolwich, and of seeing some of the enormous work that is being done so efficiently under the direction of Lady Henry Grosvenor. The Drill Hall—where a thousand men are served with luncheon every day—was crowded with soldiers at the time. From Woolwich we went on to Crayford, where Mr. Dennis is catering for the needs of an ever-growing colony of munition workers.

The Gift of a French Boy.



Mrs. Smyth, of Wandsworth Common, recently sent out to her son Cecil, somewhere in France, one of our Flag Day postcards. He had made friends with a French boy of fourteen or fifteen years old, and passed on the card to him. So delighted was the boy with what he had seen of our work for the troops in France that he saved three shillings out of his own small earnings and has sent it as a Flag Day gift.

We value not simply the money, but the splendid spirit characteristic of our chivalrous Allies. A special letter of thanks has been sent to our French friend.

Contributions Received May 29 to June 3, 1916.

Per Major W. McAdam Eccles (Camberwell Hospital Hut), £551/9/1; per Y.M.C.A. Tottenham Court-road (King's Cross Hut), per Messrs. Baring Bros. and Co., £500 each; Romford and District Committee, £480/5/1; The Misses Scholfield, Singer Manufacturing Company (employees), Glasgow, The Misses Howard (Threapwood Hut), to replace hut destroyed by German shellfire, £450 each; London County and Westminster Bank, £262 10s.; Mr. T. H. Bell, British Oil and Cake Co., Messrs. Lawther, Latta and Co., per Mr. Gowing Ledger (Bury Hut in Egypt), Messrs. Matheson and Co., Ltd., £250 each; Consolidated Tea and Lands Co., Ltd., £200; *Public Opinion* Readers, £165/2/2; Messrs. Miles and Co., £125; Commonwealth and Dominion Line, Messrs. Cayzer, Irvine and Co., £105 each; Mr. A. Douglas, Captain R. T. Dixon, Mr. A. H. Pawson, Mr. W. Weddel, Consolidated Malay Rubber Estates, Ltd., Messrs. Brown, Shipley and Co., Messrs. Steel, Young and Co., Burgess, Ledward and Co., £100 each; Miss Batten, £59; Mr. W. F. Henderson, Moxom Salt Co., Messrs. Harris Bros. and Co., Miss A. E. Hulme (towards Fulham Hospital Hut), Messrs. Adam Bros., Limited, Messrs. France, Fenwick and Co., Messrs. Shipton, Anderson and Co., Mr. Miles F. Burrows, £50 each.



Paddington: The Airmen's Nook.

Y. M.

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

Organ of the Y.M.C.A. in
GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

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HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

President: The Rt. Hon. LORD KINNAIRD.
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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.

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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.

WITH MR. VIRGO AT OSTERLEY PARK.

THE spiritual work done by the Y.M.C.A. in their huts was never more clearly shown than by the meeting held on Monday, June 5, by Mr. J. J. Virgo at Osterley Park.

The men in training there are A.S.C. men, who are, as a rule, stolid and phlegmatic, —not that they do not respond to all efforts for their welfare, but there is a kind of unexplainable reticence about them. One generally finds that even a Camp "sing-song" does not go quite with the same swing among men of the A.S.C. as among some other sections of our great Army.

On the occasion of Mr. Virgo's visit, however, everything seemed changed—at first tremendous enthusiasm, and later a hush that could be felt as we got to the eternal realities, and finally a great roar of gratitude and appreciation.

We began with a "home-made" concert, the national field secretary himself contributing several items with great effect, revealing a voice of unusual power and quality, and soon the men themselves became like a trained choir under his direction.

Then followed an account of enthralling interest telling of Y.M.C.A. work in different parts of the world, concluding with one of the most forceful, virile appeals to the heart and conscience that it has ever been my lot to listen to.

At the close every man in the hut, which was crammed to suffocation, uncovered for prayer, and there was not a movement as the men prayed silently for country and comrades, and not least for themselves. The crowning of a great evening came with the signing of the "War Roll," when quite a number (I hesitate to say how many) decided with God's help to serve Christ with the same indomitable courage with which they serve their earthly monarch.

From my point of view there were several contributory factors to this successful evening.

In the first place, Mr. Virgo is a large man with a large heart, and his genial presence, optimistic nature, and friendly manner at once captivated the men. Then his evident sincerity and strength appealed forcibly to his audience, and while they laughed at his jokes and enjoyed his good humour, it was clearly seen that they appreciated still more his strength of character and absolute devotion to right and to the "strong Son of God."

Finally, there was his tender, sympathetic, and brotherly appeal to the men to face the facts of life, together with his own outspoken testimony of the value of Christ to his own soul, and it was remarkable to witness the faces of the men at this point, their very expression showing a desire to know the salvation and the power for daily life to be found in the Son of God.

Personally, I rejoice in the all-round work of the Y.M.C.A. I love to see the men with their "smokes" enjoying a good, healthy concert after a hard day's work, to see them writing their letters, and no one knows how many of "the old folks at home" owe their letters from "the boy" to the Y.M.C.A., but above all do I delight in the real Christian atmosphere that permeates these "huts," and the wholehearted endeavour to lead these men to the source of salvation and the stronghold of all power.

W. RUTHERFORD LANE.

Rifleman Arthur F. Thorn, of the King's Royal Rifles, whose first book on Richard Jefferies received a good deal of notice from the London Press, has just completed a new volume of short stories and sketches, entitled "Social Satires," which will be published shortly. Mr. Will Dyson, the famous cartoonist, has designed a special frontispiece illustration for this volume.



The Old Folks At Home

By Marie Harrison.

HE sat in the porch of the little country cottage smoking a clay pipe. He was seventy-four, and his "Missus" was a year or two younger.

"You were a soldier once, were you not?" someone asked him. And he replied quickly, as he drew himself up in military fashion, "Once? I'm a soldier still, sir. Once a soldier, always a soldier."

That was his creed, and his great sorrow was that in the days of the great war he could not wear khaki and fight in Flanders. Pensively he had looked at himself in the old cracked glass, wondering whether, if he shaved his beard and moustache, he could deceive the military authorities. But he realised, strong and active as he was, that even if he could take off twenty years, the recruiting officer would still mutter a sympathetic "Too old."

Not until war broke out had he realised that he was old. Pottering about his little bit of land, walking the two miles to church on Sundays, visiting his grandchildren, he had always felt ridiculously young. But now it seemed that old men were not wanted. They were useless. To be young and energetic and full of vigour was the only thing worth while in days of war.

He puffed away, his eyes wandering over the fair countryside with its budding green of early spring.

"Look you here, Roger." The voice was that of his "Missus." She hurried forward with a copy of the weekly newspaper that had just arrived.

"There's a chance for you yet, Roger," she said, in eager tones. "Look you here. Do you see what it says? Old Mike Brown has been taken on at the Manor to do farmwork."

Roger put down his pipe and seized the paper.

"Well, I'm blessed," he exclaimed. "Mike's older than me by three years."

"They say that labour's very scarce," went on the Missus, "and they can't get men nohow, and the young ladies that have come down aren't nearly enough, and there's——"

She broke off as Roger rose with a determined look.

"I'm going to see Farmer James," he said. "Give me my old coat, Missus."

With his old stick and a slouch hat perched jauntily on his whitened hair, he set off. Walking along the winding lane there was great joy in his heart. Very suddenly it came to him that if he could not fight he could at least toil on the land. Food was as essential to the men at the front as munitions. He thought of his sons and his grandson, some of them in the trenches in the West, some keeping watch on the stormy North Sea, one in India, another in Egypt, safeguarding the Empire.

"I've come to help," he said bluntly, as he met Farmer James cleaning out the pig-styes. Almost he was afraid to say more, so fearful was he of refusal. But he was met with a warmth that heartened and astonished him.

"That's right, Roger," said the farmer; "it's the day of the old men now. And a strong and hearty old soul like yourself is just what we farmers want. There's many a good day's work in you yet, I can see."

"And I was afeared you'd think me too old," said Roger, his eyes beaming.

"Nonsense," the farmer made reply. "Here's all this land wants tending. If we've got to keep our lads at the front fed, we old folk have got to turn to and do our bit. I didn't think I had it in me to do as much as I have done since all the lads went off to enlist. And there's one thing that's very certain, and it is this—the boys at the front will be mighty glad to know that their old fathers and grandfathers are keeping things going at home."

"And I never thought of it like that," said Roger.

"Come along now and give me a hand. I reckon we won't quarrel about terms," Farmer James said, as he led the way to the cowsheds.

Thus it came about that Roger, at the age of seventy-four, started farm-work as an ordinary hand. He felt old no longer. It did not even trouble him that he could not fight. Putting in long hours digging, and feeding cattle, and cleaning out sheds, Roger was completely happy.

There came a day when the puffing train that stopped at the village set down a slim young figure in khaki, who made great haste to find a little cottage. It was dusk, and Roger had just returned. He gave a little cry of delight as the boy soldier seized him and shook his hand.

"Why, laddie," he cried, "but this is good."

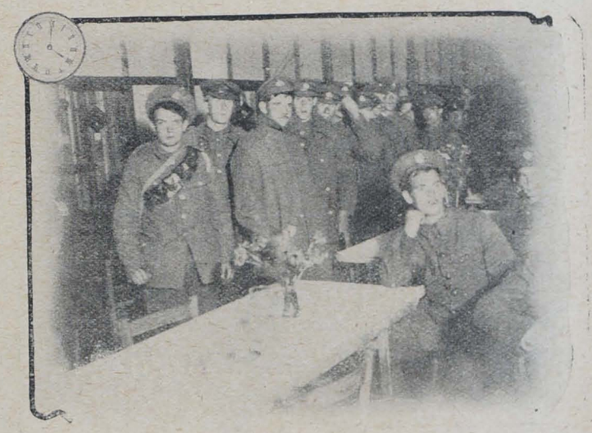
Soon the whole story was told, and the soldier was in admiration as he listened to the old woman proudly telling of Roger's exploits.

"Out there in France," the boy told them, "the land is all tilled and cared for by women and children, and very old men. And when we got prisoners, they used to tell us that we in England would starve because their submarines would destroy our Navy and we couldn't grow enough food. Of course, we laughed; but we did wonder, we boys from the country, how things were going on while we were away. I thought of the field way down by the church, and wondered whether it would be all gold with corn this year, and whether there would be any vegetables in the market garden, and who would milk the cows. And to know it's you, Grandad, and others like you, who are doing all the work—why, it's just splendid! What a story to tell the boys when I go back!"

His young face gleamed with pleasure. And Roger pointed to the old gun that hung on the wall.

"I used to think that was the only way of making war," he said, a little huskily. "Well, it's the best, but there are other ways. We old fogies aren't going to let the women and children starve and our fighting lads go short just because we happen to be a bit older than we were. We're going to keep things going at home, bless you?"

And the three of them sat down to a meal of good things which were not unconnected with Roger's work at the Red Farm.



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The Golden Mean

By the Right Hon.
G. W. E. Russell.

A STUDENT says:—"I write to ask if you think that 'The Golden Mean' would prove an interesting subject to your readers, for I feel sure that there must be many students who, like myself, are not able to appreciate its advantages, and would, therefore, like to have your ideas upon it."

I cannot introduce the subject better than in the words of Mathew Arnold:—"Having been brought up at Oxford in the bad old times, when we were stuffed with Greek and Aristotle, and thought nothing of preparing ourselves by the study of modern languages to fight the battle of life with foreign waiters, my head is still full of a lumber of phrases about virtue being in a mean, and about excess and defect, and so on." Disregarding the "lumber of phrases," and trying to get through them to the thought which they express, we find that the praise of "The Mean"—the central position—has been a favourite theme of moralists and poets. Happiness has been represented as consisting in moderate station, moderate wealth, moderate desires. "Give me neither poverty nor riches" has been held to be the wise man's prayer. Again, in politics, such teachers as Robert Lowe were never tired of insisting that the ideally happy State has its "Mean"—its central part or middle class—strong, and its extremes, of aristocracy and populace, weak. And, yet again, in the realm of opinion, who does not know the praises of moderation? "He is not the man to run off into extremes. He is a Sceptic, or a Utilitarian, or a Sacerdotalist (or whatever else you choose), but he belongs to the centre rather than to the wing of his party. He holds a certain theory, but he is careful not to exclude its opposite."

(1) I will say in the first place that I am not quite sure about the sincerity of the people who profess that "The Mean" is happiness. There was a Roman poet who attached the epithet "Golden" to the Mean, but I feel pretty sure that in his heart of hearts he had other preferences. Poets should never be taken at their word, but I suspect that even prose-moralists, who have extolled moderate wealth and moderate station, would not be ill-pleased if their admirers left them thumping legacies, or Mr. Asquith offered them the blood-red honours of the baronetage.

(2) The Mean in politics makes no appeal to me. The rule of the middle class had neither beauty, nor dignity, nor historic sentiment to recommend it. Its fetish was property, and though it was jealous enough for its own freedom, it cared very little for the freedom of the unrepresented classes. If we were not to govern ourselves (as under the "extreme" of democratic institutions we more or less can do), we might just as well be governed by the other "extreme" of autocracy as by the "Mean" of a middle-class Parliament, elected by ten-pound householders and dominated by manufacturers.

(3) Even less golden is "The Mean" when it is exhibited in the sphere of Opinion. A stout controversialist of days gone by used to say: "When a man is called 'Moderate' I suspect him, but when he is called 'Moderate and Venerable,' I set him down as a double-dyed old humbug." The sentence is a little trenchant, but it expresses a good deal of my feeling. The man who aims at being considered Moderate—who worships the "Golden Mean"—is never to be relied on at a pinch. "My dear fellow, up to a certain point I agree with you, but you go much too far and too fast for me. No doubt such-and-such a thing is false, or mischievous, or absurd; but we can't set the world right by a stroke of the pen. All life is compromise." Such is always the language of the "Moderate" man. If he is also "Venerable," he may be forgiven. The practice of seeking safety in the avoidance of extremes has grown with his growth, and become a fixed part of his nature.

It is my happiness to know that many of my readers are young men. To them my counsel is, Avoid the Mean. Your proper place is in one of the extremes—I scarcely care which. Commit yourselves to a cause, and to all that the cause implies. Put off being "Moderate" at least until you are "Venerable"; and even then try to guard yourselves against so deep a fall. But if now, when your mind is open, and all your faculties are fresh, and life is full of possibilities, you begin to cultivate moderation and to worship the Mean, you may make shipwreck of your moral being. If you merely want to eat and drink and make money and be successful—why, then, the Mean must be your constant study, and moderation must be the lamp that lights your steps. But you will have to pay the penalty. "Great deeds shall be done, but you will not be at the doing of them; high thoughts uttered, but they shall wake no echo in the seared conscience and the sodden heart."

So far I have written only for the young man

Who makes his moral being his prime care.

If any of my readers happens to prefer "a good time" to a good conscience; if he worships professional success; if he wants to make money and to consolidate or improve his social position—if, in a word, his heart is set on the vulgar objects of worldly ambition, then I must reverse all my advice, and say, Worship the Mean.

See all from all men's points of view,
Use all men's eyes to see with,
And never say what anyone
Could ever disagree with.

That is the motto which has guided many a man to high station and great emolument. We often see in the chief places of Church and State the reward which waits upon a career of Moderation. The Bishop of Barchester—the President of the Circumlocution Office—is where he is because, through years of patient endeavour, he has worshipped the Jumping Cat, shouted with the largest crowd, and rushed to the assistance of the winning side. It is, indeed, the triumph of the "Golden Mean"—but then "Mean" is a word which bears two senses.



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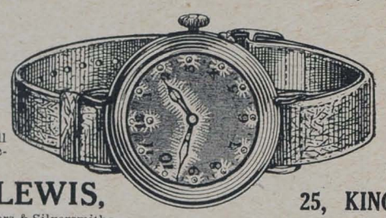

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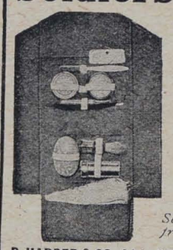

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The Bowler on the Battlefield of Life.

A Parable of Flanders.

By A. K. Yapp.

IT was a perfect day in June, 1914. The annual cricket match between Exminster and Oxbridge was in progress. The home team had won the toss, and were all out for ninety-five. Their opponents, after a bad start, had quickly knocked up sixty-five for seven wickets, and the bowling was now coming in for severe punishment.

Turner, the fast crack bowler of the Axminster eleven, had not been able to get into his stride. His bowling was erratic, and he seemed as if he could not get the right length. Ball after ball was sent in with lightning speed, but one would be full toss, another wide of the wicket, and a third short pitch, so that boundaries were frequent.

"Over," cried the umpire, and Mason, the Exminster captain, took the ball, and tossing it to Smith, who had been fielding at cover point, said, "Try an over, old chap, and pitch the ball well up." It was the first time Arthur Smith had bowled in a match of such importance, and no wonder that he was a trifle nervous. His first over was by no means a success. He kept a good length and varied the pace, but the batsman was set, and the first ball of the over was glanced into the slips for a single, whilst Webbe, the Exminster captain, hit the second for two. A third ball broke in from the off, and beat him completely. "Another coat of varnish," as we used to say as boys, and he would have been out. The fourth ball Webbe carefully blocked, but the fifth he pulled to leg for four, and the last ball of the over he sent with a mighty drive over the pavilion for six. "Seventy-eight for seven—only eighteen needed to win," called Smith, as he threw the ball to the man who was bowling at the other end. Three fours and a two right over reduced the margin, and as Smith took the ball again he realised that with three wickets to fall his opponents only required four runs to win. The first ball went for two, but the second was a beauty, very fast, excellent length, and as straight as a die. Webbe misjudged the speed at which it was travelling, and was clean bowled, middle stump. The next man stepped out to drive what appeared to him to be an easy ball; he missed it, and the man at the wicket whipped off his bails.

"Man in," cried Mason. "Don't get flurried, old chap; keep cool," he added, as he returned the ball to Smith. The new man took his place at the wicket, took centre, and carefully smoothed the pitch with his bat. The first ball he received was dead on the wicket, but he blocked it. The next he ought to have left alone. It was off the wicket, but a good length, and he was tempted to hit. He knocked it up, and cover point, dashing in, just reached it high up with one hand, and held it. It was a brilliant catch. The game was won by two runs. Smith had bagged three wickets for fifteen, and was the hero of the day.

* * * *

It was the summer of 1915—the anniversary of the Exminster-Oxbridge match—but the cricket ground was deserted, and the cheering of the crowd was replaced by the lowing of oxen and bleating of sheep. Smith was in khaki, and taking part in a greater game. Turner had joined the Royal Naval Air Service, and Webbe the Field Artillery. Mason was in the Royal Navy, and all the others had exchanged their flannels for khaki, and instead of enjoying a game of cricket on the newly-mown pitch at Exminster, they were fighting for truth and freedom—some on the banks of the Tigris, others in the Dardanelles, and yet other members of the two teams in Northern France and Flanders. Several of those who took part in that memorable game had made the supreme sacrifice, and died on the field of honour side by side.



Drawn by Private M. MacMichael.
Reproduced by kind permission of the Editor of *Fall In.*

Smith had joined the infantry immediately after the outbreak of war, and after months of training with a Public School Corps had received his commission, and had been drafted out with his regiment to Flanders. They had been in close contact with the enemy in one of the warmest spots on the British front. He had watched the Germans come on like tides, in mass formation, singing as they came, and slain in thousands as they reached the defences of the Allies. He had seen one of these attacks succeed, and the first line trenches of the British occupied by the German foe.

He had himself taken a prominent part in dislodging the enemy, and driving them back into their own lines. His cricket had stood him in good stead. Months before he had been selected for special service with hand-grenades. It was like cricket, but with this difference—the ball he used was not a leather one, but a deadly hand-grenade, and whilst he was bowling at an unclean human wicket hidden in the opposing trenches that wicket was bowling at him.

That day, the second anniversary of the Exminster, had evidently been selected by the enemy for renewed attack in force. His artillery had shown unusual activity, and for hours had been *strafing* our defences and entanglements with many thousands of shells. Shrapnel and high-explosives had been poured in with devastating results. Then came a lull in the bombardment, and the enemy trenches all of a sudden were alive with men. Wave upon wave they came forward, to be literally mown down under the fire of the British guns. Re-

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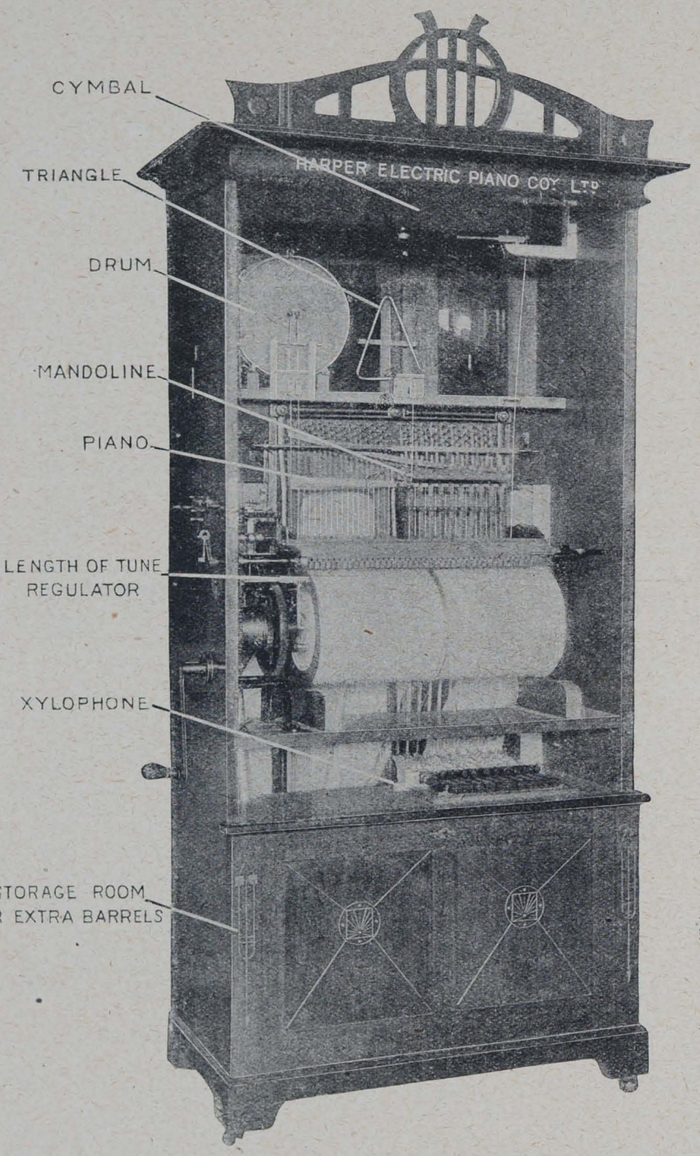

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gardless of sacrifices, the enemy threw fresh reinforcements into the breach, and at last reached what was left of our first-line trenches. We had to retire for a moment and rally for a counter-attack.

As the evening closed in the Colonel of his regiment said to Smith, "There is no moon to-night, and the General says that at all costs we must recapture the lost trenches. As soon as it is dark I want you, under cover of the night, to take your men into action and bomb the enemy out." "Alright, sir," was the quiet reply, and the young lieutenant returned to his men to wait as patiently as he could for the appointed hour.

The British guns were busy that evening, and the Bosches soon found that they were not to be allowed to remain long in undisputed possession of the trenches they had just won at such enormous cost.

That night Smith played the greatest game of cricket of his life. The Bosche was at the wicket; the trenches formed the boundary; star shells gave centre, and it seemed as if some ghostly Umpire was watching to see their play. There was no lack of spectators on either side. Some would have avoided the spectacle if they could. Smith placed his field, and each man took his share of the bowling. To the men in the trenches it must have seemed as if the ball broke in ever so many different directions at once.

Man after man was clean bowled, and others got out as they attempted to escape. The lieutenant's thoughts were back in Exminster. He thought of the loved ones at home, and wondered if he would ever see them again. It seemed impossible for anyone or anything to emerge alive from that inferno. He thought of the old cricket days, and of that match played, as it seemed to him, so long ago, and as he thought he gripped another hand-grenade, released the spring, and bowling as of old despatched it on its death-sent mission. A loud report followed, but he hardly heard it amid the din of battle. A general advance was ordered, and our men went forward with a cheer. Cool and collected, with the light of victory in his eye, Smith advanced with the men of his platoon.

The first silvery rays of dawn were already lighting up the eastern sky as the bombers advanced to play their part in the last stages of the game. One of the younger men had just discharged his missile of death, and gripping a second bomb prepared to throw it in the direction of the retreating enemy. He missed his footing as he released the pin, and with horror Smith saw it drop amid his men. What should he do? In five seconds it would explode, and with a face blank with horror as he thought what it would mean, not thinking of himself, not counting the cost, with a warning shout to the men who stood around he flung himself on the bomb. His heroism could not prevent the deadly missile from exploding, but as the official report said, "It minimised and restricted the effect of the explosion." His body was fearfully mangled, and he died almost immediately.

The trench was recaptured; the Germans who had been holding it were captured and taken prisoners, and engineers, sappers, and infantry were speedily at work reconstructing the trenches and renewing the barbed wire entanglements.

His bravery will soon be forgotten, and yet deeds like his can never die, but will act as inspirations to generations yet unborn. The fact that it is a story, a story of self-sacrificing love that has been repeated in varied forms hundreds of times since the beginning of the war, does not make the undying story any the less inspiring, for does it not remind us in some far-off way of One who said, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends"? Is it not a faint picture of Him who loved us and gave Himself for us?

"Poor old Smith," said the C.O. to the Major when the roll was called, and he did not answer to his name, but instead a subaltern eye-witness told the story of his death. "Poor old Smith—he's had a short innings, but a glorious one. It seems a pity he's been run out by one of his own side, but I'm jolly glad the game was won before he was given out."

Yes, there comes a time when even the bowler on the battlefield has to take his place at the wicket. He may commence the innings, or he may be last man in. He may stay long at the wicket or may be out first ball, for the uncertainty of cricket has always been part of the charm and fascination of the game.

There is an enemy more to be dreaded than the Hun, one who regards none of the rules of the game. His balls break in where least expected, and he knows how to vary the pace. The ball he uses is more deadly than the hand grenade. The Germans may kill the body—he can destroy the soul. That bowler's name is temptation, and none are exempt from his attack. It needs more than human strength and wisdom to enable one to play a winning game against such a redoubtable foe. The batsman must ever keep his eye on the ball. He will need to stand up to the bowling, and sometimes must hit hard. Other balls must be left severely alone, and even then the batsman will need all his skill to keep his end up—yes, and more than human skill; but, thank God, we read in His Word: "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him." In the moment of temptation, when shot and shell are falling thickest in the battle of life, we may prove from our own experience, as so many others have done before us, that "there hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man; but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way of escape, that ye may be able to bear it."

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NOTES ON DAILY READINGS.

For the Junior Department Branch of the Scripture Union.
By the Rev. A. J. COSTAIN, M.A., Headmaster of Rydal Mount School.
Author of "Life of Arthur Jackson," "Men in the Making," etc.

Saturday, 10th.—Joel ii. 1-17. Joel has had time to think about the raid—the effect of massed squadrons, the discipline governing all and each, the importance of resistance. But second thoughts have not affected the remedy. "Yet even now, . . . who knoweth whether he will not . . . leave a blessing?" Man's extremity is God's opportunity. But this is also man's opportunity, and every member of the community must play his part. Our requests will lay hold upon God when they have laid hold upon us.

Sunday, 11th.—Joel ii. 21-32. What can blot out mistakes? A new page is the best remedy. Even God Himself cannot give back what we have lost in carelessness and sin. Samson was restored, but his eyes were not restored. The Prodigal Son was welcomed, but his money was spent. Joel does not promise the old harvest again. Wise man. He promises a new and better harvest. God's remedy for sin is to point us to holiness. Sin leaves its sears, but the best is yet to be.

Monday, 12th.—Joel iii. 9-21. The air is clear once more; the locusts are a memory; the land has revived. Joel calls for action—vigorous spiritual action. A poor memory is a great convenience. A vow promised in fear is seldom performed when the fear has passed. "When the devil was sick, the devil a saint would be. When the devil got well, then devil a saint was he." It's a sorry business, that sort of thing. Play the man, and pay your debts. They are debts of honour.

Tuesday, 13th.—Deut. i. 1-15. The advance signal is given, trench warfare is a thing of the past. Israel is getting a move on. And not before it was time. "You have dwelt long enough in this mountain." Not even a high altitude is sufficient excuse for slacking; and most people can't wait until they catch sight of a mountain. "Looking downwards makes us dizzy," says Browning; we see how far we have got, and lose our heads. Look up, and get humiliated, then "get busy." Paul as a Pharisee loved to look behind, to imagine his mountain the promised land. But Paul the awakened is fed up with his mountain fastness, with his own achievements, "forgetting the things that are behind."

Wednesday, 14th.—Deut. iii. 18-29. Swords for the pioneers, visions for the prophets. The two are one. There can be no true vision without service—ask Peter at Joppa; and unselfish service with the women, children, and cattle waiting for the pioneers to clear the undergrowth ensures a vision. "Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled—that is what the Vision said." Remember? Joshua and Moses are one.

Thursday, 15th.—Deut. iv. 1-13. The children of Israel started on their journey with "sealed orders." The direction was known, the details were hidden. This is God's plan, and it is wise. First obey general principles, then know the whole plan. No man is fit to know who will not obey. Only he who is faithful in few things gets a chance of being faithful in many things. The direction has been followed, now the details are revealed. Minute observance is all important. "Ye shall not add to or diminish."

Friday, 16th.—Deut. v. 1-15. It is only the raw recruit who thinks it degrading to receive orders. The trained soldier knows the value of good orders and the necessity of obeying them. We shouldn't be much use in life without commandments. And these were all negative, but one—Thou shalt not. Yes, this was the childhood of the race, and we have mostly to tell children what they must not do (like the nursegirl who sent Mary to see what Tommy was doing, and tell him he mustn't). It was left to Christ to make men of us. "A new commandment I give. . . . Love." His "Thou shalt" has superseded the old "Thou shalt not."

One of the biggest fights in which the Y.M.C.A. is engaged, and in which, too, no small success has to be registered, is that against drink, while also we are out to make the lives of the men in the forces as physically healthy as possible. This demands possession of the right weapons. Messrs. Flugel and Co. have supplied several of our huts with a machine for making mineral waters, and the distinctive feature of the machine is that it is fitted with a patent filter so that the soldier is guarded from harmful germs, since sterilisation takes place as part of the process of aerating the water. Camp leaders who want good minerals and also a profitable article for sale are recommended to consider that machine.

From a Grateful Heart.

One of our workers at Winchester writes:—"I had occasion to go into Winchester this morning on business, and whilst walking along the High-street passed one of the R.F.A. boys from this camp. He was only a youth, and accompanied by his parents, who appeared to be in humble circumstances, and down for the holiday seeing how their boy was faring, far from home. The lad acknowledged with a smile my words of greeting as I passed by. I had not gone five yards when I felt a hand on my arm, and looking round found myself face to face with the father of the boy. 'Sir,' he said, 'could you take a small donation for the Y.M.C.A.? My boy has been telling us about your hut, where he spends most of his leisure hours, and how well you are looking after the needs of the boys in camp. It is a great comfort to parents to know that these places of yours are open to their sons, and I should like you to accept this for your work.' He pressed into my hand 5s. Not a large sum, but it came spontaneously and from a grateful heart, like the two mites of the widow in the Temple.



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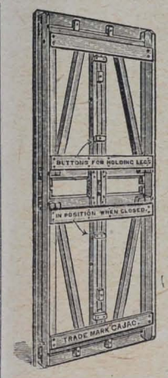


"CAJAC" TABLE, *Fig. 721*

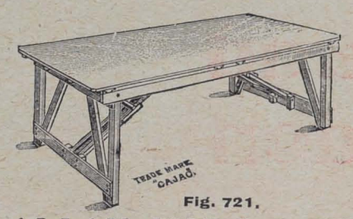
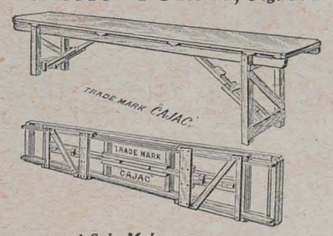


Fig. 721.

"CAJAC" FORMS, *Fig. 601*



"YINDAW" CHAIRS *Fig. 1452*



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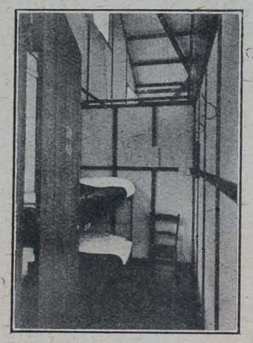

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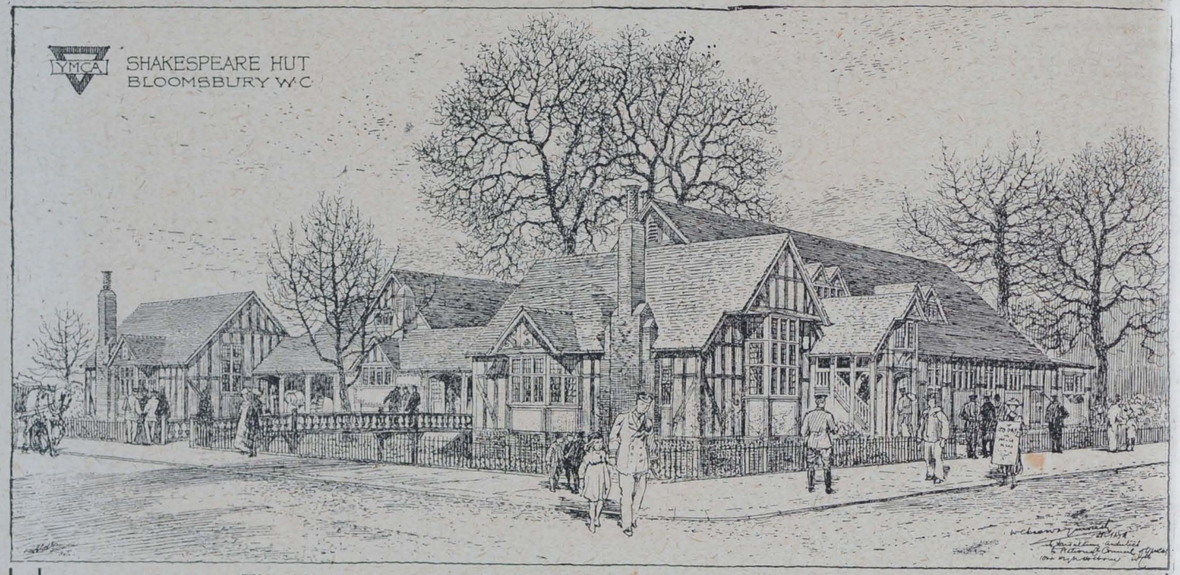
133,000 men in five months have slept in these Huts.



