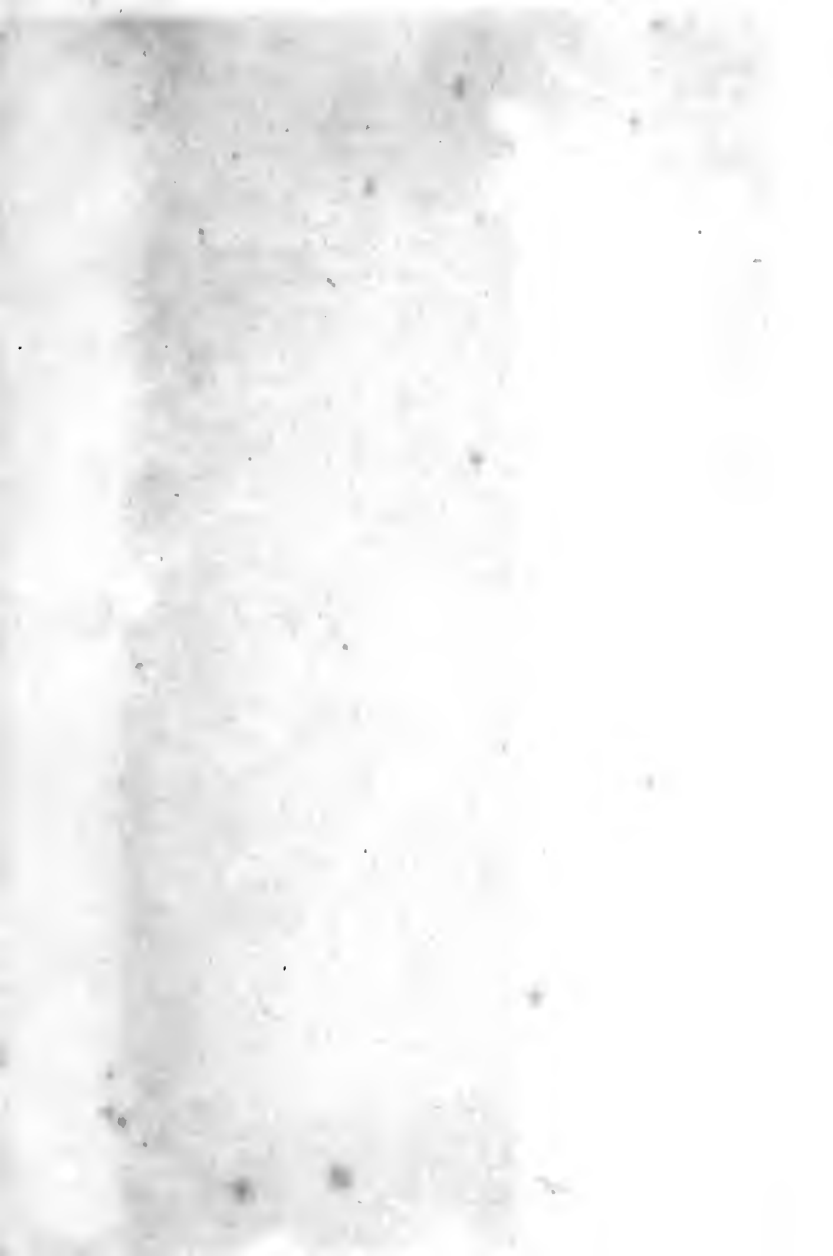


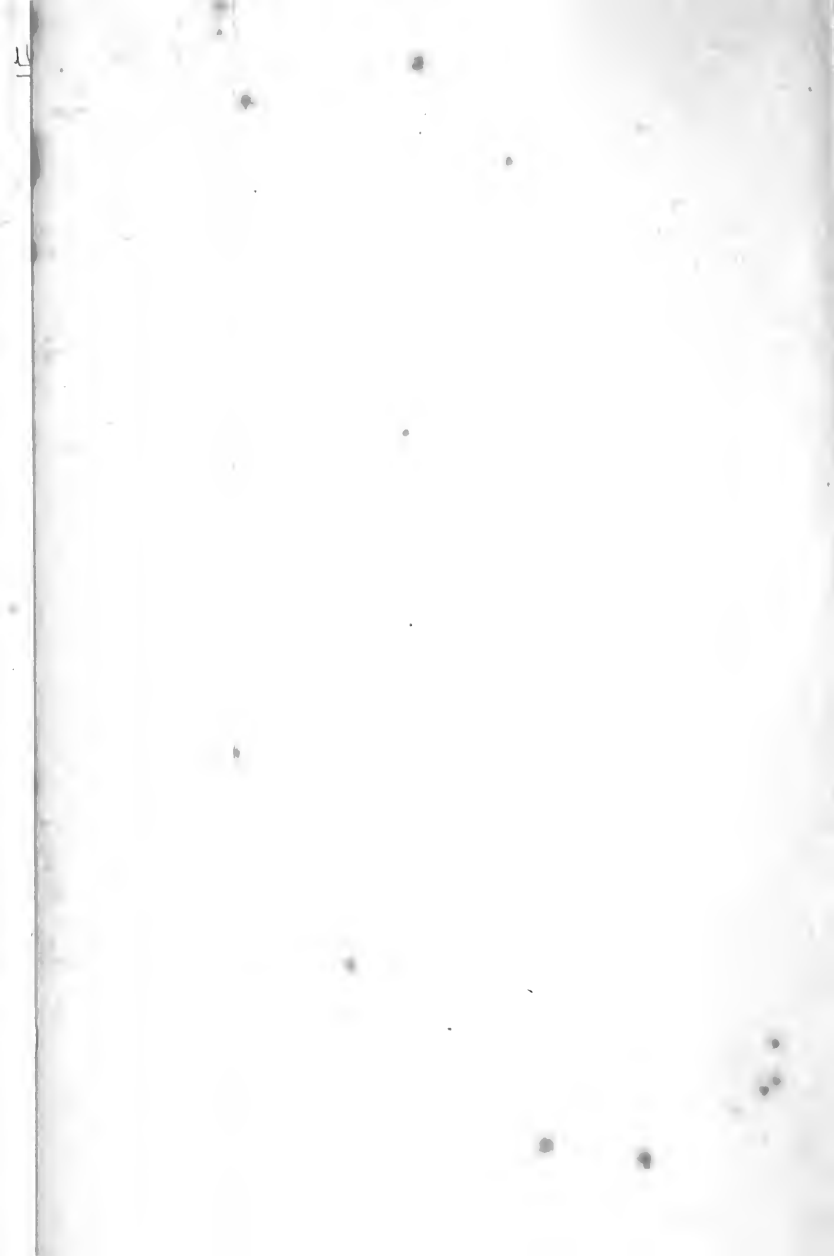
HERE AND THERE  
IN THE WAR AREA

*Right Rev. Herbert Bury, D.D.*

*Bishop for Northern and Central Europe*

Illustrations





HERE AND THERE IN THE  
WAR AREA

FIFTH EDITION

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THE ARCHBISHOP OF PETROGRAD.

*Frontispiece.*



# HERE AND THERE IN THE WAR AREA

BY THE

RIGHT REV. HERBERT BURY, D.D.

*Bishop for North and Central Europe*  
*Author of "Russian Life To-day," and*  
*"A Bishop among Bananas"*

WITH THIRTY-TWO ILLUSTRATIONS

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TO  
MY WIFE  
IN GRATEFUL APPRECIATION OF MOST DEVOTED  
AND EFFICIENT CO-OPERATION IN  
MY WORK

*First Impression, October 1916*

## P R E F A C E

ONCE more I have gratefully to acknowledge, as in the case of *Russian Life To-day*, that the thought of writing this book was not my own, but that of my publishers. Again, as then, I demurred at first, and again in the end not only accepted but welcomed the suggestion. Messrs. Mowbray's idea was rather that I should write again upon Russia, as the public have been so very kind in their friendly expressions of my other book; especially my brethren of the clergy who have not only read it themselves in large numbers, but have recommended it, far and wide, and greatly helped it on to its fifth edition. I feel most grateful to them. But though I have been in constant touch with Russia during the war, and had most stimulating and inspiring experiences there this year, there has been such an astonishing output of most excellent books on Russian affairs during the last two years, that I could not dream of adding to their number, except by an article now and then in a review

or as here by a chapter or two in a book. It did seem to me, however, as I came to think of it, that I had met with such unusual and unexpected experiences, and been brought into such close contact with so much that has been going on not only in the war area itself, but in many of the countries affected by it, as probably no one else has been in quite the same way, that I might venture to give some account of them in book form. In any case, I felt that I and many personal friends would be glad to have them for reference, as we see—those of us who are permitted to do so—the new Europe opening itself out when the war is over.

Last year in every one of the first seven months I touched the war area at some point or other. At the end of January and in February I was with our Naval Division in Holland, and in March in France just after Neuve Chapelle. In April, after visiting hospitals and Army Service Corps in the neighbourhood of Paris, I was again with our Naval Division at Groningen. In May I was again in France and amongst the first sufferers from the gas attacks, and in June was able to talk with the men nightly as they left the trenches for their first five days of furlough. In July I was at last at the actual front itself

in the Ypres salient, and the Armentières trenches, in the firing line, looking across through the periscopes at the enemy's sand-bags, on the other side of the road it seemed, and along a very hot part of the line where I came in for my first experience of shell fire, and at General Head Quarters.

Again this year I have been at the most important parts of our great bases, as well as at the A.S.C. station at Paris and the French General Head Quarters. I have visited all our continental jurisdiction except that occupied by the enemy and paid a particularly inspiring visit to Russia. In addition to all this I have visited the camps for the interned aliens and prisoners of war in this country, and the Isle of Man.

It has been a very vast area of experience, and I hope it may not be considered presumption in me, therefore, to try to give some account of my impressions, and hopes for the future.

The book makes no pretensions to military, political, or ecclesiastical value, but is just a record of personal experiences, reflections, hopes, and aspirations. It is written in the hopeful, confident, and expectant spirit in which I have written, spoken, and preached all through these great two years, and I have

never been conscious of any other spirit or feeling from the first day of our declaration of war. I have written and said privately and publicly much that is here, but there must be necessarily comparatively few, as one thinks of the great reading public, who have either been my readers or amongst my listeners, and I am grateful to the Editors of *The Nineteenth Century* and of *The Treasury* for being so willing that I should use here some of the things I have already given in their hospitable pages. I am not aware that I have quoted from any one else's book without acknowledging it, but if I have, I hope it will be believed that I have done so inadvertently, and that I may be told of it at once. I have had to quote now and then from hearsay, but I have tried to be accurate, and to understate, if anything, rather than risk exaggeration, but in such discursive and diffuse writing there must be much that is very imperfect, and so I ask hopefully for the patience and indulgence as well as the sympathy of my readers.

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# HERE AND THERE IN THE WAR AREA

## CHAPTER I

### OUR NAVAL DIVISION IN HOLLAND

MY first and last experiences in the great war area have been gained with our Naval Division in Holland. I have only just returned from Groningen as these pages are going to press, and so can add but little to what I have already written, though it is not necessary to do so, as there is unfortunately hardly any change in the life of an internment camp once its arrangements are complete and its trying monotony of duties and occupations begun.

Perhaps, with many other things, it will be made clear after the war why some 5,000 men of our Naval Division, who were anxious above all things for naval work, great numbers of whom had never fired a rifle in their lives, were sent into the trenches at Antwerp

in the late autumn of 1914. It seems ludicrous to think they could have been of any real use against the thoroughly efficient German troops whom they were meant to oppose, and who had the most perfect equipment, with a plentiful supply of the best machine guns. We have, however, Lord French's explicit statement that they did exactly what they were sent to do, and that they rendered valuable services at a very important time, and with that we must be content to wait until many other seemingly inexplicable things are brought into the light.

There were two brigades numbering 5,000 in all, consisting of a few who had seen active service, and some from "Kitchener's men," while the majority were from the Naval Reserve and had nearly completed their time. They were rather a mixed body of men, but with nothing lacking in their spirit, physique, and courage; and though trench work was the last thing they had any of them been thinking of, there was no shrinking from it. They marched through the streets of Antwerp amid scenes of wild enthusiasm, for had not the people been assured that they "need not be anxious as the British Admiralty would see that they were defended and protected"? And though many bayonets

were tied on to the rifles with string, those who carried them smiled gaily and courageously upon the people who pressed flowers and food and presents upon them. It was well they had that food and kept it, for they had little else while in the trenches, when in the two or three days there they had so little food or sleep. It was very funny afterwards to hear of their experiences, and naïve admissions of inexperience. "I didn't know how to use a rifle at all," said one. "And I'd never fired anything but a shot gun before," said another. Some were more amusing, I was told.

