

Headquarters than even the G. H. Q.* And, Gentlemen, more of your success than perhaps you think, was due to that." When the motor had whirled him away, one of the gayest young officers of the battalion said to the rest:—"The old man has been in some hot places, but he never did a braver thing than to stand up before us and tell us that he was praying for us when we were going over." And they appreciated it. That commander is an elder in our Church.

There are other elements of true religion in which the soldiers have little to learn from us. Rather we have to learn from them. Such is their sense of duty. It is easy to do one's duty, when duty involves no hardship or suffering. But when duty means what these men are bearing every day, there are few of us in a position to instruct them on its meaning. A chaplain was talking to a young soldier last Christmas. The chaplain knew his people, and knew that the girl of his choice was waiting in Canada for the young soldier to come home. He said:—"Well, Bob, I suppose Canada would look pretty good to you now." "It sure would," was the reply. "You know how good it would look to me. But I would not go home now, even if I could. Some of us have to see this thing through, and I might as well as any one else." That young soldier has been in the army since the first week of the war, and two years and nine months continuously at the front. He was wounded recently. He is a fair sample of thousands of young Canadians who never dreamed of being soldiers, till this war of right against wrong called them to the battle-fields.

Along with this sense of duty there goes of necessity a new spirit of self-sacrifice. In one of the battles of the Somme last September a soldier of a western battalion went twelve times over the parapet in one day, in full view of the enemy, and each time brought in a wounded man. In the fighting near Lens this summer a runner of the same battalion had an arm blown completely off, while carrying a message through a terrific barrage. Another who was sent with a copy of the message, was killed. Two hours later the first one, with the stump of his arm roughly bound up, staggered into his destination, delivered his message, and was carried dying to a Field Ambulance.

The boys who have again and again risked their own lives going out into No-Man's-Land to save the lives of their wounded comrades, who lying wounded in shell-hole or dug-out, have given their last fragment of chocolate, or biscuit, or mouthful of bully to one who needed it worse, have not

*G.H.Q.—General Headquarters; the headquarters of Sir Douglas Haig, the Commander-in-Chief.