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No. 75. Vol. 2.
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Y.M.

The Country's Call for Men.

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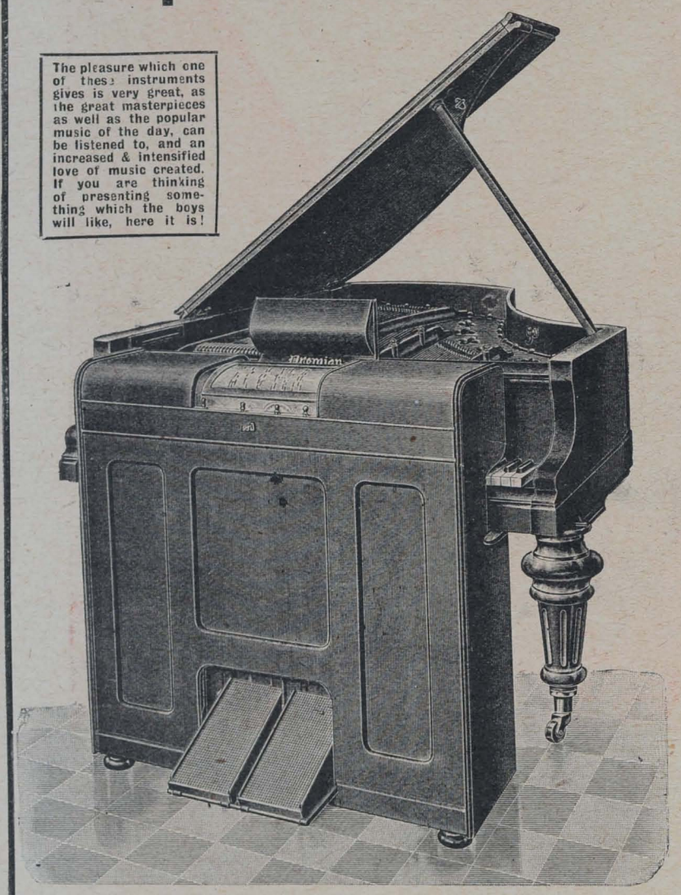

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The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 75. Vol. 2. JUNE 16, 1916. PRICE 1d.

The Country's Call for Men.



K. of K.
A Favourite Portrait.

Photo: Bassano.

THE call for men is no new one; it is as old as the hills. Holy Writ not only tells the story of one who cried, "Run to and fro through the streets of Jerusalem and see if you can find a man," but it is the experience of the Hebrew prophet who said, "I sought for a man and I found none." Equally true is the story of the philosopher who was seen in broad daylight searching in the streets of the city with a lighted candle, and who, on being asked what he sought, replied "that he was searching for a man." Even in these days of war by machinery, the strength of a nation is measured by its manhood. Ever since the beginning of the war the call has been for men, more men, and still more men. How wonderful, too, has been the response! Of course, there have been slackers. That was only to be expected. But what a wonderful feat to have voluntarily enlisted more than five millions of men to take part in the most terrible warfare and most hazardous enterprise essayed by man since the foundation of the world! The pity of it is that in this great struggle the very choicest manhood of the nation is being poured out like water—wasted we were going to say, but nothing that is really great, that fulfils its purpose, can ever be wasted. The life so full of usefulness may be cut off in its prime, but its influence may remain as a constant source of inspiration to others.

Kitchener—the Man.

Half the world to-day is mourning the loss to the Allied cause of Lord Kitchener. He was indeed a man amongst men—a born leader and organiser of men. A few days before the passing of our great field-marshal, Mr. Asquith, speaking in the House of Commons, paid a fitting tribute to the greatest soldier England has produced since Wellington.

"The Army, the Country, and the Empire are under a debt which cannot be measured in words for the services Lord Kitchener has rendered since the beginning of the war."

What a fitting death he died! One cannot imagine K. of K. languishing on a bed of sickness. If he had to die, far better that he should pass as Arthur did—

"From the great deep to the great deep he goes."

We shall always remember him as he was, silent, mysterious, often misunderstood, but always going right ahead with what he conceived to be his duty, fearless alike of praise and blame. He placed the whole Empire in debt to him not only by avenging Gordon, and by his splendid victories in the Soudan, but quite as much by the tactful and statesmanlike way in which he dealt with General Marchand, and handled what might have been a perilous situation so that it paved the way for the *Entente Cordiale*, which was to become the chief guarantee of the liberties of Europe.

We think of him in the South African War—of his brilliant partnership with Lord Roberts, of the clamour for his recall by a certain section of the Press because he did not finish the war as speedily as his critics thought possible. He meanwhile was building blockhouses, and in doing so making a

The Country's Call for Men—*Continued.*

successful end of the struggle only a matter of time. At the beginning of the present war, when others said it would be over in weeks, he said it would last for years, and commenced straight away to prepare and organise for a long war.



Admiral Beatty.

K. of K. was not only a great soldier; he was a great Christian, and the confidential message issued in the early days of the war to the original members of the Expeditionary Force reveals a high character and the lofty and noble ideals that animated the great field-marshal who went down with the *Hampshire* in the North Sea, but whose memory will abide as an inspiration for generations yet unborn.

Beatty on the Bridge of H.M.S. "Lion."

Some people, in their admiration for Kitchener, have spoken as if he were the only great man in the country to-day. Thank God, there is no dearth of manhood amongst Britain's sons! One has only to read the daily papers to be convinced as to this. We quote from the special correspondent of the *Times*:—"Members of the ship's company of the *Lion* speak with uncontrolled admiration of the conduct of Admiral Beatty in the battle. He was on the topmost bridge all the while directing operations. They say that he gloried in the fight, and was as eager, as active, and as delighted as a schoolboy in a victorious football match. . . . In the first few minutes of the battle, when the big German ships converged fire on our leading cruisers, their marksmanship was admirable. They poured such a storm of big shells into the *Queen Mary*, the *Indefatigable*, and the *Invincible* that these ships disappeared within a quarter of an hour. It was then, with a third of his squadron gone, that Admiral Beatty closed in against the Fleet enormously greater in power, and engaged them with furious gallantry and skill. "It made new men of us just to see him," says one of his sailors.

Men of the Week.

We are glad also to pay our tribute of praise to the heroic curate of Deptford Parish Church, Captain the Rev. Edward Noel Mellish, V.C. On three consecutive days Mr. Mellish went out through a perfect inferno of shell-fire, machine-gun and rifle fire and every kind of missile, undeterred by any thought of personal safety, that he might rescue men whose lives were in peril. He was awarded the coveted distinction of the Victoria Cross for extreme gallantry under fire.

We must not forget those who are proving their manhood in the ranks of our Allies. We think of Brussiloff, the victorious Russian general, whose achievements along the Eastern front have electrified the world, and of Major Raynal, the heroic defender of Fort Vaux, who is now in Germany as a prisoner-of-war.

There are, too, the nameless heroes of the deathless Army—the Canadians at the second and third battles of Ypres; the crew of the *Shark* and the *Tipperary;* or the men of whom a naval officer wrote after the battle of Horns Reef, "They were simply splendid. Everything went as if we had been at target practice. Two young boys in an exposed position were extremely good. I don't think either of them is seventeen yet, but these boys never turned a hair."

Yes, the men are splendid; they are doing a man's work in the North Sea, on the Tigris, in British East Africa, 'neath the shade of the Pyramids, on the battlefield of Flanders, and in every theatre of war. What really concerns us is, "Are we—am I—playing the man and doing a man's work? Am I doing my bit to help my King and country in this time of crisis when her faith, her whole future, is hanging in the balance?" There is One Who is beckoning us forward, Who is offering to enter the fight with us. He, and He alone, can help us to play the man. He is saying, "As I was with Moses, so I will be with thee. I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee."

Listen—these are the words not of a professional preacher, but of one who has been described as one of the bravest and most daring of men. Nothing daunts him, and he is the idol of the Navy—Sir David Beatty:—

"Surely the Almighty God does not intend this war to be just a hideous fracas, a bloody, drunken orgy. There must be purpose in it all. Improvement must be born out of it. In what direction? France has already shown us the way, and has risen out of her ruined cities with a revival of religion that is most wonderful. Russia has been welded into a whole, and religion plays the great part. England still remains to be dug out of the stupor of self-satisfaction and complacency which her great and flourishing condition has steeped her in. And until she can be stirred out of this condition, until a religious revival takes place at home, just so long will the war continue. When she can look on the future with humbler eyes and a prayer on her lips, then we can begin to count the days towards the end."

A. K. Y.



The Rev. Noel Mellish, V.C.

TO HIS MEN.

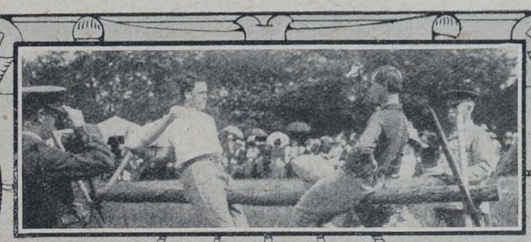
YOU are ordered abroad as a soldier of the King to help our French comrades against the invasion of a common enemy. You have to perform a task which will need your courage, your energy, your patience. Remember that the honour of the British Army depends on your individual conduct. It will be your duty not only to set an example of discipline and perfect steadiness under fire, but also to maintain the most friendly relations with those whom you are helping in this struggle. The operations in which you are engaged will, for the most part, take place in a friendly country, and you can do your own country no better service than in showing yourself in France and Belgium in the true character of a British soldier.

¶ Be invariably courteous, considerate, and kind. Never do anything likely to injure or destroy property, and always look upon looting as a disgraceful act. You are sure to meet with a welcome and to be trusted; your conduct must justify that welcome and that trust. Your duty cannot be done unless your health is sound. So keep constantly on your guard against any excesses. In this new experience you may find temptations both in wine and women. You must entirely resist both temptations, and, while treating all women with perfect courtesy, you should avoid any intimacy.

Do your duty bravely.
Fear God.
Honour the King.

KITCHENER, Field Marshal.







SPORTS · FOR CONVALESCENTS.

SURREY has many delightful spots, but none to surpass Woldingham, and owing to its high altitude and healthy aspect it has undoubtedly been chosen for a Convalescent Camp for Soldiers recovering from the effects of enteric.

¶ It may sound rather extraordinary to talk of sports in connection with such a camp, and yet, of course, men regaining their strength require recreation. Providing, therefore, the events are not too strenuous there is nothing finer than sports to assist them back to a normal condition.

¶ The Commanding Officer, Lieut.-Col. Fletcher, R.A.M.C., did not fail to appreciate this and being anxious for the welfare of his men readily fell in with the suggestion for a sports' day.

¶ Representatives of officers and men soon entered whole-heartedly with the Y.M.C.A. into the arrangements, and Wednesday, May 31st, arrived with the ground gaily arranged and everyone in a festive mood. Sack racing, pillow fighting, mop contests, four-legged races, mixed with one or two more serious events, kept all in a good humour from 3 to 6 o'clock, and when the prize distribution came, one might have thought that each man had gained a trophy. Those who had were, naturally, very ready to approach Lady Walpole Greenwell for them, and the others showed the sportsmanlike spirit by heartily applauding the victors.

¶ The provision of prizes is always a heavy item of expense, but the Woldingham Hospital Sports Fund kindly met this, and further assisted on the financial side by providing a sum to secure the band of the R.A.M.C. from Aldershot.

¶ The selections rendered during the afternoon materially added to the enjoyment, and when about three thousand spectators and convalescents left the field there was little question that all had thoroughly enjoyed the sports.





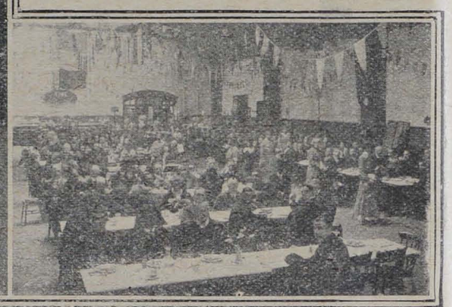




Queen Mary Visits Woolwich.







WOOLWICH was one of the places where we were not needed—so the authorities thought a year ago. To-day, at the Drill Hall we are equipped to serve with a full meal nearly a thousand munition workers at a single sitting, day or night. Within the Arsenal itself, the Government has fitted up and handed over to the Association through Lady Henry Grosvenor, our Lady President of the district, four canteens for men and women, while others which we are to work are nearing completion Already in the Arsenal we have accommodation for feeding about three thousand women and one thousand men. In other munition centres not far away we have not only complete catering arrangements for a large number of workers, but sleeping cubicles for over two hundred men. Miss Vickers, who is the other Lady President of the district, has thrown herself with the greatest possible enthusiasm into the social programme, especially at the Rodney Hut, which was our first for munition workers.



The success of the year has been crowned by a visit from Her Majesty the Queen, who on Tuesday of last week spent the afternoon in an inspection of our work at Woolwich, and was keenly interested in all the varied efforts that are being made to increase the efficiency and ensure the happiness of the men and women upon whom so much depends in our struggle at the fighting fronts.

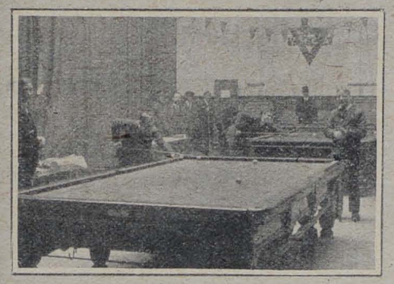
The splendid developments that have so rapidly taken place owe everything to the energy of Lady Henry Grosvenor and Miss Vickers, together with the able and cheery leadership of Mr. H. A. Dennis, our secretary for the district. Nothing could have been accomplished, however, without the magnificent help rendered by the ladies of South-East London, of whom many hundreds have enrolled as canteen workers. At Woolwich Drill Hall alone some eighty are in attendance each day, and even this number is scarcely sufficient for the task of serving the three thousand meals supplied to munitioners every twenty-four hours. Mrs. La Brooy, who organises the voluntary staff there, is still seeking recruits.

The strong feature of the whole enterprise is that it cares for the whole personality. At Rodney, for example, there is not only "something on" every night, but something that counts. Weekly lectures by University Extension and Lecture Agency people, concerts, and French classes are as popular as billiards (in the fine new annexe) or boxing. Nor is the spiritual side of life overlooked, for family prayers are held every evening, there is a short service every Wednesday, and on Sundays there is a twenty-minute service at 1.30 p.m. and a Bible class at 3.30 p.m. Similarly at the Drill Hall, music is provided during meals, lectures and a library are in full swing, and at Easter a quite unique programme of sacred concerts, lectures, and addresses was arranged. Many of the workers come from a distance, and the link with home is strengthened by the provision of letter-paper and envelopes, with a quiet corner in which to write.



It is all well worth while. Not only has war-work become easier for the workers, and the welfare of the nation at the present time correspondingly advanced, but a path has been marked out for social progress in the long future after the war. These are days of adventure and discovery in many things—not least in the great realm of fellowship and mutual service.

What Ladies Can Make of a Drill Hall.













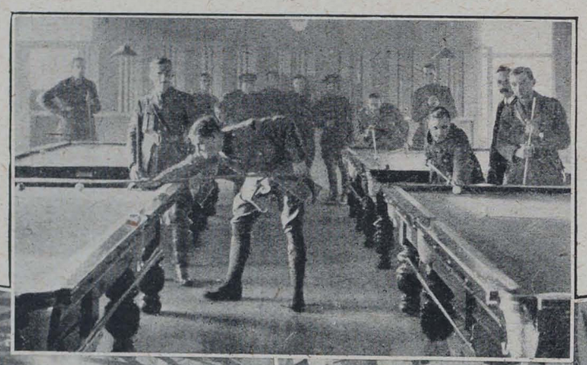
THE HALL AT MEAL-TIME; GIRL MUNITIONERS IN THE ARSENAL; OUR PAID STAFF; THE COUNTER, THE KITCHEN, BILLIARDS, AND LETTER-WRITING.

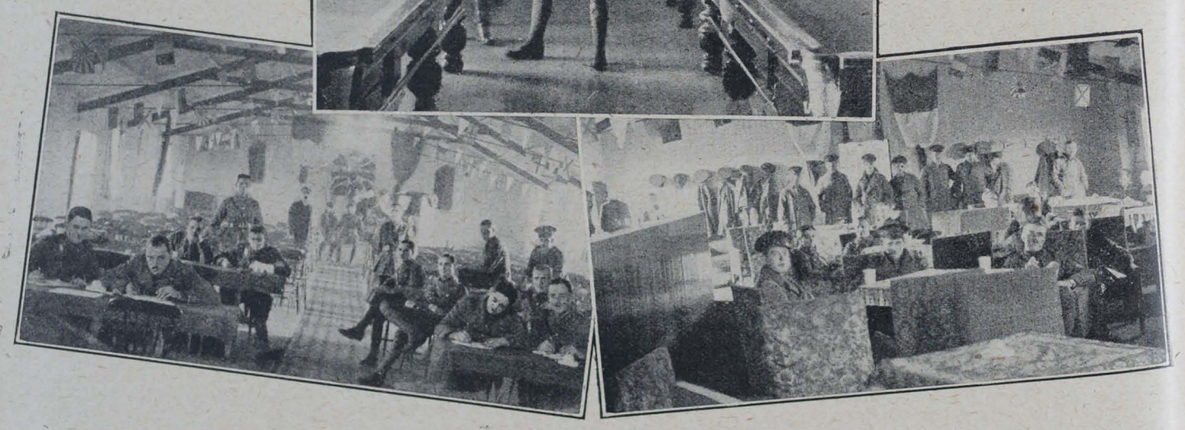
THE CHASE & THE DUKERIES



By W. KINGSCOTE GREENLAND.

YEARS ago, when in pastoral charge of provincial circuits, it often irritated my righteous soul that London monopolised the attention of the nation to the overlooking and neglect of such interesting villages as Manchester and Bristol, and such vital centres of rural peace as Birmingham and Leeds. And now, since becoming a small cog in the wheel of Y.M.C.A. machinery, and visitor-general to her home and foreign camps, my irritation crops up again, this time not only at London's conceit and France and India and Mesopotamia's monopolisation, but at the undervaluation of our provincial camps and work. One would think—and I admit that my tongue is in my cheek to some extent—but one might really think that this world was pivoted on gorgeous Crowborough, or turned on its Flanders or Egyptian axis. Stuff and nonsense! I am far more inclined to think that the equator runs across Cannock Chase, and that peace will be declared at Clipstone, near Mansfield. Forthwith, then, I gird on my armour, I mean my fountain pen, to drive from the stricken field anyone who can show any just cause why the really magnificent Y.M.C.A. hutments at Rugeley and Brocton or Cannock Chase and at Clipstone should not be accounted second to none on our map. Anyhow, if I can give but a little of the honour where honour is so honestly due, and incidentally humble the proud scarlet comb of Crowborough and Euston, I shall feel I have earned the gratitude of the noble army of the unglorified. There's one other matter I want also to get off my chest, and that is my utter contempt for those papers and people who regale every club-room and railway carriage with the (made-up) story of England's incompetence. If they are to be believed we have no generals fit to command, no officials who can even read or write, no Ministers of Government who care a cent. for anything but their wretched salaries, and no business men who can make or buy or sell. If this charge were to any extent true, how comes it about that Germany was annoyed at our coming into the war, and France overjoyed that we did? Why fear a negligible nation? Why welcome an obsolete and incompetent one? One of the surest answers to these traitorous traducers of their native land is the appearance of such camps as the three that I have now to tell of. Somewhere in Stafford, eighteen months ago, was a wide-sweeping, lonely, unfrequented upland of gorse and dell, snake-haunted and desolate, with but one small house. To-day two mighty towns stand there, with abodes for hordes of troops, and across them run railways, and amid the one-time gorse bushes are water works, electric power stations, sewage





The Officers' Hut.

farms, banks, post-offices, cinemas, shops, and asphalted roads, and are gay and busy with motors and men. And it is the same with Clipstone. On the fringe of the five great estates known as the Dukeries, where solitude reigned supreme, lies the best-ordered camp town I have seen, with all the accompaniments of busy and well-equipped human life. I wish the Government would turn mighty Dartmoor into an internment camp for national croakers and Press depreciators. I could furnish a hundred candidates from my own circle of friends—but not one from a Y.M.C.A., thank God—they know better. But all joking apart, I have been very deeply impressed, seasoned camp inspector though I am, by the all-round efficiency of our social and religious work on the Chase and the Dukeries. I have treated the slanders of certain so-called religious weeklies with the contempt which they merit, but I will say that though, naturally, some of our camp workers are more adapted to direct spiritual work than others—even some clergymen and ministers—are, and though the refreshment and management demands are in some cases excessive and should be watched, my own personal experience is that much more direct moral and spiritual work is undertaken than one would deem possible, and also that if this work ceased and the Y.M.C.A. huts degenerated into mere coffee stalls and recreative and non-alcoholic public-houses, however good the work might be that still would be done, I am confident that nine out of ten of our workers and all our leaders would instantly resign.

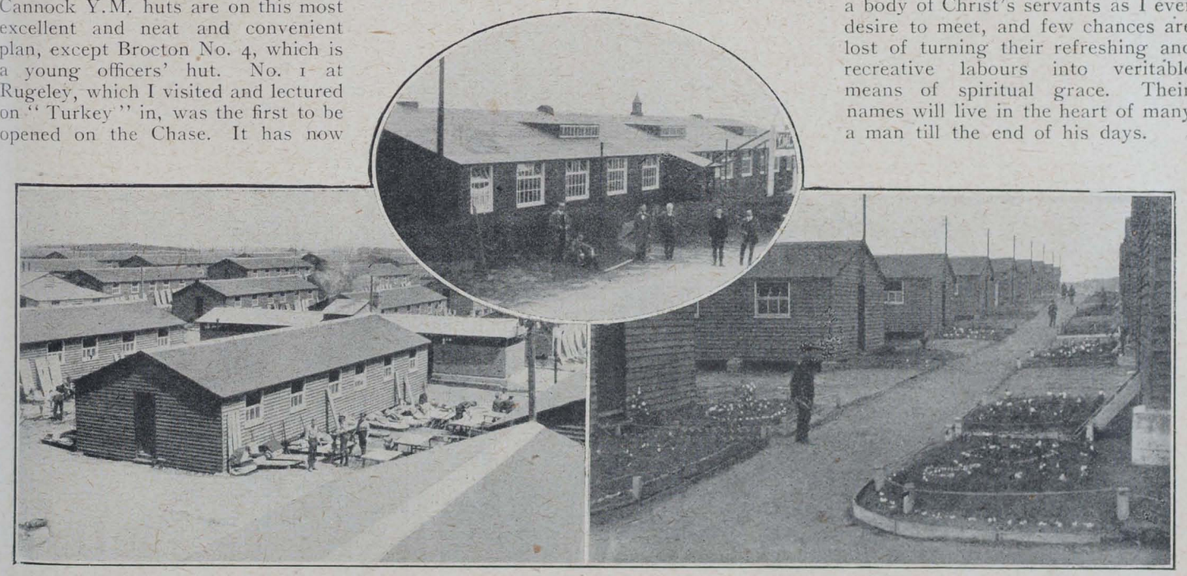
Let me descend—or ought it to be ascend?—to details for a moment. At the time of my visit a few weeks ago we had seven huts, three at Rugeley and four at Brocton. I don't like to institute invidious comparisons, but, personally, I very much prefer the pattern of those huts adopted by the Midland district to those favoured by the London Council. There may be good reasons why the London and Salisbury Plain sections use the one big room pattern, with the refreshment counter at one end, the writing and billiard tables in the middle, and the concert platform at the other. But the Cannock Chase and Clipstone pattern is on a three-room principle, refreshment-room, post-office, &c., in the centre, fifty-five feet long, billiard-room and shooting range room at the one side and concert-room at the other, the staff rooms, stores, kitchen, &c., being at the sides. All the Cannock Y.M. huts are on this most excellent and neat and convenient plan, except Brocton No. 4, which is a young officers' hut. No. 1 at Rugeley, which I visited and lectured on "Turkey" in, was the first to be opened on the Chase. It has now been working for a year, and is always "busy," because it is in the very heart of the camp close to the post-office and bank and Smith's bookstall. The No. 3 hut, where I stayed, interested me intensely. When finished it was found that the huts round it were to be occupied by 600 junior officers. It was the first of its kind I have seen, and is splendidly furnished and opened as an Officers' Club—the first of its kind in Great Britain. The officers appreciate it quite as much as the men do theirs. No. 1 Brocton is also in the camp centre. No. 3 is to be turned into a hut for the use of officers who belong to the Officers' School. These officer huts are without any exception the nicest things I have seen in all my journeyings. Brocton No. 4 was erected and furnished also especially for officers of the Junior Officers' Company camped near. It is eighty feet long in its lounge and refreshment department, seventy feet of billiard-room, six tables, and has imitation oak panelling which is most effective. In all these huts of ours there is a staff of lady workers from adjacent districts, and they deserve our special gratitude for carrying on through the rigour of winter, when the Chase is not exactly a joke.



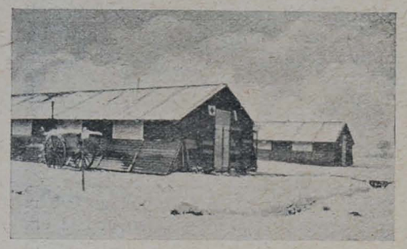
Penkridge Bank.

The war roll is present in a corner of the counter in each hut for signature of pledge and consecration, and New Testament and Gospel literature are everywhere in evidence. We have Sunday services at all the huts, and at No. 2 Brocton a week-night Brotherhood. Strangers' teas are also held.

And now I despair, for I have little space for Clipstone, but just a few special features and names must be put in. Sunday evening service, week-evening service, and Bible classes are held here, and the war roll has 420 names on it. The Pocket Testament League numbers 500, 927 temperance pledges have been taken, and 400,000 letters have been posted in our huts. The hut I was in last at Clipstone was opened by the Duke of Portland, on whose estate it stands, and was most generously given by the readers of the *Nottingham Guardian*. I should also like to draw attention to the quiet room, which is so much appreciated and is being furnished by the leaders themselves. There is all too little shade and quiet in these busy camps. And now, once more, let me refute with all my might, and from my own personal knowledge, the erroneous idea that our Y.M.C.A. workers merely serve tables. They are as true a body of Christ's servants as I ever desire to meet, and few chances are lost of turning their refreshing and recreative labours into veritable means of spiritual grace. Their names will live in the heart of many a man till the end of his days.



At Clipstone.



At the Sign of the Red Triangle



The Loss of the "Queen Mary."

A pathetic story is associated with the loss of the *Queen Mary*. For some time a number of the officers and men of the battle-cruiser had been rehearsing for a special performance, entitled "The Busy Bee," in the hall of our institute at an important Northern base. Admirals, their wives and friends, along with a contingent of blue-jackets from several of the ships, had been invited to the performance, which was arranged to be given on Wednesday afternoon. A final rehearsal on Tuesday betokened complete success for the 'show,' in connection with which special costumes had been supplied by a London firm, and appropriate stage fittings, including electric footlights, had been introduced. On Tuesday evening the *Queen Mary* responded to the call of duty, and set out for the North Sea. By the time the performance was to be given on the following afternoon the battle-cruiser had gone to the bottom of the sea. Up till a late hour on Saturday night none of the institute resident staff had felt disposed to dismantle the hall of its theatrical paraphernalia.

Recreation for Invalid Soldiers—Y.M.C.A. Hut at Stobhill.

Through the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Clark, Dundas Castle, the Y.M.C.A. have been enabled to erect a recreation hut for the wounded soldiers at Stobhill Hospital. This is the first hut built in Scotland on behalf of invalid soldiers. Two others are being erected at Merryflatts and Bangour Hospitals.

Mrs. Stewart Clark formally declared the hut open, and in the course of a short address Mr. Stewart Clark referred to the coming together of the Red Cross and the Red Triangle, the one the complement of the other.

Colonel Napier, in acknowledging the usefulness of the hut as an adjunct to the hospital, said that from the first he had felt that a recreation room of that sort was imperatively needed. They had a population—patients, nurses, orderlies, and other staff—of about 3,000 persons. After paying a tribute to the spirit of the patients, who, he said, were the cheeriest lot that it had ever been his privilege to work among, Colonel Napier spoke of the value of the new hut in relation to concerts for the soldiers. The hospital ward, he said, was not an ideal place for a concert, and in future he hoped that arrangements could be made to hold the concerts in the hut. On behalf of the military authorities, he expressed gratitude to the Y.M.C.A. for their enterprise.

"A Great Loss to the Lancashire Fusiliers."

"It is with profound regret that we say farewell to our leader. Mr. Forrest has been adored by one and all, and the Lancashire Lads have found in him their second father.

"To such an extent has enthusiasm waxed forth on his account that immediately news of his going was in circulation the word "presentation" was on all lips, which was no sooner said than done. A subscription was proposed, carried, and within three evenings we had collected an ample amount to enable us to present Mr. Forrest with a ripping suit-case, and other useful articles with which he was, needless to say, delighted. Well! readers, returning to the heart of our subject—namely, Mr. Forrest, who we wish was returning to us. Apart from our good-byes to him, there are his "sing-songs," for which he was renowned. Mr. Forrest had something up his sleeve for us every evening, and the notice-board would indicate a new title, such as "Harmony Night," "Lancashire Lads' Sing-song," "Get Together," "A Night with the Lancashire Nightingales"; but these are only a few from his extensive repertoire, and to such a degree were they appreciated by us that our password became "What's on at No. 1 to-night, lads?" You are perhaps wondering, Mr. Editor, what has provoked us to write to you in such enthusiastic strains. Well! sir, the reason is that previous camps occupied by us have not possessed such a leader of men, and we all hope that you have some more leaders of the same stamp in other camps whither we may be drafted at any moment. In conclusion, our best wishes go to Mr. Forrest, and jolly good luck to the *Y.M.!*

—From the Lancashire Lads at Y.M.C.A. Hut No. 1, Witley Camp, Surrey."

Thanks and Anticipations.

The special contributions received June 5 to 10, 1916, form a splendid list. It crowns a succession of happy weeks, and we wish to express our warm appreciation of the continued and increasing generosity of our friends. As more is known of the extent and variety of our work, support is forthcoming to a corresponding extent. But even so we are constrained to remind all who take a practical interest in our efforts that we still need money, more money, and yet more money if we are to cope with the opportunities confronting us. The Y.M.C.A.'s of New Zealand have sent us the generous sum of £2,000 for a New Zealand Hostel, Shakespeare Hut; per Mrs. Alec Tweedie we have received for various huts another £1,500; Messrs. N. M. Rothschild, Messrs. R. G. Shaw and Co., Messrs. Morgan, Grenfell and Co., English and American Shipping Company have each contributed £500; Lloyds Bank, Limited, 250 guineas; the Hon. Misses Cunliffe-Lister, £225; New Zealand Shipping Company, £200; Messrs. Shaw, Savill and Albion, Messrs. H. R. Merton and Co., Messrs. J. H. Schröder and Co., Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China, Messrs. C. S. Henry and Co., Limited, Messrs. Lazard Bros. and Co., Messrs. Thomson, Bonar and Co., 100 guineas each; Mr. H. Rutson, Mr. F. A. Haworth, Miss Holt, Mr. H. A. Dugard, Miss Robinson, Mr. W. A. Posnett, Mr. W. A. Sturdy, Messrs. Fruhling and Goschen, Pacific Loan and Investment Company, Limited, Messrs. Hambro and Son, Alexander Shipping Company, *Christian World* (Readers), Mrs. H. Wright, £100 each; Messrs. Bartrum, Harvey and Co., Messrs. R. Raphael and Sons, 50 guineas each; Regimental Agency, Messrs. Lambert Bros., Mr. F. Allfrey, Messrs. Gardiner and Co., Messrs. Sassoon and Co., Mr. S. White, Mr. W. W. Juckes, Mr. and Mrs. Workman, Messrs. W. P. Wood and Co., Mr. Seth Taylor, Messrs. Glover Bros., £50 each.



Colonel Noble, who sends the photographs reproduced on this page, is still working for the Y.M.C.A. with the French Red Cross. He says that the invalids look upon him "not only as a father, but as a Harrod." His planting trees in the war cemeteries has been much appreciated.





Boys of the Plymouth Y.M.C.A Junior Department with Their Gymnastic Instructor, Mr. F. T. Elworthy.

What Irish Soldiers Are Saying.

Mr. George Wright, the camp leader at Agahada, Cork, writes as follows:—"I have been requested by the Commanding Officer (Lieutenant-Colonel Brazier Creagh), of the 3rd Batt. Royal Munster Fusiliers, stationed in Aghada Camp, Cork, to forward the following resolution, which was passed at our usual weekly concert held in the Y.M.C.A. Hut on Thursday eve last. Major Magillacuddy, chairman of the concert, speaking on behalf of the commanding officer, officers, non-commissioned officers, and men, desired to thank the Misses Davies, of London (the donors of our hut), for their kind gift. In a neat little speech, he drew attention to the fine work the Y.M.C.A. were doing not only in Ireland, but everywhere where the flag of freedom was flying. He only wished that these generous friends could see the hundreds of smiling faces packed in our hall nightly, and how the men appreciated their kindness in erecting them such a fine hut, one of the largest and most beautifully situated of its kind in the country. The only fault he (the chairman) could find with the hut was that it was too small. He desired Mr. Wright, the camp leader, to convey to Mr. Yapp (who was a personal friend of his), and also to the Misses Davies, their heartfelt thanks for the kindness bestowed to the officers and men of the 3rd Munsters. The officers and men then rose to their feet and gave three hearty cheers."