"You know, sir, evening lights are deceptive, and we thought we could see a dense mass of the enemy coming on, and began to blaze away, and then some one called out, 'Why, they're cows.'"

"Yes," another added, "and the cows were all there in the morning, sir!"

But though they chose to be funny and make light of things and have their little jokes, they had shown themselves real men in those trenches, and the fact that they were there at all and got away safe after those never-to-be-forgotten days when they had faced the best-equipped troops in the world, made one's heart go out towards them

as one felt they had "done their bit" under as unfavourable experiences as any this war has seen.

When the Belgian entrenched lines had to be abandoned and the order was given to retire, half the division was withdrawn in order, and with no loss, and sent subsequently to Gallipoli, to do bravely, with heavy loss, as so many others have done; but the other half, leaving the trenches later, were not so fortunate. These, partly through wrong information and partly through mistakes, marched towards Holland, closely pursued by Uhlan cavalry, and, after twenty hours of forced marching, without food or sleep, resolved at any cost not to fall into the hands of the enemy, they crossed the Dutch frontier, where, though they had to give up their weapons and face internment, they were safe from capture. It was a moving story of strain, hardship, and privation, and, as I listened to it, though it had only been for five days and nights, I could not help wondering how it had been endured.

"Well, you see, sir," said a fine specimen of manhood, simply full of calm and joyous vitality, "we were just in the pink, and we ought to be able to stand a bit at that time of life."

I've often been impressed with what youth can stand if living under perfectly natural conditions, as when a wounded Canadian subaltern told me, "After I had my wound I was able to keep on, and I don't think that for three whole months I ever turned in except with my blankets sopping wet, and yet I always slept like a top, and woke up refreshed." None of my friends from the Antwerp trenches seemed to have suffered the least bit from their privations and hardships, trying as they were, thanks to being "in the pink."

Groningen, after a little consideration, was the place finally selected for the British internment camp, and there could hardly be one more suitable. It is a University town, full of old and historic associations, capital of the province of Groningen, and the most important town in Northern Holland. There are about 80,000 inhabitants, and though its records go back to the ninth century, it is very modern and up-to-date in all its arrangements and appliances. One of its great features is the tower of the Church of St. Martin which, 320 feet high and dating from 1477, rises from a very massive and broad archway, wonderfully like the great "Porta Negra" at Treves, and is built, as

that is, of dull red bricks. The old town lies just to the south of the Zuider Zee, and is very healthy and bracing except perhaps in the height of summer. There could hardly be a better place for an internment camp, and our own, just outside the town itself, is a model of what a place of internment in a neutral country should be. There is obviously a great difference between interning in a neutral and an enemy's country, especially if, like Holland, it is friendly or "benevolent." The place was selected probably because of its distance from the coast, as in that remote part of Holland there would not be the same temptation to escape as there might be nearer a port, and any one attempting it would be more likely to be caught.

As soon as I heard they were ready for a visit, our chaplain at Rotterdam, the Rev. Haworth Coryton, having moved up at once to do what he could for the men both in social and religious matters, I went over in January of last year to spend a week with them. It was my first visit to the war area, if we can give that name to Holland. And certainly a country which has over 200,000 Belgian refugees to care for, and over 20,000 Belgian soldiers interned as well as our own, and airmen both of our own and



of the enemy's flying corps in its keeping, and which has also its own army entirely mobilised and guarding its frontiers, may be said to be distinctly in the area affected by the war, even if not in the actual *Zone des Armées*. I had moreover to submit to a rigorous cross-examination before I could have my passport *viséd* for the journey, and, as we crossed over, a very careful look-out had to be kept for submarines. A friend following me in a day or two had a torpedo sent across his steamer's bows, and then had a view of the submarine which had fired it, as it rose to the surface to see if it could possibly give chase. Holland, too, is under martial law with soldiers on guard at all the stations as well as at the landing-stage and at Utrecht, where I spent the night, not being able to get through to the camp the same day.

This beautiful old-world city of Utrecht will long remind its inhabitants of the great war, for, as it is so very near the Belgian and German frontiers, the authorities, thinking it advisable to prepare for invasion, levelled houses, cut down trees, and made every preparation for resistance. In the very pleasant suburb of de Bildt, where my kind hosts live, it grieved me greatly to see nothing

but very rough stumps left, two or three feet above the ground, instead of the charming avenue with which one had been familiar, winding so pleasantly amongst the canals. It was undue and precipitate haste, no doubt, but in those opening weeks of the war no one could think very calmly about possibilities and probabilities with Belgium in all one's thoughts. My friends sent everything of value from their homes and prepared for the worst, and I do not think they have even now brought everything back. Holland looks still very anxiously beyond her frontiers, and all the people know that any day may bring them into the conflict, for though they will not actively resent any attack upon their merchant ships or mail boats—and they have had much to bear in this way of late—yet the mind of the whole nation is quite made up that a hostile foot across their borders will be resisted and thrown back whatever the consequences. The Queen has been continually with her soldiers since they first took the field for home defence, and I was often told how she would order her motor car suddenly, so that she could not be expected, and drive out to some part of the lines about nine o'clock at night, and then talk to the young soldiers as a mother would,

asking them to live worthily in these days of national service and duty, and not to close their busy days without making good resolutions and saying their prayers. It all seemed very simple and homely, and, as Holland so often does, reminded one of our own ideas of thought and duty, seeming to prepare one beforehand for visiting a British camp in this foreign but friendly country.

I have seen many camps of a similar kind both for combatants and non-combatants, but the palm must be given unhesitatingly to Groningen. It is a large compound enclosed in the usual way with barbed wire, though it would not prevent any one who was really determined on it from making his escape. It covers a very considerable area, part of which is occupied by the wooden erections which house the men and provide them with occupation, recreation, and means of study, etc., and a part of which gives them cricket and football fields, and opportunities for gardening. It was inevitable that it should have a name of its own, and "Timbertown" is not unsuitable. Three large halls, fairly close together, and named respectively Collingwood, Hawke, and Benbow, are the men's temporary homes, and the arrangements are, as the names suggest, as much as

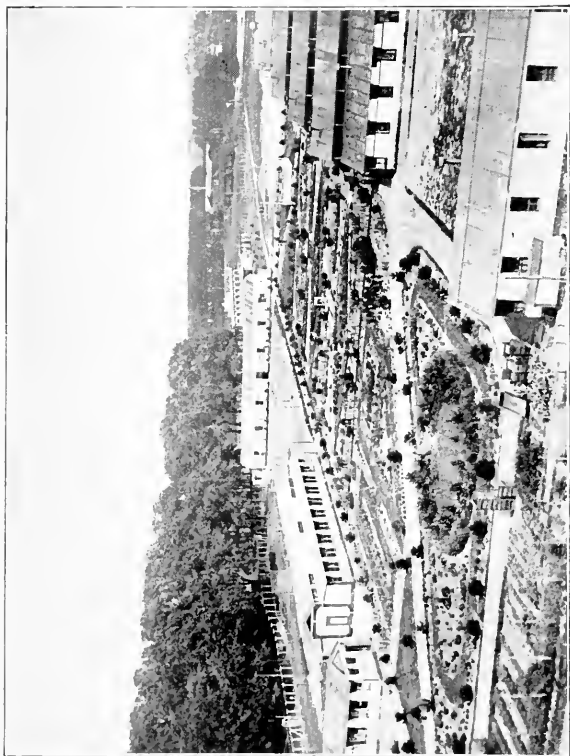
possible like those at sea. There is a large central space in each where tables are set for meals, and a very cheerful sight they are at such times with all the merry bluejackets assembled, and full of joke, story, and laughter. On each side of this place is a large open passage like a side aisle to the nave of a church, and there are slung the hammocks for sleep at night. All the crew of one ship, so to speak, are under one roof, and there is nothing stuffy or confined, and the whole 1,800 men, apart from the petty officers, are thus quartered in these three vessels, or halls.

They have the name of their ship on their caps, and all the work of the morning consists in putting things ship-shape, tidying up the hammocks, etc., before going for—what is impossible at sea—a route march outside. Even with respect to that I fancy they use nautical language if I am to judge from a young seaman a little while ago remarking to me in the course of our conversation :

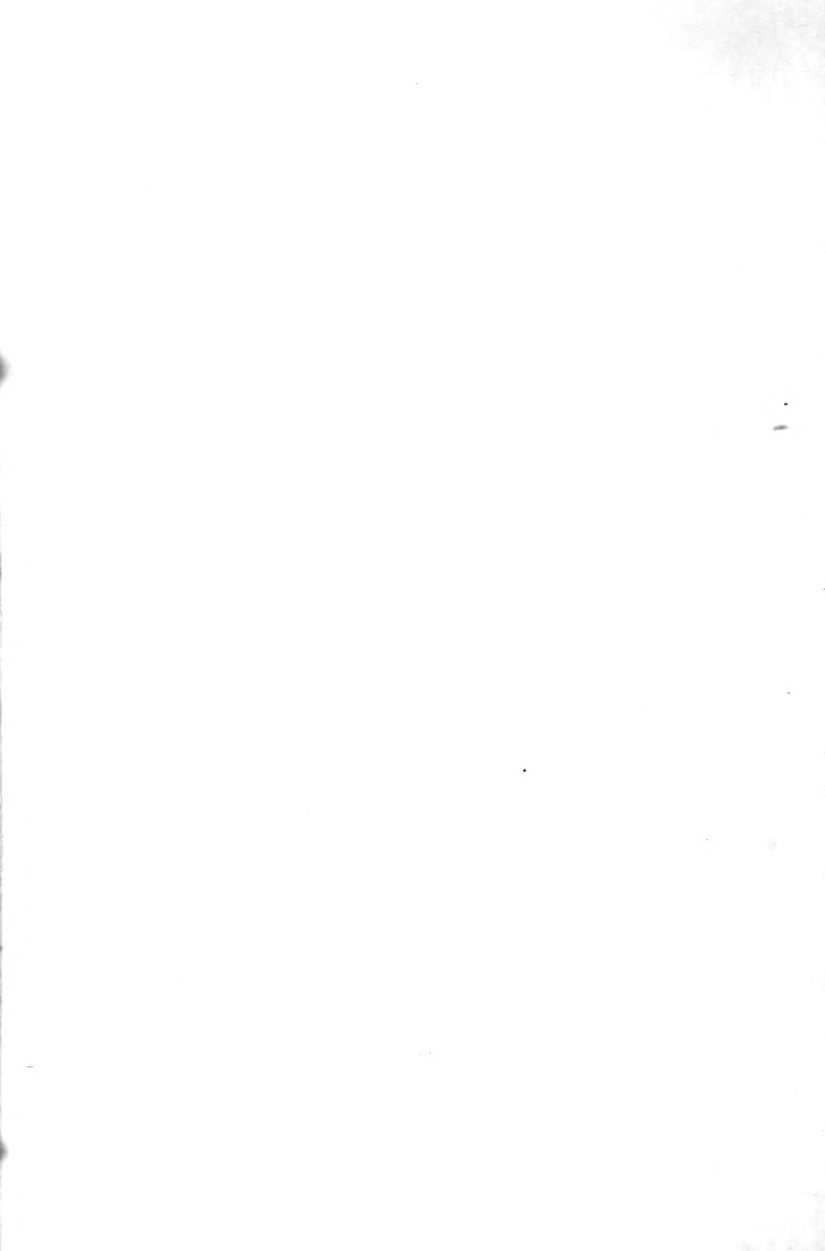
“ I was just going ashore at the time and could not attend to it.”

“ Going ashore ! ” I said, feeling puzzled.

“ Oh yes ! you see,” he added apologetically, “ we talk of going ashore when we have leave to go into the town.”



