

May 9, 1918.

added? It is manifest that cases of this kind will have to be handled with judgment as well as justice. If, however, a breakdown or disease is traceable to war hardships, it seems plain that the people of Canada owe such a man generous consideration.

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The Irish situation seems to be the most incomprehensible problem of the war. If the Irish disapprove of any measure proposed by the British parliament they immediately take down their guns and dare the whole authority of the realm to enforce it, and they seem to be invariably successful. The leader of a revolt a few years ago was taken into the cabinet and now there is another faction in arms and it will be interesting to know what promotion awaits the leaders. In the meantime Irishmen may enlist or decline to enlist, they may eat much or little, they may produce or let their land run fallow, they may talk treason or loyalty, it is all the same. Civilization may fall to pieces but some old prejudice that has been handed on from generation to generation is the dominant interest to guard. If any suggestion is made to alter things, down come the guns and out on the parade ground men rush to drill for the coming fray. The government says very well, it isn't worth quarreling about, so things run on as usual. When a people have learned that the rattle of the sword is all that is necessary to enforce their arguments the rattling will become very general. It ought not, however, to be necessary to show special respect and confidence in the men who lead in the rattling. The day must come, sooner or later, when the law of the land will be a matter for obedience and not defiance.

"Spectator."

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THE PRIMATE OF ALL IRELAND AND HOME RULE.

Archbishop Crozier, the Primate of All Ireland, commenting upon the relations between Roman Catholics and Protestants in that country and upon the "No Popery" cry in England, said recently:—

"I do not attribute the present situation in the slightest degree to the agency of the Vatican. There is enough to account for it here in Ireland without going so far afield. The vast majority of Irish Protestants favour conscription; the vast majority of Catholics oppose it. From that the transition of religious warfare is easy.

"The manner in which the conscription proposal was brought forward was calculated to produce anything but the desired result. Upon the subject of Home Rule, I am one with Cardinal Logue in standing for an ideal, or 'all Ireland from Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway.' My heart's desire is to find some means which will gratify the legitimate aspirations of the Irish party, allay the fears of the Southern Unionists and win even the reluctant consent of northern Ulster."

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QUEEN MARY'S MESSAGE TO FORCES ON BEHALF OF WOMEN OF BRITAIN.

Queen Mary has sent the following message to the army, navy and air forces:—

"I send this message to tell every man how much we, the women of the British Empire, at home watch and pray for you during the long hours of these days of stress and endurance.

"Our pride in you is immeasurable, our hope is unbounded and our trust is absolute. You are fighting in the cause of righteousness and freedom; fighting to defend the children and women of our land from the horrors that have overtaken other countries; fighting for our very existence as a people at home and across the seas—you are offering your all, you hold back nothing and day by day you have shown a love so great that no man could have greater.

"We on our part send forth with full hearts and unfaltering will the lives we hold most dear. We, too, are striving in all ways possible to make the war victorious. I know that I am expressing what is felt by thousands of wives and mothers when I say that we are determined to help one another in keeping your homes ready against your glad home-coming. In God's name, we bless you and by His help we, too, will do our best."

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There's nothing but what's bearable so long as a man can work.—George Eliot.

A Day in the Life of an Artillery Chaplain

"Visiting Guns and Waggon Lines"

JOHN J. CALLAN.

IN the Chaplains' Department of the Canadian Corps there stands a rule, excellent enough in its way, that, on every Monday morning, the Chaplain shall send in a report of his work for the past week. Excellent enough in its way, for it is impossible for the Chaplain to make a complete record of his various activities, and, if he could, no one at Headquarters would have time to read it. I look at the record lying before me, and see: "Monday. . . . Visiting guns and waggon lines." That is all, and this is the day:—

Immediately after breakfast my horse was brought to the tent, and, accompanied by a horse holder, I left the lines.

My objectives were some distance off, and our path lay through the fields which stretch to the edge of the actual fighting area. Little as I know about farming, it was plain, even to my untrained eye, that the old men and women toiling in the fields, within easy reach of the enemy guns, were extracting the last ounce from the soil they tended. No doubt familiarity breeds contempt, but it may be something finer than dulled perceptions which makes these peasants labour away as they do, as soon as our armies have wrested them from the hand of the Boche. We have finished with "heroics," for experience has taught us that human nature is almost universally heroic, but we have not yet ceased to thrill at the sight of these old men and women, accompanied by little children, who, in the face of such great danger, chase away the frown which a hell of shells has pitted on the face of nature, and replace it by the smile of golden grain. Some day a poet will sing of them, and another Millet will picture them. Peace, following in the wake of the armies.

A ride of about half an hour brought us to the first waggon lines. I alighted, and strolled through, to see the men who were busy cleaning harness, grooming horses and clearing the horse-standings.

The Padre represents the Church, and, if he interests himself in the men's work, it is as if, in some way, the Church had taken account of their labour. The mere fact that the Chaplain does not live a life different or apart from his flock, is a great advantage. He is interested in the things in which his men are interested. Horses and harness concern him, so does mud, the non-arrival of the mail, the shell that Fritz dropped into the camp last night. An army is a body. What affects one member affects others also. In civilian life, almost every parson feels that there is a lack of "touch" between him and a number of his people, due to the fact that there is no connecting interest. In the army, the Padre labours under no such handicap.