"Blighty."

The second issue of "Blighty" keeps up the splendid standard of the first. The various illustrated papers in London are contributing of their best. The resulting periodical is one that is full of life and humour. It certainly will bring to soldiers in the midst of the stress of "active service" something of the fun and laughter they need. We are glad to have the privilege of distributing some 30,000 copies each week to our huts in France. All who wish to help in sending the paper out should send a sovereign to the Secretary, at 30, Fleet-street, London, E.C., when copies will be sent to any soldier whom the donor wishes to nominate.

At the Humber Defences.

A new hut has lately been opened at Burton Constable by Lady Aske, wife of the Commandant of the 5th Cyclist



More Photographs of the Aldwych Hut.



Battalion, Sir R. W. Aske. Mr. J. C. Storey, President of the local Association, explained that the Association is providing a hut and acting in concert with the Humber Defences Society Social Committee, for the use and recreation of the forces in training and on service. Colonel Chichester Constable, presiding, said that when he was in command of the regiment practically every man made use of the hut after the drudgery of the barrack square, and took part in games, read the papers, and used the writing paper and the stationery, and were served with light refreshments. He knew in many cases those huts had been the means of saving the men's money, and had saved thousands of young fellows from getting into difficulties. The huts were very useful in England, but that was nothing to their utility at the front, where there were men days and weeks in the trenches risking their lives, tired in mind and body, who craved a place where they were received with open arms, and where every care was taken of them. The hut was accepted on behalf of the military authorities by General Wolfe Murray.

Sunday in Camp.

It has been rumoured at Headquarters that in certain huts the game of billiards is allowed on Sundays. It should be pointed out that this is contrary to the regulations of the Association, and we have no doubt that where the game has been allowed it has been through inadvertence.

It will, in our judgment, be a great mistake to allow it ever to be supposed that the Association carries on games for profit on Sundays. In this connection we might mention one more fact—that cards are under no circumstances allowed in Y.M.C.A. huts.

These may be said to be almost the only two points on which our policy has been narrow, and the present position has been arrived at not casually, but as the result of careful and earnest conference and inquiry and long experience.

Brewing and Baking at Thetford.

Thetford in these days would entirely belie A. G. G.'s reference to it as "Sleepy Thetford." One of the most splendidly designed and attractively arranged of all our huts stands prominent upon the Common, and some casual visitors the other morning found it a perfect hive of industry. It is a big bakery, baking bread, scones, and cakes, not only for the men who use the huts, but for the canteens, and some half-a-dozen busy white-clad figures, men and women, were hard at work. It has also a complete little mineral water factory, and the brewing of choice brands of lemonade or ginger pop could be witnessed. All this plant has been set up because the local resources could not possibly supply the needs of the camp.

Calling on their way back to town in the evening the visitors found the hut as busy as the bakery was in the morning, thronged from end to end with men. A truly glorious sight. The programme of the hut leader is as enterprising as his provision for the material welfare of the men.

The Red Triangle on Hampstead Heath.

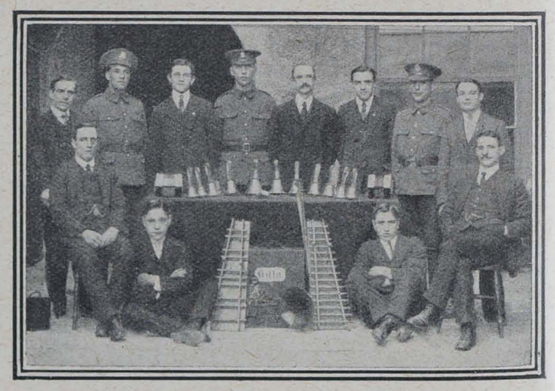
Upwards of four months ago, at the urgent request of the O.C. of the Inns of Court O.T.C., the Y.M.C.A. erected a marquee on the Heath for the use of the troops drilling there. Through its immediate success, a second marquee was added. Both places were well arranged and nicely equipped, so that, with good kitchen accommodation, the men were able to get hot luncheons, in addition to light refreshments. Upwards of 300 local ladies volunteered their assistance for various days to minister to the needs of the men, so that help was plentiful even in the most uncongenial periods. Of these there were abundance, for the worst weather had to be encountered. Heavy rains and snowstorms transferred the ground into a veritable quagmire, and on two occasions the tremendous gales levelled one of the marquees to the ground. Daily, during the dinner hour, a brief concert was given by the ladies and some musical members of the Inns of Court and Artists' O.T.C.'s, who principally used the marquee, and on several occasions addresses were delivered by local ministers and other friends. It need scarcely be said that these efforts were highly appreciated, and that the usual thing was to have the marquees crowded out at the midday meal hours.

Some idea of the need that has been filled may be gained from the fact that between 19,000 and 20,000 dinners have been served during the last four months. And now the end is drawing near, for at this period of the year the men are drafted off to camp, so for the past fortnight the numbers of men on the Heath have been growing less.

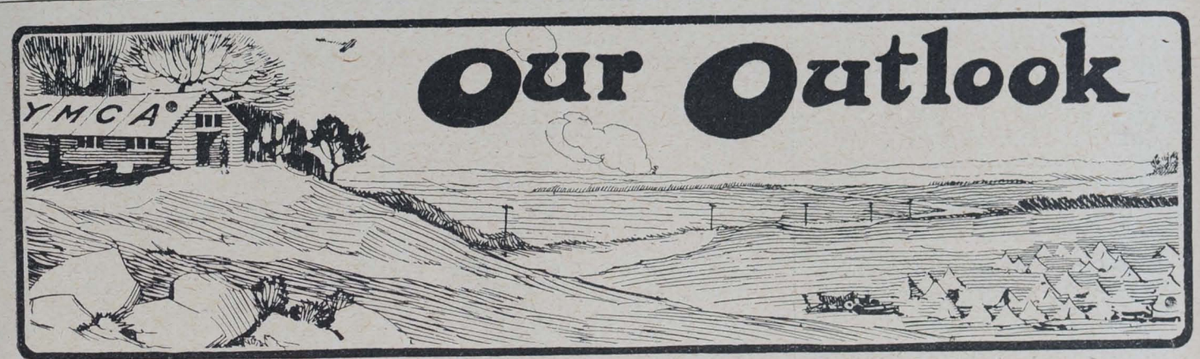
On a recent Saturday Mr. and Mrs. Walter Price invited the remaining members of the Inns of Court O.T.C. and the lady workers to meet for a social cup of tea. A large company responded, and a most enjoyable afternoon was spent. Vocal and instrumental music enlivened the proceedings. Many expressions of thanks were tendered by the men to the ladies who have done such splendid service, and many regrets were uttered by the ladies that their happy piece of service was so soon to come to an end.

Canon Adderley with the Red Triangle.

Canon Adderley has just completed a month's valuable service in Dieppe, where he has made many new friends among the workers and soldiers, as well as among the civil population. His special work has been conducting meetings and short week-end missions in the various huts, and giving lectures on various subjects, and although the summer weather has prevented audiences from being crowded as one had hoped, his meetings have been greatly appreciated by those who have attended. The Canon has now left Dieppe to spend the remainder of his time in France in the 3rd and 4th Armies.



KITTO CONCERT PARTY, PLYMOUTH Y.M.C.A., WHICH HAS ENTERTAINED TROOPS IN Y.M.C.A. HUTS, BARRACKS, AND LOCAL HOSPITALS.



EVERYBODY will watch with profound interest the experiment which the Government is making in the Carlisle district. The purchase and control of not only the licensed houses but also the breweries is drastic indeed. Keen social reformers have more than once criticised the Liquor Traffic Control Board for not going far or fast enough. The critics can scarcely feel disappointed this time. Yet there remains no ground for any charge of recklessness, for we are given a hint that other areas may come under the same treatment later on, but the plan evidently is to make careful trial of this case first. Those who have advocated State Purchase and Control for long past will be looking eagerly for vindication of their theory; those who have as strenuously opposed it will be waiting to say, "We told you so," if the experiment should not turn out well; meantime, the whole question is brought to the decisive test of facts.

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PERHAPS only such a war as this present one could have afforded the necessary conditions for the actual venture. As a people we are slow to take public action for the prevention of private vices. We have not quite the spirit of adventure that makes Canadian provinces "go dry." Rather ashamed of our drink bill, and ready to admit the direct relation between it and crime, poverty, and physical degeneracy, we are always desperately afraid of interfering with the liberty of the subject by limiting the consumption of intoxicants, not to speak of prohibiting them altogether. Preachers, social reformers, doctors, economists, statesmen, and our most famous soldiers and sailors have uttered warnings and appeals without really rousing us, though there has resulted a steady growth of public opinion in favour of temperance. Even in the present war Mr. Lloyd George, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, met his Waterloo at the hands of the brewery shareholders, and Lord Kitchener felt constrained to speak out at the Guildhall with extraordinary plainness and force.

***

NOW, however, the nation is beginning to see that the point at issue is not one of puritanism or of kill-joy fanaticism, but of efficiency first of all, and ultimately of establishing a moral standard in our national life that shall render us deserving of winning the victory in the war, and of being entrusted with empire in the years to come. We are finding out our permanent foes. It is to be hoped that, whatever may be the relation between ourselves and the Germans after peace has been at last declared, there will be no slackening of our hatred towards this traitorous enemy, intemperance. It is therefore good that we should take the measure of the mischief that it can do before we forget again that it must be fought to the death if we are not simply to live, but to have as a nation fulness of life.

***

DR. KELYNACK has therefore rendered a public service by producing the big seven-and-sixpenny volume just issued under the title *The Drink Problem of To-day*. Preaching will not solve that problem. One of the lessons driven home by our war-time experience is that a great factor in dealing with drink must be the provision of counter-attractions that really attract, the building up of a social programme adequate to the powers that are so often wasted in the public-house for sheer lack of something better to do with them. Here we think we may fairly claim that the Y.M.C.A. has been of national importance in carrying through great experiments among the men of the fighting forces, and also among munition workers, which will afford a basis for many forward movements in our social and industrial life after the war. The Liquor Traffic Board of Control, as well as the military authorities, are not slow to acknowledge this, and to give still further co-operation in the effort to prove what can be done by appealing to the common sense, and relying on the moral support, of the people.

IN this book, however, we find abundant reasons for the faith that is in us. Every chapter is written by a specialist, and no aspect of the subject is omitted, from the biology, the pathology, and the psychology of alcoholism to alcohol and national efficiency, alcohol and work, or alcohol and war. Dr. Sims Woodhead, Sir William Collins, Major McAdam Eccles, Dr. Mary Scharlieb, Sir Thomas Oliver, Lieut.-Col. Sir Alfred Pearce Gould, Sir Thomas Whittaker, and half-a-score more men whom we all know and trust, men who are rendering invaluable war-service to the country for the sake of her traditions and still more for the sake of her future, deal in plain facts and unite in direct assertion here. We cannot afford to disregard what they say. Such a body of men is far too busy in these days to sit down and make a book for the mere fun of the thing, or in pursuit of a common hobby. Every one of us is asking, "How can I help England?" Here is one of many challenging answers, and one of the most vital.

***

NO radical remedies ought to be applied to even the most terrible disease of the body politic unless both patient and physician know what is being attempted, and why. It is not sufficient for an enlightened Government, working through a very-much-in-earnest Control Board, to proceed to strong measures if it has only the *acquiescence* of the people behind it. Success and permanent advance demands clear judgment and resolute action on the part of the whole nation. This is possible only as we add to our faith knowledge. No greater service can be rendered by Y.M.C.A. workers to soldiers, munition workers, the Government—aye, and to the Kingdom of God—than to *know* about this matter, and to pass on what they know in lectures, addresses, or, best of all, in ordinary conversation. The Y.M.C.A. ought to stand in the future for specialised knowledge, as much as for keen enthusiasm, regarding this and similar great personal, social, national, and religious questions.

Y. M.

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33A, Green-lanes, Canonbury,
London, N.,
June, 1916.

To the President of the Y.M.C.A., and all those who are interested in the furtherance of the work of the Association.

DEAR SIR,—We are very much interested in the work which is being undertaken by the Young Men's Christian Association, knowing that you are doing your utmost to see that the soldier has put before him that which is most urgently required, *i.e.*, a non-alcoholic drink of a wholesome and satisfying flavour at a low price.

Although we are busily engaged upon the production of munitions of war for the Government, yet we have a number of nearly finished machines at our works which have been and are still being reserved for orders specially placed with us for the requirements of the troops. Our machines have long since been recognised as the most economical, compact, and easy-working machines obtainable, and, in fact, we have already had much pleasure in sending our complete plants for use at the Y.M.C.A. bases in France and Mesopotamia. We have also fitted up plants at many of the important naval and military towns in the kingdom, but we feel that the need for a vigorous campaign for the purpose of placing before the troops good temperance drinks is still very urgent and important, and we therefore address you personally in the hope that you will give this matter your serious attention.

While it is essential that the soldier should be supplied with temperance drinks, yet it is very important that the water he is drinking should be absolutely free from any injurious germs: our machines are fitted with patent filters, thus the mineral waters are produced under the most hygienic principles. It does not matter whether the water being used is obtained from the water company's main or from a well, river, canal, or any other source; the same pure and wholesome drink is obtained. The great thing, particularly in those places where water is not obtained from the water company's main, is to see that the water is made pure. *Our Machine sterilises the water in the most effective manner*, and, in fact, this sterilisation takes place as part of the process of aerating the water, so that while the real essential of a temperance drink is secured, viz., its purity, yet this is done by the Machine without any extra labour or cost. Our Tommies should be guarded from harmful germs as well as from the enemy's bullets, for if the water he drinks is not pure, then his health, and even his life, stand in great danger.

Now is the very best time of the year to take this matter up effectively, and by systematically putting our Machines in every place where required, not only will a great deal be done to stimulate temperance, but a campaign such as we propose should be started at once would have the effect of enabling the soldier to obtain perfect mineral waters at a very low cost. The minerals will be produced on the spot where required, thus avoiding unnecessary cartage. The monetary gain from the sale of the drinks could be used for the furtherance of this cause. Now is the time to act, and to act quickly. Write us per return.

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Yours very truly,
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Leisurely Letters

From One Booklover to Another.

MY DEAR A,—Your account of the camp debate amuses me and provokes N. He can't see why you should all have been so excited about Sir Edward Grey's phrase, "A good European." I am cynical enough to think it was because neither side knew very clearly what it meant. But you certainly had a stirring evening, and I don't wonder that a little group has asked you to form a discussion circle wherein to thrash things out. And very nice, too, if you hold it, as you propose, in that wooded corner where we smoked and told stories when I paid you so unexpected a visit.

You didn't know your opponent was a Scotsman? My dear boy, that was no excuse for getting whacked, even by so narrow a margin of votes. And let me tell you this, that Southerners are as keen as kilties to get at the bottom of things just now. You should see the list of special books for camp libraries that I'm getting asked for just now. So there's nothing for it: you must needs do a little hard reading. Let me recommend you and the other members of that discussion circle two little books that will give you something to think about and then talk about. Apparently the process was reversed in the case of the now historic debate!

First, then, is *An Introduction to the Study of International Relations*. All right! Don't shy! It's a most forbidding title, I admit, but the book is quite a small one. (Half-a-crown: Macmillan's.) Not that it's like the famous Chinese book which has only four thousand words in it of such compressed wisdom that nobody has yet been able to understand what even the title means. This little book is composed of half-a-dozen brief essays by people who are certainly "live wires," like Philip Kerr, the editor of *The Round Table*, A. J. Grant, the Professor of History in Leeds University, and Urquhart of Balliol. Roughly, it comprises a brief survey of modern wars, an inquiry as to why they have come about, and a discussion of the forces, such as economic relations, the race problem, and the development of law as between nations, that really determine war and peace. Arthur Greenwood, who edits the book, winds up with a few clear-cut pages about the growth of freedom through citizenship, local, national, and ultimately world-wide. The whole book is an unconscious commentary on Oliver Goldsmith's happy conception in his essay "On Being a Citizen of the World." It is all very practical, and full of bold facts and common sense. You are told exactly what you want to know about the questions at issue not only between the opponents in the present struggle, but between the Allies and within the Empire, while it is clearly shown that no nation can be really neutral in these matters. No book could be more free from the sentimental, the loose in thought, or the preachy. But Kerr strikes the keynote when he says, in his chapter on "Political Relations Between Advanced and Backward Peoples," that "Civilisation, in its essence, is not so much a matter of mechanical achievement as of character. It appears in the degree in which individuals are united by mutual trust and mutual service, and by the common determination to order the conditions of their social life ever more and more in accordance with truth and justice. Not the least decisive mark of a superior civilisation is the readiness of its members to sacrifice themselves in order that their less fortunate fellows may learn how to share in their blessings."

"Platitude!" you say. But how many of our own friends, doing lip service to it, actually adopt the "damned nigger" attitude to fellow-citizens of the Empire? And how many recognise in that attitude the German *Kultur* that rode roughshod over Belgium? Moreover, the spirit may find even worse expression in "economic war" than in the devastated Low Countries.

I think you will want to turn to my second little book. It is more disjointed than the other, but it is desperately full of stuff that strikes fire. The title that it bears is no more alluring than that of the one I have just been describing. Moreover, it consists of speeches at a conference, and of all things conferences in war-time seem to me most wicked. This one is justified of its child, however. It was a conference of Social Service Unions, and I'm glad that there is to be another at Swanwick at the end of this month. This year after-the-war problems are to be discussed. Last year the subject was *International Relationships in the Light of the War*, and the book just issued at half-a-crown by Simpkin, Marshall for The Collegium makes one hope there will be a second volume. For here you have a really overwhelmingly brilliant lot of contributors, headed by Clutton Brock, who deals with "International Life and the Kingdom of God" after a fashion that suggests Amos, Augustine, and Thomas More, together with the *Times* Literary Supplement, all in one. The new Master of Balliol, our old friend A. L. Smith, who looks like a middle-aged carpenter and speaks like an inspired satirist, is cheek-by-jowl with the present Warden of Toynbee Hall, whose smooth voice is like the polished surface of a high explosive shell. One address discusses "Christianity as Permitting War at a Stage of the World's Development," and is by the Rev. J. M. Lloyd Thomas. The next is uncompromising on "Christianity Against all War," and is by Principal J. W. Graham. Here is a hard-fact statement about "The Cost of the War," by F. W. Hirst, there three flaming pages by Maude Royden on "Feminism as Antagonistic to Force." William Temple, Canon H. B. Masterman, Philip Wicksteed, Aneurin Williams, and A. E. Zimmern all contribute, and Father Charles Plater sums up with an incisive humour all his own.

Not even a sea lawyer could reconcile all that is said in these few pages, so fresh and varied are the points of view. But there is absolute agreement on two points which Father Plater sets forth thus:—

"All who call themselves Christians must admit that the laws of morality do extend to nations as well as to individuals. Indeed, this great truth is not a specifically Christian truth at all . . . it is a matter of sound moral judgment.

"What Christianity has done is to make it practically possible to obey the dictates of reason. It provides us with a spirit, a motive, a sanction. Reason tells men what to do; Christianity enables them to do it. If they will not do it, that is not the fault of Christianity."

Platitude again? Try it on that discussion group and see! I shall be interested to know what has happened.

Yours as always,
B.

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Germany's Last Colony = = = =

By John H. Harris.

GERMANY'S last and largest colony is now to be subject to an Anglo-Belgian conquest, and if, as seems probable, this huge territory should pass from German control prior to the close of the European war, Germany will, for a time at least, cease to exist as a Colonial Power, whilst the loss of her last colony will be for the Germanic Powers a staggering political blow. Gradually mile after mile of Germany's oversea dominions has passed under the rule of foreign flags, although very few, even in Allied countries, have realised the extent of these conquests. The Bismarck Archipelago, twice the size of Belgium, New Guinea, half as large again as England, have passed to the control of the "Anzac" flag in the Antipodes. Togoland, six times the size of Montenegro, is now in Anglo-French occupation. The Cameroons territory, approximately the size of France, is now occupied by a Franco-Belgian-British administration. "German South-West," seven times the size of Poland, has beyond question now become permanently part of the United States of South Africa. Thus, with one exception, the entire German Colonial Empire has passed from German control—a Colonial Empire which, since its foundation in the early 'eighties, has cost Germany millions sterling, no less than £70,000,000 sterling having been spent within the last twelve years.

The magnitude of this conquest has been somewhat eclipsed by the struggle nearer home, but a comparison of actual mileage occupied by the Central and Allied Powers respectively gives striking emphasis to the military and naval accomplishments of the Allies:—

Foreign territories occupied by the Germanic Powers, 176,000 square miles (approximately).

Germanic territories occupied by the Allied Powers: In Europe, 3,000 square miles; in Africa, 546,000 square miles; in the Pacific and the East, 97,000 square miles—646,000 square miles, or over three times the size of the German Empire.

The Conquered Territories.

The chief advantage in the occupied territories is an economic one, whilst that of Germany's remaining colony in East Africa is political. Kaiser William Land, in the South Seas, is chiefly valuable by reason of its copra or cocoanut industry, well-established rubber plantations, and a considerable pearl industry. The same applies to the Bismarck Archipelago, the Solomon, Caroline, and Samoan groups. The total value of the exports from Germany's Pacific possessions prior to the war was just over £1,000,000, or approximately the sum for which Germany in 1899 purchased the Carolines from the Spaniards. The combined West African possessions are economically of enormous potential value; even prior to the outbreak of war the exports from these colonies were considerable, the tropical colonies of Togoland and Cameroons together shipping to Europe palm oil, cocoa, and rubber to the value of well over £1,000,000 per annum, whilst in Cameroons alone there are 25,000 acres of cocoa plantations and over 15,000 acres of cultivated rubber trees just entering upon the productive stage. "German South-West" is sub-tropical, and exported diamonds and copper to the value of a million sterling. The total exports of German colonies prior to the outbreak of war was just over £12,000,000.

German East Africa.

German East Africa differs in several respects from the other colonies, but notably in two particulars—the one in that this colony alone is, in the strictest sense, capable of colonisation, and the other in the political effect involved by the loss of East Africa, which will be far greater than that entailed by the conquest of all the other German colonies put together; first, because this colony has in it a very large Mohammedan element, closely linked up from time immemorial with the Mohammedan races of Uganda, the Sudan, Arabia, and India; moreover, there are in the colony over 10,000 Asiatics. The intimate association of this colony with the Mohammedan world is further evidenced by the fact that until 1890 the Sultan of Zanzibar held the coast line, but in that year ceded it to Germany for £200,000. Thus the political effect which the conquest of this colony will have upon the Mohammedan communities of Africa and Asia will be very considerable. In Germany it can hardly have less deplorable results, for its conquest will be to the public a very death-knell to dreams of colonial expansion. To lose the last colonial territory—and, from the German point of view, the finest—will be for Germany a political disaster of first magnitude.

The Military Problem.

The violent speeches of Dr. Pieters against England can be understood when it is remembered that Germany's position in East Africa is primarily due to his astuteness, which during 1885 and 1890 culminated in the recognition of a German protectorate over these 384,000 square miles. This colony, like British East Africa, is capable in many areas of a white colonisation; its extensive table land, 3,500 feet above sea-level, and the slopes of the mountain ranges offer great possibilities for the settlement of white races. But for some reason Germans have hesitated to emigrate, with the result that on the outbreak of war there were less than 5,000 colonists of German nationality, whilst the military force only consisted of 400 Europeans and 5,000 natives, to which must be added certain units which were on the high seas on their way from Tsing Tau, and are said to have reached German East Africa. The chief military obstacle in German East Africa is the enormous native population, for this colony is reputed to possess an indigenous population of eight to ten millions, including two native Sultanates of 1,500,000 and 2,000,000 respectively. If this estimated population is at all accurate, it represents, I believe, the largest native population, with the exception of Egypt, in any political division of the continent, British South Africa having less than six millions. The chief factors in the military situation will probably be those semi-independent States of Urundi and Ruanda, in the extreme North-West, bordering on Uganda; and if the rulers of these territories co-operate with the British and Belgian forces, the conquest of German East Africa should be a quick one. Nothing has been published on this subject, but doubtless the Intelligence Department in Uganda has been fully alive to the vital importance of this feature. Another military feature of no little interest is the Boer colony. Will these colonists, who number a few hundreds, join the German troops and lead the armed natives in a guerilla warfare against General Smuts and his fellow-South Africans?

Progress in the Colony.

German East Africa, like most German colonies, has been vigorously developed, possessing a fine railway system of two lines, one of which, 800 miles long, traverses the country right away to the shores of Lake Tanganyika. Industrially, too, there has been rapid progress, the rubber plantations covering over 80,000 acres, that of the sizal fibre over 50,000, and the cotton plantations 35,000 acres. Another valuable product in the protectorate is the copra obtained from cocoanut plantations, which total nearly 1,000,000 cocoanut trees. The value of these assets, moreover, is enormously enhanced by the abounding supply of native labourers, and, further, the protectorate is rich in flocks and herds, for prior to the outbreak of war there were over 4,000,000 head of cattle and nearly 7,000,000 sheep and goats.

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M 95—11

Preaching.

By the Right Hon.

G. W. E. Russell.

I HAVE sometimes been accused of a tendency to preach, and I do not repel the accusation.

When the first popularity of *Tom Brown's Schooldays* had subsided the critics took up their parable against it. "Too much preaching" was the burden of their song. To this reproach Mr. Hughes made answer with characteristic vigour and directness. "My whole object in writing was to get the chance of preaching. . . . I can't see that a man has any business to write at all unless he has something which he thoroughly believes and wants to preach about. If he has this, and the chance of delivering himself of it, let him by all means put it in the shape in which it will be most likely to get a hearing; but let him never be so carried away as to forget that preaching is his object." There are those to whom this dogma of Tom Hughes seems to ignore all the joy of life, whether in the pleasures of sense, or in the artistry of words, unless it is sanctified by duty. To these gainsayers, the excellence of the doing is the one point worthy of consideration. According to them, the thing done is immaterial. Alike in music, in painting, in sculpture, in poetry, in fiction, the subject may be as hideous and as wicked as a corrupt imagination can suggest, but effective handling purges its offence; or, rather, there is no offence where the presentment is attractive. This is a doctrine of devils, but, happily, there have been artists, in every acceptation of the phrase, who have painted the loveliest ideas of which the soul is capable in a form which has compelled the admiration of the world. These men did not write, or compose, or paint, or chisel with an object. Their hearts were full of beauty, and it overflowed. They served the world without knowing or intending it, and we look up to them as we look up to the stars.

Far below these, indeed, yet quite respectably high up in the firmament of Literature (for fiction is the form of art which just now I am considering), are the authors who have felt moved, like Mr. Hughes, to "preach," and have chosen fiction as the surest vehicle of their doctrine. Very great writers have used this method. To it, I suppose, we owe *Nicholas Nickleby*, and *Felix Holt*, and the *Ordeal of Richard Feverel*. Charles Reade preached reform of Prisons and Asylums; Mrs. Beecher Stowe helped, by her preaching, to abolish slavery; Charles Kingsley, a preacher alike by instinct and by profession, preached his own peculiar gospel of Health, Economics, and Social Reform in *Yeast* and *Alton Locke* and *Two Years Ago*. *Robert Elsmere* is a sermon from the first page to the last; and so, though its doctrine is strikingly dissimilar, is *John Inglesant*. *Eric* and *St. Winifred's* were sermons addressed to boys through their female relations, and *Tom Brown*, with which we started, is a sermon which boys themselves have been known to read.

For my own part, I rather dislike this blend of fiction and edification. "I like my butter bald," as the American said when he spied a hair in the pat; and I swallow my black-currant jam with greater relish when I do not suspect that it contains a powder. When I am to undergo a sermon, I like to be prepared for it, and then no man stands it better. But, when I take up a novel, I like to read it in the comfortable assurance that the author will not attempt to preach at me; I like a story with a plot; a tale about real men and women, who talk like human beings and not like Lindley Murray, and in whose loves and fortunes and jokes and sorrows I can become absorbed. I protest against being disgusted, but at the same time I decline to be edified, and therefore I prefer *Henry Dunbar*, and *The Moonstone*, and *Geoffrey Hamlyn*, and *Joan*, and *Vice Versa* to some of the more didactic romances which I have named above. Still, after all, I am only a "feeble unit" of the great reading world, and that the majority of my fellow-readers think differently is proved by the enormous circulation which the Didactic Novel attains. I say, with that shrewd young journalist, Adolescens Leo, "Let us leave the envious to break their teeth on this magnificent file, the countlessness of whose editions has something analogous to the world-wide circulation of the *Daily Telegraph*." We have heard on unquestionable authority, though in imperfect rhyme, that

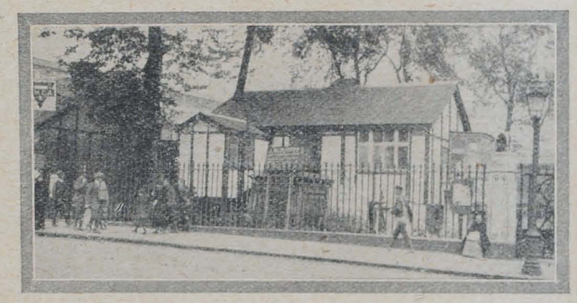
the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated as to cheat.

And it really looks as if, to the bulk of our countrymen, the pleasure of being preached at is as great as the pleasure of preaching, and even greater. Enough has been said about that insidious, almost dishonest, form of preaching through fiction which Judge Hughes so unblushingly extolled, and there are other forms scarcely less culpable. "The woman, who may not preach religion in churches, must preach herself through the medium of the narrative, the memoir, or the autobiography." Even the lowly essayist, humblest of all creatures that ply the pen, likes to be praised as "a gentle Parson in a tie-wig," and prints the compliment on the fly-leaf of his second edition.

But preaching, in order to be popular, need not be covert or insidious. Open and avowed, it attracts its tens of thousands; and, though some may demand the sensuous deception of black currant, there are plenty of people whose unsophisticated palates find a wholesome joy in the pure flavour of aloes and rhubarb. I speak in a figure; what I mean is that Preaching, in the most conventional and professional sense of the word, is extremely and increasingly popular.

In 1845 Prince Albert put the case against preaching thus tersely: "Sermons, why so dull? No object." Twenty-five years later the *Times*, astounded by Liddon's success, wrote: "'As dull as a sermon.' No proverb is more true. 'The age of the pulpit has gone by.' No idea is more readily taken for granted by cultivated men." It is just the sort of remark which "cultivated," or, as we now say, "cultured," men take delight in making, and it was pre-eminently characteristic of the Liberal school which flourished when the words were written. "Our modern Sadducees," said Matthew Arnold, "are the old Liberal hacks, who believe neither in angel nor spirit, but only in Mr. Herbert Spencer." Should any "Liberal hack," however "cultured," adventure the remark to-day he would be condemned by the learned as imperfectly versed in Sociology, and by the vulgar as having gone about the world "with his eyes in his breeches pockets"; for the popularity of Preaching is one of the undeniable facts of the present age.

How much depends upon the personality of the preacher? With women a great deal. An enthusiastic Churchwoman once told me that she had seen the Bishop of London in his purple cassock. "I said, 'Oh, Bishop, you ought to be painted in that dress,' and he replied, 'I have.' How right Herkomer was to choose it!" Ladies of this type fill to suffocation the churches in which the Bishop preaches, and form themselves in double rows along the pavement to catch a sight of him as he fights his way to his motor. But his admirers are not only women; and there are crowds of men who, though they may not enthuse over his purple cassock, love his sincerity, his simplicity, and his cheerful goodness.



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TRAINING SCHOOL NOTES.

Mr. W. F. Le Grys is having long days and a busy time at Biscot, near Luton. He has appreciated letters received occasionally from his class-mates.

Rev. D. W. Terry writes from Wrotham, where he is having a very busy time of it. Many of the usual facilities granted seem to be lacking, but the men present an unrivalled opportunity for service. As a Canadian, rural England is just now affording him continual joy and delight.

Mr. M. Lindsay went first to Thetford, where he had a spell of three weeks' service, but has since been transferred to the Felixstowe centre.

Mr. V. G. Cole sends a message from a certain centre in France, after four months' work among the men there. Much of it has been spent within appreciable distance of the Boches, and it has been quite "lively" at times for Y.M.C.A. workers. The military afford every facility. One centre keeps open till 3 a.m. to serve the men going through by the leave train.

Mr. Howard Bradley has been stationed at the Hilsea Barracks at Portsmouth.

Rev. W. Ogg has been on very active service in Havre, taking a turn at all the various forms of work. "The men are first-rate, cheery, well behaved, very responsive to any attempt that makes for their good, and I do not wonder that so many workers desire to prolong their stay in a Y.M.C.A. hut in France."

Mr. H. Wernham has been working at Belhus Park, and set on foot a plan for the purchase of a new piano for the hut. Officers are helping heartily in the scheme.

Mr. J. P. Russell writes in good spirits from Prees Heath, where he seems to have fitted into a good working party. There are three huts in the camp, and plenty of things going on at each of them. While there is a good deal of drudgery, he has been able to find plenty of humour in camp life, which consequently he enjoys immensely.

Messrs. Simpson and Younie have arrived at their field of operations in Mesopotamia. New centres are being opened, and the first-named is in charge of one near Basra. Only two men are available to work it, which means heavy work, as the refreshment side is naturally much in evidence. Lectures and concerts, as well as services, are organised. It seems strange to link up Basra, with all its old associations, with a cinematograph.