GRONINGEN CAMP OR "TIMBERTOWN"



“ Yes,” I answered, “ I understand. And I suppose when you have to return you say, ‘ Well, boys, who’s for the ship ? ’ or ‘ Who’s going aboard ? ’ ”

“ Yes,” he replied, a little shamefaced at the boyishness of it, “ that’s about it, sir.”

The food is all prepared and served by the Dutch authorities, though there is a canteen, and men can supplement or substitute anything they like to buy there or in the town if it is right and reasonable. The cost of the camp will, of course, have to be paid by our own Government, and the Admiralty have no doubt been consulted and considered in all the arrangements.

The petty officers have quarters of their own and, without having any luxury at all, are made quite comfortable.

There are separate buildings—all wooden, of course—for the workshops, a long line of them, as well as for the post and library, and the hospital or sick bay, and as gardens have been made and carefully tended outside them, they look quite cheerful and attractive. Our own men manage their postal arrangements on a fairly large scale, and the mails and parcel post arrangements go out and arrive direct without any connection with the Dutch

postal system. It is admirably worked, although in Groningen it is entirely amateur, and I do not know any part of the war area where letters, parcels, and newspapers arrive more expeditiously, punctually, and regularly. There is no censorship, of course, as it is a direct service—the address in this country being Royal Naval Division, Interneerings Depôt, Groningen, c/o General Post Office, Mount Pleasant, London, E.C.—no stamp required—and therefore there is not the same delay as in the deliveries to and from France, where all letters have to be read, for military reasons.

It is astonishing to learn how the workshops have had to be enlarged as the men have become more experienced. All kinds of carving and cabinet making—they made a most imposing episcopal chair for my second visit to hold a confirmation—and fretwork, are undertaken, with inlaid work, showing battleships, submarines, and other naval subjects. Souvenirs are in great demand and tax resources and ingenuity to the utmost to provide variety, while netting, rope-making, and string bags as well as hammocks have been introduced by the deft-handed fishermen from the Hebrides. Tailors', shoemakers' work and repairs are carefully



executed, while shaving, hair-cutting, washing and repairing go on as aboard ship with just the same practical jokes to vary the monotony.

The difficulty in all camps, especially in our own, as in prisons, is to find men something to do which makes real demands upon their intelligence, resourcefulness, and industry, and which, in disposing of the things manufactured, would not affect, or seem to affect, the labour market of the neighbourhood. There was some thought at one time of undertaking the making of a public park, which would have really occupied both time and numbers for a considerable period, and would have been both a graceful acknowledgment of much kindness from the people of Groningen and not have interfered with any one else's labour, as it would have been an agreeable and welcome luxury such as the town has not permitted itself yet to think of, but there seem to have been difficulties in the way and it has not been begun. No one would have the heart to suggest it now and seem to assume that the men will have to remain there long enough to complete such a work. Possibly that may be the reason for the project having been abandoned, for if after it had been begun, peace had suddenly come,

or, as has so often seemed imminent, an invasion from the Eastern frontier, the work would have been left at once, and good ground been spoilt in consequence.

The camp has been all the time under the same British authority, Commodore Wilfred Henderson, and he has worked very amicably with the Dutch commandants. There are Dutch sentries and soldiers on guard, according to international law and usage, but they are not really necessary—as every one in Holland knows—for our fellow-countrymen can be trusted to keep order themselves. They do it very well, and cause but little trouble, except as all healthy young Englishmen are sure to do at times, not from any malice or evil intentions, but from that sheer vitality or exuberance of spirits which leads them now and then, as it does young and mettlesome horses, to “kick over the traces.”

All that Groningen can do to soften and ameliorate the trying monotony of the men's life is done, and they are allowed to go regularly into the town, according to rule as to numbers and frequency, to attend classes at the University, which has been very liberal in granting them free facilities, places of amusement, restaurants and cafés, and a social club of their own. In the evening their own patrol

goes out and takes charge of any one who forgets himself, or is guilty of misconduct, and leads him off to camp to be dealt with by our own authorities. We may be said, therefore, to manage our own men ourselves, both in and out of camp, with the superintendence and full knowledge of the Dutch authorities, who have assured me very appreciatively how well it is done. It was there that I was made specially to feel proud and thankful to be an Englishman in this great war, as I learnt how our young countrymen are worthily upholding in another land, and under very critical eyes sometimes, our British good name.

I have spoken more than once of "petty officers," and not of those who, fully commissioned, crossed the frontier with their men, and were disarmed and interned as well. As soon as the camp was formed and the men brought together from the places where they had been temporarily lodged, the officers were released on parole. They took up their abode at one or two of the hotels, and from these visited their companies and kept in touch with them, sharing in the social life of the town, as the people were very kind and hospitable. It is not usual or permissible for officers to give parole without their Government's instruc-

tions, and on being reminded of this they took theirs back. The Dutch authorities, however, took no notice and left them still at liberty to stay in their hotels, and come and go as they pleased. This was a mistake, for though our officers ought to have felt that they were trusted, and were bound for that reason as firmly and honourably as though by parole, some of the specially venturesome spirits could not resist the temptation, and five attempted, though only four succeeded in effecting, their escape. It is of course indefensible, but the Dutch officers who spoke of it to me, at my second visit, were not disposed to be harsh or censorious, but said indulgently :

“ They were young, you see, and full of spirits, and did not think of its being wrong or likely to cause trouble for the rest, but simply couldn't resist such a chance. It was their——” and then he stopped, hesitated, and went on, “ what you call their——”

“ Sporting spirit ? ” I hazarded.

“ Ah ! yes, their sporting qualities. There was a risk and they couldn't but take it. They might be taken or might get away, and they were lucky enough to get clear.”

Some critics have said they ought to have been sent back, and have reminded me that

the German Government sent back two of their officers who broke their parole. But our men did *not* break their parole. They did that for which the Dutch Government took the risk, though I do not know that they ever conveyed to our officers that they were trusting them not to attempt escape, and that they themselves were accepting the responsibility. However, with watchful eyes across the Weser they could accept no more responsibilities and take no more risks, so the remaining officers, about thirty in number, were promptly imprisoned at Bodegraven, an island between Utrecht and the Hague where there had been at one time a powder mill. There they were very well treated, receiving from time to time airmen who came down in Holland, and were quite comfortable. The former powder magazine—a long low room—was admirable for exercise in bad weather, and there were tennis courts for use when it was fine. Walks could be taken on the paths above the wide canal which surrounds the place, and men were fishing as I passed along them myself. There was a billiard-room with plenty of newspapers and reviews, and they were so comfortably lodged that they could read and study alone. They could also go out for a country walk when their guard

went out for exercise, and very ready facilities were granted for a weekly day out at the Hague when "a visit to the dentist" or some other engagement could be entered upon the application form. They were under the charge of Commander Fargus, a smart and efficient officer. I was amused when he said:

"Before I came abroad I had been in charge of detention work at home, and it is funny to think of my being chief warder in those days and chief convict now."

I am glad to say it is now some months since our Government gave leave for them to offer their parole, which they immediately did, and were released from prison. They can now live at the Hague, while one or two have had permission to go to Groningen and give a hand with the work there. But though they are now free they must find time hang heavy on their hands occasionally, as none of them can do anything in connection with their real life's work, and it is not very stimulating for most men to take up studies which they would not have thought of except for their enforced leisure. Internment and imprisonment, I learnt at once, have a sadly deteriorating effect upon those compelled to endure them, and internment is worse than the actual imprisonment which combatants are always

prepared to meet, and which they can accept as part of "the fortunes of war."

A great feature of the camp—its chief asset indeed—was the really magnificent recreation hall, large, spacious, and airy, and the centre of the social and religious life of the community. At one end was the platform for lectures, concerts, and entertainments, and at the other, separated by movable screens, was an apse with altar, organ, and small vestry adjoining it with seats for many or few as required, the screens being advanced or withdrawn according to the number present or expected. It was decorated by the men themselves and made quite a little sanctuary for celebrations, confirmations, and other services.

The large hall was constantly in use, though more in the afternoon and evening than the morning; and knitting classes, held by the lady workers, games of all kinds, little groups deep in conversation, and quiet figures bending over their letters home filled up the whole of the large space most of the day.

It was in this place that I was introduced to the men. It was a Wednesday night, I remember, and chosen because I wished to know and be known before the Sunday sermons and services came on. That night

there was a lecture on New Guinea by a visiting professor, and I only went on the platform once to say a few words explaining that I had come to visit my clergy, and bring the men also a little message of cheer from those at home. The following evening I gave them a lecture myself, with lantern slide illustrations, and the following night took the chair at their weekly variety entertainment, on the Saturday night giving them another lecture with slides, and this time on Russia. No one could wish for more helpful or encouraging audiences, and the variety entertainment was quite one of the best and most wholesome amusements I have ever enjoyed. It was very funny indeed at times, with some touching appeals in patriotic songs, and classical music exquisitely played, at others. The performers have made great progress since those days, and have given performances in different parts of Holland as the "Timbertown Follies," and for Dutch charities—never for themselves—with great success.

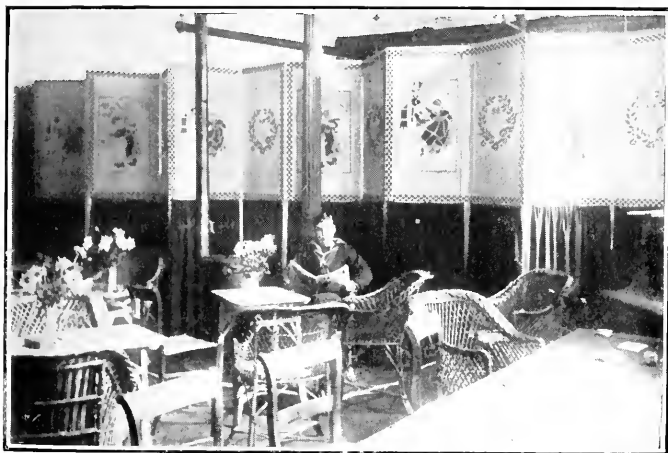
I really do not know when I have enjoyed anything so much as that first performance.

"I have not laughed so much for six months," said my Dutch neighbour.

"Nor I for six years," was my rejoinder.

While a pathetic tenor solo was being given,





RECREATION ROOM—GRONINGEN CAMP.



CHAPEL—THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SCREENS IN THE PICTURE ABOVE.



without the least warning every light went out, and we were in total darkness, but as quick as thought a match was struck, and the tenor and his accompanist went on without a break. Then darkness followed, and after a moment or two some one called out: "Let's have 'Mississippi,'" and the well-known rag-time song at once began. The pianist joined in and then one or two violins, followed one after another by the other instruments, until when the lights went up as suddenly as they had gone out all were singing at the tops of their voices and the whole orchestra accompanying with great delight. With the light the chorus at once ceased, and I stepped on to the platform to announce the next turn as if nothing had occurred. No one even mentioned the going out of the lights, nor was there the least confusion or disorder owing to the darkness, nor did the evening entertainment pause even for a minute. My Dutch neighbour could not conceal his astonishment and admiration.

"What strange people you English are! I tremble to think what confusion and disturbance might have happened in this crowded hall to-night with some audiences I could name, while your young countrymen have

sat there in perfect *sang-froid*, and no one would have thought anything had happened out of the common, or that in the darkness there had been possibilities of the worst kind of accident."

Gradually by mingling with the men during the day and spending my evenings with them, sometimes as entertainer and sometimes as entertained, I grew to feel that I knew them and was known, but the last twenty minutes of every day, just before roll call, was the greatest help in this direction. The chaplain with admirable foresight and discernment had arranged that every evening during my visit should end with "Prayer and a straight talk from the Bishop." These experiences have been inestimable in each visit, and I shall never forget them. Whatever we had been doing or however heartily we had been laughing and enjoying ourselves, about 9.30 we went quietly behind the screens at the end of the room opposite the platform, and when those of the audience who did not wish to join us had left and all was still, after a little silence had been observed to steady us down, we had a few simple prayers and then my "straight talk" followed.

I was so impressed with the possibilities of this camp life stretching before them, and

so sure that it need not be deteriorating in its influence, that my first evening I could only dwell as earnestly as I knew how on the one word "Opportunity." I felt certain that if they would have it so, it need be no mere "marking time" or, still less, losing what they had already acquired, but that it might be such a keeping of the old, and gaining much that was new, as should send them forth in due time, better fitted than ever to take part in the bustle and business of life. It was there that I felt for the first time, though so far away from the actual front, that new spirit which has been called out in the "men who through perils of war are serving this nation," and which made it, as I have found elsewhere, so easy to speak and appeal to them for God, and feel convinced of their appreciation and response.

