THE CANADIAN CHURCHMAN

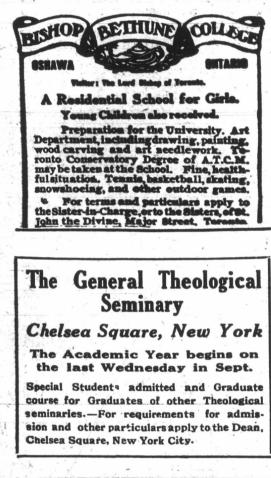


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A COLONEL SIGNS UP.

SHELL-SHOCK.

"Come over here, Captain, I've just made a decision that means everything to me," thus spoke a radiantfaced Lieutenant-Colonel to his Captain as he held a War Roll Card in one hand and a Y.M.C.A. Testament in the other. This was the climax of a conversation in one of our huts in a certain embarkation camp.

The secretary noticed a Lieutenant-Colonel looking hard at Dean Brown's booklet entitled, "Who Is Christ?" By way of approach he said, "That is a fine little tract, Colonel, will you have one to read?" A moment's pause, then a reply, "I believe I will." Having gained that much the secretary said, "Have you a New Testament, Colonel? We are trying to induce every man in the service to be the owner of a New Testament."

The Colonel picked up the Testament in which a War Roll Pledge Card had been placed and stood reading the pledge card for so long a time that the secretary noted it, and looking up saw his eyes fill with tears. Swift to grasp the situation he said, "Colonel, we all feel the need of supernatural help these days. How is it, are you a praying man?"

The Colonel paused, then answered, "No, I cannot say I am; I ought to be. Back in the Northwest I have the best Christian wife that ever lived. The only barrier in our lives is that she is a devout Christian and I have failed to go that way with her. I've been in the valley of indecision for three years, I'm about to go overseas to service and I feel I ought to settle this question once for all." With little urging the man took the war roll card, deliberately signed his name to it, then said, "May I have this card, I want to send it home to my wife, it will do her more good to get that card from me than a thousand-dollar check."

Wondering who the man could be who thus spoke lightly of checks of such value, as he bore testimony of his decision to his Captain, the secretary went about his work. "Do you know that man?" asked a young ser-geant. "No, who is he?" "That man! That is Lieutenant-Colonel

CHELL shocked boys that I saw in a certain base hospital shocked me. In the first group that I met I was confronted by a boy whom I knew in California. He was shaking like an old man with the palsy and stuttering so that I could scarcely understand him. The last time that I had seen him he was hale, hearty and poised, standing on a platform speaking before a large crowd of Christian folks. He had been in a hospital at Amiens when the Germans bombed it. When he was removed to a train to betaken to Paris it was shelled, and two cars were blown to pieces.

"After that I began to shake," he said to me. Then he added quickly: "But I will soon be out of here; 75 per cent. of us get back in the line in a few months." In this he was true, for that is the greatest desire-to get back.

"We call ourselves the First American Shock Troops," he said with a grin.

You would certainly give some of the folks at home a shock if they could see you now," I said with a smile.

At this they all laughed and one boy replied: "Oh, they'll never see us this way.'

Being a preacher I couldn't resist. the temptation of saying: "Boys, I didn't just come over here to hold a service, but it's Sunday evening and if you want me to, I'll pray with you."

"Fine," was the unanimous reply.

"We'll just stand," I said, and then prayed the only prayer I could have prayed—prayed the thing that had been in my heart every minute that I had been in that room. I said: "Oh Thou Christ who didst so long ago still the waves of Galilee, come Thou into this room and still the tremblings of these lads; come Thou into their hearts and give them quiet."

When I looked up something had perceptibly quieted them. The thoughts of that scene when the Master had stilled the tempest of Galilee had done it. My little faith had thought it impossible, but I have been told by doctors since that, after all, the only cure for them is a mental cure with quiet and rest.



December 5, 1918.

-, ex-president of a great western railroad, who resigned his position to join the colours, one of the best men in the army. He starts overseas to-morrow."-Association Men.

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During the four years of the war British naval ships convoyed 22,000,ooo men, with the loss at sea of only 4,391. More than 120,000,000 tons of naval and military stores and over, 2,000.000 animals were also transported.

The Department of Ship Repairs of the British Admiralty, which began operations in June, 1917, up to October of the present year had repaired and returned to service, aside from vessels of Allies and neutrals, more than 10,000 ships. At least a half million tons of French shipping has been repaired and returned to service this year, and during the last four months more than 1,000,000 gross tons of allied and neutral shipping has been attended to.

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