Mr. E. D. Smith is comfortably installed at one of the Shoreham huts, and working hard. He says that the only time when he was tempted to throw up the work was when for a day or two the working party was larger than usual, and he had less to do.

Mr. H. M. Greenwood is having a happy experience at Morn Hill, Winchester.

Mr. B. Spoor has been serving at Shorncliffe, but is now on his way to Salonica, where his short experience of the home work will stand him in good stead. He has been much appreciated during the time he has been helping in Kent.

Rev. J. Christian Brown is already leading a hut in the war zone in France, where he has found the instruction given in the classes of "tremendous importance." He writes enthusiastically of the officers and their interest in their men. Late one night a train was held up in his neighbourhood for a couple of hours just when he had been left all alone by his French helpers. A request, therefore, to provide for 400-500 men single-handed was a stiff proposition. The officers, however, volunteered assistance, and thus all the men were served, and departed after midnight, all the more cheerful for the timely help of the Y.M.C.A.

Mr. A. Asboe spent his first week among the men at Dunbury, but has since then been given charge of a centre of his own at Maldon. He has found scope for all his powers there, and has been much encouraged by the way the men have appreciated the services rendered. He had quite a crowd to hear him when he lectured on "Life in Labrador." Special Good Friday services also met with a fine response from the men.

Mr. L. F. Curtis has been one of the unfortunate ones, for, after a short spell of work at Felixstowe, he was taken ill with German measles, and has had to spend much of his time since in an isolation hospital. He expects to resume work shortly, however.

Mr. W. L. Devereux has been assisting at the Woodbine Hut, in the Harfleur Valley, and describes himself as being "in clover." He is not far from the place where Mr. Simpson, another member of the same class, is working.

Mr. J. J. Firth writes from one of the Winchester camps describing a very strenuous life, but evidently enjoying the work and its contact with the men. A Bible-class has been started as the result of a Christian soldier's appeal at one Sunday evening service. His letter goes on: "The other night, well after closing time, there came a loud knocking at the door. We shouted '*Closed*,' but still the rattle went on. So we opened the door to find a strong enough looking soldier hugging a cat. He had come to buy something for the cat's supper. The food was supplied, and you should have seen the wonderful look of pleasure and satisfaction on that fellow's face as he fondled his pet and said good night. I guess that man is not a bad sort.'

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Questions Men Are Asking at the Front.

I.—The God of Battles and the God of Love.

By the Rev. E. G. Miles, M.A., Author of "The Soul of a Ranker."

"TO me it is getting more difficult every day to reconcile the God of love with the God of battles."

This sentence appears in a letter sent by a soldier who has been in the thick of the fighting. He has seen his friends shot down beside him, he has been face to face with death, and with all the nervous exhaustion which such experiences brings, he says that he surprises himself at the inexhaustibleness of his own "*demoniac vocabulary.*"

Some of his friends express surprise and pain at the confession of the inability to reconcile the God of love with the God of battles, as though that candid expression of feeling were something to be deplored. On the contrary, it is the confession one would expect from any man who looked facts in the face; for the God of love and the God of battles are two irreconcilable terms.

A man in whom all the finer instincts have decayed, and who has given up all attempts to think out the religious problem as it appears in this great conflict, might be forgiven when he confuses the God of battles and the God of love; but to another man whose senses are awake to moral and spiritual issues there is bound to be a growing difficulty in attempting to reconcile the God of love and the God of battles. The existence of the God of love is a *Christian* belief, and finds its basis in the New Testament and the teaching of our Lord. The belief in the God of battles is pagan, and finds its basis in the Jewish and the Norse religions, and its chief supporters among the Prussians, and in certain widely circulated London newspapers. Between the two there is an age-long struggle, and they have no point in common, for where the God of battles reigns the larger love is overwhelmed in brutality and hatred and all the organised evil of the world; and the writer of this confession may yet come to see that he is a servant of the God of love, laying down his life in the titanic struggle against the God of battles.

There are a few points to be kept in mind which prevent confusion of thought when we deal with this subject.

1. The God of love is the spirit in man that prompts all good things. It makes for love and kindness among men, and erects a standard of conduct by which men can live peaceably together. It tends to produce types of character like that of the Lord Jesus Christ. It is a power in the individual life, not necessarily an organisation, for its influence is personal, and it lives in every human life that seeks an upward way.

2. The God of battles is the very opposite of this. It is the name that men give to organised force. When the powers of destruction rise to their greatest height they assume a kind of awe which men are quick to feel, and the onrush of this power is often mistakenly supposed to be divine. Men worship before it, and believe that it is somehow working for their good. It is an easy belief, and one that excuses any form of pitiless cruelty. It is greedy and merciless, and its one enemy is peace. Under no circumstances can it be reconciled with the God of love.

3. We must remember that war is an evil that comes about through a departure from a belief in the God of love, and in order to defend the finer things in life the children of God enter into conflict that the war god may be thrown down. God is not the author of war. There is nothing heaven-born in the methods of modern warfare. War is the work of man; but since it is only through war that men can know the evil that war brings, the God of love permits it, and thereby provides the opportunity for men to turn away from the false gods of battle to worship the true God of peace and love.

FOR PRAYERS IN THE HUT.

HUT workers have frequently asked for reference to a book of prayers which would be useful to those conducting both the ordinary evening prayers and Sunday services in our huts.

Mr. John Murray has lately republished in a convenient form for the pocket and at half the old price one of the most useful anthologies that we know. It is compiled by Dr. S. F. Fox, and is entitled *A Chain of Prayer Across the Ages*. It is arranged as a series of morning prayers for twenty-six weeks and evening prayers for three weeks, with a large number of sections for special seasons, national prayers, &c. Each page contains from three to six prayers drawn from ancient liturgies and modern religious literature, so that it is easy to choose either the compact and stately form of a great collect or the intimate and homely utterances which we connect with family prayers. All the great saints and martyrs of the Church are represented here, and there are prayers written by most of the well-known modern preachers, teachers, and writers. The book is thoroughly well worth its price of 2s. 6d. net.

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NOTES ON DAILY READINGS.

For the Junior Department Branch of the Scripture Union.

By the Rev. A. J. COSTAIN, M.A., Headmaster of Rydal Mount School.

Author of "Life of Arthur Jackson," "Men in the Making," etc.

Saturday, 17th.—Deut. v. 16-29. What a contrast! This awful mountain, with its fire flashes and thick darkness, its mystery and majesty, and the Mount of Beatitude, with the birds singing overhead, and the lilies underfeet. How can we wonder that so very few of the nation realised that this was "He Who should come"? How low in condescension has God stooped! That is, after all, the true sign of greatness. Little men can't stoop, it is the prerogative of tall men. Only He Who was in the form of God, emptied Himself; it was the action of a God.

Sunday, 18th.—Deut. vi. 1-12. "Lest we forget." That is what troubles most of us. Short and convenient memories. Moses had to deal with many young people who had never known the horrors of Egypt. They were inclined to treat a pilgrimage as a picnic. To appreciate the present we must remember the past. The sacrifices made by the great men and women in the storied past of our Empire are as iron in our blood to-day.

Monday, 19th.—Deut. vii. 1-11. Rude methods surely, but something more than a display of frightfulness. You can't play a friendly game with sin. Samson tried it with the Philistines, but his eyes allowed him to see nothing afterwards but his mistake. We speak lightly of necessary evils; there are none, except in the minds of cowards. That which hinders the highest must be exterminated, and nothing must be left. Act at once. "From sin in its beginning we languish to be free." Remember the Arab proverb and the fable of the camel entering a tent, from which it arose. "It is easier to pinch a camel's nose than to pinch his tail."

Tuesday, 20th.—Deut. ix. 7-21. Intercession is a "coming between" God and man. As a barrister pleads for the prisoner before the judge, as a mother pleads before the father, so Moses had sheltered these people from God's righteous anger. God looked upon the ideal as typified in Moses, and overlooked the actual as typified with such sad persistency in the people.

Wednesday, 21st.—Deut. x. 1-15. The Ark was a material reminder of God. Superstition? Yes, perhaps; but a very wise one. God was now with them, in the forefront of the battle, dishonoured in defeat, inspiring heroism. Our rings and trinkets are to our human love what the Ark was to God. They are our love-charms. Charles Wesley revelled in the protective charm of God's presence. He carried the love-charm through the watery deeps:

"Fearless their violence I dare;
They cannot harm, for God is here."

Thursday, 22nd.—Deut. xi. 18-32. And what a blessing! Israel plus God. As closely united, and in much the same proportion as Belgium and the Allies. John Wesley began his life's work practically alone. He worked hard, as he always did, but it was disappointing work. Then his heart was "strangely warmed"; a Holy Alliance was cemented, and England was shaken. And the curse! A life without God. An Arctic winter. Lifeless, dark, and cold.

Friday, 23rd.—Deut. xv. 7-18. Strange how those who have recently tasted mercy are amongst the most forgetful of the first requirements of mercy. Christ spoke a parable once on the subject, and the world has not learned its lesson yet. The trouble is that ignorant people—and the world is full of them—confuse mercy with weakness. Moses argued from the past, "Be merciful because of what you have been." The argument of Christ is even more effective, "Be merciful because of what you hope to be."

THE ISLE OF WIGHT

(Winchester Division).

Nowhere do war's preparations strike more discordantly with the surroundings and with God's purpose than on the lovely Isle of Wight.

Our two centres, at Parkhurst Barracks, Newport, and at Golden Hill, Freshwater, are rendering excellent service.

At Parkhurst (Messrs. F. C. Carter and F. W. Tilley, of New College, London), twenty-five minutes are devoted every evening to Scripture-reading, discussion, and prayer. A feature very keenly appreciated by the men is the splendid Sunday afternoon tea, at 3d. each, provided by the lady-workers. On Sunday, June 4, seventy joined in this function, some of them married men, spending their first Sunday in the violent change of barrack-life.

Later well over 200 joined in hymn-singing, and gave tense attention to the address of the Organising Secretary for Religious Work, after which Captain J. E. Long, R.A.M.C., the famous Somerset footballer, addressed them, and elicited several impressive testimonies from the men. Dr. Long is a powerful spiritual force in the Camp.

At Golden Hill (Mr. W. J. Allen), a superb spot, commanding views of the Solent and the Hants Coast to the North and of the Channel to the South, the old marquee from Brading (proud survivor of many a stressful gale) is the centre of much devoted work and good influence.

The various types of men are a never-failing study. These are questions recently put to Mr. Allen by the more "innocent" from a certain "home county":—

(*a*) "How far is England from here?"

(*b*) "Will a penny stamp take a letter all the way to England?"

At this centre, also, the Sunday afternoon tea is a prized feature.

The "Hut" Fund is now nearing £200. One of the most recent contributors is H.R.H. the Governor of the Island, Princess Henry of Battenberg (ten guineas). The member for the island (Captain Douglas B. Hall) is also a contributor, accompanying his cheque with an enthusiastic appreciation of Y.M.C.A. work at home and abroad.

The fund is shortly to be closed, but we would mention two other contributions which may "provoke unto love and good works," namely:—White's Shipbuilding employees, Cowes, £43 2s. 2d.; Saunders' Aviation Works, Cowes, £11 8s. 4d.

In addition to the notes given above, soldiers may care to have a copy of a little leaflet containing readings for every day in the year. These may be obtained gratis from the book-room at Tottenham Court-road, and are of a size that will fit easily into a Pocket Testament. The readings are taken from the New Testament, and deal in order with the Gospels, the Acts, and some of the Epistles. Method is a great aid to Bible-reading.



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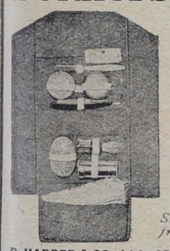

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The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P.

"The work of the Y.M.C.A. needs no words of mine to commend it, but I wish you to be assured that your scheme of extension is one which has my fullest approval, and I wish it all success."

(Signed) ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR.

From
Admiral Sir John Jellicoe

"Iron Duke,"
2nd March, 1916.

"I need hardly say that the Y.M.C.A. institutions are of the utmost value to the men of the Fleet, and they deserve all the support which can possibly be given to them. "They are immensely appreciated by the men, and very much used by them."

(Signed) J. JELLICOE.

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

No. 76. Vol. 2. JUNE 23, 1916. PRICE 1d.

"You Say a Thing; You Mean It; and You Do It!"

AS we go to press, statesmen in both Houses of Parliament are voicing the nation's admiration of Lord Kitchener, and gratitude for the service he rendered, not only to this country or to the Empire, but to the progress of humanity all over the world.

Miss Alice Claridge, of Hampstead, tells us that when she was matron of a large Egyptian hospital some four years ago, and the only European connected with it, the director paid her a great compliment one day by saying, "You are like Lord Kitchener. You say a thing; you mean it; and you do it."

Nothing could better summarise the impression made by Lord Kitchener's character upon men with whom he came in contact, whether Egyptians, Indians, Africans, or Britons.

The secret of his strength is shown in a most interesting contribution, made to the *Guardian* by the Rev. J. H. Molesworth, late incumbent of All Saints', Cairo, who writes of Lord Kitchener's religion. He says: "No one could be long in his company without realising that he was a man who viewed life seriously. I may illustrate this from the effect he produced on society in Cairo, when he went there to take up his position as British Agent and Consul-General. Cosmopolitan places like the capital of Egypt, which are largely the haunts of pleasure, are often given over to a frivolity which is not seen in cities of commerce and business. There is frequently a relaxing of morals beyond what is witnessed elsewhere, and a general air of undiscipline, and it goes without saying that in such places Sunday and Sunday worship are at a discount.

"It would be foolish to assert that Cairo was free from these vices. But the coming of Lord Kitchener instantaneously wrought a change. He was known to be a man of unswerving devotion to duty, of disciplined life, of resolute purpose. Instinctively we all braced ourselves up, and it was as though a tonic had been administered to the place.



So far as his work permitted, Lord Kitchener was regular and punctual in his church attendance, and this at once told beneficially upon the Sunday habits of the community. He was president of All Saints' Church Committee, and I never remember his omitting to take the chair, even when hard pressed by State business.

"Earl Kitchener was indeed a type of that simple, manly, straightforward Christianity which we associate with the best English laity, which does not trouble itself indeed about subtle questions and controversies, but rests on the broad facts of revelation, and in simplicity practises its tenets."

In the present war, as in the great military and naval enterprises that are the glory of British history in the past, the soldiers and sailors who have led the manhood of the nation to victory in arms have been simple and uncompromising servants of Jesus Christ. Their clean and strenuous manhood has been the expression of their faith. That is perhaps one reason why Generals and Admirals to-day value the work of the Association as we would most desire to have it valued—for the sake of its service to the deeper things in men's lives. In this Lord Kitchener was among the first.

Major-General L. B. Friend, C.B., speaking at the opening of a Y.M.C.A. hut in the Curragh last week, said that Lord Kitchener had asked him what the Y.M.C.A. was doing in Ireland. His answer was that they were doing splendid work for the Army, exerting a most beneficial influence over the soldiers, and providing them with comforts they most needed.

To this Lord Kitchener replied in the words quoted below:

Such words, while they would always bring pleasure and inspiration to Y.M.C.A. workers, come now as a spiritual legacy of which we would fain be worthy. We exist to pass on his secret.

"From the first the Y.M.C.A. gained my confidence, and now I find they have earned my admiration and my gratitude."

Pocket Testaments in Ypres = = =

A Story of Active Service.
By W. W. Naismith.

ARMED with a military pass to visit Ypres, the writer arrived at P——— one morning with a knapsack containing 150 pocket Testaments.

P——— is eight miles from the front, but the booming of heavy cannons was plainly audible. My pack being weighty, it was important to get a "lift" on some vehicle, and ere long an R.A.M.C. officer in a motor ambulance van kindly took me on board.

We jolted along the poplar-lined road, now up on the cobblestones, now down in a quagmire, passing one or two old London omnibuses, which looked strangely out of place. The row made by our van drowned all other noises, but when at last we pulled up at the asylum, it was at once apparent that a fairly lively cannonade was going on not far off. The walls of the asylum were gashed and torn all over by shot and shrapnel bullets. The town lay half a mile ahead, so, after giving a few Testaments, I shouldered my knapsack and walked on. The road was lonely, nobody being in sight just then, and I realised with an eerie feeling that I was in the middle of what has been called "the dangerous mile"—a stretch of road said to be within sight of the German lines, and which receives a good deal of attention from their batteries. The frequent round holes in the *pavé,* recently mended, confirmed the evil reputation of the place. It was a comfort to remember that one had often crossed Alpine couloirs raked by falling rocks, where the risk of being struck was greater than here, and, better still, that no harm could come without my Heavenly Father's permission. No shells fell near me.

One of the first buildings in the town to attract attention is a large water tank with a ghastly hole in one side, where a shot has carried away a great mass of brickwork. Near this a sergeant examined my papers, and sent a soldier with me to the Town Major. The latter was most kind, and seemed glad that the men should have the offer of Testaments. He accepted one himself, as also did several of his assistants. I was allowed to go through some underground recreation rooms with forty or fifty occupants, most of whom took Testaments and promised to read them daily. Upstairs I found men in billets. The enemy guns had made it certain that they would enjoy plenty of ventilation, and a gap in an upper corridor had to be crossed on a plank.

All who were without Bibles or Testaments were supplied. Many of the soldiers, of course, had them already, and one Scotsman reminded me that I had given him a Testament in the Y.M.C.A. tent at H———.

A silent corporal then took me through the town, and on the way to the "Grand Place," we went into several cellars inhabited by soldiers. A civilian is not often seen in Ypres nowadays, and my Testaments and I were warmly welcomed.

I don't think a single man declined the offer of the Scriptures, unless he had a copy already, and they all undertook to read the books. An officer accepted two to give away. It seemed an easy and natural thing to speak of the great subject of religion in this badly-used town, where most of the faces one saw were serious. Frivolity could hardly live in such a place, and I was told that many men who had before been quite irreligious "said their prayers every night" in Ypres.

This old-world town was formerly the seat of the Flemish linen trade, and the cloth used for napkins, called "diaper," is, of course, only an English corruption of "d'Ypres." Its historic Cloth Hall and cathedral go back to the thirteenth century, and for beauty they had hardly any rivals in Belgium. Now they are melancholy piles of broken masonry, with skeleton walls blistered with fire and ragged fragments of towers.

After passing through the remains of the Cloth Hall I climbed to the top of a mass of fallen stones in the inside of the Gothic cathedral. I hope never again to behold such an awful scene of desolation and ghoulish destruction. If present counsels prevail, the Belgians, it is said, will not reconstruct these buildings, but leave them as they are as monuments of the war.

A few men were repairing holes recently made by shells in the street near the cathedral, and all of them wanted Testaments. A small stream there runs underground, but some huge "crumps" aimed at "Les Halles," no doubt, had carried away the top of the culvert and left great chasms behind.

The next place visited was a convent school for children. The roof had fallen in, and the deserted cloisters were littered with broken glass and shattered stone, mixed up with torn copybooks. We hope the small people who wrote them are now safely sheltered among friends in Britain or France.

We returned to our starting-point by a main street, where the houses were either demolished or roofless. The footpaths were blocked with fallen *débris;* the windows were without glass, like sightless eyes; the handsome shops were empty, the lamp-posts were broken or standing awry; and a homeless cat added to the scene of desolation. What struck me most was the ghostly silence of the place, which seemed all the more marked because punctuated every now and then by the bang of a heavy gun, or the explosion of a shell in a neighbouring street. My companion did not speak much, but once he exclaimed, "That one (shell) was pretty close!"

The Town Major kindly insisted on my sharing hot lunch in his cosy quarters, where everyone seemed to be wonderfully happy. During lunch two or three loud reports suggested a hostile aeroplane. Afterwards there was more distribution, and a walk with my kind host to the ancient ramparts and to the deserted railway station. The latter had been a mark for many shells, and was pitted with holes of all sizes made by "Silent Susies" and other charming projectiles which my companion could identify. The rails were torn up and twisted in all directions.

From the station we saw the famous "Hill 60," and stood for a while listening to shells humming past and bursting in a wood near the road to D———, while not far off a great British gun was pounding away at the enemy. It would be described as "a moderately quiet day"—for Ypres. When my H——— colleague, Mr. Hastwell, visited this place (with more Testaments) some weeks later, a still noisier bombardment was going on.

I reluctantly bid adieu to Ypres, and walked to B——— by V———, giving away my last Testaments to the soldiers I met on the road. Several trees by the roadside had been shot away, and nearly all the tree trunks were gashed by shrapnel. One open field was filled with hundreds of shell pits of various dimensions in the most absurd way. Indeed, the total area of the holes may have equalled that of the remaining sound ground, and it struck one that the cost of the munitions wasted must have far exceeded the capitalised value of the grazing rent!

Night fell before B——— was reached, and star shells lit up the eastern horizon.

My visit to Ypres will never be forgotten, and I pray that some of the seed sown will spring up and bear fruit.

Songs and Stories of the Front = = = = =

Heard by a Hut Leader Behind the Firing-line.

IT would be news to nobody, not even to one stone deaf, that our soldiers are fond of singing. All have seen the singing crowds of soldiers swinging along on their route



marches through the city streets, and who does not remember—although seeming far back in the past—the first days of the war, and how the men of that "contemptible little army" marched to the stations to the lilting melody of "Tipperary"? Yes, we all know that the boys love a song and a good chorus.

But this may be news to you, that the soldiers sing even when they must have for accompaniment the unceasing growl of the guns on the way to and from the trenches. Can you visualise some of the meaning behind those two words, "the trenches"? Often have I stood almost reverently fascinated as there passed along the road to "the salient" companies of war-tried soldiers, singing as they went to take their place behind the sand-bagged parapet, and to relieve their worn comrades. Away to the trenches they go, lightening that heavy pack and making light their own spirits as well, singing in resounding unison some cheery, rollicking songs.

You would often smile if you could listen to their songs, many of them topical and original. Mr. Thomas Atkins is a past-master in the art of improvisation, and so it is not surprising that he often adapts words of his own to some familiar tune. Here is an instance of a parody on the chorus of "Tipperary":—

"It's a long way to St. Helena,
It's a long way to go;
It's a long way to St. Helena,
To the fortress there I know.
Good-bye, German Empire,
Farewell, Kaiser Bill.
If you don't know the way to St. Helena,
Well, you very soon will."

Maybe you know the song—if you happen to have a liking for Y.M. sing-songs, then you surely do know it—"If it's a lady, thumbs up." The following parody is one that the men of a certain division roar with evident delight, for besides containing good humour that they fully appreciate, it was composed by a popular chaplain:—

"If it's a 'whizz-bang'—just duck!
If it's a 'whizz-bang'—just duck!
Don't stop looking o'er the top
Of the parapet, or you'll get whop! whop!
If it's a Blighty, all right,
Although you won't be feeling quite sublime.
But when it whistles past your ear,
Hold me tight! Shells are near!
Then duck—every time!

Are you puzzled at the technical terms? I am not surprised, for the chorus is in language that the boys make for themselves, and I do not forget my first struggles to comprehend "Nah pooh," "no bon," "pip emma," "chai," and many similar words and expressions from the active service vocabulary. Now, a "whizz-bang" is a shell of German origin, having another famed relative popularly known as a "crump." The derivation and appositeness of the names are obvious when you know how these crustaceæ behave—or, rather, misbehave. The former kind "whizz—z—z—" through the air, and then finish their career with a deafening "bang." So Tommy's name for them is "whizz-bangs." A "crump" growls as it speeds towards our lines "cccr—r—r," and then, when its time-fuse says "Go," it does go off with a super-deafening "rump." When this monster had to be christened, therefore, the name was easily to hand. That chorus reveals a bit of soldier philosophy, too. A man may be wounded, but "If it's a Blighty, all right"—meaning that, supposing the wound is sufficiently serious to insure treatment in a hospital at home, the catastrophe is not without a bright side. That word "Blighty" is interesting. Nobody out at the front says that he is going home on leave, or back to England, or uses any similar expressions. No! Blighty does for them all. The word is a colloquial form of an Indian word for home, Balatee.



The popular song, "Little Grey Home in the West," was sure to invite parodies. Several of these describe "My little wet home in the trench," and here is a specimen by a man in a Northumberland regiment:—

"I've a little wet home in a trench,
Where the rainstorms continually drench.
There's the sky overhead,
Clay or mud for a bed,
And a stove that we use for a bench.
Bully beef and hard biscuits we chew;
It seems years since we tasted a stew;
Shells crackle and scare,
Yet no place can compare
With my little wet home in the trench.

"Our friends in that trench o'er the way
Seem to know that we've come here to stay.
They shoot and they shout,
But they can't get us out,
Though there's no dirty trick they won't play.
They rushed us a few night ago,
But we don't like intruders, and so
Some departed quite sore,
Others left evermore
Near my little wet home in the trench.

"So hurrah for the mud and the clay!
Which lead to Der Tag (that's The Day),
When we enter Berlin,
That city of sin,
And make the fat Berliner pay.
Yes, we'll think of the cold, slush, and stench,
As we lay with the Belgians and French;
There'll be shed then, I fear,
Redder stuff than a tear,
For my little wet home in the trench."

Not always does the poetic spirit of the Army find expression in parodies. Here are some lines by a sergeant of a London battalion, which have quite a Kipling flavour. It has the title:—

"KEEP YOUR HEAD WELL DOWN."

"Keep your head down, chummy, keep your nut well down,
When you're in the trenches keep your napper down;
Bullets are a-flying, nasty bits of lead;
It's all up with you, matey, if you stop one with your head.
Drills you through the temple, comes out of your crown,
If you want to see old 'Blighty'—keep your head well down.

"If the girls could only see me, they'd say, 'That's never him!'
That is no Royal Fusilier, but a soldier made of tin.
Round-shouldered, looking humpty, with a back that's nearly bent,
But still I guess I can do my bit for the London regiment.
I don't care what the people say, it's a quidlet to a brown,
Old Fritz will never snipe me while I keep my head well down.

"I crawls into my 'Bivvy' when my spell of duty's done,
Calls out for the sergeant, but now I get no rum;
So wringing wet and drowsy, it ain't no good to frown,
I gets beneath my blanket and keeps my head well down.
Take an old Sweat's tip, young chummy, if Corporal White or Brown
Is looking for fatigue men—keep your head well down!"

Those verses have the atmosphere of trench life around them. So has the following story, giving a Dorset man's version of "a listening post" and "a respirator." "Have ee heard, Bill?" said a man of the Dorsets to his chum, "I've a got to go on 'arkenin'-poast to-night, and I've a got to take me gasperater."

That reminds me of another story. One day I was helping a man to put on his pack, and as he fastened his many buckles and put on his bayonet, trenching-tool, water-bottle, and the many other articles of his equipment, he said, in gentle protest, "Seems to me, mister, that a soldier is a man made to 'ang fings on!"

Here is a good story told to me by a chaplain friend, who vouches for its truth. A man of a certain regiment, just for fun, put an advertisement in a well-known weekly paper, saying that he was a lonely soldier, and begged for some letters. He did not lack correspondents. By one post nearly 300 letters came for him! The already overburdened field post-office entered a protest, and the man found himself before his C.O., an officer not without a sense of humour. "Is it true that these 300 letters came to you in answer to your advertisement?" The man was bound to admit the fact. "Then," said the C.O., "you must sit down now and write a reply to each of them, and put a penny stamp on each!" The advertisement was withdrawn! H.G.H.

"SWANSEA AND DISTRICT" HUT" WEEK.

A Brilliant Success.

THE committee and members of the Swansea Y.M.C.A. have many notable records to their credit. The lightning Building Campaign for £12,000 in twelve days of a few years ago stands out as an effort which was completely successful; the erection of one of the best and most up-to-date buildings in the provinces was a further achievement, and now another splendid scheme has been brought to a happy and successful issue.

The committee of the Association on May 1 met to consider a scheme to raise money for local and for national needs. The outcome was a "Hut Week" Campaign, commencing on Empire Day, May 24, and terminating on May 31.

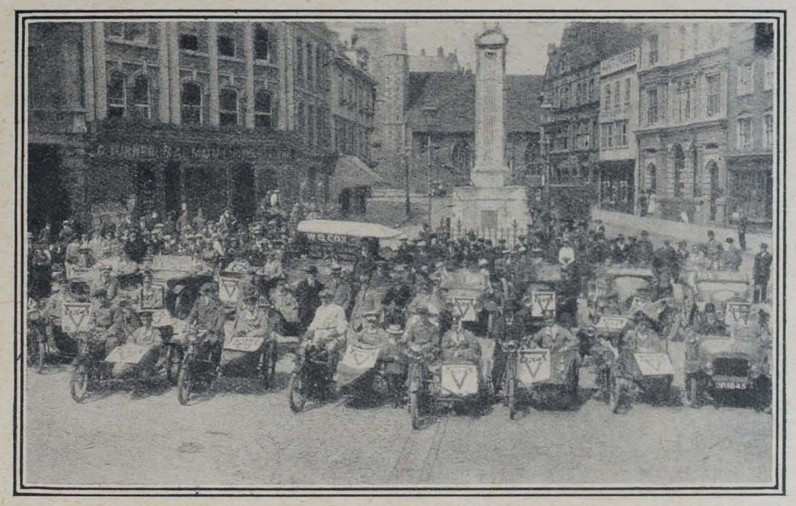
The week was opened with a meeting called by the Mayor, at which Mr. A. K. Yapp and the Hon. Mrs. Stuart Wortley were the principal speakers. A house-to-house collection was undertaken by members of the ladies' auxiliary and other lady workers, who rendered magnificent service. In connection with this collection a specially prepared illustrated booklet, giving a very comprehensive idea of Y.M.C.A. war work under various conditions at home and abroad, was distributed to nearly 35,000 houses by the ladies, who afterwards called again for contributions in accordance with an announcement in the booklet. A receipt was given for every sum contributed, however small, by the collectors, and the sum raised in this way was considerable.

The members of committee, assisted by several members of the Association, likewise did splendid work. A deputation committee was responsible for canvassing the leading business men and securing contributions. A very considerable sum resulted from their labours. The works committee made an exhaustive visitation of the works and collieries in the town and district, and arranged for works collections, which met with a good response from the men. Another feature was Empire Day speeches and collections in the schools organised by the schools committee. A shops and cinemas committee thoroughly organised cinema collections, and placed a large number of collecting boxes in the principal shops. Several churches gave collections on "Hut Week" Sunday to the fund.

The result of all these efforts was that a sum of over £5,000 was raised. The sum aimed at was £3,000. Thus we can heartily congratulate all concerned in this brilliant success. Swansea is a town which has already done a very great deal for various war funds, and some of the Association's best friends feared that even £3,000 was more than could be raised; but the generosity and patriotism of this public-spirited community was such that it is now possible to set aside a sum of £1,500 for local needs (including a considerable amount of special war work), and, after payment of all expenses, a sum of about £3,300 will be sent to the National Council for the erection of a "Swansea and District Hut," and of a "Hendrefoilan Hut" kindly given by Colonel Wright, with a fairly considerable sum to go to the National Council Fund for hut maintenance expenses.

The publicity campaign in the local Press was one of the best that we have known, and undoubtedly was largely responsible for the magnificent result attained. Swansea has set a fine example to every town, and we trust it may be possible for very many towns to arrange a "Week" in order to raise money for a hut bearing the town's name, together with a sum for maintenance expenses. Surely no finer means could be devised of letting our brave fellows at the front know that they are remembered by the people of the home towns. Special Headquarters assistance in organising could be given to a limited number of towns prepared to undertake similar campaigns.

At the Sign of the Red Triangle.



THE START.

Motor Picnics for Wounded Soldiers.

Our picture shows how Reading has devised a new means of serving the soldiers. The Y.M.C.A. there has arranged a number of outings and picnics for wounded soldiers by means of cars and side-cars, each driver acting as host to the patient he carries. On the first run the men were taken *viâ* Twyford, Henley, and Nettlebed to Peppard Common, where a picnic tea was provided. Our illustration shows the start, and standing in the centre are Mr. W. T. Marks, chairman of the Reading Y.M.C.A., the Mayor, L. G. Sutton, Esq., who is president, and Mr. S. Wright, general secretary.

Another notable feature of the Reading Association's work has been its "ever-open door." Quite a large number of troops are using the building and the facilities it affords during the night hours, sleeping accommodation and refreshments being provided for the numbers of fighting men who arrive in the town from the trenches or training camps. The lounge and buffet often present a scene of great activity between the hours of 1 and 3.30 a.m.

A Very Gallant Gentleman.

It is with the greatest regret that we record the death on active service with the 18th Battalion Lancashire Fusiliers of William James Strong, who belonged to the London Central Y.M.C.A., and was the son of an old Association member. He was a Stortfordian, and after leaving school had given promise of a particularly successful career. His commanding officer wrote to his father on June 11 as follows:—"It is with a sad heart I write to tell you that your dear son was killed last night when returning to our lines after a raid. I cannot express on paper how much I feel for you and yours in your great sorrow. He was the most popular officer in my battalion with all ranks, and, without exaggeration, I may say he was loved by his men. Always so cheerful and full of humour. He had done excellent work since his arrival in France, and I had only recently recommended him for promotion. He was my best patrol officer, being absolutely fearless, and always so cool and collected. During a recent intense bombardment he showed exceptional courage and initiative, and for his services on this occasion was personally thanked both by the Divisional and Brigadier Generals. Had he lived he would certain have been awarded the Military Cross."



THE LATE W. J. STRONG.

Gipsy Smith in France.

The Rev. W. A. Prunell, C.F., writes in the *Methodist Recorder*:—

Gipsy Smith, who arrived here six weeks ago, has so far confined his activities to one of the greatest bases of the B.E.F., but is daily expecting to go "up the line." Meanwhile, the base has provided him with a glorious opportunity. He has preached repeatedly in cinema huts, holding each about 1,500 people, and in other centres. A distinguished C.O. of a big hospital with 3,000 patients, mostly "walking cases," is so impressed by his influence on the men that he demands repeated visits, and himself supports the Gipsy on the platform. At an open-air service recently held in this vast hospital under canvas about 2,000 men listened with rapt attention, and the Colonel was so impressed that he sent round N.C.O.'s to summon the men who had not been present, and immediately a second service was held in the "wet" canteen. At these services the response was magnificent, and at the close literally hundreds responded by crying, "Pray for me, sir!"