Every evening's straight talk seemed to bring us nearer together and to prepare the way for the Sunday's services, and that Sunday at the beginning of February will always be one of the happiest and inspiring of memories. It was full and strenuous enough, including Holy Communion, church parade and sermon, an afternoon meeting, evening service and sermon, a confirmation, and after hymn-singing in the great hall, the usual prayers

and straight talk to finish up the day. And I don't know which I enjoyed the most.

The church parade was attended by every one who had not gone into the town to worship, either as Roman Catholics or Nonconformists, and must have had between sixteen and seventeen hundred present. Compulsory attendance at Divine Service is open to serious question, and yet I can't help feeling that, if not too rigorously enforced, it is good that such a rule should be both made and kept. If it is our highest duty to God "to worship and give Him thanks," and one of our highest duties to our fellow-man to worship with him, "not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together," then morning service should be set forth as a tremendous claim upon us, and not as something which we can take or leave just as we feel disposed. Some of the most earnest and really living services I have known in the war area have been those which men have been expected to attend, and to which they have marched in order with their officers. We had a most moving service and confirmation at Groningen that day when attendance was entirely voluntary, but to me it was no more uplifting or encouraging than the morning church parade. As the room was very long and

narrow, and the prayer desk, etc., were in the middle of one of the sides, and not at the end of the room, it was much more difficult to address the large congregation.

There are many incidents one would like to describe, if time and space permitted, which helped me to feel what a little world—or microcosm—a camp is. There one has just the same lessons in human nature as in the great world without; there the same social and religious problems in due time present themselves, there the same struggle has to be made for true *esprit de corps* and sound public opinion, and there one finds alike great difficulties and responsibilities, as well as splendid possibilities and opportunities. I cannot lay too much stress upon the openings there, and everywhere else at the front, for earnest spiritual appeal. Real men of God with the human touch and brotherly spirit have been having “the time of their lives.” The way is always open to those who know how, or even wish, to approach it in the right manner.

Many men that Sunday night began life anew and “came over the line.” One of them has said since to a visitor :

“I used to feel worked up and see red whenever I looked across the enclosure at

the country outside and thought how we were penned in like animals, but now I look out without a thought, and I never even see the barbed wire."

God does wonderful things in men's lives, I know, but it is certainly to be classed amongst the many "signs and wonders" of times like these that He should make weary prisoners "not even see the barbed wire."

Another one told me: "The first time you came out I felt something light up within me, but after you had gone it died down again, and I went on as before. Then you came out again, and it blazed up once more, and you went, and it died down again. Then I was with a few men one night and some one prayed, and it all came right between me and God."

"One plants, another waters, and God gives the increase."

The clergy have been most devoted and earnest in their work, the chaplain, Mr. Coryton, living in the compound so as to be more accessible and approachable. They have been changed from time to time so as to be fresh and energetic, but the men have also co-operated with real zeal and earnestness, especially those who were Servers or doing voluntary sacristan's work before the





GRONINGEN—SOME OF THE INTERNED NAVAL DIVISION.



war. There are a fair number also who have found their vocation during their imprisonment, and are now reading for Orders. They will, I believe, do very valuable work and bring a special and unique experience with them into the Church's ministry. One of them conducted a little service on their first Good Friday afternoon in addition to those which the clergy had given. They were just a few young laymen together before the altar behind the screens, and he took a little service from some such book as the *Treasury of Devotion*—probably that very book—but those who were there spoke of it to me with awe.

“He seemed to bring us face to face with God. There was hardly a veil we felt between ourselves and our Saviour on His Cross.”

There are other very sacred experiences to remember, which may not be written here. Some will think what I have already written is not quite suitable for an ordinary book such as this, but unless I did now and then in these pages give such instances I do not see how I can give my witness to the quickened sense of spiritual realities I have been conscious of wherever I have gone.

It was at Groningen also that I first realised that many of those who have had

the fuller and freer life will not return to their former occupations.

“What will you do after the war?” I said to some fine-looking men I had got to know rather well.

“We don’t know.”

“Will you be able to go back to office work, do you think?”

“Not much!” was the quick reply.

“What then, I wonder?”

“Well, we were thinking we might come out to you in Siberia as it gets opened up!”

To some brothers when I had found they had a mother I said:

“I’m sure she is proud of you.”

“I don’t know about that,” said one of them, flushing up, “but we’re proud of her.”

I took care that mother should know how her sons spoke of her when I returned, and she on her part was anxious that I should know that in all their letters to her there had never been one single bit of grouching nor word of complaint all the time they had been interned.

There is much to be thankful for as one turns one’s thoughts to Northern Holland and our little internment camp there. While looking round upon their happy and merry-looking faces one evening, I thought to myself how different might have been their lot.

Thousands and tens of thousands of our best, once as bright and happy as they, are lying beneath the soil of Belgium and Northern France, and never again will their cheerful young faces be welcomed home by those who love them. But for those at Groningen that welcome is already prepared, and they daily think of it. Quite a large number were allowed to return last Christmas when there was sickness in their families, to cheer and be cheered, and one of them said to me :

“ My mates told me they did not realise what their internment was till they saw me coming away.”

But the longest night passes and the day dawns, and humanly speaking they can confidently expect to return well and strong, unwounded and not disheartened, and be welcomed home again. This makes Groningen for us who have been there a happy and cheering memory. After my last confirmation, at which there had been a goodly number and much enthusiasm, some one called out : “ There will be many more next time, Bishop ! ” and then recollecting what “ next time ” seemed to imply he added quickly : “ Only let’s hope that it will be in a London church on our way home ! ” I hope so too.

## CHAPTER II

### WITH THE WOUNDED

IT had been easy and simple to visit Groningen, but I was not at all sure as the conflict went on during the earlier part of 1915 that it would be as easy to get into France, or at any rate that part which was already known as the *Zone des Armées*, and with respect to which the French authorities were growing ever more exacting in their desire to shut out spies and undesirable visitors. But when the time drew near for me to begin my annual visitation of France and Switzerland, I heard from our permanent chaplain at Boulogne and other places on the coast that not only were they anxiously expecting their usual episcopal visit, but that the senior military chaplain for France would gladly welcome me for confirmations and other services, and as there was no bishop then with our forces in France, and an insufficient number of chaplains of our own Church, I might be of very great use in many

ways and places. I found the Chaplain-General, who was working in his office from early morning to late night, and spending very busy Sundays also, was gratefully willing that I should help on the other side in every way that I could, and so I set out in March, thankful for the opportunity.

It was just after Neuve Chapelle, and as soon as possible after my arrival I visited the wounded in the hospitals. It was my first experience of actual war. There had been a sense of something wanting at Groningen. One knew the men had been in the trenches and done their part faithfully and well. But they smiled as they spoke of it, and something else than what one heard was necessary to impress the imagination, though their internment and all that it entailed were real enough.

At Boulogne, on the contrary, war stood out that Monday afternoon in all its native horrors. As one went to and fro in the wards, and saw ghastly wounds for the first time, men bandaged half-way down their faces, of whom we were told that both their eyes had been shot out, though they did not know it as yet, others undergoing terrible operations, it was difficult to keep one's head. I don't think I for one could have done it but for

the thought, "If it tries me to the uttermost to see, what must it be to endure?" And so one went on speaking a cheering or sympathising or encouraging word wherever one could to sufferers, and to weary-looking but keen and appreciative nurses. One boy of about eighteen, with head lifted from his pillow, was closely following all that the surgeons were doing to an appallingly injured leg, and when I said, gently, fearing he would faint:

"Rest your head, my boy. It's better not to look," he replied: "I like to see what they are doing, it makes me understand what I shall have to do."

I had not got far away when he uttered a sharp, loud cry of pain, whereupon a nurse said with concern:

"I've never heard a sound from that boy before. It *must* be bad!"

"They are plucky and patient," I said.

"Oh!" she exclaimed with kindling eyes, "they are splendid, just splendid!"

The wards were very spacious and airy. It was the former casino, and one of the best hospitals, as the entertaining rooms, especially that which had been used for games of chance, were unusually large and beautifully decorated. The men who were compara-



tively free from pain used to lie quietly looking at the pictures on the ceilings and walls, and the beautifully moulded panels with flowers and fruits, and think how well off they were after what they had gone through.

“It’s a beautiful place to be in,” one would say.

“It is indeed, we ought to be very thankful,” another would add, quite humbly and modestly, as if they had done nothing at all to entitle them to it!

That has always impressed me so much, the modesty of the men. During the last offensive, when a colonel was looking over the scanty remnants of his force, and thinking of his and his country’s loss, and no doubt with knitted brow and perturbed look, one of them said, rather anxiously :

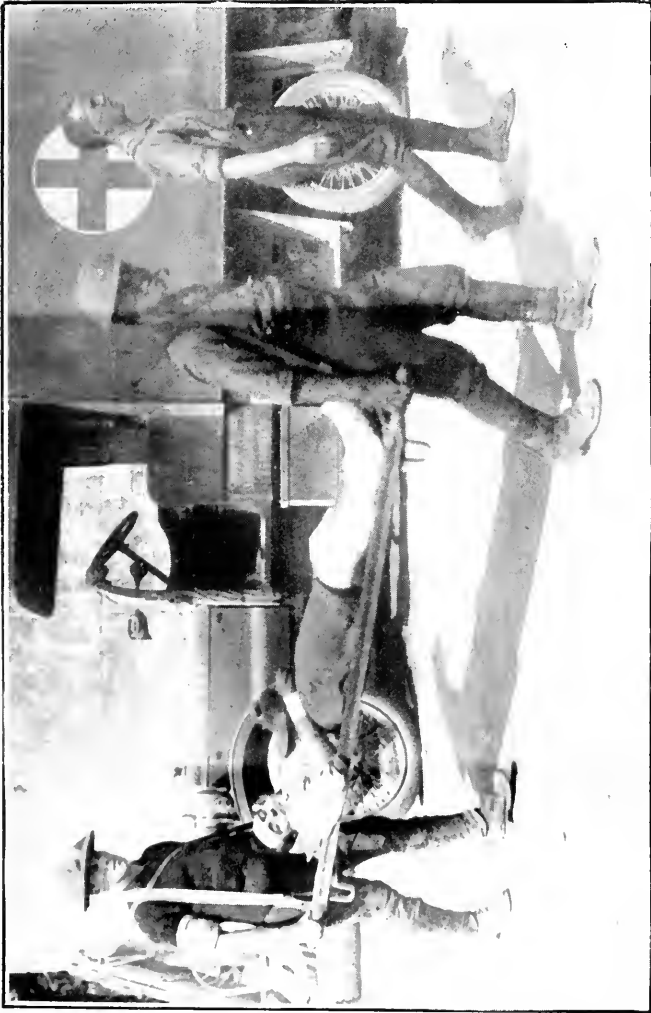
“I hope you are satisfied with us, sir!”

“Satisfied!” He was speechless, and turned away his head.

I remember Mr. Will Crooks saying much the same on Tower Hill, after kneeling by a wounded man who spoke with such humility and looked so pathetically at him that he too felt he must turn away his head and recover his composure as he reflected: “What have I ever done that these men should be suffer-

ing thus for me?" No one with a heart and mind could do anything else, I think, but feel the same.

It was when I came out into the vestibules and saw the stretchers on the floor, while beds were being cleared within, and looked down at the wounded sufferers who lay there, with the earth of the trenches still on their faces—one of the first attentions is to wash and sponge them—hastily bandaged by the first-aid workers, the grey rugs of the ambulances covering them, and their wistful looks turned up towards those who drew near as if they were wondering whether they were seriously or slightly wounded, whether they were to live or die, I felt more deeply stirred to pity and sympathy than I had ever been, I think, in all my life before, and I found the old and sacred words of the prophet acquiring a new significance: "Wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace upon them, by their stripes we are healed." They die that we may live. That picture of the war one sees everywhere, "The Great Sacrifice," which unites the man who dies most nobly for others with the Lord Who gave Himself for us all, helps us to understand that the wounded share the



[*Crown Copyright.*]

A WOUNDED ANZAC.