"Pretty muddy around here," I remarked to a gang of men, rather vainly endeavoring to fill in the hoof-trampled and rain-filled hollows in the stables.

"Yes, sir. Not much dust, is there? We were having a little argument just before you came up, and decided to ask you about it."

"What is it?"

"Well, when we enlisted, everybody told us that this was a righteous war, and that we were fighting on the side of God. We believed it then. But if it's God's war, why does He send rain up north, and spoil the show?"

This is the kind of question which is being continually hurled at the Chaplain, and he must be careful in his replies, for in some matters no Delphic oracle was held in higher respect than is he. So I sparred for time.

"That's like the Orangeman who said that God couldn't be a Protestant, because it rained so often on the 12th of July."

They laughed. "Yes, but it seems queer, that just when we had everything ready, and the show started, the rain should come along and put the whole thing on the blink. Why, the fellows up there were up to their necks in mud; so were we on the Somme, and at Vimy. If it's God's war, why doesn't He send good weather, and let us have a decent smack at the Boche?"

"There may be several reasons," I replied. "For one thing, we don't know how far God interferes with natural laws on our behalf, and, for another, you are assuming that we would have gone straight through. Now, if fine weather had prevailed, and we had gone on, it is at least possible that all might not have turned out as we

expected. The Hun might be stronger than we think, and if we had gone on, and walked into a defeat, you would be coming to me and saying: 'If this is God's war, why didn't He send rain, and stop the attack?' You see, we don't know how things are going to pan out, and so we cannot say whether it is a good or a bad thing for us that the rain came when it did." This appeared to satisfy them, to some extent, at least, and we began to talk of other things.

After a time I went to the next field and saw the officers. Chaplains, it has been said, may be divided into four classes: (1) Those who get on with the officers, and not with the men. (2) Those who get on with the men, and not with the officers. (3) Those who get on with both officers and men. (4) Another class. Happy is he in class three.

At the office I was given several little messages and commissions for the gun-line. The telephone wire was cut, and there was some difficulty in getting into communication. The fact of my going there saved them a great deal of time and inconvenience. In such little ways the Chaplain may be of great service. He is to some extent a free-lance, and may be used in a hundred and one ways for which another officer could not be spared. There is no need for him to go into the front line and handle rifle or bomb; if he wants to do that he may go as a combatant, and it may well be questioned whether any Chaplain should take part in direct fighting, whilst afforded the protection given to a non-combatant; but in many other ways he may contribute to the smoother working of the machine, and the more successful prosecution of the war. My stay at the waggon lines had taken more than half an hour, and that, indeed, was all too short, but other troops demanded attention, so we rode away.

It was past 11 o'clock before the second lines were left behind, and we set off along the road to an ammunition dump, where shells, etc., are stored, ready for immediate despatch to the guns. It quite often happens that, with the exception of the teams which come to draw munitions, the men at the dump see no outside people at all, and so a visit is welcomed. The position and disguising of the dump was a work of art. No hostile aeroplane above could imagine that this waste place, with its heaps of refuse, old tin cans and broken boards, concealed tons and tons of ammunition. As we approached, waggons on a rush order were being filled. In the distance could be heard the unmistakable reports of anti-aircraft firing, and we knew that a Hun machine was being potted by our guns. Was he coming our way? Anxious eyes scanned the heavens for a glimpse of the elusive bird.

"There he is!" and half-a-dozen fingers pointed. The Hun plane is very hard to see against the sky. The delicate silver wings blend perfectly with the dome above, and if there is a cloud for a background, they are practically invisible. The gunners on our left saw him also, and sent a barrage of shells whistling through the air. Nothing daunted, he came on, and soon would be spotting the waggons being filled. A sharp whistle blew, and, in a moment, the store had become a smudge of waste land, and the waggons were toiling peacefully along the road.

Few people at home have any idea of the difficulty involved in bringing down an attacking aeroplane. Many seem to think that all that there is to do is to point a gun, fire it, and the machine falls. In reality this is far from the case. There are a thousand and one complexities of time, range and fuse, added to a swiftly moving and tiny target, to be taken into account. Although, from time to time one may see an enemy plane come hurtling to the ground, such things do not happen every time a barrage is put up. The general idea seems to be to put a screen of bullets in front of the invader, past which he dare not come, and so compel him to return to his own lines, with the chance of being winged on the way. To-day, the sky was filled with soft, delicate white clouds, into which the airman flew, and so escaped.

I dismounted, handed my horse to the groom, and walked along the winding trail which led to the quarters. One of the officers came out to meet me. "Hullo, Padre. Staying for lunch? I haven't seen a soul for a week." We stooped to enter the shanty built into the side of the hill. Dull thuds sounded on the gravel behind us, we turned, and there were the bullets from the anti-aircraft shells falling to the ground. "That's an archie bullet," said the subaltern. "Those things have to come down somewhere, and I wonder how many fellows they get. Do you remember poor old Metcalfe? He was with us up in the Salient. He had just got his leave, and was walking down Abele Road when a Heiney came over, and our guns got after him. A bit of shell came down and caught him square on the top of the head and went into