

SONS OF EMPIRE AT SALISBURY PLAIN

A pen picture of Christian Imperialism among the Canadian Troops

By the REV. T. WILKINSON RIDDLE

ABOUT ten years ago a famous statesman, who has since passed away, urged his fellow-countrymen to "think imperially." That exhortation is now being observed to a remarkable degree, although, perhaps, in a different fashion than the statesman intended. The National Council of Y.M.C.A.'s, regarded hitherto, I imagine, as a somewhat parochial committee, has in this year of grace and opportunity entered upon an undying phase of sane Christian imperialism. During recent weeks I have attempted to set forth the story of its work among the troops, and already have described its activity at Bisley, Pirbright, Purfleet, Chatham, and Dublin, and now I have to tell the thrilling story of work among 30,000 sons of Empire, who, at the call of a lofty patriotism, have left home and kindred to fight a common foe. After mixing with these gallant men, I am more firmly convinced than ever that England, like solitude, is the mother country of the strong.

Last Friday morning, Mr. J. Kennedy Maclean and I left London for a visit to Salisbury Plain, and it is only fitting that I should express a word of grateful thanks to Mr. J. W. Ogilvy, who took us down in his motor-car. Mr. Ogilvy, whose grandfather was cousin to Margaret Ogilvy, has spared neither time nor expense to help in the present opportunity. He, too, has learned to think imperially. We left London on Friday morning at 11 o'clock, and, after a most successful tour of over 200 miles, we arrived back at half-past three the next morning.

THE SCENES NEAR ANDOVER.

After leaving Andover, we very soon touched the fringe of the Canadian contingent, for at Amesbury we found the small village had been invaded by the Canadian officers. It is not easy to get present-day scenes out of one's mind, and the scene at Amesbury will not soon be forgotten. It was growing dusk as we passed through and the giant trees stood along the roadside like sentinels of the night. Around the door of the small hotel stood a little group of officers, engaged in earnest conversation. The little country inn and every house in the place seemed in possession of the military authorities. Here and there stood a waiting horse. The scene might have been a village in Belgium.

As we hurried through the gloom, we passed many soldiers and horses on the way to the camps. Many of the horses were fresh from the boats, and consequently were somewhat difficult to manage along the dark country road. Upon which fact hangs a story. At a certain point of the road we stopped to inquire the way of a little company of Canadian soldiers who were standing

round a comrade. After directing us, one of them said, "Have you any room for a sick comrade?" We were about five miles away from the Bustard, which was our first point of call, and it would have been difficult for the sick man to have

cheered if he could have heard the young soldier say, "I should just think I do!"

The average reader of the daily paper has little conception of what it means to bring a mighty host of Canadians to these shores, so I would chronicle the facts that 32 of the swiftest ocean liners were employed in this gigantic undertaking, and that six cruisers accompanied the ships on their journey. When it is remembered that in addition to the thousands of the troops thus conveyed there were horses and stores to be brought, it will be seen that overseas patriotism is more than a thing of sentiment. On the way to the Bustard we passed mighty transport wagons, full of cheering soldiers. Every step of the journey grew in interest, until presently the mighty camp itself came into sight.

IN THE Y.M.C.A. MARQUEE.

By this time it was pitch dark, and the lights from hundreds of tents quivered through the gloom. On the outskirts of the camp sentries paced up and down, their bayonets fixed and ready, for the great plain is exposed at every turn. We left the car, and made our way to an enormous marquee which the Y.M.C.A. has erected. I think it must be the largest in use at the present time. To say that it was packed with soldiers is to fail completely in describing the sight that met our eyes. I do not hesitate to say that the tent was the supreme attraction of the camp. Inside, behind the counter, selling stamps as hard as he could tear them from the sheet, stood Captain Ames, of Bourne-mouth, a member of Dr. J. D. Jones's church at Richmond Hill. After a few words of greeting, we passed into a private mess-tent, and there had a long talk with Mr. Ballard, who, in company with Mr. Bradshawe, is keeping the spiritual flag waving. He told us that the night before (which was the Canadians' first night in camp), a remarkable meeting had been held, at which a "little Russian Jew" had spoken to the men about the things of God. As Mr. Ballard used the above phrase I could not help thinking of Renan's description of the Apostle Paul. A few minutes later I had a chat with the young evangelist—Private H. Zussmann by name—and found that he was truly alive unto God. "I expect you know John McNeill," I began. His face lit up with a smile. "Rather: he's the best friend o' mine," he replied. "I've helped him in his work on the streets, and he's a right good sort." I sometimes wonder how much people here know of McNeill's great powers of evangelism. When I was in Scot-

land a year back, I was struck with one thing—nearly every aggressive Christian worker I met in Edinburgh had been converted through the preaching of John McNeill. Let this be remembered to the glory of God.

SOUL-WINNING TRIUMPHS.

At the meeting to which I have referred over 100 requested prayer and between 60 and 70 decided for Christ. Young Zussmann has the prophet's zeal. Mr. Ballard, who is an experi-



THESE engravings are representations of two memorial windows just placed in the chancel of St. Alban's Cathedral. Each of the two new windows consist of two lights. The eastern light contains a figure of St. Peter, with a panel beneath containing the official arms of Bishop Strachan, and an inscription, "In memory of the Honorable and Right Reverend John Strachan, D.D., First Bishop of Toronto"; the western one a figure of St. Andrew, and in a panel below the figure the arms of the late Rev. Arthur Johnson, Rector of Weston, of whom this is a memorial by the special desire of the donors. The inscription beneath is "In memory of the Reverend Arthur Johnson, Rector of Weston, erected by Elizabeth and Emma Chew." The other new window is also of two lights, one showing a figure of St. James the Less and the other St. Thaddeus. The panels below the figures contain, in order to correspond with the other windows, plain shields, across which are 'thrown scrolls with the legend "Deo Gloria in Excelsis" and "Deo Jubilate Terrae Omnes," and on scrolls beneath "Semper Estra Fidelis" and "In Fide Vera Constans." The inscription on this window is: "Erected to the glory of God, by and in memory of John Chew, of Weston, and his wife, Mary Ann, and departed members of their family, by Emma Chew." These windows are made from the very richest antique stained glass. They are considered by many who have seen them to be exceptionally beautiful specimens of the art. The designing and execution of this work has been done by the N. T. Lyon Glass Company of Toronto and is fully up to the excellence of the work for which they have long been noted.

reached it unaided. It appeared that he had been riding a horse and leading another, when one had got out of hand, and kicked him four times. We gently lifted him into the car, and saw him safely to the camp. On the way we discovered that he was a Christian fellow, and a member of a church in Toronto. We asked him if he knew John McNeill, and his enthusiastic reply spoke volumes for the great Scottish evangelist. "Do you know Dr. Griffith Thomas?" I inquired, and I am sure the professor would have been greatly