Passion of Him who in all our afflictions was Himself afflicted.

There are never-ceasing and new lessons to be learnt amongst the men, but especially amongst the wounded. As I passed two beds, one of the men, peering out from beneath bandages which all but covered his eyes, asked:

“ Are you a clergyman, sir ? ”

“ Yes,” I answered.

“ Will you read us something, sir ? ”

“ Certainly, with pleasure,” and getting a little stool, sitting between the two beds, I read a little from one of the Gospels and talked about it. It was my first little ministration in a war hospital, and as I talked with them—they were regulars in a Yorkshire regiment and in their fourth year of service—and listened to their ideas, their magnanimity of spirit, their freedom from rancour and bitterness, their grandeur of outlook, I felt in wonder and even awe that the war was bringing out a certain spirit, of which I had never been conscious in all my sick visiting before. They were only twenty-two, and had joined at eighteen, but they were real men with a dignity and strength of character that nothing but duty nobly done and suffering worthily borne could bring, and I was so thankful to be taught at once

that I had much to learn, and as humbly as I could, before I should be fit to teach and minister to such men. I asked another chaplain later if he did not feel at first, as I had done, that he had to learn rather than teach. He answered at once :

“ The first wounded man I visited made me feel, as I sat beside him and listened to what he said, that I wanted to go down on my knees then and there and make my confession.” It seemed to him that all the inadequacies of his service, failures and limitations, came home to him at once, overwhelming and humiliating him.

From that moment, as I said good-bye to those two Yorkshires, I have never wavered from my deep conviction that the war has brought a real and tremendous spiritual opportunity both for Church and Empire such as we have never had before and possibly may never have again. War is a terrible catastrophe and calamity. We are all agreed as to that. But there cannot be a question that those who have nothing to do with bringing it about, and who undertake it with thoughts only of duty, loyalty, and faithfulness unto death, come under the noblest and most spiritual of influences. My last words to those two as I left were :

“ You won’t mind what you have suffered and lost, will you, lads, if you have helped, as I feel sure you have helped, to deliver the world from the curse of war? This is being such an awful time—Neuve Chapelle *was* awful—that it seems to me that whenever war is hinted at for a long time to come at least, the whole world will rise up and say: ‘ It must not be.’ ”

“ We don’t mind now, sir,” was the reply. “ We have only done what we ought to do.” And with a hearty “ God bless you both,” I turned away.

At that time German and British wounded were brought in together, and lay in the wards side by side, and were tended together. I was accompanied by one of our chaplains who spoke German fluently and wrote it easily, and he was busily occupied in helping the nurses who only spoke English to get their patients settled in bed. It was rather amusing and pathetic in its way to see the young German prisoners, who were for the most part surly and morose, and sulkily turned their heads away as a rule from any questioner, assume quite another expression when asked in German “ What is your name? ” by a man with an open notebook in his hand ready to take down their answer. Then

town, address, parents' names, were asked for and given eagerly. A short conversation followed and their hearts and confidence were won. They are so accustomed in their own country to organisation, and inquiries and entries in books, etc., that it was quite like a little whiff of the Fatherland air to be catechised by our chaplain, and see their answers carefully taken down. It seemed to hearten them up as if it had been a real ministration. He on his part devoted himself to this office as one of the Church's duties in war time, and used to write letters to the men's families and report them as safe, or as dead if they succumbed to the injuries they had received. He has received the most grateful letters in reply from all parts of Germany.

This was in March, but when I went again to the same base in May, a great change had taken place. The German wounded had been all taken to a separate hospital of their own. The gas had just come into use on the enemy's front, and it would have been almost more than any one in a ward could bear to see the sufferers in their piteous misery, and have in the same ward the countrymen of those who had introduced this terrible means of torture into the war. Some things can

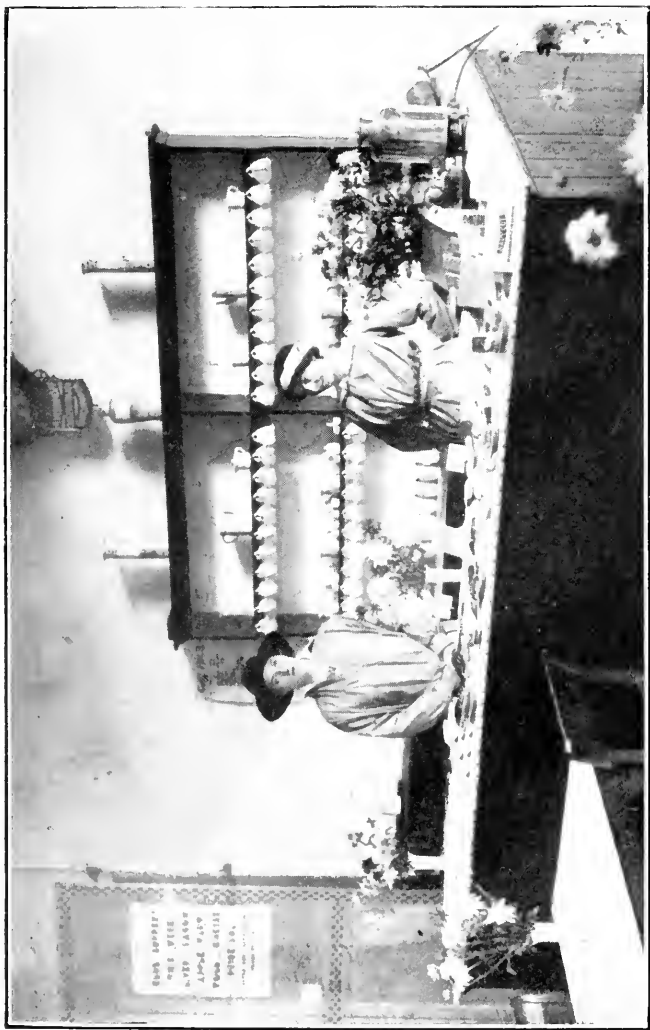


never pass from one's memory! And I can never forget those little cubicles made by a threefold clothes-horse covered with blankets and so enclosed that a bronchitis kettle could be worked and make it possible for those with injured lungs to breathe. Their faces, poor fellows, were green, and they lay propped up with pillows, panting and fighting for every breath, and one of them, a mere boy, to my horror, was dying as I tried to cheer him up and assure him that, as he had lived through four days, he might hope to win through if he would keep up his heart and trust God. Doctors and nurses might be seen with clenched hands as they felt the horror of it, and the other men lay in their beds full of sympathy, and sorrow that nothing could be done. From that time it was not possible, I am told, to have our own and the enemy's wounded in the same rooms together; though before they had been quite friendly, and in one case a young German when convalescent had been quite a pet of the ward. If only what we have come to consider "fighting fair and cleanly" could have been maintained, there would have been healing instead of embittering influences at work in every hospital and prisoners' camp.

I took my first special confirmations in the

Boulogne hospitals, and realised what splendid opportunities they are for one who wants to turn over a new leaf and start afresh, and not forget in after life the good resolutions he has made when sick and wounded. Our chaplains have made the most of them, and it was inspiring and touching to see that look on the face accompanying the fervent "I do" which showed how earnest and effectual the instruction, often given under great difficulties, had been. A khaki confirmation also is an inspiring experience! At least mine have invariably been so. They have nearly all been in a permanent or a temporary church, and I have never had one yet where the congregation, whether small or great, were not as much in earnest as the candidates themselves. They were there manifestly to be true and sympathetic witnesses—it is always "in the presence of God and *this congregation*" that the baptismal vow has to be renewed and Christ professed before men—and to give, as I have often said, a "real spiritual send-off" to those who enter upon their new experience of true and full membership of the Church of God.

They have all been good to have, but the confirmation which stands out most as I look back was one at a certain base where the



LADIES IN CHARGE OF CANTEEN.



candidates were unusually young. We all know how many recruited at first considerably under age, "official eighteen," and when physically fit were readily welcomed, but as the war went on great numbers of these were sought out, brought away from the front and put into thorough training. At the base I have mentioned there were some hundreds of these youths chiefly under the care in religious matters of one of our chaplains of forces whose novels are so largely read, and who is of a very earnest and manly type. He must have had good material to work upon, for boys of that kind have all the physical qualities and no small share of the moral qualities which belong to true manhood, and the result was some thirty candidates of the very best kind. It is always a moving thing to address those who are coming out for God so bravely—and they need courage both before and after—and of whom one feels that it may be such a short time before they have passed into His more immediate Presence, but I have never had a gathering of youths of whom I more fully felt I could make any kind of spiritual appeal which they could understand, and be quite sure of a response.

I am making this chapter rather a descrip-

tion of hospital work, but all the time I first spent in the wards helped me to realise at once the real grit of our men, both regulars and those of the new armies. If I were to choose out one quality and virtue which from the first has seemed to me to be quite conspicuous in both, I should say it is courage, or as they would say "pluck."

"I want you to come and see a youngster over here," said a chaplain of forces, after one or two special confirmations, leading me off to another part of the ward. "It isn't for confirmation this time, but I want you just to say a word or two to him. He'll like it." And then a little shyly: "I just love the lad."

When I came to the bed I found a rather unattractive-looking youth of about nineteen to whom I did my best to say a few words of cheer. As we walked away I saw the chaplain's face still beaming, and so asked him what he had found so attractive in him.

"Why," he said, "he has such pluck. Any one else would have died long ago, and he ought to have, two or three times at least, but he has just refused to give up and be beaten, and he'll come through. I've never seen such pluck!"

Then next to pluck I should put modesty. The men will simply *not* talk of anything they have done. They can't bear to be told that they have done anything out of the common, still less heroic. If anything they like to undervalue it. Neuve Chapelle and Loos and now the Somme have seen some of the most inspiring deeds in all our long and eventful history, but who has ever heard the men themselves describe them, or even mention them except most reluctantly and almost apologetically? Nor have I ever heard any unworthy depreciation of the enemy. I read quite early in the war of a boy of eighteen who, when a doctor was binding up his wounds, which were rather severe and provoked a sharp expression about the Germans, looked up and said:

“But, sir, they are only doing their duty just as we are, and they have to suffer too, just the same as we have.”

Then there is chivalry. Our soldiers won the hearts of French women as soon as they went over, by their good manners and true chivalry, by their invariable courtesy and deference to themselves and kindness to their children. It is delightful to see them in some crowded tramway car when peasant women come in and taking it for

granted that they have to hang on to the straps, seize them accordingly. The men are often too shy to say anything. They do not rise and with smiles and bows point to their own seats and say "Mesdames, voilà!" or some such speech. One of them will say: "Let's go and smoke outside where it's cool," and then they make their way to the space outside, always to be found on cars abroad. But the French women understand, and as they sink with relief into the places left them, they say to each other: "Ils sont gentils—*les Anglais*," with a little emphasis, "ils sont aimables, *toujours*"—for sometimes there are countrymen of their own there who have failed in courtesy, and it is fitting they should be thus rebuked! I certainly do feel that our men have really kept up their country's good name, wherever they have gone in France, and we have every reason to be deeply grateful to them for the service they have thus rendered us in places where the French have really known comparatively little about us as a people, and have often formed very unfavourable opinions of British courtesy and good manners.

"Tommy is such a gentleman!" Every one who has to do with him says it, especially the nurses, and they know! It comes



out in hospital what a man really is, whether he is at heart a real man—which is what we mean, I suppose, when we say a gentleman—whether he has those qualities which belong to the best and truest manhood, courage both in the field and in enduring pain afterwards, unselfishness, thoughtfulness and consideration, courtesy and grateful appreciation, modesty and truthfulness, and chivalrous deference to women. To all these qualities the nurses with one voice, with doctors and surgeons, bear their admiring and grateful witness.

