

he finds God. I will not attempt to explain it. I will keep to the concrete. I was sitting at a table one night, drinking coffee and listening to the men talking of the fearful experience out of which they had just come. One man, evidently respected by the rest, said, "I bet you that there is not a man who was in Delville Wood that night who is an atheist." I said, "No?" I did not say that I thought Delville Wood was enough to make any man an atheist; for the men themselves had described it as hell, which surely is the denial of God. "Why do you think that?" I asked. He replied, "There wasn't a man who didn't pray that night." "No," said another, a Roman Catholic, "we all said our prayers that night." "Well?" I said, wanting him to go on. "Well," he added, "when a man does pray, it makes all the difference."

In different ways I found the same idea continually. At first, when I saw new men coming up to join their regiments, either new drafts or returned wounded, I feared that I should not be able to help them on their hard way except with ordinary kindness and the good wishes which cost so little and are given so easily. Not once, but a dozen times, I found that prayer made all the difference between nervous fear and quiet, steady self-possession.

And the way of the chaplains witnessed to the same thing. Prayer was the burden of many an address to which I listened. They bade men pray and taught them to pray, made them pray aloud and together. And I came to the conclusion that these men knew their business. The problems of prayer are never solved, but the fact of prayer is never in vain. Men out there do find that God is nigh when they call upon Him, that, as the Psalmist said. He does not let a man down who trusts Him. "He that trusteth in the Lord shall never be confounded." Men recognise—how can they do otherwise?—that they may not be delivered, that they may be killed, but they also recognise that in deliverance or in death God is near them.

I do not mean to convey the impression that the army is a very pious institution, filled with praying men. Men will pray in the moment of danger and cease immediately the danger is over; the prayer may be crude, and nothing more than a fearful cry for deliverance. What the content of his prayer may be, depends on the quality of a man and on the stage of his spiritual development. I know one man personally who has left proof that his last prayers were not for himself but for his people at home.

Mr. Darlaston adds that he wondered whether soldiers did not want a warrior God of the Old Testament more than a suffering Son of Man; but he discovered that "the gentle Jesus has still a place in the hearts of men concerned in war." Mr. Darlaston found it was easier to read the Beatitudes at the front than in a church at home.

Many young men in the communes of the Campine, near Antwerp, are hiding in the woods and moors to escape deportation to Germany as serfs. Failing to capture them the Germans have now taken to arresting the aged notables in the villages and casting them into prison as hostages for the runaways.

PREACHER, POET, BARBER.

Rev. Lauchlan MacLean Watt, the Scottish Presbyterian poet-preacher, who has been serving as a chaplain with the forces, found his duties of a very miscellaneous nature, but he added to them on one occasion the duties of regimental barber. In one of the hospital tents he found the orderlies so busy that the wounded soldiers tried to shave themselves. They did not find it easy, and Mr. Watt saw that one had cut himself badly. Promptly he took the razor and completed the job. He was urged to perform the same operation for some of the others next day. One, wounded in the chest, was worrying about his bristling beard, but the chaplain's Gillette swept away the cause of his worry. Then half a dozen others requisitioned its services. "While I was shaving one poor lad who could scarcely breathe," says Mr. Watt, "he gasped with a smile, 'This would make a fine thing for the papers or the movies.' And a Scottish boy said, 'I'll tell our man when I get home. I ne'er was shaved by a parish minister afore and I dinna expect to be again.'" The hospital surgeon who came along while Mr. Watt was barbering the men said, with a laugh, "It's not far from a parson's job, for cleanliness is next to Godliness, of course."

WHEN TWO ARE NOT BETTER THAN ONE.

Miss Lilian Barker, superintendent of women munition workers at Woolwich, claimed, in an address at the International Franchise Club, that the mingling of middle-class and working-class women at Woolwich had levelled up and not levelled down. It would be absurd, she said, to demand from the factory girl and boy the same kind of humor as in other classes. Her policy was to encourage the girls to have "young men." To one of her assistants, who had asked at what point in open courtship it was advisable to interfere, Miss Barker replied, "When you see a man with one arm round the girl, look the other way; but if he's got both arms round it's time to interfere." At Woolwich a woman over twenty can earn about £2 10s. a week, and many under that age reach £2.

AGAIN THE DARDANELLES.

The "Frankfurter Zeitung" announces that according to a statement by the "Orient Korrespondenz" of Budapest, the Sofia "Dnevnik" reports the following on good authority:

"In spite of the fact that Greece has expressed her compliance with the demands contained in the Entente ultimatum, Italy is proceeding with the equipment of her new Eastern expedition. This expedition, however, is not to be directed against Greece, but against Turkey. How this can be so is not yet clear, but it is considered that a new attack on the Dardanelles is by no means impossible, as England and France have both given their consent to the scheme."

Statistics compiled in the Court of Domestic Relations, Chicago, show that out of 2914 cases of trouble between husbands and wives, 95 per cent were due to drink.