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the lantern fell upon the open page of his notebook, the Secretary wrote down the names of 74 men who had signified their purpose of following the peerless Christ.

#### HOMeward BOUND

Again the scene was mid-Atlantic, no more restless than were the hundreds of men on board the transport headed for Canada and home. Wounds, scars, crutches, and the general air of grim seriousness that marked the company of returning men spoke only too clearly of the hell they had recently left. Yet, after three days out, the undying boy in the heart of each lifted his head, and home and loved ones gradually assumed more definite shape. Yes, they were happy, if for the most part reserved in the expression of their joy. There was lacking the buoyancy that distinguished their brothers on the way to the war, and there was far less readiness to respond to the religious appeal. Yet, for many of them, the thunders of war had not stilled the "still, small voice," and that these returning men still cherished thoughts of God in their hearts the following incident shows:

During the first days of the trip the Y. M. C. A. programme of music, games and lectures was appreciated and enjoyed. Then came Sunday. The morning parade services were participated in heartily. In the evening the Secretary appeared on deck with his portable organ. Hymn sheets were distributed. Seeing this, the men raised a shout: "Come on, fellows! It's a sing-song!"

In a few seconds the entire available deck space was filled so much that the Secretary had barely room to beat time. The boys clambered on the winches and rat-lines, and wherever there was foot or hand-hold. On

the upper deck crowded soldiers' wives and children. Organist, flutist and cornetist stood to attention.

"Now, are we all set? All right! What will be the first number? Number eleven, is it? 'Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight?' Very good. Now, one—two—three—sing!"

And sing they did! It was mostly singing—but such singing! "Lead, Kindly Light," "Nearer, My God, to Thee," "Fight the Good Fight," "Yield Not to Temptation," and "Rock of Ages" were the favorites. Brief but earnest talks were given by a Methodist, a Baptist and a Presbyterian minister, each garbed in the uniform of a private. There were short prayers, too, and three of these soldiers of King George gave themselves that night to the service of the King of Kings. Each night there were more conversions, for the men would not be satisfied with that one Sunday evening service, and requested one every night.

The six o'clock sing-song was the most popular feature on the ship. It mattered not if the decks were wet, or if the chill wind whistled, the crowd was on hand to sing, listen, think, pray and decide.

#### REGARDING RESULTS?

Who can tell? Only God knows what that voyage will yet mean to Canadian homes, and to social and business life. Results! Listen to these words, overheard on the troop deck one night between a soldier and his pals after "Lights out":

"Well, if God spares me to set my foot in Canada again I am going to be a different man!" said one. "Why not begin now?" was the answer. "That's what I mean. What about yourself, Bill?" "Oh, I decided that before the meeting broke up on deck.