When Sir Philip Sidney at the Battle of Zutphen about this time of year (it was September 22nd) in 1586 was being carried off the field fatally wounded, weakened and—the regular experience of those who are wounded by shot or shell—suffering from almost intolerable thirst, we are told that he asked for water. It was brought at once, but just as he was putting it to his lips and saw another dying soldier looking most longingly at it, he at once gave it up, saying, as we have so often read in days gone by, “This man’s necessity is greater than mine.” It is well to recall that incident which his biographer thought so wonderful that it must be chronicled and handed down to us,

because no one ever dreams of writing or reporting such things to-day of our men at the front. They are elementary, now! They belong to manhood! They are taken for granted, and go without saying! No one would think of anything else! "Let him have it, he wants it more than I do." "Attend to him first, doctor. Listen to his moans. He must be suffering worse than I am," and so on. Two men were lying wounded in the field and saw another a little distance off trying to get something from his side. He was weak and evidently dying, and they crawled with difficulty to help him. It was his water-bottle he wanted. They got it out for him and, unscrewing the stopper, put it to his lips, but he shook his head and said faintly: "No! I die, but you live!" and passed away. His last thought was for others' needs. This thoughtfulness and innate goodness in our new armies holds us all.

One of the most interesting books I have read lately is the *Diary of a Nursing Sister at the Western Front*, and it warms one's heart to read such ungrudging appreciation and recognition of all the good work the war has brought out. Chaplains, doctors, officers and men, fellow-sisters; they all come in for unstinted and generous recognition, but

especially the men, who, passing through that testing time which the wounded must inevitably endure, show of what spirit they are. The men whether wounded or well are invariably the same—and the few exceptions, as the familiar aphorism tells us, only serve to make it more apparent—are just what good women would love to see them. This is what she says on page 57 :

“ Taking it all round, the Regular British Army on active service—from hoary be-ribboned generals, decorated staff officers of all ranks, other officers, and N.C.O.’s down to the humblest Tommy—is the politest and best mannered thing I ever met, with few exceptions. Wherever you are, or go, or have to wait, they come and ask if they can do anything for you, generally with an engaging smile seize your hand-baggage, offer you chairs and see you through generally. And the men and the N.C.O.’s are just the same, and always awfully grateful if you can help them out with the language in any way.”

And again of another whose “ h’s ” were often omitted, and who would have been electrified if he could have known that he would ever be so described, she says on page 156 :

“ He is one of the most top-class gallant

gentlemen it's ever been my jolly good luck to meet. And there are hundreds of them."

If any one is disposed to think that I describe things in too glowing colours—and I confess that my heart goes fully out to them whenever I am amongst them or think of them—let them read the pages of this most efficient and keenly observant Nursing Sister who is under no illusions as to the ins and outs of human character and the inwardness of a soldier's life, and I think they will feel they can, even if naturally disposed to hold themselves in a little, really let themselves go in grateful admiration for the men who are fighting our battles on so many fronts and stormy seas.

The Serbian officers, I believe, when addressing their men say "Heroes." It doesn't belong to our British nationality so to express ourselves; we never have done and probably never shall. But it is what officers think and feel as with kindling eye they look over the ranks both before and after a charge, and though probably none of us will ever dream of saying "Heroes," we all feel it is just what they are.

The Versailles hospital—now given up—was a most refreshing one to visit in the earlier part of last year, partly housed in a

large hotel, and partly in a very long tent alongside. They always recover more quickly under canvas, more in the open as they are and nearer to the bosom of mother earth. There were very special cases there which profoundly interested me, and especially the following :

As I went up to the bed of an officer, another seated by him, rising up smartly, greeted me with a singularly alert look. After giving the wounded man a little attention I turned to his friend :

“ You look very fit and well. I suppose you're convalescent.”

“ Oh no ! ” he said. “ I'm not a convalescent. I'm all right, quite well, nothing at all wrong.” He was very rapid in his speech, almost breathless, and as he went on to explain how extraordinarily well he was I began to be conscious of a sense of some tremendous nervous strain, and after he had calmed down a little it gradually came out. He had been with the staff of a well-known officer when the shell which to our sorrow killed him fell amongst them, striking every one of them prostrate. After he had recovered from the shock and looked about he found he was the only survivor !

“ My colonel,” he said with a little catch

of the breath, "was my dearest friend, and the others were friends too, and——" then almost violently, "I have wished I'd died with them. There has seemed to be nothing left."

"I suppose you suffered from the concussion and they sent you here?"

"No! I went on as usual for two or three days, and then they thought I had better come away."

"Well, you may depend they were right, and that change and rest will set you up again," and so on.

It was a case where the violence of the shock had affected every nerve in the boy's sensitive and affectionate nature, and the greatest trial lay in his not being able to understand it or realise that he had received any serious shock at all. He would recover quickly, I was told, though he was so sore hit, with youth and strength and the open air to help him. But I have heard some extraordinary stories of the terrible concussion which attends the bursting of high explosive, and its effect upon body, mind, and spirit, which help one to realise how "fearfully and wonderfully we are made."

While at Versailles I went out with our permanent chaplain there, the Rev. Vivian





THE REV. VIVIAN EVANS, DRESSED AS A FRENCH OFFICER, TRAINING HIS DOG FOR AMBULANCE WORK.



Evans—a keen lover of animals—to see the dogs which were being trained for service on the French front to seek for missing wounded officers. There were a large number, all apparently of the mongrel type, and it was very interesting to see their training beginning with the search for a pocket-handkerchief, and ending with the discovery of men feigning wounds or death. It gave one much food for reflection also to find that when the training is going on the dogs have to be rewarded by little tit-bits of food or pieces of sugar, but when they get up to the front and their training is complete, and the real business of seeking and saving begins, rewards are never thought of any more. The dog finds it sufficient reward to have saved a man's life, and it can hardly contain itself for joy and satisfaction when this has been done.

When at length I reached General Headquarters—spoken of always as G.H.Q.—I was taken out to see some hospital barges which had just been made. It had been found that there was a canal which, though winding about a little, finally connected itself with the harbour at Boulogne, and that it would save much unnecessary suffering if serious cases could be taken there by water.

The barges were of the ordinary river or canal kind externally, but internally were open from end to end except for quarters at bow and stern to accommodate a doctor, orderly, and a couple of nurses, with a little kitchen for simple cooking. This large interior room, lofty and spacious, contained thirty beds in two rows of fifteen each, with a good space between. On the deck was a good lift. Thus it had become possible to bring the badly wounded, straight from receiving first aid, to that restful place, where in the light and fresh air, without a jolt or jar, they could be carried quickly down to Boulogne harbour, and there either taken to one of the first-class hospitals or put aboard a hospital ship and brought straight over to our own country. From the firing line direct by water to Netley Hospital represents a triumph of organisation.

Our medical men, orderlies, and nurses have been most splendidly resourceful, have positively welcomed difficulties and simply delighted in overcoming them. Just as they have had floating hospitals, so they have had moving ones by rail. I cannot resist quoting one more passage from the Nursing Sister's diary as she describes, on page 76, an instance :

“Imagine a hospital as big as King's College Hospital all packed into a train, and

having to be self-provisioned, watered, sanitized, lit, cleaned, doctored and nursed, and staffed and officered, all within its own limits. No outside person can realise the difficulties except those who try to work it. The patients are extraordinarily good, and take everything as it comes (or as it doesn't come!) without any grumbling. Your day is taken up in rapidly deciding which of all the things that want doing you must let go undone; shall they be washed or fed, or beds made, or have their hypodermics and brandies and medicines, or their dressings done? You end in doing some of each in each carriage, or in washing them after dinner instead of before breakfast."

At one base I made acquaintance with nearly a hundred nurses. They were asked to meet me at tea just as they came off afternoon duty, and nearly fifty were able to come. We had arranged a service at the church across the street—the first service held specially for nurses—and as many more were able to come to that. It was a short service, but I gave them no less than five of their favourite hymns and a short address. Tea and everything else only took a little more than an hour, but I am sure it was a great help and joy to have a service which they

could feel was their own, with a sympathetic and encouraging message specially for themselves. I have no doubt it has been followed by others since then, but I rejoice at having had my little experience in getting them for once away from the wards with which one usually associates them, and where of course they love to be.

The last time I had tea followed by a little service with nurses was in the splendidly equipped Anglo-Russian Hospital at Petrograd a few weeks ago, and they were greatly interested to hear of their sisters on the Western front and to learn experiences which they could tell their patients, and thus help to keep the two fronts in touch with one another. On my way to the front one Sunday afternoon, I took a service in the open—I will describe it later—with all our men standing for prayers and hymns and sitting on the sand for the address. I had noticed a wooden form at a little distance on which a few nurses were seated, and when the service was over went to speak to them.

“We are in a *château* close by where Lady Giffard is in charge, and we are to take you back to tea if you can spare the time.”

I found a most interesting work going on.

It was a beautiful new house built by H.R.H. the Duchess of Argyll, and lent by her to Lady Giffard to be a Home of Rest for tired-out nurses. It was an ideal place for it, amongst the sand hills and in pure dry fresh air, and she told me how much the tired sisters had appreciated it; just those for whom it was intended, the over-worked and over-strained, who had gone to the very limit of their strength.

“ They come sometimes,” she said, “ utterly worn out, and at the end of everything. They have no spirit left, and seem to feel they don't care what becomes of them, so I just put them to bed and tell them to stay there, and not talk or do anything, till I give them leave. There they stop, tired, listless, but resting, until gradually they begin to show interest, to welcome their food and to chat a little, and show some willingness to get up and sit about. Then they are tempted to walk out and stay down for a meal, until finally they are as cheerful and merry as the rest of the party, and just as you see them now.”

Certainly no merrier tea-party could well be seen than there on that bright Sunday afternoon, and I have often thought how the Duchess must rejoice as she thinks of the

inestimable blessing her beautiful château has been to great numbers of grateful guests, such as she never once thought of when she first planned it and decided to place it amongst the pines and sand of Northern France.

## CHAPTER III

### “SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE”

I WAS preaching in the nave at Westminster Abbey one Sunday evening last year, giving what I called a “message from the front,” and touching upon what seemed to me one or two leading activities on the other side of the Channel. Later that evening, when I was speaking to one who holds a very high position in the land, he said incidentally :

“I’m so glad you told us something of what the Army Service Corps is doing, for I am afraid that I for one knew little, hardly anything at all, about it.”

There may be many others who are equally hazy and indefinite in their knowledge of A.S.C., and yet anxious to know more, as were some small people gathered together in a large drawing-room in Lancaster Gate about a year ago. They were children of wealthy parents, ranging from nine to twelve or thirteen, and I had to talk to them “about the war” for half an hour. I had been promised

an hour, and felt that one could perhaps say something in that time even upon such a vast subject; but half an hour! And yet that was all I could have, for a very great opportunity, and such as seldom comes, of helping one of our most important societies had presented itself, and it had been arranged that I must go on there at three-thirty. I was just wondering what I should choose as I looked round on those expectant faces, when I heard one of two little kilted boys say to his brother, "Ronald, I hope he's going to tell us about——" and then some one coughed, just as they do in church when the notices are being given out and the hour of the committee meeting is lost. I could not hear what it was that Ronald's brother hoped to hear about, but at least he had given me a lead, so I said cheerfully:

"I have been thinking that it will be best if *you* choose all the subjects for me to talk about. Let's think we are playing a game and not having a lecture, and that you are to choose subjects while I talk about each one for three minutes." I thought I could not be exactly cornered, however difficult and puzzling the subject, if I had only three minutes for it! "Now don't let us waste any time. What's your first subject?"



At once and without hesitation, from two or three parts of the room came “Army Service Corps, please.” I was much pleased, for I had had some never-to-be-forgotten experiences with men of the A.S.C., and without losing a moment I started off to make the most of my three minutes in describing them, and giving my testimony to that splendid part of the service and efficient body of men. It is at the end of one of his very best stories—*A Benevolent Neutral*—that Mr. Boyd Cable writes thus of one of his characters who is thinking of a most stirring bit of heroism on the part of a sergeant of the A.S.C.: “‘What was it that despatch said a little while back,’ he mused. ‘There are few who appreciate or even understand the value of the varied work of the Army Service Corps.’ Well, this lot was a bit more varied than usual and I fancy it might astonish even the fellow who wrote that line.’”

Their work *is* varied. Roughly speaking they are responsible for everything that goes to maintain the lines of communications, and when we begin to think of what that means, the stupendous character and value of their work begins to appear. Everything that has to do with the transport, whether motor or ordinary horse and cart—though not much of

that—is theirs, whether it is the directing, driving, or repairing and keeping it in order. All the stores of every kind and all the rations are carried up and delivered by the A.S.C. They are an absolutely vital part of the struggle, and a breakdown in their arrangements would always have disastrous consequences. And yet Tommy, whose life is dependent upon them, is far from respectful. "Harrods Stores," "Plum jam," and "Cheese and biscuits" are not the least depreciating terms a passing convoy hears as a relief or retiring party goes past. It is probably chaff, but still it is a little unfortunate for brave and industrious men to hear. They are often under shell fire, and a mark for aeroplanes, and of every road on which they have to move regularly it may be truly said that it is searched by shell night and day.

