

from their mounts of vision or of sacrifice, millions of soldiers must return to the everyday and the commonplace.

To what shall they return? To a world which they have saved and whose progress they have tried to help. But they are few, while the people at home are many. Shall they find that they have been helped in their task?

Yes, if the course of history be not changed. Through weltering ages of strife, the spirit of Love has been working. At times it has seemed to be killed, at times it has seemed to despair, at times it has even seemed to change to the spirit of Hate.

But if we look back far enough to get a clear view, we see that progress has been made; the old barbarism has grown less and Love has grown greater; the heathen Yuletide has more and more been made Christmas.

And so let it be Christmas More than Usual: not more noisy, not more hilarious, but truer, more far-reaching, more as He would have it who gave it to us.

ON THE GALLIPOLI.

Postmaster R. G. Macpherson, of Vancouver, has received a letter from Company Quartermaster-Sergeant A. Wyborn, 1st Battalion, Essex Regiment, British Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, formerly of the Vancouver post office staff. The letter was dated at Anzac, Oct. 21, and the writer says in part:

Anzac is one of the new landing places on the Gallipoli Peninsula, a mile from the firing line. We got a fine reception as soon as we came in sight, but luck was with us, and through the able steersmanship of the commander we reached shore quite safe. You would be surprised at the spirit of our men when under fire. Men who before we came here seemed nervous are now as cheerful as if they were at a picture show. You can hear them all day long singing "Here We Are Again" and various other ditties.

From my own experience I find that it is not the Turks' firing that unnerves a man, but the continual roar of our guns. It is like the continual rattle of pneumatic riveters on an iron tank; then about 100 yards behind us we have a battery of artillery, who let rip at intervals, and then at sea behind us is our fleet, which every night comes and gives them their supper. It is enough to unnerve the strongest.

We are all anxious to get a move on and every man is grumbling because we are not allowed to advance. The Turks have not the heart to come over and see us. Now and again one will manage to get into our trenches and give himself up. The first thing he wants is food, then he

will tell us that the German officers are no good, and use very profane language towards them.

I have read in papers in England of the cruelty of the Turks towards our wounded, also that they fired on our hospitals. I defy any man to say this has happened here. We have gone out at night to bring in our wounded and found them with a Turkish waterbottle by their side, which some Turk had given him who had been on the same job as we were on, and the hospital has never been fired on once. I firmly believe that if it were not for the German officers with them the Turks would give in to-morrow.

The weather is getting very cold, but up to the present we have had very little rain and we all hope we will be away from here before the winter sets in, as if we are not then we shall be in for it, because the soil is all sand and when that gets wet it is like soap; not only that but we are all dug in underground and it will be far from nice down there.

Supplies then will be harder to get than now. As it is, we are on one-half water rations, as all our water comes from Alexandria, and they keep sinking our water boats, but as luck will have it the boats with the rum get here safely. We get plenty of cigarettes and tobacco, but flour and vegetables are never seen. Plenty of men here would give twenty-five cents for a nice potato.

Wilson Didn't Care.

President Wilson instructed Postmaster-General Burlison to reinstate George Burkitt, removed as assistant postmaster at Winnetka, Ill., because he criticized the President for his engagement to be married.