> The services are not always on conventional lines. I have seen the Gipsy sandwiched into the middle of a "Lena Ashwell" concert party, and trembled for the result. But he always gets in his message. I have seen the artiste on such an occasion fail to take her place in the programme after the Gipsy, because she had been obliged to leave the platform to go "and have a good cry." She came back and sang a sacred song. Many a man has gone to the concert hall and found it "The house of God and the gate of heaven."

A Congregation of Two Thousand.

Last Sunday evening the Gipsy addressed in the open-air a congregation of 2,000 soldiers from a far-away land. The O.C. was present, and had commandeered an excellent military band to lead the singing. A platform had been erected at the foot of a grassy slope under a beautiful wood. It was a still Sabbath evening, and many a thought went over the seas to the folks at home. The service was one which will prove memorable in the lives of many. At the close a man said: "Last time I heard you was in my own church. I attend Dr. Jowett's ministry in New York." Asked what brought him here, he replied: "I felt I couldn't be comfortable out of this whilst old England is fighting for the right."



At Crowborough.

Dr. Douglas Adam's Visit.

We are glad to welcome Dr. Douglas Adam, of Hartford College, U.S.A., amongst us. He has just been on a visit to some of the camps on the South Coast, where he has delivered inspiring addresses to crowds of the men in our huts. Dr. Adam is a Scotsman and a British subject, whose love for his fatherland has not been diminished, but augmented by his long years of residence abroad. Dr. Adam's addresses are of the highest type, expressed in cultured language, but within the understanding of all the men in his audience, of whatever type. His subjects are the great doctrines of evangelical Christianity, expressed in the language of to-day, and the inspiration he brings to his audiences is made evident by the sincerity of the appreciation which invariably exhibits itself. Dr. Adam hopes to give most of the time during his brief stay in England to visiting our huts in various parts of the country, and we can assure him of a hearty welcome wherever he goes.

General Friend at the Curragh.

Major-General L. B. Friend, C.B., recently opened an extension of the Y.M.C.A. hut at the Curragh, intended for the exclusive use of the cadets in camp, the donors being Messrs. Jacob and an anonymous lady. Major-General Friend said that the Y.M.C.A. displayed a broadminded sympathy with all the soldiers' wants, and with generous feeling provided for all who came in. The men who came within that influence would pass it on to their comrades and families. Everyone said of the Y.M.C.A. huts: "They are just what we want." "Probably," concluded the General, "that would be the last time he would have the opportunity of assisting on such occasions in Ireland, and he tendered the most hearty and deepfelt thanks for all the Association had done for officers and troops in Ireland." General Friend's reference to what Lord Kitchener said to him about the Y.M.C.A. will be found elsewhere in this issue.

Lord Montagu at East Boldre.

On Monday afternoon Lord Montagu of Beaulieu opened the new Y.M.C.A. hut at East Boldre, and paid a high tribute to the value of the Association, both in this country and abroad.

The New Korean Secretary.

Following the splendid example of India and China, the Korean Y.M.C.A. now has a general secretary chosen from among the men of the country. Mr. (formerly Baron) Yun Chiho is one of the best educated men in Korea, and possesses great influence among his countrymen, being also highly respected by foreigners and Japanese. He has held Cabinet office, and was a prominent figure at the Edinburgh Missionary Conference of 1910, and he has had to suffer for his loyalty to the faith, for he was among the little group of men who shortly after the Edinburgh Conference came under the official ban during a brief era of persecution in Korea, and was tried on a trumped-up charge of conspiracy. He suffered imprisonment, but the place he now holds in the esteem of all classes in Korea is a testimony to his sterling character and splendid witness.

Inter-Camp Picnics: A Suggestion.

It may be a useful hint to others to put on record a very happy and helpful event. Suggested by a corporal at Parkhurst Barracks, I.W., Dr. Long, R.A.M.C., and Mr. Carter (leader) brought a party of some forty Christian men over to Golden-hill, Freshwater (a twelve miles' drive), on Saturday afternoon, June 10.

Arrangements had been made for a picnic tea at Colwell Bay. The hovering thunderstorms prevented that. But it was a cheery party of seventy-one men who sat down to tea in the marquee. After half-an-hour's football they re-assembled in the marquee for a conference, under Mr. Allen's presidency, the main question being how best to win the men to a definitely Christian life. Methods were compared, and new efforts considered, and it was felt to have been a very stimulating time.

From a Royal Engineer.

A mother of a young officer in the Royal Engineers sent us a very kind letter one day last week, which we much appreciate. We think readers of the "Y.M." will be interested in the following extract:—

"I felt it would give you much pleasure to hear the following testimony given by my dear son at the front as it gave me to read it, to your excellent work amongst the Forces. He is a lieutenant in the R.E., and writing on May 13 he says:—'There is a Y.M.C.A. hut in this village to which the men can resort. It really is perfectly splendid the way they have risen to the occasion. One sees their huts in nearly every town and billeting area near the front. There is a celebration of Holy Communion there to-morrow at 7 a.m., to which I hope to go.'

"I hope to continue my small but most appreciative subscription to your wonderful work. I have given you a little out of my poverty twice now, and hope in June to repeat it."

An Example to be Followed.

The senior treasurer of the Birkenhead Y.M.C.A. has once again paid the subscriptions now due of all members and associates who have joined the colours.

Alexandra Day.

Alexandra Day this year will probably be the biggest thing yet. The order for roses was greatly in excess of previous years, upwards of twenty millions of these beautiful artificial blooms being ordered. They are all made at the Cripplegate at Clerkenwell, founded fifty years ago by Mr. Jno. Groom. Here there are about 300 girls employed on this artificial flower industry. They are all crippled or maimed for life in some way or other. Several are quite blind. This piece of work in connection with the Queen Mother's gracious thought for needy folk gives the girls great delight.



Mr. Groom.

A Call to Prayer.

Many people are praying for God's blessing on our work. Trying as we are to do every bit of it in the name and for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ and of our brother men, we have the assurance that it is all religious work, and therefore especially to be prayed for. We who are in the rush and turmoil of the work need to pray for ourselves, for we cannot do our work—our religious work—unless we are in constant communion with God; but it also greatly strengthens our hands and hearts to know that others are praying for us. Who knows how far-reaching may be the influence of such prayers?

In order to direct a number of those who wish for guidance, we have issued a card under the above title. The first issue has been distributed with great rapidity, and we have now obtained a reprint. The subjects are divided into two parts, one for petition, the other for praise.

We are sure that a large number of people will welcome the issue of the card, and shall be happy to supply copies to all who apply to our Religious Work Department, Y.M.C.A. Headquarters, Tottenham Court-road, W.

The "Magpies" at Winnall.

Private Harry Kaplan sends us the following:—"A most enjoyable concert was given on Saturday evening, June 10, 1916, in the Y.M.C.A. Hut, Winnall Down Road, Winchester, by the well-known concert party, the 'Magpies.' The concert was fixed to commence at seven p.m., but long before that time the Hut was crowded with soldiers from the various camps in the vicinity, those from the 3/22nd Batt. London Regiment, the 'Queen's,' being mostly in attendance. The programme, which was very much appreciated by all, was under the very able management of Miss Hilda Sherwell, assisted by her troupe of pierrettes and pierrots, namely, the Misses Goodram, Lawson and Sherwell, and Messrs. Edleston, Fry and Cecil Pain. The audience were continually in roars of laughter due to the gentlemen of the party interspersing the items with humorous jokes and remarks. The 'funny man' of the evening was Mr. Edleston, who sent the whole audience into a convulsion of laughter with his humorous 'turn.' A splendid impersonation of one of Charles Dickens' characters was given by another male member of the party. The 'boys' much appreciated the rendering of both humorous and sentimental songs by the ladies, Miss Olive Lawson, in her song 'Blue Eyes,' and encore, 'Love's Garden of Roses,' being vociferously applauded. Several concerted items by the party, introducing song scenes, were features of the programme. Too much cannot be said of the very energetic way in which Miss Hilda Sherwell and her party entered into the spirit of the entertainment, thus making the evening a very enjoyable one indeed for all present. Time passed all too quickly, and it was with reluctance that the concert was brought to a close at nine p.m. The singing of the National Anthem was followed by three hearty cheers for the 'Magpies.' Miss Hilda Sherwell responded, amidst cheers, on behalf of the party. Our best thanks are due to the 'Magpies' for coming to Winchester and entertaining the men in training in the neighbourhood. Thanks must also be accorded to the organiser of this concert, Mr. Heald (the supervisor of Y.M.C.A. Huts in this district), who favoured us with his presence, and also to Mr. Dalwood (who is in charge of this hut) for his indefatigable efforts in making all arrangements for the benefit of the men."



"The Magpies."



A Tent at Canterbury which Survived all the Storms of Winter and Still "Carries on."

The Demand for Sevenpennies.

We hear that Mr. Arthur Hayes, at Canterbury, has been working a most successful scheme for providing men with light literature. The men pay 7d., which obtains for them a copy of a 7d. novel, and when this is read can be exchanged for others without further payment. The more men who join the scheme the more books there are in this self-supporting library. This is a real self-supporter. We recommend it to workers in other districts.

Special Contributions of the Week.

We desire to express our appreciation of the gifts that have reached us between June 12 and June 17, among them being the following special contributions:—

From the National Council of Y.M.C.A., New Zealand, for work amongst New Zealand troops in Europe, £5,000; the Misses Davies, towards the cost of the Aldwych Hut, £2,000; readers of the *British Weekly*, £1,627 12s. 9d.; per the Nelson Y.M.C.A., £1,000; from the Canadian Y.M.C.A. National Council, towards cost of work in Canadian camps, £1,000; Baron Profumo, £600; Messrs. D. M. Brown and staff, £450; Christ Church, Gipsy Hill (Easter offering), £350; Miss Hornby, £300; Messrs. Furness, Withy and Co. and the Union Castle Mail S.S. Co., £250 each; per the Mayor of Stalybridge, £200; Mrs. Harrison, £150; Messrs. Elder, Smith and Co. and the National Bank of India, 100 guineas each; Mr. Alex. Joy, Mr. C. K. Smith, and Mr. and Mrs. Cooper, £100 each; the employees of Messrs. Castner Kellner, £60; Sungei Salak Rubber Co. and Messrs. Strick and Co., 50 guineas each; readers of the *Christian Herald*, £50 14s. 1d.; while gifts of £50 each have been received from the following:—Burnley War Charities Fund, Messrs. Usborne and Son, Messrs. Dewar and Webb, Messrs. Burdick and Cook, Messrs. Webb and Kenward, Messrs. Foster, Hain and Read, Messrs. B. Smith and Sons, The Produce Brokers, Messrs. R. and W. Paul, Mr. J. H. Love, Messrs. Spence and Sons, Mr. P. Smith, Messrs. Raymond and Reid, Messrs. McIlwraith, McEacharn and Co., Messrs. Pim and Co., Mr. G. Edward Wilson, Messrs. Gellatly, Hankey and Co., Messrs. Blyth, Greene, Jourdain and Co., and Mr. Russell Walker.

As the summer advances more marquees are needed for men going under canvas, while also there is a continuous demand for huts at home and on the fighting fronts. It costs £600 each day to carry on our work, apart from the erection of new buildings.

Drink the Squash that has the largest sale.

'Kia-Ora'

LEMON

SQUASH

Guaranteed pure fresh lemon juice and free from harmful preservatives, chemical acids & colourings.

Sold at every Y.M.C.A. Canteen.

Sole Makers:
LONDON 'O-T' LIMITED
BLACKFRIARS, LONDON, S.E.

FOR WEANS AND WIFE.

Notes in a Highland Camp.

I CANNOT say precisely what is the proportion of married men in this Highland camp, but in conversation with the men one easily discovers that the majority of them are husbands and fathers, and that their main thoughts are with the dear ones at home.

"How do you like the Army?" I asked of a newly-arrived recruit.

"Oh, no' so bad," he said. And when a Scotsman says that, he has reached the limit in expressing satisfaction.

"You are glad to be fighting for your country?" I said, approvingly.

"It's no' for my country I'm fighting," he replied; "it's for the wife and weans."

It was a good reply, and I recalled the words of Burns:—

"To make a happy fireside clime
For weans and wife,
That's the pure pathos and sublime
O' human life!"

So it is with the men here; they are far from home, and will be still further when they reach the danger zone, and it is little wonder that their chief thought is the "happy fireside clime," which they hope to reach again when the war is over.

"Here we are, boys," said "Davie" the other Sunday, in prefacing his evening address, "here we are, gathered together frae a' the airts the wind can blaw, and our thoughts are going oot like wireless messages, North and South, and East and West, thinking o' the folks at hame. It's no' easy for ye to listen to me, for some o' ye are thinking o' the weans as they cuddle doon. Wee Jeanie has put on her white nightie, and kneels doon to pray for daddy wha has gone off to be trained for the war, and wee Geordie winna steek an e'e till his mither sings to him."

Scotsmen have sometimes been thought to be too hard-headed to be emotional. They are not quick to show their feelings, and are more austere in their demeanour than those who live under sunnier skies. They hate anything like outward show, and dislike others to witness their domestic affection.

"Have I got everything?" says Donald to his wife, when, all equipped in his new uniform, the time has come to march off. "Have I got everything? Well, if that's so, I suppose I had better kiss you and the bairns now, for I dinna want to mak' a fool o' mysel' at the station." So saying, he kisses them affectionately, though he will see them again in five minutes' time on the railway platform, for, of course, they accompany him to say good-bye. But on the second occasion, with all the public looking on, he is not so demonstrative, and solemnly shakes hand with them, as if they were distant connections by marriage.

The war, however, is changing many things, and Scotsmen are now less prone than of old to hide their sentiments. Get into a soldier's confidence, and you will be surprised to find how eager he is to discuss the weans and wife. His eye brightens as he talks of them, and he gladly shows one or two photos of them, carefully carried in his pocket-book.

The other morning I found "Uncle" more cheerful than usual, for, though naturally of a buoyant disposition, sometimes the contrariness of the boiler fires sour him a little. But this morning he was gaily singing to himself, and the burden of his song was—

"Pack up your worries in your old kit bag,
And smile, smile, smile!"

"Hullo, 'Uncle'!" I said, "what's making you so bright this morning?"

And then the secret was out. He had just got a new photo of his wife and his two little girls.

Of course, I duly admired them, and, indeed, the bonnie wee lassies, with their cheery-looking mother, made a very pretty picture. I asked him all about them, how long had he been married, and so on.

And then "Uncle" opened out, and told me the simple romance of his life.

It was some twelve years ago that he first met his wife, and it was a pure case of love at first sight.

He was a soldier then, as now, and was stationed at Blairgowrie in the month of August. One fine morning, as he watched the berry-pickers, who at that season come in thousands to that famed nook of Scotland, he noticed that one bonnie lass looked at him somewhat intently.

"Excuse me, miss," said "Uncle," politely, "but may I ask whaur ye come fra?"

"I come frae Dundee," she said.

"That's strange," said "Uncle," "for I come frae Dundee mysel'."

"I was thinking that," said the lassie, "and that's what made me look at ye, for I said to mysel', 'Yon's a Dundee man.'"

And so the acquaintance was made, and the same evening "Uncle" and the maiden went to see "the picturs," as the bioscope is popularly called.

"But, of course," said "Uncle" to me, "I treated her first. 'Dae ye like sweets?' says I to her. Oh, aye, she liked sweets, and I went into a shop and bought a ha'pennyworth o' chocolate."

"That was not very much," I ventured to remark.

"No' very much?" he said, indignantly. "That's a' ye ken. A ha'pennyworth o' chocolate is enough for ony man's daughter!"

Certain it is that the ha'penny thus expended proved the key which opened the gate of matrimonial bliss, for not long after the pair were happily married.

It is pleasing to see how regular many of those soldiers are in writing to their wives, and how the endearments of the letter sometimes bubble over, appearing in the form of crosses and other mystic signs on the envelope itself.

Amid all the turmoil of the present war, the thoughts of thousands of fighting men are centred on home, as the one thing which makes life worth while.

R. C. R.



Our Outlook

MODERN warfare has its amenities, undreamed of in the days of the Crimea or the Indian Mutiny. Hot baths, newspapers, a regular post, more or less frequent leave, and such alleviations make the lot of our fighting men not unbearable. Sanitary and medical science have been applied with such good effect that Dr. Grenfell could say the other day that, while doctors at the front have to fight sickness rather than wounds, the percentage of sick men on active service is actually less than that in ordinary town life. If a man is wounded he may be in London, conveyed by ambulance and hospital train of an almost luxurious type, in the evening of the very day on which he has met with his "accident."

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NOTHING can make war other than barbarous in certain of its aspects, however. Billet and dug-out, train and trench in Flanders are often, of sheer necessity, such as to afford the veriest Mark Tapley ample ground for feeling that there is some credit in being cheerful. When, as Mr. Coleman tells in his book, *From Mons to Ypres with French*, a General sleeps in the manger, and his staff dispose themselves on the floor of a stable, the crowd obviously need not look for beds in anything approaching a Ritz or a Carlton, though, indeed, it is only fair to say that officers follow the good tradition of looking after their men before looking out for themselves. Summer weather may bring a little improvement, but at present it is not sufficient even to make us stay-at-homes envy the lads in France!

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ONE of the great resources of the bored or mud-bound soldier is a really lively book. A yarn with a thrill in it, or a few pages of irresistible humour, may mean far more to him than a meal to a hungry man. He wants to spend an hour or two in another world, and Merriman or Weyman, Pett Ridge or Jerome can spread the magic carpet on which he flies thither. Therefore, it was a kind of inspiration by which certain of our workers over in France conceived the idea of an "Up-the-Line Library." This cannot be better described than in an extract from the racy letter recently received from one of the aforesaid workers:—

"Our 'Up-the-Line Library' is to offer a book (light in weight and exciting in matter) to any man to read in the thirty hours' train journey in those delightful carriages *de luxe* which carry the inscription: '11 chevaux, 40 hommes.' The man is told to hand it on when he has finished with it, and we hardly ever get a letter that does not show real appreciation. The eleven horses may or may not be comfortable. The forty men we know are not, and any book which will take them out of themselves for a few hours is worth its weight in gold! But it means a constant supply. I had a large box sent out lately, and every single book went up the line with an unusually large draft that night."

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THE library has been kept going for some months by the collection of "Sevenpennies" and similar books from personal friends. That source, however liberal, must have its limits, and the lady who writes so breezily asks whether Headquarters can arrange for a regular supply in the same way as the ordinary hut library is set up and maintained, adding that in her hut alone they can easily dispose of a hundred books each week.

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AS all our workers and friends should know by now, the Camps Library has, almost from the beginning of the war, relieved us of the colossal task of collecting, sorting, and dispatching the thousands of books we needed for our huts by placing all its facilities at our disposal on payment of nominal charges covering necessary expenses. Thus we have had the advantage of sharing in the gifts of books made by the general public through the Post Office or direct to the Library, and probably between 40 per cent. and 50 per cent. of the total number received by the Library have found their way to our huts, since Sir Edward Ward and the Hon. Mrs. Anstruther have never refused requests made by leaders through the Editorial Secretary. When the Fighting Forces Book Council, formed to provide books of a more serious and educational character for the troops, became a part of the Camps Library, we were at once made similarly free of this valuable source.

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AT the present time, however, the Library is finding it a little difficult to secure all the books it needs to meet the increasing demands—perhaps because of its great success in getting people to denude their bookshelves. This is especially the case with regard to sevenpennies and paper-covered books. We, therefore, wish to point out that friends wishing to benefit us by the gift of books for hut libraries will do so to greatest advantage by sending the volumes to the Camps Library, Horseferry-road, Westminster, or by simply putting them, without wrapper or address, into a pillar-box or over a post-office counter.

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IN the matter of the "Up-the-Line Library," however, we shall not alter our plan of co-operation with the Camps Library if we make two requests of our friends. The first is that any folk who have literature of this particular kind to spare should send it to the Editor at the Y.M.C.A. Headquarters, Tottenham Court-road, London, for the present—we hope soon to be able to make the Shakespeare Hut the depôt for this purpose—and it will be sent to France from there by the kind help of the Camps Library in packing and dispatch. Then we should like to suggest that leaders in huts at home who have in their hut libraries sevenpennies and paper-backs which the men have used to the full, and which are now lying unread upon the shelves, should send these to us. We are not asking for money, but it may be interesting to our readers to know that the first response to the request from France that we have been enabled to make has been by a gift of money from a Band of Hope "somewhere in England."



Not so Simple as it Seems.

Farmer Giles Explains the Daylight Saving Act to His Family.

News and Newspapers at the Front - = = =

A Popular "Stunt."

IT may be true or not to say that there is nothing new under the sun. It is certainly about the hardest thing in the world to hit on anything new under the Y.M.C.A. Triangle: that is, at least, within the sphere of the humble hut worker. We may have new ways of developing old ideas; the ideas themselves we owe to others. Perhaps the use of a metaphor may express this most easily. The structure of any one Y.M.C.A. organisation would seem to be built up on a foundation of ideas which have first been tried experimentally in the construction of earlier buildings and then made use of more and more generally. As to a new idea, if we could find it, it might be a source of weakness or of strength: the difficulty is to find it. One minute we think we have found something new, thrown up, as it were, by a sudden (and most unusual) wave of inspiration; the next it is swept away in the full tide of the commonplace. As each new hut springs up like a mushroom from a sea of unwindworthy canvas toadstools, there is less and less scope for new ideas, more and more time given to the working out of the old.

Having thus disarmed any who would say that the suggestion we are about to make is as old, or even older, than the hills, we can safely leave the valley of gratuitous generalities and climb to the heights of the precise particular.

Here at this centre, among so many planks common to the (metaphorical and American) platform of every other hut under the sun—or the Triangle—there is one small board that is a little less ordinary than the others. And, in this case, it is a board sufficiently substantial to be covered with canvas and hang up on a nail opposite the main entrance. Across the top run the words: "Latest News," and each morning there are pinned to the canvas (*a*) a paper containing a précis of the day's news and (*b*) maps to illustrate the same.

In London we eat breakfast and the daily paper together; that is, we eat the daily paper together and read breakfast. In Boulogne it is lunch and the paper. At a more advanced base, tea or supper and the paper. But here the arrival of both meal and paper are (or is) so veiled in a mist of uncertainty that we are lucky if to-day's news comes with to-morrow's lunch; and still more lucky if to-day's lunch comes with yesterday's news.

English papers, that is. French papers, on the other hand, come fairly regularly, and military terms are sufficiently international to make a French paper plus a dictionary nearly as interesting as an English paper minus the advertisements. As to maps, those by Mr. Belloc are as clear as any, or rough sketch maps may be made to supplement those printed. References can be made from news to maps and from maps to news, and from both (if you have 1d.) to a cup of tea. The news should not be too full, or it will not be read; the cup of tea not too empty, or it will not be bought. Above all, avoid politics.

Later, when the papers arrive one day in the middle of next week, they are put out on the tables. But every hut leader will painfully agree that they do not go far—unless they go as far as the billets, in which case they stop there. That is why it is possible that other leaders may like to try the experiment besides those near the line. Quite apart from the question of language and the delays in delivery of papers, the advantages of a "latest news" board, like those of a pawn-shop, are obvious. While one man is reading in the privacy of his billet of the failure of a Liverpool banker, twenty may be reading of the success of a Russian army in the sociability of the hut. Even in the most urban centres—*i.e.*, non-rural—at a hut set in a perfect sea of newspaper shops, it would be a centre of intellectual activity. In the country we have no hesitation in saying (quite unsolicited) that it is indispensable.

A man will go a long way to save a halfpenny—even into a Y.M.C.A. hut! Here they add a penny or twopence interest as a reward for waiting so long. And then, like as not, they are sold out. "Fini . . . sh, monsieur, na pu——. Tomoro, monsieur, compris?"

And for all you know the Japanese are in Berlin!

W. Ashley.

"B.-P."

IT is a sign of the popularity of a public man when he is known by his Christian name or initials. General Sir Robert Baden-Powell's name is a household word contracted into "B.-P." After a brilliant military career, which would have entitled him to leisure, he founded eight years ago the Boy Scouts movement, which Lord Rosebery once said was "the finest that has been started in my lifetime." That achievement alone would entitle Sir Robert to a nation's gratitude, for the Boy Scouts have "made good" in this war to an astonishing extent, and the movement has extended all over the world with a rapidity that must have astounded its original pioneers.

In a charming hamlet, not far from the town of Aylesbury, there dwelt more than half-a century ago a coterie of eminent men. There was Dr. Lee, Q.C., F.R.S., at Hartwell House, a fine old mansion which had sheltered Royal refugees—a man ahead of his generation in his keen interest in science and his desire to share his profound knowledge with his neighbours. His intimate friends included Admiral Smyth, whose daughter Henrietta became the mother of Robert Baden-Powell. This lady lived to a benign old age, passing away not long ago. Admiral Smyth's son, Charles Piazzi Smyth, came to fame as Astronomer Royal for Scotland, and was often in the observatory which Dr. Lee possessed at Hartwell. Another friend was Professor Baden Powell, father of the founder of the Boy Scouts. He was a learned man specially studying geometry and radiation, and transmitted his interests in literature and art to his sons. One of Professor Baden Powell's sons became Sir George Baden-Powell, an industrious M.P., who died in the prime of his life after a useful career. Another is Mr. Warington Baden-Powell, K.C., who practises in the Admiralty Court; another is Major Baden-Powell, a great student of aeronautics, who was a friend and encourager of Wilbur Wright. Mr. Frank Baden-Powell, yet another of the Professor's gifted family, is a sculptor and artist, whom Oxford men recall as an old Blue in Rugby football matches between the Universities. The sixth son of the late Professor Baden Powell is the subject of this sketch.



The Chief Scout.

Robert Baden-Powell entered his sixtieth year last February. It is forty years since he joined the Army. His active service was varied, for he served in India, Afghanistan, South Africa, Zululand, and Matabeleland. For his splendid defence of Mafeking, the close of which added a new word to the English language, he was promoted Major-General. All his life he has been fond of art, and his black-and-white work has often appeared in the illustrated papers. His paintings are equally effective. Sir Robert is a delightful writer, as numerous volumes testify. His understanding of boy nature is remarkable, and in every successive development of the Boy Scouts movement it has been evident. There are three stages through which new ideas pass. First, they are ridiculed by the thoughtless; then they are opposed by the people who resent everything that is unconventional and novel; and, finally, if they succeed, they are acclaimed by the same folks who ridiculed and opposed them. It has been the case with the Boy Scouts, who, if you study the newspapers and comic journals of eight years ago, were at first considered as only laughable. Gradually, however, people realised that there was genius at the back of the idea, and that Boy Scouts were justifying their existence by doing all kinds of handy and valuable things. Nowadays, the voice of criticism and the snigger of ridicule are alike silent. The Boy Scouts have proved a splendid national asset, and in a thousand different ways are "doing their bit" magnificently.

Sir Robert Baden-Powell has been a good friend to the Y.M.C.A. in war-time, as our pages have proved again and again. In France he has encouraged innumerable workers at our huts by his cheery words, while his presence on the platform has been an irresistible magnet to the soldiers, who crowd the huts when he speaks. Lady Baden-Powell has been a devoted worker for a long while, and shares her husband's keen interest in all that appertains to the well-being of the soldiers. As a speaker, Sir Robert is adroit, humorous, and picturesque. He has a soldier's directness of appeal and an artist's skill in description. His sympathies are wide, for many forms of philanthropy claim his advocacy.

Y. M.

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

Organ of the Y.M.C.A. in
GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

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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.

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.

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ONLY A TOMMY.

THIS ain't exactly what you'd call a picnic,
In muddy trench, or in the dust and heat,
Or far behind where guns are loudly thundering,
Or on the cobbled roads, with blistered feet.

We ain't all of us just exactly heroes,
But only English lads who heard the call—
"Your country needs you to defend her honour!"
And so we came to fight and, maybe, fall.

We ain't exactly what you'd call religious!
We've liked our bit of wickedness and fun,
But now we're daily facing death so closely
We find there's sterner work that must be done.

Now, just the other day, when we was resting
In billets back behind the firing-line,
We met a parson chap—a real sky-pilot—
What talked to me and to my mates just fine.

He told us plain a long-forgotten story
About a robber, what was crucified,
Who turned to ask the Saviour hanging by him
Forgiveness for his many sins before he died:

"Remember me, Lord, when Thou'rt in Thy Kingdom,"
To whom our Lord made answer, low and kind,
"To-day we'll be in Paradise together";
Thus he in death did yet forgiveness find.

And then the parson told us, speaking tender,
That Jesus Christ was just the same to-day,
And He would give us Tommies help and pardon,
Be with us in the trenches day by day.

It wasn't quite *what* he said, but *how* he said it,
That made us fellows feel that it was true,
And sent us back to face the guns' loud music
With courage which to us was somehow new.

So, tho' this ain't exactly what you'd call a picnic,
And tho' we ain't exactly heroes all,
Nor yet we ain't exactly what you'd call religious,
We've learnt that God will hear us when we call.

M. ARMSTRONG.

NEW WORKERS.

Mr. A. E. Clark was allocated to the Grimsby area, and has been helping at several centres there under Mr. Lloyd's leadership, but is now settled at Riby Castle.

Mr. S. Watts began at Chatham, and later was transferred to Port Victoria. He much enjoyed the work at the first centre, but is finding much interest in his present activities among men from both the Services. He is finding a demand for books, &c., and our book-room friends are sending him a supply.

Rev. G. D. Thomson has been working in one or two areas, winding up by a spell in the Winchester country. He has been much impressed by the all-round character of the work, both at St. Albans and at Winchester, and feels he has had an experience which he will find of use to his missionary work in China when he returns.



Joining Up.

The Story of a Hero.

"WELL, Barty, my boy—aren't you going to join up?" asked the young lieutenant carelessly as Barty gave his boot a final and vigorous polish.

Barty winced. Many times a day he was asked that, and always he had to make the same humiliating answer.

"Naw! They wudn't tek me."

"Oh, nonsense! I'm sure you'd make a rare fighter!" and the speaker dropped two pennies into Barty's cap and strode off, whistling and whirling his cane—leaving behind him the pain of a recent wound roughly re-opened by his words.

Barty was a hunchback and a dwarf. He was a misshapen little figure, and not agreeable to look upon. One arm was shrivelled, but from long habit had become quite useful in steadying the boot which the other strong one polished.

He was of doubtful age. For before the war he had assumed the privileges and rights of a middle-aged man, and had been allowed to voice his opinions occasionally on that assumption. But the war changed many things, and one of them was Barty's age. Twenty years fell from him like a cloak, and now to address him as old, or even to imply that he was no longer a youth, was simply asking for trouble.

Wherefore, of course, it was the greatest possible sport to the young fry to "bait ole Barty."

"Say, Barty!" one would cry, "my brother sez you can 'member Boney's wars—can you, Barty?"

Barty snorted with indignation.

"Your brother's just a fool," he would say. "Why, there ain't much difference 'tween him an' me in matter of age."

"Oh, Barty! He sez you're fifty if you're a day!"

"Fifty!" and Barty's strong right arm whirled, and the little ruffian sped, shrieking with laughter.

But unattractive as Barty was to look upon, there was nowhere in England a more loyal and whole-hearted patriot—nor one who would have faced death for his country's sake so gladly.

He was a queer and incomprehensible mixture. Rough, uncouth, dishonest when possible, untruthful from choice, blasphemous in speech, and a heavy drinker—yet his patriotism was true, real, unalloyed—a burning, consuming flame which ate into his very heart and accounted for the strained, tense look in his little black eyes. The sorrow and the shame of being unable to help his country in its time of peril was slowly and surely killing him—eating away his heart as a canker gnaws at the root of a tree.

And the gay, light-hearted lieutenants whose boots he polished with scrupulous care chaffed him about it, and Barty winced and parried the remarks. And when they had gone he surreptitiously drew his ragged coat-sleeve over his face, and afterwards his keen, black eyes were brighter and tenser, and his wizened little face more pinched than ever.

It was not for lack of offering that he was not already in the Army.

With a vague and doubtful hope that "they might want a drummer or somethin'," he had presented himself at the nearest recruiting office in the very early days of the war.

With an outwardly impudent air, affected to cloak his real feelings, but an inward tumult of desperate hope and certain knowledge of failure, he approached the recruiting officer.

"Well—two foot nothing," said the officer waggishly, "what'll you be wanting? Got some grandsons as want to join up?"

"Naw, wants to 'list myself," said Barty, the impudent air much exaggerated to keep pace with the rising tumult within.

And the officer saw the impudent air, but perceived nothing of the wild desire behind, and he frowned—a heavy military frown. It was one thing for the British Army to condescend to taunt the ineligibles who presented themselves—it was quite another when the ineligibles presented themselves solely for the purpose of cheeking the Authorities.

"Git out!" he ordered. "Double quick time, too, or you'll feel my boot. You've come to the wrong shop—this ain't the *Zoo*. It's the monkey house *you're* lookin' for, anyone can see that."

A cold dead weight clutched Barty's heart, and the wildly beating thing inside him seemed to stop. But his impudence carried him through.

"That's it!" he said, retreating cautiously, "an' seein' you, naturally I thought I'd got there—on'y I neely mistook you for the performin' grilla up at the 'Ip. He's the very spit o' you."

And he departed with as much haste as possible.

But he was not yet daunted. He stored his boot-blacking box for the day, and he toured London and presented himself at every recruiting office he could find.

And at some he received his marching orders within two minutes of his appearance—at others he stood patiently in a queue for two hours at a time, while the others, waiting also, took their fun off him to their hearts' content.

And Barty bore them no malice; but he envied them as he stood among them—big strapping fellows, as fit as fiddles—to be welcomed with open arms by the officer inside. And weedy, ungainly ones—yet with possibilities as even Barty could see.