The children at Lancaster Gate were keenly interested in this work, and it was so evidently a personal matter with them all, that I soon began to see how they came to be specially concerned with that particular branch of the service. They were, as I have said, of wealthy families, where one or two, or even three, cars had been kept before the war, and where the young chauffeurs would be amongst the first to enlist, when mechanics,

motor cyclists, and men who could drive motor transport were in so much request. Possibly the fathers of some of them, as so many did, had gone over themselves and taken their cars. One could easily imagine conversations after the chauffeur had gone.

"Father! Where's Harry, now? He does not drive the car."

"He's enlisted and gone over to the front."

"And what is he doing there? Is he fighting?"

"He may be, but he is in the Army Service Corps."

"And what's that?"

"Well, I don't know exactly, but it's a very important service and he's of great use," etc.

And so when they had the opportunity of hearing something direct from the front, the first question was one that concerned those they knew. It has given great pleasure when I've been spending an evening with the men at some A.S.C. dépôt in France, and told them that little incident. Flushing with pleasure they have said:

"Do they really ask about us like that? Why, we should have thought they would have forgotten all about us by this time."

"No, my lads, they *don't* forget you—none of us do. We think about you every day."

The first time I met A.S.C. was at Gennvilliers near Paris, where huge buildings had been placed at their service, most favourable for repairs, one of them making a capital place for their social evenings. It had been arranged that I should be motored out after dinner, as these men are not really free until a little before 9, and roll call is at 9.45, so I was expecting a good hour with them. Some of the guests were a little late, however, and we were delayed by one or two other things, and when I arrived more than half my available time was gone. It was very mortifying, but there was no help for it. They were expecting to be talked to, and so I said, "I'll start off at once, but will you suggest a lead?" I always get on better if the superintendent will tell me at a first visit what line he thinks the men would like me to take, or what particular subject would gain their interest.

"You've been to Siberia lately," he said. "Suppose you tell them something about the transport from railhead to the mines, and its difficulties." I was very much taken aback, but time was passing and so standing up on a very simple platform I began :

“ I hear you would like me to say something about the way in which they manage transport in Siberia, and so I will tell you some of my experiences.” Thus I began, but didn’t seem to get on, and the men also looked very detached and unconcerned, so after stumbling along a bit I said :

“ But, my brothers, I didn’t come out to-night, as you very well know, to talk about transport and things that you understand a great deal better than I do, and perhaps have had enough of already to-day. You know I’m a Bishop, that is to say, a minister of religion, and will expect me, I feel sure, to speak to you about that which is, and ought to be, the chief business of my life. You’ll let me therefore without any beating about the bush talk to you straight.”

They brightened up at once! Cigarettes, pipes, and papers were laid down. They turned their chairs round where sideways on. The rattle of cups and saucers and teaspoons—terrible distraction for a speaker—ceased, and there was no possibility of an earnest appeal not going straight home. How I enjoyed myself that night! It was soon after I got into the war area, and was the assurance, if any were needed, that one cannot be too direct, too serious, too plain and straight in

what one says to the men in the name of God and Christ, provided one speaks in sympathy and with conviction.

They appreciate everything done for them, and are grateful for all their many entertainers provide. They love the comic incidents, and roar with laughter; and they are often very near tears when there is the sentimental or pathetic. A chorus is their delight, of course, and they are by no means squeamish. Some of their jokes and funny bits are broad enough and even coarse, and they just rock with laughter at what would cause many people at home to purse up their lips and frown. But there is no question at all in my mind that the appeal which most of all goes home, which is most appreciated and remembered afterwards, is one for duty and religion given unaffectedly and free from the conventional, and just as man to man. At one of their entertainments a lady with a wonderful voice had sung two or three things which gave great satisfaction, but they were all light and frivolous, and so one of the men, perhaps a little more discerning than the rest, who felt that she could do something better than that with such a voice, wrote her a little note: "Beg pardon, miss, but we are off to the front to-morrow. Would

you sing us one or two of those old songs which make us think of home and want to be better men.” She responded at once, first with an old ballad, and then with “Nazareth,” and first the breathless silence and then the storm of applause and encores showed that she had really moved their hearts.

I think I must add the sequel to my Gennvilliers visit which I also told the children in the West End, showing them the document in question. Four or five weeks after my return to England I had a foolscap-sized letter which began: “We, the undersigned men of the Army Service Corps stationed at Gennvilliers near Paris, wish to put on record how much we appreciated your visit to us,” etc., etc., sending me—all in Roman letters except the signatures, and entirely their own work—an “earnest and urgent request to come again at an early date,” and to ask that this time I would spend a whole evening with them and again address them as I had done before. It was as urgent as, and in the style of, a four-lined whip, and a document of which I shall always be proud and that any one might value, for there followed three long rows on that side, and on the other three long rows more—what trouble they must have taken to get

the actual signatures—of the men's names, finishing up with a little bit of humour which made it quite complete :

" And so say all of us."

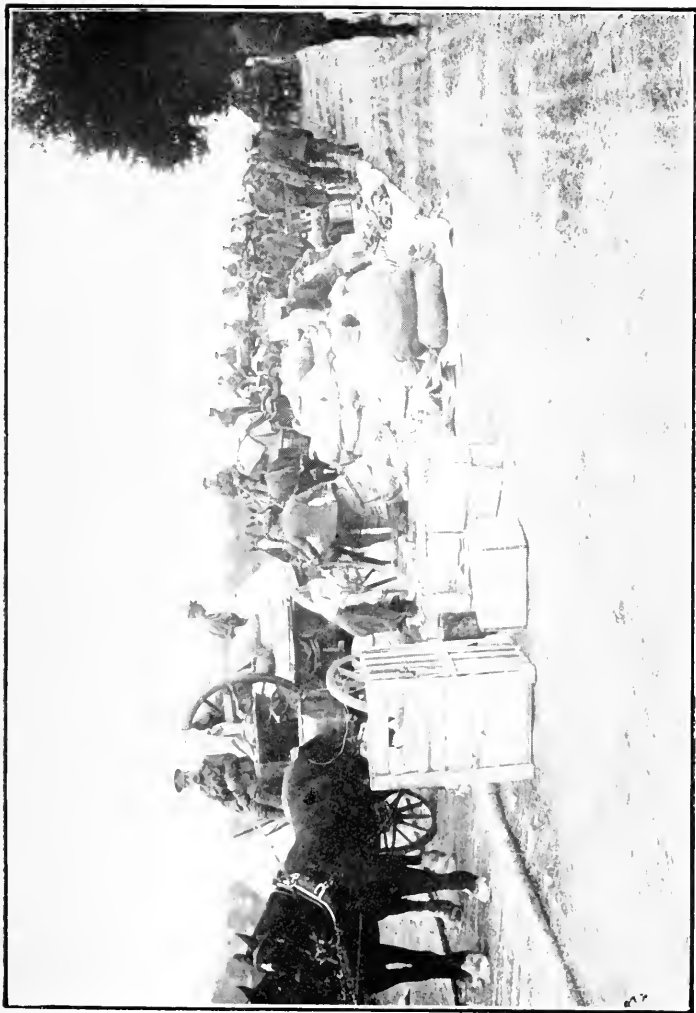
Then there followed the names of the four members of the staff, two of them ladies. Some day I shall have it framed with glass on both sides, for it is a peerless production. It had just come, and was in my pocket when the children said, " Army Service Corps, please," and they were immensely interested when I took it out and showed it.

The ladies of the canteen were very keen on their work and told me how good the men were to handle, and how they appreciated " having it straight." One of them, I was told, had been decidedly rough, and now and then coarse, and at length entirely forgot himself, and one of the ladies at once told him what she thought of him, ending up with :

" You'll leave the room at once and not come in again while I'm here." He did, she told me, and with a stricken look as if he had had a blow. Next day he came up to her in contrition :

" I'm sorry, miss, I said what I did last night, and I hope you'll forgive me. No one ever before told me it was wrong, as you did last night, and I'll be such a good lad in





A.S.C. LORRIES DELIVERING RATIONS.

[Groat Copyright.]



future if you will let me in again. You will never have to speak again to me.”

“And I haven’t,” she said.

If men like to have it straight and can take real rebuke as they do, there must be something good and great which feels such appeals and makes response.

It is a comparatively short time since I was again with those men formerly at Gennvilliers and now at St. Denis, much increased in numbers, and this time I supped on the spot with the mess and so could have indeed a “whole evening” with the men. Many old friends were there and two of the staff were the same, and it was simply grand to have such an opportunity of speaking to such men—all skilled workmen—doing their country service to the utmost of their power, about the things which matter now, all through the war, afterwards and to all eternity. One wonders often if there is anything like the same spirit amongst the men of the other nations as there is undoubtedly in our own. There must be something like it where there is the noble idea of wanting to do their duty and serve their country’s cause, but I don’t think it can be wholly and altogether the same with them as with us who have seen almost a whole nation rise up without any compul-

sion, or thought of it, with just the wish to protect all they hold dear, serve their native land, save it from invasion, and do their duty in death as in life.

I was very much impressed when the third army was moving up from the base, by the following incident. There was a large officers' mess at the place, and I was lunching there. The whole place had been taken possession of by the passing visitors. The meal had just been served. *Hors-d'œuvre* and cooling drinks were on the table. The young subalterns and others were sitting in rest and enjoyment after a trying morning, when a sergeant walked into the middle of the room and called out in a strident kind of voice :

"The colonel asks me to say that the third army train is just about to start."

Just a moment in which to take it in, and I dare say rather blankly, for they were just going to enjoy that meal "down to the ground" as they would say, and then they all rose to their feet like one man and streamed out, tired and hungry, and not knowing when or where the next meal was to come. None looked put out or sour about it, and some even whistled cheerfully as they left.

Again and again, too, I have been filled with compunction by their magnanimity and

absence of resentment, even when sorely tried. They would be the first to deprecate reprisals and point out their utter futility. What result can punishing innocent people for other people's offences ever bring with it but making bad worse? If anything, our men err on the other side and are a little too eager to shake hands and offer cigarettes to Ernst and Fritz when taken prisoner. They even press them to join their sing-songs, and are hurt at a scowling refusal.

One of the things which astonished the enemy more than anything else, when it first came out, was to hear our men, after they had caught the tune and got the chorus right, cheerfully and boisterously singing the Hymn of Hate.

“Do you know what it is you're singing over there?”—amenities as well as shot and shell are exchanged across the spaces between the trenches. “Do you know that's the Hymn of Hate, and that in it we speak of our hate for you?”

“Oh yes, we know. It's such fun. We *are* enjoying ourselves to-day,” and then to the amazed enemy went over the ringing chorus—emphasised in the usual place, with great stampings on the ground:

“ We love as one ; we hate as one ;  
 We have one foe and *only* one,  
 England ! England ! ”

There was no pleasure in singing it on the other side after that, and it was soon given up. What can you do when your enemy sings chorus to your would-be hate? You have to give up hating him! And that is really coming to pass. The British soldier is really becoming quite popular in some parts—perhaps all, though I speak only of those I know—of Germany.

I have two cartoons from *Simplicissimus*, the well-known Bavarian comic and caricature journal—one bought before the war, the other when I left Switzerland a few months ago. The former shows Tommy as none of us have ever seen or imagined him in all our lives, tall, very thin, long legs—he would need them to run away, they said—with the silliest little cap on the side of his head, and a simpering weak expression such as one has never seen on the face of any British soldier. He stands in a lackadaisical attitude looking at a German girl. The other shows a man in khaki just as we know him in his trim and well-fitting simple uniform, well-knit and neat in figure, with a pipe in his mouth, but his cap is set on straight, and he himself looks alert and business-like, just as we all picture him, and like to do.