And after the dreary wait the officer glanced at him quickly, and said curtly, "Ineligible. Next," and Barty wearily tramped to the next office.

In two days he was back at his old work, having visited between twenty and thirty recruiting offices, and been rejected with varying degrees of roughness at each.

He was received back with acclamation, and for days after was the butt of every joke, both from his high-born patrons and from his street neighbours.

"Say, Barty," said a gilded youth lazily as Barty worked vigorously at the polishing of his boots, "what happened to you last week? I heard you'd gone over to help French——"

"Come off!" said his companion, as he lit a cigarette, "he was needed at the War Office, I was told."

"We thought things were going to hum now with a vengeance. I watched the papers for an account of the special envoy from the Government."

"I felt quite sorry for Kaiser Bill, I can tell you——"

"Or was it Jellicoe you were giving a hand to? Say, Barty, you've just the figure for a Navy man!" and laughing carelessly they passed on.

But Barty had a seed of hope in his heart which he was carefully cherishing, and the sallies passed him unheeded.

One officer—at a loose end possibly, and ready for a joke, had received him gravely and had measured him carefully, while Barty's heart beat high with hope.

"Just an inch or two too short," he said, with a wink at his companions, "you wait till we lower the height standard, my boy!"

And Barty searched the papers feverishly each day.

It was one of his customers that told him of the formation of Bantam Battalions.

"Now's your chance, Barty!" he said. "Bantam Battalions for little men."

"Eh?" asked Barty—"reely?"

"Yes, really. You should try—they've got some awful specimens in . . ."; he meant it kindly enough, and Barty plucked up heart.

So—to the weary round again, and two more days' pay lost.

(*Continued on page* 577.)

COUNTER ATTRACTIONS.

By J. C. B. CARTER, B.A., A.K.C.L.

MY home people have often held lengthy discussions as to what I might turn my hand to should I fail as a minister; music-hall artiste, clown, butler, male nurse, butcher, have all in turn been suggested, but it never occurred to them that I might be a success behind a counter. Yet the last three months have found me a sort of cross between a barman and a shop assistant, and I feel confident that after my apprenticeship to the Y.M.C.A. I should feel quite at home in either of these capacities in civil life.

When my friends asked me what my work in France would be, I replied with a touch of bravado, "O, mostly selling Woodbines." But though this sounded as if nothing would delight me more, I was really afraid I should find counter-work both monotonous and irksome. I was mistaken. There was fascination even in selling fags. For instance, I used to wonder how it was that different kinds of tobacco seemed to have a different attraction for men so that you could tell with a fair degree of accuracy from the look of a man what kind of tobacco he required. The easiest to tell were those who wanted "Shag." They were generally short, rather rough-looking men, who gave one the impression that they would feel more at home in the "wet" canteen than in the Y.M. For some obscure reason they seemed to think they ought to be served before anyone else, and would shout out while yet far down the queue, "An ounce of shag, young fellow." The discipline of waiting their turn was one of the many indirectly good effects of the Y.M. One thought it was possible always to spot the man who wanted De Reszkes, but occasionally I was mistaken. A very demure lad came up to the counter and asked—

"How much are De Reszkes?"

I was surprised, for he hardly looked old enough to smoke at all, to say nothing of having a taste and a purse suited to that brand. I thought to myself, "You are wrong this time."

"Ninepence a packet."

"I think I'll try a packet of Woodbines," he replied, almost in a whisper.

It was curious, too, to find that nearly all pipe-smokers asked simply for "tobacco," as though the kind they used was the only one. They always looked surprised when asked, "What sort?" I suppose they are like the young man who imagines his lady-love is the only girl in the world.

Cigarette smokers in the same way would often call for "cigarettes"; and then you knew they meant "Woodbines." Sometimes warrant officers would come in with the air of a commander-in-chief and demand "Cigarettes." I instinctively replied "Woodbines," but the look of scorn on their faces as they answered "Abdullas," told that I had made a fatal mistake.

The kind of money that passed over the counter was also very interesting. On pay-day, which came every fortnight, the men had nothing but five-franc notes, and it was a tiresome job to get change for all, when the bank would provide us with none. For several days this condition of things would continue, and no one envied the man at the desk. Then for a while there was a happy period in which silver and copper coin flowed freely, and change-giving was easy. Soon postal orders began to make their appearance, and we realised that home resources were being drawn upon. This was followed by a short interval in which money in any form was scarce, and orders were small until pay-day came round, and then the process began again.

The most interesting thing of all was getting to know the men. The counter was a testing place for them. A man who could wait his turn patiently, especially if one brew of tea ran out and the other, through some mishap, was not quite ready, and then give his order with a smile, did not entirely lack the grace of God in his heart. Probably, too, the men thought it was a place of testing for us also; they noticed whether we carried out our preaching in the way of getting flurried or irritated when there were big rushes or little annoyances.

Some of the men passed the counter day by day without a word. In some cases this was simply from dourness of disposition, but others obviously had burdens on their hearts, and one had to try to find a way of helping them. With most of the men, however, the greeting passed over the counter proved the foundation on which were built many opportunities for helping them in spiritual matters. Counter-work was not to be despised. It was the avenue by which we approached men's hearts. Some men owe their very souls, in the first instance, to the help that the smiling face and kindly manner of a worker behind the counter has been to them.

How to Use "Y.M."

Orwell Bank,
Eskbank, Dalkeith,

DEAR SIR,—I feel sure you will be interested in enclosed letter from Pte. William Murray, now in active service in France, after six years in India.

To explain—I correspond with six "lonely soldiers," and send them the weekly *Y.M.*, which is an admirable little paper, and they all look forward to it.

I asked William to tell me what he thought of the *Y.M.* and if he liked it—he has answered by telling me *his* opinion of the Y.M.C.A.! It is so spontaneous I feel sure it will rejoice your heart and encourage you to go on in the good work.

If you care to refer to it in the *Y.M.*, please do so, but may I ask you to return the letter to me?

I always read and enjoy the *Y.M.* before posting it away.

God bless the Y.M.C.A.! It is a real god-send to our men; the good it does only One above can fully know.

Hoping you won't think me troubling you,
I remain, yours truly,
(Mrs.) FLORENCE BELL.



Between your smokes just try a piece of WRIGLEY'S. It cleans your palate, soothes your tongue, prevents throat parch, and adds 50 per cent. to the enjoyment of good tobacco. All smokers ought to get acquainted with Wrigley's SPEARMINT

It has become the National sweetmeat, Soldiers, Sailors, War Workers (men and women) all finding it not only delicious, but wholesome and refreshing, too, and it lasts a long time.

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
CHEWING GUM.

Flavoured with the juice of fresh gathered mint leaves.

½d. bar—5 bars 2½d.—40 bars 1/6.

On sale at all Y.M.C.A. Canteens, and of all Confectioners, Tobacconists, Chemists, and all branches Boots Cash Chemists, or direct from

WRIGLEY'S LTD., LAMBETH PALACE RD.

JOINING UP—(*Continued from page 575.*)

"Are ye formin' Bantams here?"

"Look here! Unless I'm much mistaken, you've bin plaguing us here before—git!"

"But Bantams?" Barty pleaded.

"Bantams, yes! But not for the likes of you!"

And on he went again.

When the last Bantam hope was dead Barty returned to his beat, with a dull and hopeless look in his little black eyes. Obviously, there was nothing he could do for his country—why couldn't he stop wanting to? But he couldn't. The fiercely burning flame refused to be put out by any amount of cold water. Every discouragement only made the desire more intense, the longing more keen.

It was a young minister whose boots he regularly cleaned to whom Barty bared his soul—awkwardly and only partially even then. A sympathetic leading question brought out a torrent of woes, which were listened to understandingly.

"I know," he said, sympathetically, "It's awfully hard lines. What about munitions—have you tried them? Tell you what, I know a man in charge of some. I'll give you a letter to him. You know, that's helping just as much as fighting."

And the light sprang up again in Barty's little black eyes. He well knew the munitions poster. "We're both needed . . ." Yes, that would be helping his country just as much as fighting would.

It was a week later before the young minister saw the friend of whom he had spoken.

"No, I really couldn't keep him—he was no use," said the business man apologetically. "Sorry, old man, if he was a pet of yours, but he isn't fit—not strong enough by a long way. His heart's weak, and he's only one arm that's any good——"

The fierce, hopeless look came back into Barty's eyes. Jests and witticisms passed over his head unheeded. The canker was doing its work.

He began to do little things which indirectly helped the Cause and ministered to his sick soul. He was the first to buy flags on every flag day—he bought as many as his earnings would allow, and stuck them round his hat till he looked quite jaunty.

He economised to the point of starvation, gave up drinking, and furtively, with many hunted glances around, he dropped a few pennies each day into the big box outside one of the hospitals. It almost became a mania with him, to save as much as he could, and he ate next to nothing, and became more wizened and pinched and shrivelled than ever.

Once he had a rebuff which would have wounded him deeply but that he was now almost incapable of suffering more.

It was a wild, rainy night, and Barty was loitering outside one of the big stations. Suddenly he noticed a big Highlander wandering wearily and aimlessly along—tired and wet.

A great idea came to Barty, and he felt feverishly in his pockets. Yes, he had some coppers left.

He stepped up to the Highlander.

"You're wet, lad!" he said. "Come an' have a drink! It'll warm ye!"

The big Highlander whirled round on him. Poor Barty! How could he know that the boy had only just left his home, and that his mother's last words were still ringing in his ears, "Angus, ma lad! It's a gey wicked city is London. The deil will come t'ye in mony a way; he'll offer ye drink——"

In the flickering light of the gas-lamps Barty's ungainly little form, his pinched little face, appeared to Angus as the embodiment of the Evil One himself. And the insidious bait was the finishing touch.

"Ye dirty little divvle!" he said, eyeing him with distaste. "Ye miserable, wicked——"

But Barty waited to hear no more. Dully he turned away. He did not understand, but it was all part and parcel with the rest.

The frequent disappointments, the semi-starvation, the obsession of his one idea—all began to tell on him. The dull look in his eyes gave place to a fierce and restless one. His street neighbours carelessly told each other that Barty was "going off his nut."

To die for his country! That was what Barty wanted; but death would not come. He was too busy over the water to attend to anxious candidates in England.

Barty prayed—no, he was a stranger to prayer—he longed ardently that a Zeppelin might drop a bomb on him. But even the Germans were in league against him. They scattered bombs around London—they killed and injured men, women, and children. But every morning Barty found himself still alive, to his own great regret.

Then came the agitation for economy. One paper which Barty picked up urged that everyone should eat less. "You eat more than is necessary to keep you in life," it said. "Do you realise what you are doing? You are diminishing the food supply unnecessarily—you are depriving some other man, woman, or child of their proper supply of food some time in the future. Waste now means want presently. Let us husband all our resources . . ."

Of course, it was exaggerated, but Barty did not know that. It gripped him like a vice—he ate little enough, but even that was depriving someone else. Of no use whatever to his country, he was depriving some able-bodied man who could fight—some healthy woman who could work—some child of their right amount of food.

The wild, restless look grew intenser and more fierce. Barty brooded over this new aspect of affairs till a great thought came to him and gripped him.

. . . . . .

They lifted the terribly mangled body off the rails, and found to their horror that there was still life in it. They hoped there was not consciousness, for agony there could not fail to be.

The signalman was vociferous.

"Went and sat down deliberate on the rails!" he said. "Worn't no use yelling . . . 'e must be crazy . . . went an' sat down deliberate."

At the hospital consciousness returned and the consequent suffering, but Barty made them understand, and they sent a messenger hot foot for the young minister.

"But why did you do it, Barty?" he asked tenderly as he bent over him.

"I worn't no use . . ." gasped Barty, writhing with pain. . . . "I were on'y eating food as others might 'ave 'ad . . . it worn't much . . ." he jerked out almost eagerly. "I were terrible saving . . . but . . . paper said . . . it were robbin' summun . . . so I thought . . . I'd . . . better . . . 'op it . . . I weren't no use alive . . . on'y another mouth t' feed . . . so . . . I 'opped . . . it," and with a sudden convulsive shudder he was gone.

TO THE Y.M.C.A. WORKERS.

"I WAS a stranger, and ye took me in,"
Messiah's words mean little or mean much
As beats each heart with deep desire,
To tread the path the Master's feet have trod:
But you, most gracious givers of good cheer
To those who serve their country in this time of stress,
Art truly mindful of His gentle words;
And I, one humble servant of that self-same Lord,
Express my gratitude, a gratitude worth more than words,
Worth more than protestations, shown alone by deeds,
For I, with many thousands of more worthy men,
Am willing to put home and love aside
To keep such good, sweet Englishwomen
Safe from Hunnish hands: pant,
And if my own poor life doth ebb itself away
Amid the gory wreckage of some Flanders field;
Still, shall my testimony in another world ring true,
"I was a stranger, and ye took me in."



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Thanksgiving.

By the Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell.

THE instinct of asking seems to be much more deeply rooted in human nature than the instinct of thanking. The other day, when I was writing about Courtesy, I commented on the fact that the people who most frequently ask favours are by no means the people who always remember to say "Thank you" for the favour done. And what is true of social intercourse is, I am afraid, too often true in the higher sphere of Religion. In our prayers we are constantly asking favours, and rightly so, according to St. Paul. "In everything by prayer and supplication let your requests be made known unto God." But, in so bidding us, he inserts two words which in practice we often forget. "By prayer and supplication, *with thanksgiving.*" Thanksgiving is thus made an integral part of Christian prayer, and there is profound significance in the fact that the word *Eucharistia,* which St. Paul here uses for thanksgiving, has become, in its English form of *Eucharist,* a name for the service of the Lord's Supper; and is so used by the same apostle in his first epistle to Corinth, when he is regulating the order of public worship.

This thought has recently been impressed upon my mind by an incident connected with the Y.M.C.A. A few Sundays ago, at the early Communion in my parish church, I noticed, in a seat close to me, a young soldier badly crippled, and apparently in pain. Seeing that it would be difficult for him to approach the altar, I offered him the support of my arm, which he gladly accepted. Even at the altar-rail he was unable to kneel, but stood with bowed head to communicate. After service he came home to breakfast with me, and told me his tale. He had arrived that morning from France, had enjoyed some hours of refreshing sleep in a Y.M.C.A. hut close to the station, and, on waking, had asked if there was a church at hand where he could make his communion. The officials at the hut had directed him, and the sequel was what I have described.

Now what struck me most forcibly in my conversation with this crippled lad was the deep spirit of thankfulness which animated him. He was thankful for his preservation, thankful for his safe return, thankful for the comforts of the hut, thankful for the services of doctors and surgeons, thankful for the prospect of resuming his former occupation; and his first impulse was to express his thankfulness in the Service of Thanksgiving which the Lord ordained and St. Paul observed.

For obvious reasons I do not specify the lad's injuries, but, in recounting them, he said, "So you see I'm one of the lucky ones." The luck was not apparent on the surface, but he promptly explained it. "Many of my mates are injured in a way which prevents them from going back to their former occupations. None of my injuries will affect me in that way. When I've picked up my strength a bit, I shall be as good a man at my job as I was before." There spoke, not merely endurance, but a genuine and Christian thankfulness for a most real, though temporal, boon. Are we all as thankful for our multiplied blessings? and, if we are, do we ever take the trouble to express our thankfulness?

An official visitor of a lunatic asylum was once confronted by one of the patients with an abrupt but salutary question, "Do you ever thank God for your reason?" When we pass our blinded soldiers in the parks, their faces suffused with the enjoyment of mere warmth and air, but debarred for ever from the glories of the summer landscape and the sight of those they love, do we always remember to thank God for His great gift of vision? Ordinary health, the power of movement, the boon of sleep—in short, the faculties necessary for doing our appointed work in the world—do we remember by how frail a tenure we hold them? how absolutely they are God's gifts, to give or to withhold? And though undoubtedly we should pray for them if they were removed, do we thank God for them as long as they are granted?

There are, of course, some natures to which the impulse of thanksgiving comes much more easily than to others. Some of us incline to look on the dark side of things, and to bewail rather than to thank. For such temperaments as these the needed counsel is, "Count up your blessings." At certain times, again, thanksgiving is to all natures more difficult than at others. Such a time preeminently is the time of a protracted and exhausting war. But *Sursum Corda!* "Lift up your hearts." By prayer let us make our requests known unto God, and with the prayer let us, as St. Paul bids us, mingle thanksgiving.

And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee;
And careful, less to serve Thee much
Than to please Thee perfectly.

Tommy the Magnificent

By Clive Holland.

THOUGH those who are with Tommy at the training camps or come in contact with him there know what a fine fellow he is—how humorous and merry and optimistic, only "grousing" occasionally, and when there is least excuse, because it is human nature to "grouse" sometimes—only those who see him in the trenches and in the hospitals know that most of his kind fully deserve the adjective that we have applied to him.

Each day the papers contain tiny epics of brilliant heroism and sheer bull-dog courage—enough in a week to fill a small volume. Everybody hears of deeds which ring throughout the Empire, and yet these are the few of the many gallant, dare-devil, extraordinary acts and feats of which Tommy is capable.

One does not hear of these from Tommy himself as a general rule unless they are told in the simple, unaffected way in which one of the Royal Fusiliers recounted to us recently a feat in which he had disposed of five Germans in a trench single-handed. His version of an act which was as gallant and adventurous as any performed in the counter attack of which it formed part was: "I just downed them. I think they thought I had some other blokes with me." And there are scores of equally laconic versions of great deeds.

It is because Tommy is a magnificent optimist that dug-outs and trenches and a life which seems to be a cross between that led by a mole and a bat fail to depress him. In the dug-outs, by the light of a candle or a lamp or some other convenient illuminant, Tommy sits and writes cheerful letters home, with the top of a cartridge-box for a writing-slope placed upon his knees; or, where such a luxury is not procurable, standing against the wooden prop which forms the side of the door of the dug-out, with his writing-paper held against the wood; or he engages in manufacturing

some humorous annoyances for the enemy, who are in the trenches only a score or two of yards away. Little aeroplane-like structures, to which are attached chaffing and, be it added, frequently opprobrious messages, are a favourite means of communication. Of these, such inscriptions as "Why don't you d—— old moles come out and have a look at us?" or "How are you to-day?" We haven't seen your ugly phizzes lately," or even the old wheeze, "Good morning! Have you used Pears' Soap?" are good samples, with occasional inquiries such as "Has Willie got to Paris yet?" or "Shall we meet you in Berlin, old sports?" And where, as sometimes happens, some young subaltern who can speak German is lured into giving Tommy a German translation of his message, the joy in Tommy's heart is all the greater from a knowledge that the Bosches will be sure to understand it.

But if Tommy the magnificent is humorous and gallant, and, on the whole, optimistic, in the training camp and the trenches, he is not less so even in the thick of the fight, and in the hospital after that is over. There is a grim humour, for example, in the mere thought of a man when under heavy fire and engaged in an attack which has been held up by wire entanglements stopping to pick up a button which had come off his tunic with the remark to a comrade, "Hang it all, Bill, I ain't goin' to have it said I'm a button short!"

Yet another who, severely wounded in both legs, yet managed to keep upright long enough to bayonet a German with the remark, "Thank you for your gun, sonny; I want it for a crutch." And then, as he fell with a bullet in his shoulder, he still continued to take sniping shots at the retreating enemy whenever a chance offered without risk of hitting his own men. And when the fight was done and the trench was captured, he pulled himself to his feet, and hobbled with his own rifle and that of the German as crutches into the shelter of a trench.

In the hospital Tommy shines. There is very little grousing there.

"They are all so wonderfully grateful for the least thing we do for them," a nurse who had just returned from a base hospital said to us a few days ago. "One feels that one cannot possibly do too much for them. The way they bear pain and even joke while undergoing operations, when they are not under an anæsthetic, is simply amazing. You can only apply one epithet to the British Tommy, whether he has a white, a brown, or an olive skin, and that one, 'He's magnificent.' And what fellows the Canadians are! Nothing seems to stop them in the field, and nothing seems to cow them in the hospital. Women are doing their bit—and it is no joke to be nursing fragments of men who were once fine, well-built young fellows—but I must say that the men deserve well of us women, and I have learnt to respect men more during my six months' work in the field and base hospitals than I ever thought I should."

"Tommy will have his joke," the speaker continued, "and what do you think of this for one? A fine young fellow was brought into hospital with both his legs irretrievably shattered by shell, besides other superficial wounds about his head and chest. He was such a handsome chap, fully six feet, and hailing from somewhere in Yorkshire. I soon saw that it was a case of taking both his legs off. The chief surgeon came. A few moments' consultation and inspection, and the verdict was the one I anticipated. The surgeon turned away and spoke to me in a low tone. But the young fellow heard, and while his face was contracted with pain he said to me, 'Both off, nurse?' and I suppose he saw from my face the answer. Then he said to the doctor, 'Do it as soon as you can, sir—I've got such infernal toothache in 'em'; adding, with a smile that made my heart bleed, 'and mind, doctor, you cut 'em the same length!'"

Yes, Tommy knows how to fight and die and suffer for his country, and to carry very often an astoundingly gay heart beneath his khaki tunic.

All honour to "Tommy the Magnificent," who, after all, is fighting for a bigger thing than, perhaps, he realises. And what a fighter, too!

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Questions Men are Asking at the Front.

II.—Why Isn't Christianity Dead?

By the Rev. R. C. Gillie, M.A.

DID you ever ask yourself this question, Why has Christianity not died out? Plenty of people give you reasons why it should be dead. Priestcraft, the Inquisition, lazy parsons, puritan spoil-sports, religious sneaks, religious humbugs—all these have been found in Christianity. And so many people who call themselves Christians don't seem to be any better than those who profess no religion. Why isn't Christianity dead?

Others tell you that it has no reason to be alive, that the Bible has been proved full of faults, and that modern science has smashed its foundations, and that only weak-minded men and sorrowful women and little children can believe in it. It ought to be dead.

Besides, a good many have been saying for a long time that it is dying, that it is really dead. Some of them don't believe that. They think you can kill a thing by calling it dead. But others really believe it has lost any life it ever had. They think that only the outside is left—what is propped up by the money left for the purpose. It is just kept going by the men who are paid for pretending, who don't want to lose their job. All the time it is really dead.

Do you remember the poem which tells of a man who was being shaved in a barber's shop? Opposite him on the top of the shelves he saw an owl. It caught his eye. In the intervals of being lathered and razored, he began to comment on the disgraceful way in which the bird was stuffed. "Who ever saw wings like those? And the head is all wrong. Those eyes, they are just boot buttons. The man might have taken trouble to get beads." The barber said nothing, and went on shaving. The customer returned to the attack. "A man who had never stuffed an owl could do better. The moths are in the feathers already. It ought to be thrown out on the dust-heap." The barber went on shaving. Once more the man was about to begin, when the owl *winked both eyes and stretched its wings*. It wasn't stuffed; it wasn't dead. It might look like a bird-stuffer's blunder, but it was alive all the time.

Christianity is like that. As most of us see it, it really is a pretty poor business. Its friends are constantly giving it away. Its enemies are always pointing out fresh weaknesses. Its defenders often defend the wrong thing. By all accounts and all appearances it ought to be dead; there does not seem to be a trace of life in it. Then there is a sudden spurt of life somewhere. It starts in and does something fresh, which shows that this ugly, humiliated, lifeless-looking thing really is alive. It provides hundreds of huts for soldiers in a great war. It sends out 25,000 missionaries to evangelise the world. It translates the Bible into 500 languages. It takes a drunkard and makes him sober, a liar and makes him truthful, a dirty hound of a man and makes him clean and decent and brave. That is what this dead thing is doing. Dying? It takes an unconscionable long time in dying. How does it manage to keep alive and to burst into life?

There can only be one answer. It isn't Christians that keep it alive, nor churches, nor the Bible even. There must be *Some One* alive, Who keeps it alive—the Man from Whom it takes its name. Suppose it is His business? That would explain it.

John Bunyan tells us that once in his dreams he saw a great fire burning on a hearthstone, and people were pouring water on it, but it never went out. He could not understands how the flames leapt up again and again. Then the guide led the onlooker round to the other side of the fire. There he saw Another Man pouring oil on it. There was always more oil than water, so the fire kept on burning.

The critics of Christianity that make out such a good case for its dying out don't see that they set themselves a new problem: Why in all the world does it keep alive? It is an unanswerable question, unless Jesus Christ really is alive—alive now, at work now, seeing this thing through.

A good many people try to brush Him aside. "Pooh! He died nineteen hundred years ago. We are not sure that He ever lived at all. How can He be the explanation of this dead-alive Christianity that somehow keeps on bursting into life?"

If He is really dead, I wonder why people have to prove it so often.

There was an infidel lecturer in a Midland town who took his stand in the market-place, and announced his subject thus: "Was Jesus a man, a myth, or a miracle?" After half-an-hour, he proved to his own satisfaction that Jesus was just a myth, a fairy tale. Then he asked for questions. At last a guard on the Midland Railway, who had been listening, said he would like to ask one question. The lecturer answered he would be pleased to have it. "*If He never lived, why can't you leave Him alone?*" That settled the lecturer for one evening. The listeners saw that the bubble was pricked.

If Jesus never lived, or is really dead, why can't people leave Him alone, and let the whole thing die out?

There is no answer to that question, because He does not let them alone, He does not let the world alone. You see, He loves men too much, and *He is alive*. That is why people are always trying to kill Him over again by proving He is a shadow or a corpse.

Life, deathlessness, deathless life, deathless love—that is the biggest fact about Jesus.

Suppose you begin by treating Him as *really alive*. I wonder what would happen.

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NOTES ON DAILY READINGS.

For the Junior Department Branch of the Scripture Union.

By the Rev. A. J. COSTAIN, M.A., Headmaster of Rydal Mount School.

Author of "Life of Arthur Jackson," "Men in the Making," etc.

Saturday, 24th.—Deut. xvi. 1-12. The Passover was kept in memory of a great mercy shown by God to the Israelites. Very elaborate ritual was laid down to be observed in its celebration. Everything possible was done to burn the recollection of the great deliverance into the minds of the men of later days. It is easy enough to see the wisdom of it all. All confidence for the future springs out of experience of the past. Men know what God will do for them, because they can remember what God has done for them. Has God ever done anything for you that is a landmark in your life? There are mercies you forget, but surely there are some things you never can forget.

Sunday, 25th.—Deut. xvi. 13-22. "A gift doth blind the eyes of the wise." To this day the East is very corrupt in its administration of justice, and go as far West as America and you hear strange stories of "graft." Do you know what "graft" means? It is one of the glories of our British courts that for a judge to take a bribe is simply unthinkable: it is one of the things that "isn't done." But elsewhere than in the Law Courts corruption still lurks even in England. It is humiliating to think that men will demean themselves to give wrong advice and buy the worst goods for the sake of the "commission." Whatever else you may become, God make you a clean, straight, honest Englishman. God forbid you should ever have an "itching palm."

Monday, 26th.—Deut. xvii. 14-20. "When you are at Rome, you must do as Rome does." It is the most foolish of suggestions. Why should you always follow the fashion of the place and of the hour? Eccentricity may be silly enough, but surely there is a halfway house between that and slavish obedience to the whims and ways of others. Every man ought to be captain of his own soul. The Jewish people, you see, are warned here as to the course that they should take when they proposed to set up a King. Why should they set up a King? Oh, because the other nations had one. And isn't that the reason for most of your actions? Why? Oh, well, "everybody's doing it."

Tuesday, 27th.—Deut. xviii. 15-22. You can't argue with a prophet, you can only disbelieve him; hence he is seldom taken seriously, but the Thought of the Universe must speak the language of men or remain in splendid isolation. "Holy prophets which have been since the world began," said Zacharias, and somebody else would have had to say it if he had not. God has never lacked His prophets. Nature has done her best, but we need somebody to shout, and Nature never shouts. So the prophets have come and gone, and the slow-moving minds of men have turned towards God.

Wednesday, 28th.—Deut. xxvi. 1-11. And when all is over they must repeat the old story. They are not conquerors merely, but inheritors; the fathers cut the steps the sons have climbed. Caanan is a trust, and the children must show themselves worthy of the promises. First-fruits for God. English grammar insists that I is first person, he is third. Hebrew practice, if not the grammar, made He first person and i the third—a bad third at that. Strange how we put the capitals in the wrong place. God first, then "the Levite and the stranger," and what is left for the man who brings his gift.

Thursday, 29th.—Deut. xxx. 8-20. These are great words—words to be learned; yes, learned not by rote, but by heart, stored in the memory. The people had been shown the way of life: it was there plain before their eyes and before their feet, to be seen and to be followed. Notice how the words are linked together—life and good, and death and evil. Goodness is life, evil is death. "Oh, I don't want to be good: I want to live." Well, goodness is life—the other thing means death. It's hard to believe, perhaps, but you must come to it sooner or later. Remember "the word is very nigh unto thee." Religion isn't something very hard to understand, something dimly seen in the clouds. A boy's religion consists in doing right.

Friday, 30th.—Deut. xxxi. 1-13. You can't be strong unless you are of good courage. You can be brutal, but not strong. Courage is an attitude of mind—a pure mind—and strength is the physical exhaust. There is no courage in the mere display of physical power: beast in the jungle or matador in bull-ring; selfishness is the incentive in both cases. Courage is a determined struggle for things lofty and unselfish. Courage is the mental force that drives strength home as the pressure on the trigger releases the bullet. To be strong you must be of good courage, and to be of good courage you must be of God.

TRAINING SCHOOL NOTES.

Rev. J. Christian Brown is somewhere in France, amid delightful surroundings. He works a hut in a forest camp, where a Navvy battalion is engaged in felling timber for Army purposes. There is no chaplain near. He has been able to put in some "dinner-hour talks," writes letters for the men, sets on foot inquiries about relatives, &c. The forest is full of interesting wild-life; wild boars and lizards abound. The camp mascot is a little wild boar two months old.

Mr. F. Verralls is enjoying work under Mr. Paige at Newmarket, and *Mr. W. Fermer* has been at Queenborough for eight weeks. He is aiming at a week-night guild for the men, as Sunday work does not give the best opportunity.

Mr. H. H. Rowley sends word from Egypt. After some preliminary experience in Cairo, he has been sent to a camp near Alexandria, which he describes as "a delightful spot right by the sea." Larger numbers are expected at the camp. The chaplains have been very sympathetic and helpful.

Mr. E. W. Prior was among the pioneers this season in opening up under canvas. He was out as early as March 25, and the whole place went by the board in the great storm of the 28th. Work was restarted in a disused magazine—underground, of course—and so oil-lamps all day! The change later to Haslar was welcome.



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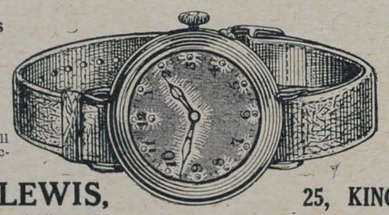

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"Blanco" is made in 3 kinds.

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The use of Web-Blanco for this purpose is permitted and **Approved by the War Office.**

"Blanco" is sold at every Canteen, Ironmongers, Saddlers and Stores.

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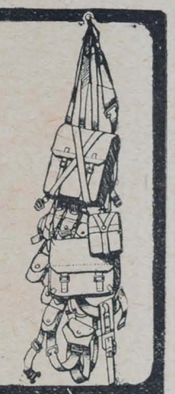

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And such a variety, too! Marzipan, Butterscotch, Caramels, Chocolate, Nougat, Lozenges, etc. All famous on account of their delicious flavour—a flavour so distinguishable in Clarnico goodies. Daintily wrapped to retain their characteristic freshness, they are just ideal for camp life. Try some to-day.

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THE NATIONAL DRINK.



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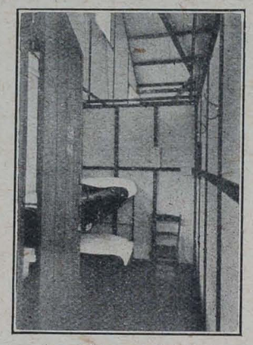
Y.M.C.A. Rest Huts for Soldiers and Sailors in London



An Aldwych Cubicle.

Last Month's Record of the Y.M.C.A. Station Huts, showing the actual numbers of Sailors and Soldiers who slept in the Y.M.C.A. Huts:—

Euston	1,757
King's Cross	1,049
Waterloo	4,112
Little Theatre	2,742
Museum	4,375
Victoria Station	2,850
Grosvenor Gardens	2,513
Tottenham Court Road	6,664
Victoria Officers' Hut	516
Paddington	785

133,000 men in five months have slept in these Huts.



The "Shakespeare Memorial" Y.M.C.A. Rest Hut, behind the British Museum.

The Rest Huts of the Y.M.C.A. are

Links in an Endless Chain

of National and Christian Service.

Subscriptions are urgently needed and should be sent to—CAPTAIN R. L. BARCLAY, Y.M.C.A. National Headquarters, 13, Russell Square, London, W.C.

£50 will pay for and equip a cubicle.

£250 will provide a suite.

£500 to **£750** will provide a recreation Hut in England or France.

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N785
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Y.M.

No. 77. Vol. 2.
Price ONE PENNY.

Queen Alexandra at Aldwych.

BRITISH EMPIRE Y.M.C.A. WEEKLY.
Registered as a Newspaper.



For Men in the Trenches.

BRYANT & MAY'S

'KAMPITE'

SAFETY TRENCH COOKER

SAFE, CLEAN, CHEAP & RELIABLE.

- 6½D -

COMPLETE, WITH COLLAPSIBLE STAND AND SIX FUEL BLOCKS.



NO SPIRIT.
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Look to our Fighting-Men's Toffee-Rations.

Toffee-de-Luxe contains more sustenance than many things eaten solely as food. Butter, sugar, and thick rich cream are contained in it, and blended in a cunning way Mackintosh's know, to make it the most delightful, very extra special Toffee ever tasted. It's nothing but economy, any time, to eat Mackintosh's sustaining sweetmeat, that costs so little and yields so much. And it's simply a duty to treat our fighting boys to lots and lots of it. Ask a soldier or a sailor.

MACKINTOSH'S
TOFFEE DE LUXE **MINT DE LUXE**

The latter is Toffee-de-Luxe with the addition of Peppermint—selected as carefully as the other ingredients.
Both are sold by all Confectioners at **1½ d.** per oz.

BRANSON'S COFFEE IS PERFECTION

MADE IN A MOMENT.
Only Boiling Water Required. No Waste.

Largely used at Y.M.C.A. HUTS.



Two of The Best.

Y.M.C.A. 'CAMP LEADERS' should always stock

MAZAWATTEE TEA

DEE and ESS COCOA,

NELSON'S COFFEE EXTRACT,

NELSON'S PINE TREE TABLETS,

and

JOLLY BOYS TOFFEE.

Y.M.C.A. Camp Necessities.

"SANITAS"—ANTI-VERMIN PASTE in **9d. tins**—a safe, pleasant and effective remedy.

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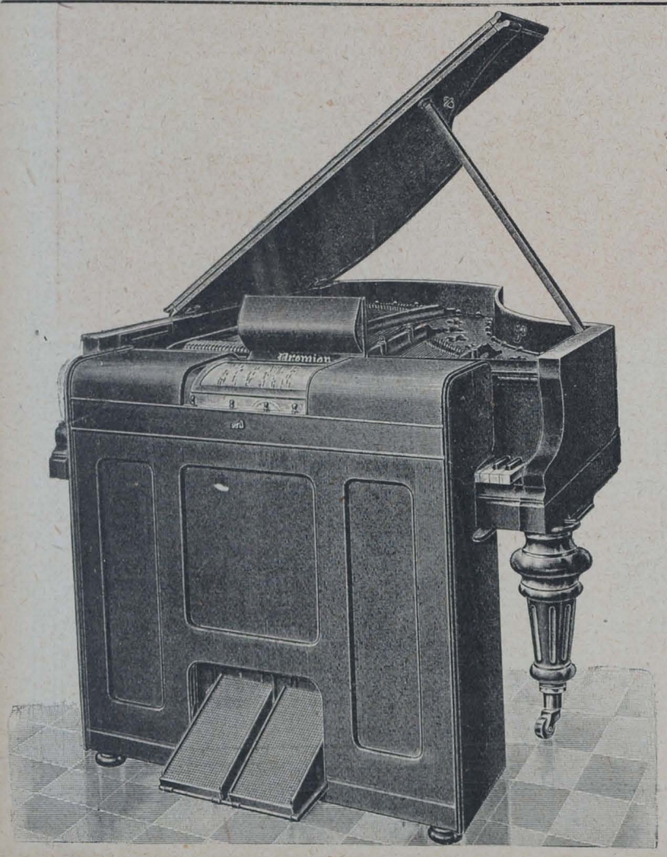

Music in the Hut or Recreation Room

is always appreciated. Most Huts have ordinary pianos, but few men can play well. Every Hut and Recreation Room can have the best music obtainable by installing

HARPER'S

Musetta Piano Player

which we are offering at the sale price of

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Makers of Electric Pianos, Pianos, Gramophones, Barrel Pianos, Polyphones and Automatic Machines.

Y M

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

No. 77. Vol. 2. JUNE 30, 1916. PRICE 1d.

Queen Alexandra at the Aldwych Hut.



HER MAJESTY RECEIVED, ON HER ARRIVAL, BY MR. YAPP.
[*Photopress.*

"THROUGHOUT the Empire Queen Alexandra's name is one to conjure with," said Sir George Perley, Acting High Commissioner for Canada, in seconding the vote of thanks to her Majesty for formally opening the Aldwych Hut on Friday last. Our cousins from overseas will appreciate the compliment paid to the colonies and dominions by the Queen Mother in thus graciously associating herself with a building intended, indeed, for all men of the fighting forces, but especially for those who come from abroad. "It gives me the greatest pleasure," said her Majesty, "to open this hut for our gallant and brave soldiers. May it prove a comfort to you all. God bless and protect you on your way." In addition to the Queen's speech, the opening ceremony included the hymn, "Fight the good fight," a prayer of dedication offered by Bishop Boyd Carpenter, and the singing of the National Anthem by Miss Phyllis Lett.

Her Majesty, who was accompanied by the Grand Duchess George of Russia and the Princess Victoria (the Hon. Charlotte Knollys, the Hon. Violet Vivian, and Colonel Sir Henry Streatfeild being in attendance), spent quite a long afternoon in the hut, examining, under the guidance of Lady Plumer, president of the lady workers in the hut, the various details of the cubicles, the kitchen, the recreation room, and the quiet room. She took great delight in herself serving with tea over a hundred of the soldiers who were in the hut, many of them being wounded men from Westminster Hospital. When she learned that there were no more cups, she insisted upon handing round the cake, while also she shook hands with a great many of the men.

In the course of her inspection of the hut Queen Alexandra noticed one man in the billiard room fast asleep in an armchair. He had remained so throughout the opening ceremony, and her Majesty was very solicitous that he should not be disturbed, remarking that he appeared to need the rest very greatly, and that she hoped he was not ill. When being shown the facilities for letter writing in the quiet room, her Majesty, to whom this link with home appealed very strongly, desired Mr. Yapp to write his autograph on one of the postcards, by way of souvenir. On reaching the cash desk and counter, the Queen's glance fell upon one of the shilling khaki Testaments sold there, and she inquired the price. Upon being told, she remarked, smilingly, "But I

Queen Alexandra at the Aldwych Hut—*Continued.*



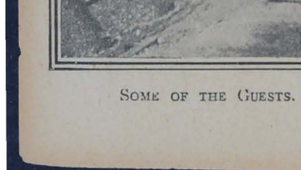
Writing letters in the Quiet Room.



Where the Testaments are Sold.

have no money," and was, of course, promptly asked to accept a copy, which she did with evident pleasure.

During the afternoon her Majesty held a miniature reception in Lady Plumer's room, being especially anxious that the High Commissioners and Agents-General, who all, with one unavoidable exception, attended the function, should be presented. The Hon. Sir George Perley, the Right Hon. Andrew Fisher, the Right Hon. W. P. Schreiner, Sir Thomas Mackenzie, the Hon. B. R. Wise, the Hon. Frederick Young, the Hon. Sir John McCall, and the Hon. I. J. Ryan received the honour, while among others who shared it were Lady Elliston McCartney, wife of the Governor of Tasmania, and the chief donors in connection with the hut, viz.: The Misses Davies, Baron and Baroness Profumo (whose little daughter very charmingly presented a bouquet to her Majesty), and Mr. Fletcher. Miss Phyllis Lett, who sang "God is our Refuge," to her Majesty's warmly expressed pleasure, was also presented. On leaving, the Queen was heartily cheered by the soldiers and friends gathered in the hut.



The Kangaroo and the Emu.

Speech-making was deferred until after her Majesty's departure. Major-General Sir Francis Lloyd, who, with Lord Haddo and Mr. Yapp, received her Majesty, presided throughout the afternoon, and, in terms of felicitous loyalty, moved that the humble duty and grateful thanks of those present be offered to her Majesty for her kindness in visiting and opening the hut. He referred to the Alexandra Pavilion for officers, opened by her Majesty not long since, and urged that, if possible, another such rest hut for officers should be provided.

He spoke also of the splendid service being rendered by



Her Majesty shakes hands with Wounded Soldiers.
[*Photo by courtesy of the Central News Agency.*

women in connection with the canteen and similar work, and emphasised the fact that all is for one great object, the victory of the Allies.

Sir George Perley, in seconding the motion, said that the Aldwych Hut would be another great aid towards that under-



Some of the Guests.



Leaving the Hut.



Sir Francis Lloyd and Wounded Soldiers.

Queen Alexandra at the Aldwych Hut—*Continued.*

standing of one another which all those within the Empire think one of our greatest gains from the war. He said that Queen Alexandra had given the boys from overseas something to remember by her graciousness in handing them tea and cakes that afternoon.

Mr. Yapp spoke of the generosity of those who had given the hut, and expressed the thanks of the Association to them, as well as to those who had taken part in the function of the afternoon.

Miss Phyllis Lett rendered "There's a land" with magnificent vigour and fine sympathy, calling forth a storm of applause, and receiving, on the call of Sir Francis Lloyd, three hearty cheers.

As Sir Francis Lloyd said, the Aldwych is the last word in huts, and it is already being used to the full. It has many unique features, among them being the cosy little *foyer*, wherein a magnificent eagle mounts guard over the entrance,



Queen Alexandra serving tea.
[*Photo by courtesy of the Central News Agency.*

while in the billiard room are fine specimens of a kangaroo and an eagle. Lady Plumer has got together a fine staff of helpers, and the leader of the hut, Mr. Curnow, is particularly fitted to look after overseas men, since he has just returned from a long spell of service with the Red Triangle in British East Africa, while Mr. Green supervises. Everything points to much success at the new centre.

We find that the provision of these rest-huts in London has a very special interest for our friends. Some, indeed, have wondered whether, with so many now established, it is not almost superfluous to add more. We happened to be speaking with Sir John McCall, Agent-General for Tasmania, about the present need, and he said that, in his opinion, it could scarcely be exaggerated. "Every existing institution, whether for all men of his Majesty's Forces, or exclusively for overseas men, is constantly overcrowded." Chancing to be in the office of the High Commissioner for New South Wales next morning, we saw an Australian soldier applying for money to enable him to spend his leave in London, and arranging for repayment to be made by his people at home. Said the official dealing with the inquiry, "Men are often awkwardly placed, for when they get their leave, though they may not be dependent on their pay, they may happen to have very little money by them, and they know no one in London. Yet it is their chance of a lifetime to visit the Metropolis of the Empire." To find a "little home," as another Agent-General called it, waiting for them



The Lounge and the Canteen.

and making provision for their needs at as low a rate as possible, is a great boon to them.

The next rest-hut to be opened will be the fine Shakespeare Memorial Hut, behind the British Museum. From New Zealand has come a gift that will provide cubicles. Friends of the Shakespeare Memorial movement have provided the hall, and other gifts are being allocated to the erection of lounge and canteen. We need another £3,000 to fulfil the whole plan, and we are hoping that those who take so keen an interest in the work done by these London centres will now enable us to complete the remaining one.



The Eagle.



Her Majesty leaving the Hut.
[*Photopress.*

Aircraft Workers as Athletes.



Saturday's Great Sports Meeting.

TWO thousand entries, five hundred competitors, twenty-seven events—how it would amaze the Germans! Here were twelve aircraft firms, amidst the most desperate of wars, rivalling one another in running round a grass track or hauling on a rope. In front of the very shops and hangars that encircle the most famous of aerodromes were men pillow-fighting on a pole, girls keenly contesting a skipping match, and directors doing great things at sprinting. But it all means progress for the Allies. That Saturday afternoon showed how the scanty leisure of those working at high pressure is devoted to increasing their fitness of body and freshness of mind. The insight of the firms, represented by the gift of a perpetual challenge cup to be competed for annually by the aircraft companies of the neighbourhood, speaks much for their power of getting the utmost out of their workers. Moreover, the mere fact that so great a number took part in the sports, and that they were, of course, only a section of the crowd employed in one aircraft centre alone, will give some hint of the tremendous output of aeroplanes now being attained week by week. Wherefore we were all cheerful.

True, the weather tried its hardest to make us otherwise. Constant drenching rain put records out of the question. Many an event was won on a time considerably exceeding that in which it had been accomplished during training. But there was a fine spirit of sportsmanship abroad. Not an event was abandoned save one, the band race, and that only for fear of ruining the instruments. The heavy going told on the competitors, but their pluck was manifest in several fewer than three first places. *Esprit de corps* ran high, and the tug-of-war occasioned immense excitement by the opportunity it offered of measuring teams, as apart from individuals, against each other.

Perhaps the only item that could be considered spoiled was the exhibition of flying, to which everybody had looked forward. Even that did not fall through altogether. Two pilots went up in the only half-hour of cessation from rain, and both of them looped with great skill and daring. There was a rumour that certain eminent persons were to be passengers, but the renowned airman who was to have taken them up decided that they would find it too bumpy, so at least one went without his lunch, and had only a might-have-been by way of reward! There is no escaping tragedy in this life!

Mrs. Winston Churchill brought enough fair weather with her to last over the distribution of the prizes, which function she fulfilled with a characteristically smiling enthusiasm. The crowning moment was the triumphant bearing away by the Napier Co., which had 20½ points to the Darracq's 10 and the Grahame-White's 8½, of the magnificent cup presented by Messrs. The Aircraft Manufacturing Co., Limited, The Integral Propeller Co., Limited, British Caudron Co., Limited, Handley Page, Limited, D. Napier and Sons, Limited, British Thomson-Houston Co., Limited, The Fiat Motor Co., Limited, Jouques Aviation Works, Hooper and Co., Limited, A. Darracq and Co., Limited, Wells Aviation Co., Limited, and Grahame-White Aviation Co., Limited. The first-named also gave the cup and medals for the tug-of-war, strenuously gained, for this year, by the Darracq team.

Mr. Yapp, in introducing Mrs. Churchill, told, in a few effective sentences, the aim, the work, and the motive of the Y.M.C.A. in serving soldiers, sailors, and munition workers. Mr. Paine, of the Grahame-White Co., voiced very fittingly the appreciation of Mrs. Churchill's kindness felt by all present. Mr. Virgo—"the man with the megaphone"—



"The Man with the Megaphone"—and a Good Finish.



"Are You Ready?"

splendidly close finishes, notably that of the mile, when Welch capped his previous victory in the half by a magnificent ding-dong up the straight only a yard or so ahead of the equally fine second, Stanton. In the two-mile walk some good work was done, and Stevenson got home in great style. The dead heat between Babbs and Edwards in the quarter showed fine mettle in both. The ladies were fully a match for the men in spirit, and Miss White carried off no

The Aircraft Sports—Scenes on the Field.



A Hard-fought Contest.



The Sack Race.



The Ladies Sprint Well.



Dead Heat in the Quarter.



Finish of the Walk.



GETTING AWAY.

A GOOD FIELD.

evoked much laughter, while at the same time he expressed very sincerely the thanks of competitors and crowd to the various firms who had co-operated in the arrangements and had given the cup, to the donors of the prizes, to the Grahame-White Co. for the use of the fine ground, to Mr. Naylor, past-master of sports meetings, for his unsparing efforts in the preparation for and conduct of the sports, to Mr. Scotcher, the Munitions Hut leader *par excellence*, to the judges—and to himself. He taught us, too, a new way of calling for cheers, and we enjoyed cheering Mrs. Churchill, the companies, and the King right merrily. Nor do we forget the band of the A.S.C. and the very acceptable service of the café ladies, drawn from the voluntary staff who carry on the work of the two Red Triangle huts recently established for aircraft workers and airmen. Nobody was sorry to get home out of the wet, but not one of the 5,000 was sorry that he or she had come—least of all the prize-winners! We append a list of the results :—

100 YARDS.—Holden, Grahame-White Co., 1; Clennell, Napier, 2; Howell, Darracq, 3. Nine others ran. Won by a yard. Time, 11 sec.

HALF-MILE.—Welch, Napier, 1; Lewis, Napier, 2; Wilcox, B.T.H., 3. Won by 5 yards; 8 yards between second and third. Time, 3 min. 20 3-5 sec.

220 YARDS.—Howell, Darracq, 1; Edwards, Grahame-White, 2; Clennell, Napier, 3. Won by 2 yards. Time, 26 4-5 sec.

100 YARDS VETERANS.—Phillips, Handley Page, 1; James, Grahame-White, 2; Duffield, Handley Page, 3. Won by a foot. Time, 12 3-5 sec.

ONE MILE.—Welch, Napier, 1; Stanton, Napier, 2; Crabtree, Grahame-White, 3. Won by 3 yards; 80 yards between the next two. Time, 5 min. 19 1-5 sec.

60 YARDS.—Ladies: Miss White, Darracq, 1; Miss Baker, Darracq, 2; Miss Hamshaw, B.T.H., 3.

TWO-MILE WALK.—Stevenson, Napier, 1; Watts, Grahame-White, 2; Dover, Darracq, 3. Fifteen others competed. Watts did not start until the others had gone 150 yards. He was up with the leaders half a mile from home, but the exertion was too great, and he eventually lost by 20 yards; 250 yards between second and third. Time, 18 min. 20 1-5 sec.

100 YARDS.—Directors and Managers: Holden, Grahame-White, 1; Voit, Integral Propeller, 2; Ritchie, Grahame-White, 3.

QUARTER-MILE.—Babbs, Napier, 1; Edwards, Grahame-White, 2; Luther, Aircraft Manufacturing Co., 3.

BOYS' RACE.—Williams, British Thomson-Houston Co., 1; Jennings, B.T.H. Co., 2; Saddby, Grahame-White, 3. Won by 2 yards; a foot between second and third.

BICYCLE OBSTACLE RACE.—Woolgar, British Caudron, 1; Bass, Napier, 2; Johnson, Wells 3.

RELAY RACE.—Handley-Page, 1; Napier, 2; Darracq, 3.

OBSTACLE RACE.—Crabtree, 1; Bass, 2; Dunkley, 3.

TUG-OF-WAR.—Darracq beat Napier by 2 pulls to 1.

SACK RACE.—Jimpson, Darracq, 1; Hope, British Thomson-Houston, 2; Cleveley, Napier, 3.

THREE-LEGGED RACE (BOYS).—Wildey and Storey, H.P., 1; Batchelor and Wallace, H.P., 2.

EGG AND SPOON.—White, Darracq, 1; Colman, Handley Page, 2; Hogben, Handley Page, 3.



MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL PRESENTS PRIZES.

"Give Ye Them to Eat."

THERE was little that so moved the heart of the Master in the days of His flesh as the sight of a hungry man, especially when his hunger resulted from long and tedious journeying, and I am very sure that if He were treading incarnate the roads of France, He would again "make the men sit down . . . in ranks by hundreds and by fifties," and would He not likewise seize again the opportunity, as He did by the crowded shore of Galilee, and "begin to teach them many things"?

But the spirit of the same Master works still through human hearts and hands. Many opportunities are given us at this base for such acts of service, which form one of the most valuable features of our work. Every morning the ladies make their way by car to the railway station to meet the convalescent men who are their way from the hospital to their bases, and the hour or so spent while changing at the station is usefully occupied by gifts of a cup of tea, a bun, a packet of cigarettes, and a box of matches. This "ration" is frequently supplemented by some additional present, such as handkerchiefs, chocolates, or booklets, and is always accompanied by a smile and a word of cheer.

The hospital ship is similarly visited once or twice a week, where, at the request of the authorities, some sixty of the stretcher cases receive the same threepennyworth, special drinking cups being provided for those who are too unwell to sit up. Some pathetic cases have been met with during these visits, and it stands as a record that, however serious may have been the wound or the mutilation, our workers have never once heard a wounded man complain.

The expenses of the station and hospital ship work are met entirely by the ladies themselves, and it may be of interest that since January 1 they have ministered in this capacity to 7,500 men.

Surely this work is more than materially useful. Its Christian value is measured in proportion to the motive with which it is undertaken. Part of the reward is in the work itself; the rest will be given "when the Son of Man shall come in His glory," and shall say before all nations: "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was sick, and ye visited me. . . . Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

R. C.

K.R.R. Sports at Merton.



1.—TILTING THE BUCKET, AND OBTAINING A GOOD DUCKING.
2.—THE BAND GOING "ALL OUT."
3.—"CAPSIZING" IN THE BOAT RACE.

The famous King's Royal Rifle Corps, distinguished for its deeds on the battlefield, can also claim distinction for its record on the sports field. This record was further enhanced on Wednesday, June 21st, when the 19th Reserve Battalion held its meeting at "John Innes" Park, Wimbledon.

Ideal conditions prevailed, and with a perfect course the runners were in a position to show up to the best advantage.

With the splendid training which men are undergoing in preparation for war, they are exceedingly fit for athletics; but there is always a demand for fit men, and it so happened that on the day before the sports a large draft, comprising some of the best athletes, was transferred to an unknown destination. As a result there were many blanks in the programme, but that there was no lacking in talent was proved by the fast times of the various races.

The organisers are to be congratulated on the variety of events, which materially added to the success of the meeting. A huge crowd assembled and showed its appreciation of both serious and humorous items alike.

The contest for Lt.-Col. Keyworth's Cup was extremely keen, while the sack race, boat race, and tilting the bucket were particularly popular.

To mark approval of the Y.M.C.A. work the Officers introduced a special race for the Y.M. lady helpers, the start of which is illustrated above

1.—Y.M.C.A. LADY HELPERS READY FOR THE SPRINT.
2.—THE "BOAT RACE" IN FULL SWING.
3.—THE OFFICERS' ENCLOSURE.

Drink the Squash that has the largest sale.

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THE QUIET ROOM.

A Highland Festival.

THE strains of the pibroch thrilled through the air on a sunny afternoon last week, and, attracted by the sound, hundreds of kilted lads gathered round the doors of the Y.M.C.A. It seemed a somewhat noisy method of celebrating the opening of the Quiet Room, but there was nothing strange in it to those who are familiar with "Davie's" exuberance and Celtic fire.

You should have seen the specially invited guests who trooped into our refreshment room, big, broad-shouldered, stalwart fellows, who will at an early date be facing the Huns in Europe. A merry, noisy, laughing crowd they were, as cheery as if they had not a care in the world, and they sat down to the good things provided with smiles on their faces bright enough to lighten the streets of London on a foggy day.

The blessing being asked, "Davie" cried, "Now boys, three cheers for the tea!" and these were given with a heartiness which spoke well for the vigour-giving power of our Highland air. But for a tea like this, with scones of "Davie's" own baking, not to speak of other dainties, a grace and three cheers were not sufficient benediction. We must needs have a song, too, and who could sing it better than "Davie"? And so in his rich, deep voice he trilled out his favourite ditty:

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag,
And smile, smile, smile!

This, after all, sums up his philosophy of life, and proved far more effective than any lengthy address.

The next half-hour was devoted to the tea, and the lady helpers, who had spared no pains in decorating the room, were kept busy in ministering to the men's wants.

The formal opening of the Quiet Room was ably carried out by Mr. Bertram Kaye, organising secretary of the Scottish National Council of the Y.M.C.A., who visited us for the purpose. He was accompanied by his wife, a Glasgow bailie, Mr. Leslie, secretary of the Y.M.C.A., Cromarty, and other friends.

In simple, earnest words Mr. Kaye pointed out the many advantages of such an addition to our institute. They had felt the need, he said, of quiet rooms in the Y.M.C.A. huts in France, and there were few now which were not provided with them. Here, too, he was sure, such a room would be greatly appreciated, a room where a man could get away from the crowd, and where he could read and write undisturbed by the noise and clamour of the refreshment and recreation rooms. The saying of the old Book came back to us, "In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength," and never was this need of quiet more pressing than at the present time, amid the clash of arms and the turmoil of war.

Mr. Kaye then formally declared the room open, after which Mrs. Bertram Kaye was presented with a bouquet by the youngest soldier present.

A grand concert, organised by Miss Innes, our lady motorist, followed in the evening, the large recreation hall being crowded to its utmost capacity. The genial "Davie" occupied the chair, and the colonel commanding the regiment favoured us with his presence, being accompanied by the colonel of a neighbouring camp. A first-class programme was submitted, and so an eventful day was brought to a happy close. The O.C., in proposing a vote of thanks to the performers, paid an eloquent tribute to the good work of the Y.M.C.A., to which, he said, both officers and men were indebted more deeply than he could express. They must not forget, he added, its genial leader, Mr. David Kay, who had so capably acted as chairman on this occasion.

The Quiet Room, so auspiciously opened, is a bright, well-lighted apartment, with a pleasing view of green fields and trees. Here are books, magazines, and papers to beguile the time, and at all hours of the day men may be found in it quietly reading or writing long letters to wives, mothers, and sweethearts far away.

R. C. R.

OVERHEARD!

"FINE old game this, Bill! Two days at home out of eight due to me, and then this bloomin' recall!" groans a perspiring Tommy from his corner in the crowded troop train at D——, into which I have squeezed myself.

"Hard lines, son! I've run through nine of my ten days, so I don't care if it snows!" chuckles Bill.

"Snows! Phew! With ten stone sitting on yer chest! Bring me a drink, someone."

Fortunately at this juncture the ladies from the station Soldiers' Buffet came to the rescue with a lorry laden with buns and steaming urns of coffee and cocoa, and the sweltering crowd of Tommies are regaled with those satisfying viands.

"Not much profit on this deal, Bill," our grumbler interjects between bites of his "buster."

"Not that, son!" rejoins Bill.

"What show is this?"

"Y.M.C.A., I suppose."

"Fine show that! It's the only religious body what looks after us, and we won't forget it either."

"We won't some, boy, I reckon, and they'll know about it after this 'ere war's over."

"We won't that. The Y.M.'s the best friend we have, and don't forget it! . . ."

"Where are we, Bill? Another cow on the line, I 'spects!"

"Finsbury Park."

"What ho! King's Cross next, and a doss on the platform, I suppose. No train until eight o'clock for me, wuss luck!"

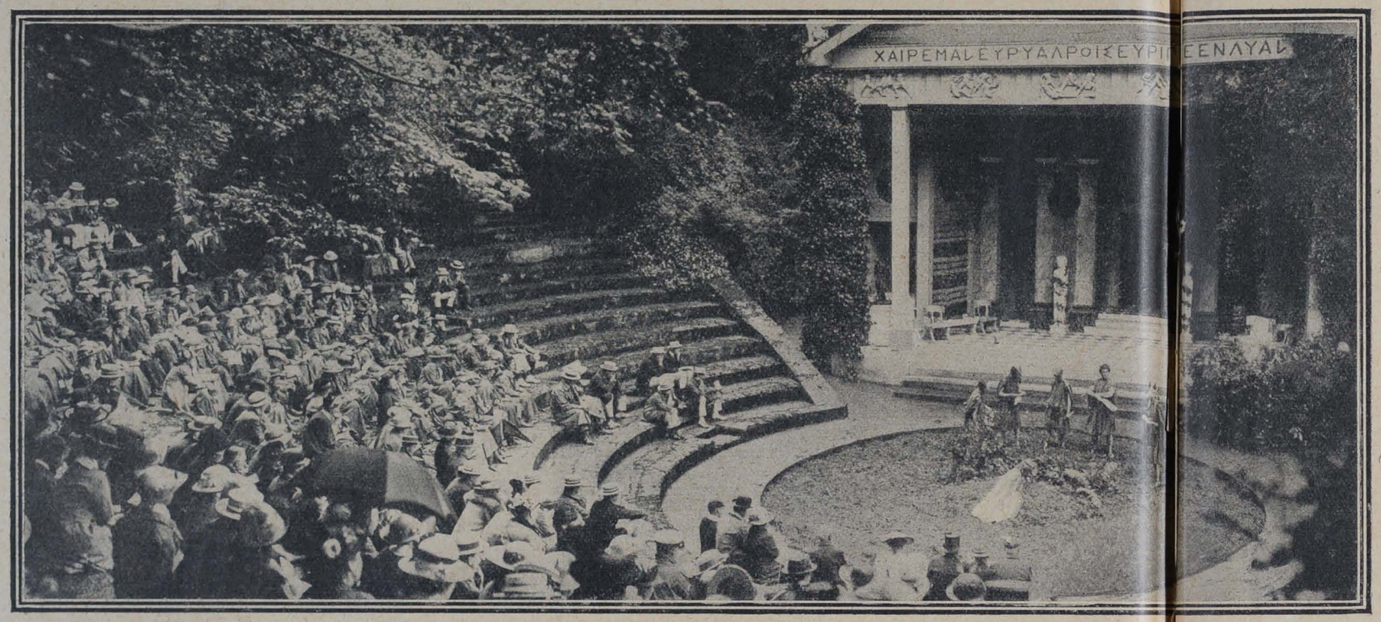
At this juncture I awake out of my torpor (for this is my third consecutive night's travelling in the interests of the Y.M.), and, having tumbled out on to the platform, head a procession of the whole trainload of travel-stained Tommies to the King's Cross Hut, where at this hour (3.30 a.m.) a cheery smile of welcome, and, what's more, a dish of bacon and eggs, awaits us. S. P. D.



"'Ere mate! Can you tell me the way to this 'ere Y.M. 'ut?"

The above drawing has been contributed by Pte. MacMichael, the soldier artist. Pte. MacMichael is serving in the 37th Batt. Middlesex Regiment, and regularly contributes a page cartoon to *Fall In*, the bright fortnightly journal of the Middlesex Territorial Force Association.

HOW SCHOOLS ARE HELPING US.



"The Bradfield Play" is always an event of the year. Dr. H. B. Gray transformed an old gravel pit into a theatre and amphitheatre, modelled after the pattern that the old Greek dramatists knew. There a Greek play is given annually by the boys of the school, a great company gathering from all over the country to witness it. This year the boys represented *"A Midsummer Night's Dream,"* in aid of Y.M.C.A. Hut Funds.

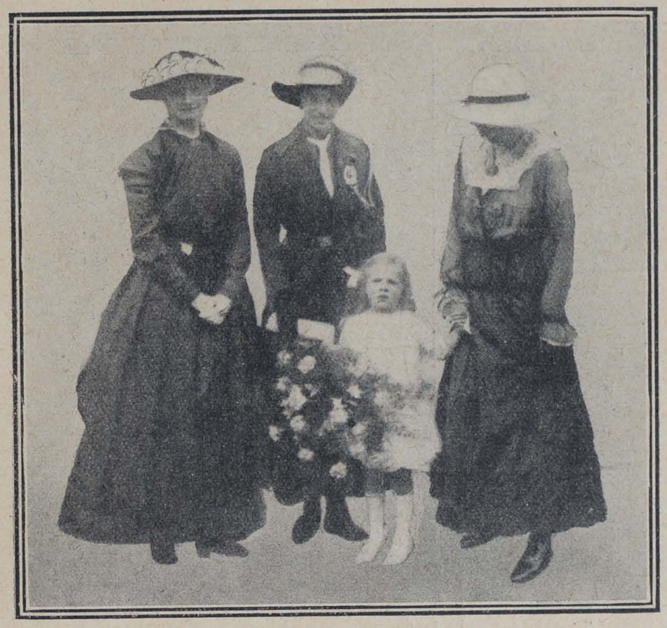
Photo, Daily Mirror.



The Market.



The Maypole.



Lady Baden-Powell, who has done such splendid service at the Mercers' Y.M.C.A. Hut in France, opened a Garden Fete and Fancy Market at Malvern House School, Lewisham, on Saturday last, in aid of Y.M.C.A. War Works.



Lady Baden-Powell.



Open Air Performance of *"As You Like It"* at Malvern House.



IF you appreciate a

'Linger Longer' flavour—if your mouth waters for the creamiest of creamy Toffees, just ask at any Y.M.C.A. Hut for SHARPS 'tickle-your-palate' KREEMY TOFFEE. 1d. Bars.

SHARPS KREEMY TOFFEE.

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THE ORCHARD OF THE EMPIRE.

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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 water only.

SERVED AT Y.M.C.A. REFRESHMENT ROOMS AND TENTS.

Also available in the form of delicious food tablets to be dissolved in the mouth. Relieve thirst and prevent fatigue.

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 6d. and 1/- each.

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

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THE MOST DELICIOUS DRINK.

20 DIFFERENT FLAVOURS.

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At the Sign of the Red Triangle.

"The Only Service."

A father writes as follows about one of his sons on active service:—"He told us of the only service he had been able to attend since going abroad. It was one Sunday night in this hut. And he said how grand it was. The first hour was taken up with singing. 'Just the same old hymns we have at home after tea. I tell you it sounded splendid; all the men sang with all their might, and we just shouted what we should like.' He said he often had talks with one of your helpers, and I am strongly of opinion that more real good work is done by such quiet, personal talks (if the talker is wise) than by the preaching services, though these are often used by God the Holy Spirit to the conversion of the men."

The Duke of Devonshire's View.

Speaking at a meeting at Eastbourne held last week in aid of the Y.M.C.A., the Duke of Devonshire remarked that the Y.M.C.A. could point to a record of most splendid success. The leaders of the organisation did not wait to see what would happen or what was to be done. At the outbreak of the war they realised their responsibilities promptly and took action, and from that day to this they had not turned back. "The Red Triangle" had come to be one of the most familiar signs, and one which sent a thrill of pride and gratitude through people when they looked upon it; it had found a lasting place in the history of England and the history of the world.



A NEW MUNITIONS HUT OPENED LAST WEEK ON THE PREMISES OF THE ROTAX COMPANY.

Bravo, Winchester!

The Winchester District Flag Day has resulted in the fine total of £574, including £61 6s. 8d. collected in the huts within that area and £38 16s. subscribed by the officers' messes.

A Flag Day Story.

The following was told by a relative of the man who made the gift:—

"An N.C.O. left his bank and cheque books in charge of his mother, and recently wrote home to ask her to look up certain dates and items on his counterfoils. To her surprise, she found, 'Y.M.C.A. huts, £5.'"

I do not hesitate to add that her eyes filled with tears of joy. She was glad to find that evidence of his appreciation for a good movement. If you will reckon how many days' pay £5 represents, or how many weeks' savings are embodied, after a man has purchased necessary articles while at the front, you will surely agree that the gift is a rousing example for those who are left at home and making thousands of pounds over the war. When a man offers both his life and his money, sacrifices home comforts and a good berth, surely the good folk who remain behind will be impressed by what he thinks of the Y.M.C.A.

News from Egypt.

Mr. Arthur Johnson writes from Cairo:—"We have been exceedingly busy this month. One centre will have done £3,000 in refreshments this month, other camps from £1,000 to £2,000 a centre. These large figures will give you some idea of the difficulties. We have to send all the goods by railway work to a special programme of delivery, one truck-load once a week to each centre, truck always locked and sealed with duplicate keys. The trucks get to the Canal siding, then the goods have to be carted over the pontoon bridges to the other side of the canal. Then the game begins—donkeys and carts, camels, military light railways, from ten to thirty-five miles into the desert. Just fancy, thousands of men in these desert camps, with the temperature of 110 to 118, and the only cool place in camp is the Y.M.C.A. Mat Hut, and the only place to get anything decent and cool to drink is the Y.M.C.A. This was a great problem, but it is one of the finest things the Y.M.C.A. ever did.

Mr. John A. Stelling, A.L.A.M., at Winchester.

This very gifted elocutionist has just concluded another series of recitals, visiting Portsmouth Institute; Monckton; Haslar R.N. Camp, Gosport; Hilsea Barracks, Fort Gomer; Golden Hill, Freshwater, I.W.; Parkhurst Barracks, I.W.; and Fort Cumberland, Portsmouth. At all of these he has left happy and inspiring memories. Not only is he a consummate artist, but a most persuasive evangelist, who invariably ends his evening with a spiritual appeal.

The Y.M.C.A. and the Church.

Mr. J. W. Moodie, the Y.M.C.A. soldier evangelist, occupied the pulpit at the Metropolitan Tabernacle the other Sunday evening upon the invitation of Dr. A. C. Dixon, when for twenty minutes he related something of what the Y.M.C.A. is accomplishing evangelistically amongst the troops in the training camps throughout England. Mr. Moodie's story thrilled the congregation, and undoubtedly aroused a deeper interest and more prayerful co-operation on the part of the Church in relation to Y.M.C.A. war service. He referred to the eagerness on the part of the troops to listen to the Gospel message, their desire to possess pocket Testaments, and gave illustrations of the thoroughness of the work carried on, pointing out how the presence in camp of the Y.M.C.A. huts had transformed the surroundings and lives of vast numbers of the troops.

The wonderful chapter compiled by the Association during the war period possesses a note which appeals with peculiar force to the Church to-day, and we do not know of a better or more practical way of bringing home to our city congregations the extent and nature of our operations than by an occasional address from the pulpit by an experienced Y.M.C.A. camp worker who has been actively identified with the evangelistic side of our programme of service.

The pulpit also opens another channel of appeal for workers, and should be worth much from the standpoint of prayer partnership.

When We Got Cut Up Badly.

Private A. E. Lambert, of the 1st C.M.R. Battalion, sends us the following letter :—

"I am writing to show my appreciation of your good work out here, more especially at a most critical point when we got cut up badly. One of your small branches near the line worked hard to help us, giving all the available stock around —nothing could be bought.

"We of the Canadian Mounted Rifles thank you for all you have done for us since we joined up in the West.

"Yours very gratefully."

Appreciative.

Miss Wright, of the Witley Hut, has received the following letter from a member of the 33rd Battery, 9th Brigade :—

"I guess you will be kind of surprised to receive this short letter, but I would have been ungrateful to have gone away without thanking you for your kindness to me. We are going away to-morrow, and maybe we shall never see this camp again. Before I go away I want to say what a great pleasure it has been to me and so many of our boys to have spent happy hours in this Y.M.C.A. When I think of how cheering your smiling faces are and your kindness of heart, I think of Him who walked along the shores of Galilee so many years ago, and He was always about doing good to his fellow-men and sister-women. His gracious smile and kind words were an inspiration in the daily battle of life. Like an oasis is to the weary traveller of the desert, so was this Y.M.C.A. to myself and so many others. Some day, as we are far away and memory recalls the days that are past, I shall always think of this camp, and closely linked with it will be the memory of kind smiling faces. Some day, and it may not be so very far away, the Master will bid us welcome, and with that we think of those words He spoke while here on earth, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me.' To you and your noble band of workers are these words written. We count that day lost whose low descending sun views from and by our hands no deed of kindness done. *Au revoir.* God's blessing rest on you and your co-workers. One who will never forget.—BILL."

"Men Are Like Goods in Transit."

"Since the war broke out the letters of the Y.M.C.A. have acquired a new significance," says Lady Beatty. "It seems to me that no naval base or military camp is complete without the Y.M.C.A., and its usefulness can only be gauged by its popularity. Wherever we find troops gathered together at a Y.M.C.A. hut we invariably discover an atmosphere of cheerfulness expressed in singing, whistling, and good-humoured banter. I am sure the British people are all anxious to maintain the 'home from home' atmosphere that the Y.M.C.A. is seeking to create amongst the soldiers and sailors. Men are like goods in transit; if they are to be of value at the front we must take care of them on the journey. These young men, who come out of good homes, and are thrown together for the first time, are apt to feel lonely, and are tempted to frequent places that do not make for the building-up of a strong character as do the Y.M.C.A. The association has been most fortunate in securing the services of men and women who are rendering magnificent voluntary work, and who, though unable to fight, are taking a great part in the war. There are two things that can never die—kind actions and kind words. We have to thank the Y.M.C.A. for giving us the opportunity of saying kind words and doing kind actions during the present crisis. It is the desire and ambition of those men and women to look after the men in such a way, to see that they are sent forward to the trenches undamaged in transit.

Save Your Boxes.

Stores for huts are often sent down in wooden boxes, and most leaders will have an accumulation of these latter. The wood should not be wasted. It can be sold in lots, and the proceeds would amount to a considerable sum to be added to the hut funds.

The Red Cross Helps the Red Triangle.

Mr. Virgo quotes the following from a letter received from his daughter in Bombay :—

"The Brigadier-General has just sent word that the Red Cross Society is allowing 25,000 rupees a month for six months for Y.M.C.A. work with the troops."

News from Egypt.

Cecil Mann, who is with the British Egyptian Expeditionary Force, writes to Mr. Ralston, of Birkenhead : "What the Y.M.C.A. has done for us boys will be long in our memories, and many who have hitherto had no connection with it have said, 'God willing, I will certainly join after the war.' Its noble work is admitted on every hand, and there is no doubt it has been one of the chief factors in keeping the body and soul of the 'Tommy' together. The Y.M. boys here are all very well, and many's the time we have talked of the 'good old days.'"

Good Work at Dieppe.

"No. 1 Camp,
"May 22, 1916.

"DEAR MR. CONSTERDINE,—I write a brief note to thank you and the Association for your most kind efforts on behalf of the men of the 10th Labour Battalion, R.E.

"The Y.M.C.A. at No. 1 Camp has been an assured success from the moment of opening, and you need no better thanks than to be told that it is the first bit of real brightness the men have had since we left Southampton last October.

"We have treked about a great deal, and our efforts hitherto to improve their surroundings have on that account been rendered nugatory. Now they are happy.

"Gratefully and sincerely yours,
"C. SKINNER, Lieut.-Col., R.E.,
"Comdg. 10th Labour Batt., R.E."

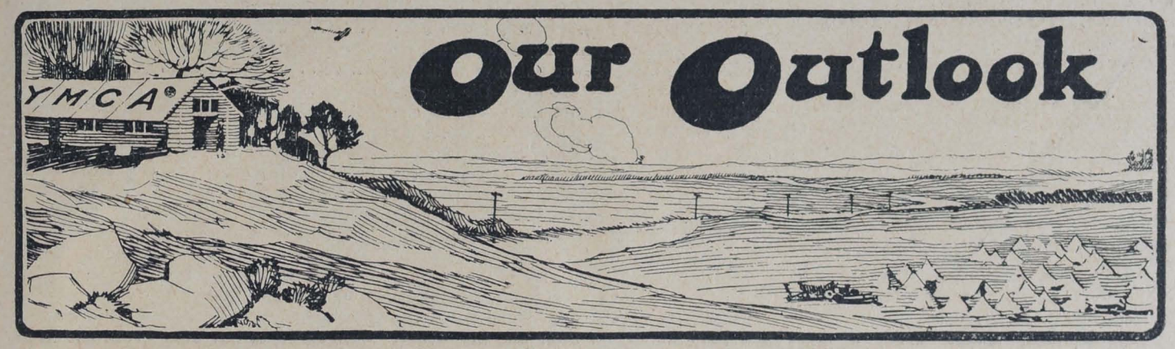


OUR NEW HUT IN SLOANE SQUARE.

"He Gives Twice Who Gives Quickly."

We have pleasure in acknowledging the following special contributions received June 19 to 24 :—

£7,500 from the Flag Day Committee (on account) ; from Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Hayes, £900 (on account) ; Mr. and Mrs. Groves, £500 ; the Nestle and Anglo-Swiss Milk Co., £450 ; Prince Bibesco, £400 for the Sloane-square Hut ; readers of *Public Opinion*, £334 17s. 10d., making a total of £500 ; £250 each from the Royal Mail Steam Packet Co. and per Mr. A. J. Green ; the Boy Scouts Motor Ambulance Fund (Canadian B.S. Hut), "A Friend," per W. L. W., readers of the *Christian World*, and S.D.R.S.D., £200 each ; from readers of the *Life of Faith*, £115 ; the London and Provincial Bank, London and River Plate Bank, and Messrs. Gilliat and Co., and the Royal Warrant Holders' Association, 100 guineas each ; Kincardineshire Auction Mart, Messrs. Pearson and Knowles, Messrs. Speyer Brothers, and the British Bank of South America, £100 each ; Messrs. Houlder and Partners, £75 ; Messrs. Woodroffe and Co., Messrs. Scrutton, Sons, and Co., and the Merlimau Rubber Estates, Limited, 50 guineas ; and £50 from the following : —Mr. F. Ransom, Miss M. A. Lilley, Mr. G. Jarvis, Mr. H. M. Robinson, Mr. W. Eastman, Mr. E. R. Cobb, and Mr. H. Neal.



FIELD sports for soldiers under training or on active service may at first sight seem rather frivolous. As a matter of fact, they have an enhanced value. For one thing, they help to increase a man's fitness. Some people think that the undeniably hard training which is the lot of men who have to be made into soldiers within all too short a time affords all the physical exercise that a man of ordinary strength can stand. They forget that practically any system of drill leaves unused muscles that need to be developed in proportion to those that are hardened by the course which the man is undergoing. Moreover, the free play of the body in games or athletic sports is an entirely different matter from the more rigid and formal use of even the same members in marching or in Swedish drill. And, too, it is just because military training makes a man so fit that he takes special pleasure in giving vent to his new-found store of energy.

***

AMONG the various revolutions which the nation is quietly undergoing is the physical one. Men who have hitherto pursued sedentary occupations are discovering for the first time the joy of feeling in absolutely perfect form—not that they were ailing before, but they never attained really full vigour. Against the many maimed lives that will be the fruit of the war we ought in all fairness to set this heightening of the general standard of physique, and this fresh enjoyment of open-air sports. If it is desirable now that men should be encouraged to pursue games and to find healthy outlet for their superfluous energy, it is very much more so that they should now acquire the love of sports and the skill in them that will lead them to keep up their form and continue an open-air life after the war, when the time comes for many of them to return to sedentary employments.

***

THE case of the munition worker is different in some respects, but the main considerations are the same. He—and in this instance she also—may indeed come from a long day in the factory quite tired. Probably anything like mental exertion would only add to the weariness consequent upon the day's toil. Fresh air and reasonable physical exercise, however, act as a real recreation for both body and mind. For both soldier and munitioner games have a great moral value. The hour of reaction from routine is the hour of moral peril for most of us. Even "having nothing to do" often leads to the doing of something foolish or wrong. On the other hand, athletics develop *esprit de corps*, and are a great safeguard against petty jealousies, individual or class selfishness, doing away also with all kinds of ill-feeling.

***

THROUGHOUT our war-programme as an Association we have given a prominent place to games and athletics, as we have been accustomed to do in time of peace. During the winter, especially in France, football leagues have been run with great success. Last summer a long series of regimental and brigade sports was arranged by Mr. Naylor and his fellow-physical directors up and down the country over here, and by various workers in France. The success of the Aircraft Sports on Saturday, under quite unfavourable weather conditions, showed the possibilities of great development in the munitions constituency. Military officers and munition directors and managers have been eager and hearty in their co-operation. The gift of a permanent challenge cup by the aircraft firms in North London is ample evidence of their opinion regarding sports, and their desire to encourage such meetings in future.

***

WE are therefore justified in looking upon this aspect of our work as an activity both patriotic and Christian, and in urging our workers everywhere to develop athletics in every possible way compatible with the differing requirements which they are called upon to meet. It may not always prove feasible to have things done on the elaborate scale natural to those who handle such matters as a profession, but something can always be done. Advice may be had at headquarters for the asking. We are hoping to secure the help of a number of the older boys in our public schools during their holidays, and are inviting them to place their services at the disposal of hut leaders or district secretaries in areas near their own homes. Some have already done splendid work in organising games and athletics for us. And there are many other sources from which the busy or inexperienced (inexperienced in sports, that is) leader can easily get invaluable assistance.

***

THE great point to keep in mind is the fact that we are of necessity doing temporary work, from one point of view, but that through it all we are working out our permanent vocation in the nation and the Church—the making of an all-round man.

Charles Kingsley insisted upon "muscular Christianity." Robert Louis Stevenson sang "the wild joys of living." Robert Browning exulted in "the joy of life—the mere living!" We have an unrivalled chance of helping men to prove the truth of which these prophets and poets spoke. Christianity means "fulness of life."

THE EDITORIAL OFFICES of "Y.M." are at the CENTRAL Y.M.C.A., TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, 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.

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

HAVE YOU GIVEN YOUR NEW HAT?

A Suggestion by Miss Lena Ashwell.

ON Saturday night an even more than usually fine programme was rendered by one of Miss Lena Ashwell's concert parties at London Central, the artistes being Miss Alma Goatley, Miss Phyllis Norman Parker, Miss Marjorie Ffrangcon-Davies, Miss Jennings, Miss Margaret Murray, Miss Dorothy Bell, and Messrs. Paget Bowman, Frank Macey, and J. M. Floyd.

Miss Ashwell herself made a most happy speech in the middle of the evening, describing the work of her concert parties. She was introduced by Mr. Chamberlain as one of the greatest assets of the Y.M.C.A. at the present time, and one of the truest friends of soldiers and sailors. Mr. Chamberlain said the concert parties were doing a great piece of Christian service, negatively by affording the men diversion and recreation when they might be tempted to spend their time unprofitably were there no concerts, and positively by maintaining a splendidly high tone in every programme that they rendered, thus exerting a strong and noble influence over the thought and life of the men.

Miss Ashwell said that she felt it to be some privilege to do this work. Since the inauguration of it thirty concert parties had been sent out, and often gave three concerts a day. In all, 2,000 concerts have been given in the hospitals or Y.M.C.A. huts. There is now a firing line party, which is proud of the opportunity of singing within the sound of the guns, while also a party has been sent with great success to Malta. A tremendous amount of work has been done for the Fleet; sailors perhaps need it more than any other people, seeing that they have far fewer chances of recreation and entertainment.

Miss Ashwell told how the Malta party had sung to mine sweepers in the Adriatic, mainly simple fishermen, who had gone out to do their bit, like everybody else. It was impossible, she said, to say what a ray of sunshine that visit was for the men. The concert parties go as a message of love from the folk at home, reminding the soldiers and sailors alike that they are not forgotten.

"I am some beggar," she said, "but I am proud to be, because I am a beggar in a big cause. We here know the sorrow and stress and shadow of the war, but we have never experienced the dreary monotony which is often the lot of the men who are fighting for us, especially the men in a base camp. Thus it may be a very amusing thing to be a baker; I do not know; I have not tried; but it is a very different thing to be baking all day long, doing nothing else, and then having no home to go to, no sort of amusement, no anything. To such men the concert party is an unspeakable boon.

"Expenses are heavy," continued Miss Ashwell, "in spite of the fact that many of us can go at our own charges. There must in any case be travelling and living expenses.

"There are now five parties working at one time. Two pounds will pay for one concert, which may bring pleasure to any number of men, from 400 more or less in a hospital to 2,000 right up at the front. I want you to give me all you have got, and then more. What you have not got send on to me. My address is 36, Grosvenor-street. I want you to give your new hat, your new carpet, your new teacups, everything you thought you were going to buy next week, and to give it me for the sake of the boys at the front and the boys in the Navy."

Miss Ashwell has just issued a delightfull little book full of photos and charming stories about the work and experiences of the concert parties. It may be had, price 2d. per copy, either from Miss Ashwell or from the Book Room at the Y.M.C.A. Headquarters, Tottenham-Court-road. We hope it will be widely read.

The Rotary Photographic Company is now supplying a fine series of post-cards, topical and general, and which secretaries and workers purchasing cards for sale in the huts will be well advised to look at. The portrait of Lord Kitchener in last week's issue was from one of their cards, and they have a particularly good series of memorial cards of Lord Kitchener, which are having a large sale.

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Leisurely Letters

From One Booklover to Another.

MY DEAR A,—As you say, theology, especially in these strenuous days, is rather like evening clothes—"optional, but not fashionable." We are all asking bigger questions than we ever thought about before. But the plain man says he wants plain answers, and declares that he is only plunged into worse confusion by the books that profess to explain things. When Sir Harry Johnston wrote the *Westminster* article on "What Is Wrong with the Churches?" to which you drew my attention, I anticipated a long and rather heated correspondence in the columns of the *W.G.* as a result. I fancy, however, that most people thought that Sir Harry was unusually rash in assertion, for him, and that his most provocative judgments were really a little too summary and unconsidered. On the other hand, hardly any effective reply could be made to his charge against preachers and theologians of dulness and antiquated conservatism. For example, the other day I picked up with real expectation a little book recently published by the Bishop of Birmingham, your old friend, Dr. Russell Wakefield, with the taking title, *Simple Answers to Great Questions*, only to find it thin, creedbound, lacking in depth and freshness—indeed, quite disappointing.

The other week-end, however, I was fortunate enough to spend some hours over a rare volume of essays, edited by Canon Streeter, with contributions by no end of interesting people. It bears the very simple title, *Concerning Prayer*,* but the group of friends out of whose regular meetings for friendly discussion the volume sprang rightly regard *all* the deep things of the Christian faith as having a direct relationship with prayer.

Thus the two chapters that have constrained my own deepest gratitude are those on "Repentance and Hope" and "The Eucharist—An Anglican View," by the author of *Pro Christo et Ecclesia* and the Rev. C. H. S. Matthews, M.A. (author of *A Parson in the Australian Bush* and *The Faith of an Average Man*), respectively. The first deals in a most stimulating way with the perplexing problems of sin, punishment, repentance, and forgiveness. For two or three years I have read nothing on the subject of the Atonement so illuminating and satisfying. There is a curious likeness between the author's central idea in this essay and that wonderful conception of Clutton Brock's about the Christian as an artist, set to achieve the impossible, and thereby learning how to accomplish at least the commonplace, which so captivated and inspired that group of which he and the author of *Pro Christo*, you, and I were all members last year. Our essayist contends that we are in one way too concerned about our sin, and in another too blind to its real power, because we have so narrow an idea of God's ideal for us.

"It has only been here and there that stray and often obscure prophets have asked God to forgive them, not only for their conscious lapses, but for what seemed to them their highest ideals, their noblest deeds, and their most fervent prayers. Yet it is these few who have been the salt of the earth, the light of the world." Forgiveness is not simply the passing over of an offence on our profession of penitence. It is God's gift of life and power—so to see and love the good that while we feel the evil in us more acutely, we are at the same time lifted above it by the vitality of the good. We get a new *life*, literally. My father's loving trust in me rebukes my unworthiness and inspires me to finer loyalty.

Necessarily, any attempt to reduce a well-reasoned argument to three or four sentences robs it of its beauty, if not of its force. But the essay, and the whole book, is full of good things, as you will realise when you know that among other contributors are Harold Anson, Edwyn Bevan, and W. F. Lofthouse.

The weakest chapter, as I think, is Micklem's, on "The Eucharist—A Free Church View." It does not need inside knowledge to convince one that few Free Churchmen would admit that their young colleague has gone far enough—or deep enough. Mr. Matthews' treatment of the subject is a great contrast in its richness and grasp, though probably many even of his own communion would think him too liberal. For the rest, the bare headings of certain chapters will show you what you may expect—*e.g.*, "Prayer as Understanding," "Prayer and Bodily Health," "Faith, Prayer, and the World's Order," "The Devil." This is one of the very first books you ought to put into your proposed little library for hut leaders in your district. It will help them no end in talking with men.

I am in the middle of a most breezy little book that you would like immensely. "Hazardous!" as a certain linguistic light used to say to us at Oxford, "Hazardous! Very!!" to comment on a book before you've *quite* finished it. But I treated it like a novel, and looked at the passages which I knew I should be most likely to disagree with the author. *Have You Understood Christianity?* is the title of the book.* Always very clear of thought (for a don!), the Rev. W. J. Carey has put a point on both matter and style as Chaplain to H.M. "Warspite." He writes, of course, as a keen, though tolerant, sacramentarian, who cannot for the life of him see what Low Churchmen or Free Churchmen have to say for themselves, good men as they are, and much as he desires real unity with them. But he makes his positions very plain, which is valuable, and the type of Christianity for which he pleads is sincere, reverent, and practical. I wish we could have more books of this kind from other points of view. Any attempt at a simple exposition of Christianity which ignores all the knotty points—Sacraments, Church, and the rest—is bound to be sapless and unconvincing. Wherefore I hope that we may have similar volumes from other quarters, books which, as Mr. Carey says, a sergeant of Marines or a petty-officer can read and understand. Meantime you will find this little book very useful.

By the bye, I have come across another little book that should prove valuable in camp. The Rev. W. B. Trevelyan has compiled a pocket volume of *War Prayers for a Week on Liturgical Lines*.† He makes good use of the Prayer Book and Psalter, but goes outside these for some of his material, and includes a particularly well-done list of topics for silent prayer in each day's order. These topics are in each case linked together by some guiding thought for the day—"Our Sailors," "The Kingdom of God," "Missions," &c. This is the very book your friend in the Y.M.C.A. hut was asking for.

Yours always, B.

---

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Beer.

By the Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell.

SOME of my readers may be inclined to "shy" at this title, but it is not introduced without a purpose. Among the possible results of the war, we are told that we may learn to alter our drinking habits, and, for the mass of Englishmen, drink means beer. Will they, after the war, become water-drinkers, or take to wine and spirits?

Beer is the only alcohol mentioned by Mrs. Sherwood in *The Fairchild Family*, that quaint picture of a Low Church family, and alike in the evangelical homes of the Clapham Sect and the Tractarian circles of Oxford the use of beer instead of wine was regarded as the mark of a self-denying Christianity.

Yet it is not to be imagined that all these holy men of different schools were indifferent to the horrors of drunkenness, or that the evil was less widely spread than it is to-day. On the contrary, we know that it was flagrant, unabashed, and all but universal. Why, then, did saints and preachers and social reformers still drink beer? Principally, I suppose, because they erroneously believed that alcohol was necessary to health; partly because they held strongly, and by conviction, to the maxim that the abuse of a thing does not abrogate its use, and that the fact that A makes a beast of himself is not reason why B should refuse a lawful indulgence; partly because they had not quite assimilated St. Paul's teaching about voluntary abstinence undertaken in order to help a "stumbled" brother; partly because, not realising the extent and noxiousness of the adulteration to which beer was subjected, they believed that a simple decoction of malt and hops was the most innocent and even beneficial form of spirituous liquor—"which," as Joe Gargery said, "it do give refreshment to the working man, and do not over-stimulate."

If, as I surmise, these were some of the reasons why religious men in times past did not renounce all alcoholic liquors, and beer among the rest, we must think once and again before we condemn them. It may be conceded that if, for the sake of others, they had accepted the rigour of total abstinence, they would have set an example of self-denial worthy to rank with the Trappist's surrender of meat, the Jesuit's surrender of his will, and the monk's surrender of marriage. But still there is something to be said for the attitude of Sandy McKaye, who denounced the "'Grains of Paradise' and *Cocculus Indicus*, and all the damnable, maddening, thirst-breeding, lust-breeding drugs" with which the poor man's beer was adulterated, and kept a keg of pure Scots whisky in a corner of his shop. "No man shall deprive me of my liberty; I'll tempt no man to surrender his."

By far the wisest utterance on the problem of temperance which I have lately read was written by a man of science, and it may, I think, be read with advantage by men of religion and men of philosophy:—

(1) If you ask a man to abstain from alcoholic drink as an example to others, you should, in common honesty, be an exemplar of the self-prohibition you recommend, and you should not, where he cannot see you, in your club or elsewhere, "take your whack," and continue to advise what you do not honourably practise. I really believe that the discovered and found-out humbugs of this world have hindered temperance as much as many of the public-houses. (2) You should strive to take a broad and philosophic view of the world's drunkenness, and should induce yourself to remember (and never to forget it) that climate has a great say in this form of national vice. Go to a hot climate and try to drink strong beer, strong wine, or spirits; you will find you cannot do it. Light wines, ciders, aerated waters—all these will come easy, but not the climate-barred stronger drinks. And so, in reforming the drunkard, it as well to see that your poor social flotsam has warm clothing, warm food, and some home comforts. It is difficult enough to help the alcoholic who has these things; it is hopeless "beating the air" to regenerate the broken and mendacious will-power where words cannot clothe, where preaching cannot feed, and where the temptation remains a million times stronger than the desire to overcome it. (3) And when all is said and done, and when there may not be a drunkard left in the land, be on your guard lest some alternative vice shall usurp the place of the "curse of drink" now in the forefront of your political vision. The history of civilization is the history of secret sins quite as much as it is the record of open and obvious virtues.

❦ ❦ ❦

Please!

The secretary to "Snapshots from Home" writes:—

"We have noticed that a number of soldiers are sending in their application forms direct to headquarters, instead of passing them through the leaders of the various huts in which they are filled up. This practice has lately been largely on the increase, and we were at a loss to understand why this was the case until we received information last week to the effect that a number of soldiers in certain huts had stated that if they posted their application forms direct to headquarters themselves, they got their snapshots from home in due course, whereas, if they handed them in at the hut counter 'nothing more was heard of them.' This, together with the fact that we are constantly receiving applications marked '2nd and 3rd,' of which we can find no trace of '1st and 2nd,' points to the fact that some leaders are holding up application forms indefinitely, and, we are afraid, in some cases have overlooked them altogether."

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JUST OFF TO THE FRONT.

A Parting Message from Salisbury Plain.

THE following contribution is sent by one of the 2/5th L.F.A. on behalf of a number of other men in the battalion, all of whom were just off to the front. The writer adds:—"Wherever we go we shall carry in our memory the kindness and benefits that the Y.M.C.A. has bestowed upon us throughout the whole time we have been in training."

Five months ago we arrived on the Plain. The weather was bitterly cold, and, having come from warm, comfortable billets, the prospect of having to live in barren, barn-like huts was anything but inviting. Military exigencies, however, give little consideration to personal comfort, with the result that we were speedily transported into our new surroundings, in spite of all lamentation.

We first of all encountered an ocean of mud—Salisbury special—in which seemed anchored a colony of huts of the imaginative Noah's Ark type, drab in appearance, and suggestive of a Wild West scene. And what a wilderness, to be sure! Scarcely a vestige of green was to be seen in the whole camp, so successfully had nature withdrawn her patronage from the place, while the monotonous, cheerless outlook of the surrounding country harmonised well with the wailful echoes that vibrated through the huts immediately we stepped therein. But amid this melancholy spectacle it was not long before a bright spot was seen to illumine the horizon. The Y.M.C.A. was there, ready to receive us, and never shall I forget the expressions of delight with which the news was welcomed. Of course, it could not very well be otherwise, for the promise of having only an Army canteen to minister to the wants of those who have a natural abhorrence of such places is not only discomforting, but capable of drawing many into unwholesome influences. On the other hand, the Y.M.C.A. attracts men who have never identified themselves with any Christian organisation in civil life, and consequently does much to raise the moral and spiritual standard of the whole camp. Nothing has given me more pleasure while I have been here than to see young men, whose apathy and indifference to all places except the wet canteen were hitherto notorious, not only lending their presence now to the Y.M.C.A. hut, but also availing themselves of the many privileges it throws out to them. And it speaks well of Mr. Loder's able and magnetising leadership that such men should be drawn to the "covert of his wings." If any frequenters of the hut have not shaken hands with him, or not felt the warmth of his genial nature, they must have either sedulously escaped his notice, or his notice, unfortunately, escaped them. He can play a game of billiards with the best of us, and the amount of interest he has engendered from this source alone shows well the attractive power of his personality.

But good as the social conveniences are, the spiritual side of the work is most worthy of mention. A hut is known by its atmosphere, and not by the amount of coffee and buns it sells, and Mr. Loder has certainly not overlooked this point. A devotional meeting is held every evening, during which time all games and other activities cease, and everyone is invited to attend. In this way much good work has been done among men who, by the time these lines appear in print, will be across the water, and probably in the fight. As Mr. Loder truly says, if the walls of his hut could speak, they would tell us of scores of men who have been brought back to God while within its confines. I believe him. The accomplishments of the hut are a credit to the Y.M.C.A., and I trust that the men who will follow us into this camp will be able to testify not less feebly to the merits of a great work.

V. W. G.

TRAINING SCHOOL NOTES.

Mr. R. B. Crittall started at Falmer by getting a badly scalded foot, but is now kept busy with a small staff, but occasional helpers from Lewes materially assist matters. He has hopes of being able to arrange a sports meeting for the men.

Rev. E. N. Luce writes from Madras, and refers in high terms to the happy week spent at the school. The business side is strongly organised, and the work is heavy. He has had a gift of over 5,000 Testaments sent him.

It is not always possible to secure a pianist at the moment when a little music is desired. The Harper Piano Company have realised this handicap, and have placed on the market an excellent "piano-player," which they offer at reasonable cost. The gift of one of these instruments for a Y.M.C.A. hut would be a great boon for a small outlay. Messrs. Harper give full particulars in their advertisement on another page of this issue.

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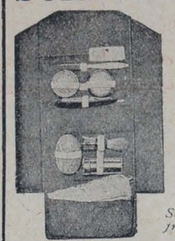

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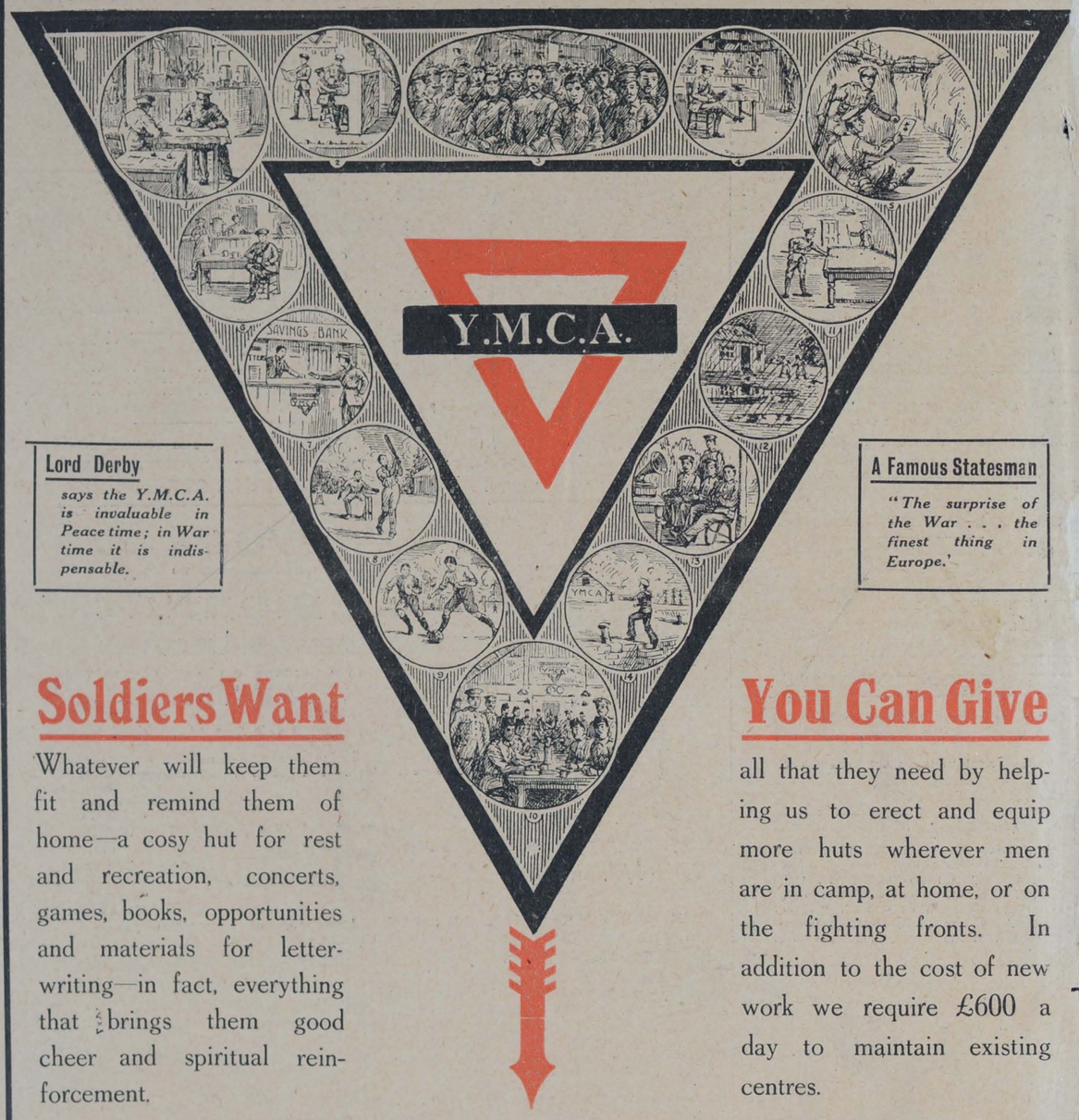

Lord Derby

says the Y.M.C.A. is invaluable in Peace time; in War time it is indispensable.

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"The surprise of the War . . . the finest thing in Europe.'

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Whatever will keep them fit and remind them of home—a cosy hut for rest and recreation, concerts, games, books, opportunities and materials for letter-writing—in fact, everything that brings them good cheer and spiritual reinforcement.

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TO

Capt. R. L. BARCLAY, Y.M.C.A. National Headquarters, 13, Russell Square, London, W.C.

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