I hear that the opinion is general to-day in Germany that the British Tommy is a “brave man, a clean fighter and a sportsman,” and a foe not to be despised but respected and reckoned with. This estimate can only have come from the men in the trenches who have confronted him and suffered at his hands. I well remember going to our own War Office one morning last year, when we were being so indignantly pained and grieved by what we heard of Germany’s treatment of her prisoners of war. That morning, however, it was to hear that there had been an improvement lately.

“And you’ll be glad to hear the explanation,” said General ——. “The non-commissioned officers who have been so harsh have been taken away and sent to the front, as their turn has come to serve, and their place has been taken by slightly wounded or convalescents.” It was instructive to learn that those who had fought against our men and been wounded by them could be considerate and kind to them now when, as prisoners, they were at their mercy. The newspapers seldom give instances of mercy and clemency on either side. They think it their business to keep up the fighting

spirit of the nation, but it belongs to our nationality, I think, to prefer to fight a worthy foe rather than an ignoble and heartless one.

I am always hearing of quite touching instances of real compassion quite up to the level of the Good Samaritan, and on both sides. A German soldier lies on his back in one of our hospitals, whose constant thought is: "Shall I ever meet that English officer, I wonder?" He was seated on the ground sorely hit and maimed when some of our men came charging on and "secing red," and one of them was about to bayonet him, when his officer called out, "No, my lad, don't you see he's wounded," and the men passed on. "Shall I ever see him again," he says, "to thank him for my life!"

A short time ago I lost a dear friend in aerial combat behind the enemy's lines. The news was brought by an enemy aeroplane. "Such a machine was brought down yesterday, and the brave pilot was killed. He has been buried with military honours, and we have laid wreaths on his grave. We will come again and bring a photograph for his friends." In a short time the promise was kept, and a photograph was dropped on our side showing the wreaths and a little cross



above the grave. Such things are unspeakably consoling to the sorrowing ; to know that the dear one was respected and held by friend and foe to have died as a brave man, and rests, though behind the enemy's lines, in an honoured grave. Why should it not always be so ? Two of our men lying wounded noticed that one of the enemy at a little distance was trying apparently to draw his revolver. “ He's going to shoot us, I do believe. I do call that low down.” But he had to give up and make signs to them to come and help. They did, but with a little hesitation, and when they got to him it was to be asked to take his water-bottle which he would no longer need. And thus he died. Those two men dug his grave, and it is an honoured one behind our lines, just as my friend's is on the other side.

One day, near Armentières, crossing a little garden, I saw two graves side by side touching each other. One was that of a gallant English officer who, as the inscription tells us, died “ bravely leading on his men ” —I copied it out and sent it to his widow— and the other was “ A German soldier, died October 1914.” There they rest side by side now that war for them is over, and it

was not inappropriate to read on the cross above the officer :

" For the love of God is broader  
Than the measure of man's mind,  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind."

If the *Spectator's* idea of a great road or avenue along the lines is carried out after the war, there will be some striking and much-needed lessons to learn as one travels over it. These two graves are just at the entrance to one of the central trenches.

There are two services which specially stand out as I look back over last year. One was taken on a Sunday afternoon on the way to G.H.Q. for about five or six hundred men of A.S.C., who were running a camp for nursing sick, tired, and wounded horses back to health and strength again,<sup>1</sup> and where there was no hut or place for service. They marched out to a place amongst the sand-hills where they stood for the prayers and the hymns on three sides of a square, with the major, myself, and a chaplain on the fourth side. When the prayers were over I said to the major, " Will you let them sit down," and even as I spoke I seemed to hear those other words above the Sea of Galilee, " Make the men sit down,"

<sup>1</sup> See page 54.

and felt that He Himself was very near to us, speaking to them, one liked to think, by His servant's lips, as they sat on the clean, fresh, pure sand, their khaki blending in with it, the pine trees above the hills, blue sky, and a genial sun with an inexpressible sense of fragrant fresh air. It was indeed a “House of God not built with hands,” and no better, keener, more attentive congregation could be desired.

At the close one came forward to be confirmed who had come away to the front on the very day fixed for his confirmation. A chaplain vouched for him.

“Where shall it be? In the major's tent or with the men,” I asked.

“Wherever you like so that I have it. I've been so disappointed, and want it badly.”

A few words of inquiry and we found the men were quite ready to stop on—it was the much-abused church parade—and the confirmation took place. The men were in ranks in close order, and the young fellow stood at their head to make his profession, and I confirmed him, standing staff in hand, as he knelt upon the sand. It took one's thoughts back irresistibly to the days of Peter and John and their first confirmations after Philip's wonderful work of conversion in Samaria, and made it all seem so real, primitive, and

apostolic when the words of the prayer came afterwards, "Upon whom after the example of Thy holy apostles we have now laid our hands to certify him by this sign of Thy favour and gracious goodness towards him."

The other service was the consecration of a burial ground one summer morning. We motored out fairly early and found that a funeral had just taken place. A sorrowing mother still lingered there.

"Perhaps you'll speak to her," said some one, "and let her stop for the service." She had just arrived in time, she told me, to see her boy die, and be able to come and see his body laid to its rest.

"And it will be such a comfort and something to tell them when I get back, if I can see the place blessed where he and the others are lying."

There was a long row of graves with wreaths and little mementoes and inscriptions above them, and also, which touched one deeply, another row of empty ones waiting and ready for others who were so soon to come. Our service of consecration was very simple, and there were not many to share it, all in khaki except the mother, perhaps a dozen altogether. We began with "O God, our help in ages past," sung as we went in



FRENCHWOMAN SERVING HOT COFFEE NEAR THE TRENCHES. [Grant Copyright.]



procession round the boundary of the ground, and then “Through the night of doubt and sorrow” as one hymn was not enough. I do not think that I was the only one that morning who felt, as we sang “Brother clasps the hand of brother, stepping fearless through the night,” that the spirits of those whose bodies were quietly resting there were wonderfully near us, and brother very close to brother. It is of this one is so conscious when talking to the men. They seem to feel in touch with those who are gone, and often near to them. The struggle is ours and theirs, and certain things are due to them who have fulfilled their part. For some of us that “we with them” at the close of the prayer for the Church Militant has acquired new and inspiring significance, and many other parts of our Communion Service also.

One of the very hardest cases of bereavement I have known was quite heroically borne. I had to dedicate a little brass tablet in a chapel abroad in memory of it, and when I came to take the little service I found those stricken, and in a sense broken-hearted, parents—for they can never be the same again—had inserted there :

“He climbed the steep ascent of heaven  
Through peril, toil, and pain.”

And for him :

" We lift up our hearts unto the Lord.  
It is meet and right so to do."

I should like to say a few words about courage as I have studied it at the front. I am convinced in the first place that to be real courage, stand real stress and be of use in time of need, it must be acquired. There is not only fear, but there is an even more deadly and destructive thing, which a very discerning writer has called "the fear of fear"—not being afraid as yet, but afraid that you may be, a most sickening experience. I remember a sermon many years ago on courage, in the course of which the preacher said: "There were two soldiers once in a battle, at a very exposed part, where the bullets were continually hissing past. One of them moved about silently and quietly, white to the lips. The other was whistling and humming bits of a song and making jokes, strong of physique and not knowing what fear meant. Catching sight of his companion's face suddenly, he cried out :

" ' Why, I believe you're afraid ! ' "

" ' Yes, I am,' he replied, ' I'm in a deadly fright. And I believe if you were half as much afraid as I am *you'd run away.*' "



It was then I began to realise, what this war has brought home to me with greater force than ever, that the highest courage is something far higher than not being afraid to do a thing—doing something that you are afraid to do. Men at the front tell you that they simply don't believe that any one can come under shell fire for the first time and not be in a red—sometimes they call it a blue—funk. It goes off in time, but with some it is a very long time indeed, and means a very high degree of courage to stick it and see it through. I read in the *Echo de Paris* of two of our Tommies cheerfully rolling up their cigarettes while shelling was going on. A great Jack Johnson fell near them, making an awful chasm in the ground, but they went on with their cigarettes and all the notice they took was the remark: “Bad range-finding that.” Good range-finding would have got the two! But the correspondent of the paper said significantly: “It was not like that at the first, when they had to go through it like all the rest.” Another correspondent of the same paper was describing a service at Gallipoli under fire, and told his readers of the Anglican parson in his surplice and stole going quietly on with his service while the shells were bursting about them, and the men

singing their psalms and hymns without looking up from their books, just as if they had been in some village church at home. He too said expressively, "It would be very different from that at first."

And I also can speak from a little personal experience. When shrapnel first burst over my head just outside Ypres, a little to our left most fortunately, I felt shaken to the very depth of my being and as if I had tied myself up in knots.

"What was that?" I said to my companion.

"Shrapnel," he said, as if shrapnel were an every-day experience. It is astonishing how quickly one tries to pull oneself together when others are unmoved, and I was able to say :

"Oh yes, I see. Shrapnel. Just so."

Very quickly another followed in much the same place and with the same nerve-destroying sound. This time I didn't ask what it was, but hazarded a surmise as to whether there was going to be a charge!

"Oh dear no!" he said. "They are always searching this road in the morning to see if they can pick up an odd man or two, and perhaps it would be wise if we were to put our car in a place of safety. It would be a pity to have it injured."

I was not thinking of the car, but of the road which “was searched every morning in the hope that they might pick up an odd man or two,” and upon which we were to walk for miles as it led us through Ypres and into the country beyond. I have ventured to express frankly just what I felt that day, and no doubt some will think it was a cowardly feeling, because it passed off in time, and one steadied down like any one else, yet I am sure the one thing that most helped me was the calm absence of all fear on the part of my companion which made me feel, “If he can, I will, and at least he shall see nothing of what I’m feeling.” It is this which tells at once and makes men in the end not mind in the least, and made me able on arriving in the front-line trench, when the young subaltern hurried forward with the warning, “We’re expecting to be shelled every minute,” not have a single tremor or any other feeling than the hope that it would not begin till we had seen the enemy’s lines, the salient and its machine-gun defence, and had a good talk with the men.

Very censorious things have been said about the readiness with which men have taken to flight, or held their hands up in surrender, on all fronts, but I ask for leniency of judgment

towards the frightened, in the full belief that, humanly speaking, nothing else is possible for men who have not been well steadied by being put with experienced troops. They are not "contemptible cowards," as I've heard them called by those who have never seen nor perhaps ever will see real artillery fire, but possible heroes, every one. Our own guns were even more alarming to me at first than those of the enemy, and the sense of concussion an even worse physical shock to meet.

Last year, a little earlier than this in the month of August, we were all wondering what the new armies would be like, and what account they would give of themselves when they appeared in France. Taken from the mine and foundry, factory and workshop, from behind the counter, from the bank and office stool, from the train and railway, the public school and university, with short and hurried training they were to be put into the trenches to meet well-drilled and experienced troops, the most perfect military equipment and most nerve-destroying and devastating shell-fire ever known and described in the whole history of military warfare. Our solicitude over here was as nothing compared to that of the higher command there. The best-

trained fighting force in the world—our British Army of July 1914—was practically no longer existent. What of the men spoken of not only by the enemy but by neutrals as a force which no one could seriously consider to have any military value at all? We know how they did acquit themselves then and how they are doing so now, when friend and foe alike are looking with respect, at least, at the great things which are happening daily on the Somme.

In what I consider one of the strongest books on the war which appeared last year—Mr. Boyd Cable's *Between the Lines*—there is at page 33 a most inspiring description.

Shell fire has begun just before what ought to have been breakfast, and has continued till nightfall, when the men, nerve-racked, hungry and weary, are to be relieved. The C.O. and his Adjutant stare anxiously at the entrance to the central trench, wondering what they will see, looking wistfully for the men to come out, and give them an idea of what the new armies are likely to be. They appear, straggling forth. “‘They are looking badly tucked up,’ says the C.O. ‘They’ve had a cruel day,’ replies his Adjutant.” The men then form up and as they march off to

quarters break into song. "'Gad! Malcolm,' says the C.O., straightening his shoulders, 'they'll do. They'll do!'"

That is what we all feel most thankfully as we think of them. "They'll do."

## CHAPTER IV

### IN THE TRENCHES AND FIRING LINE

It was some time before I could get to the actual front itself and firing line. The British Army is—and rightly so—tenacious as to its rights and responsibilities, and looks askance at mere civilians. And yet a civilian I had to remain. It would have been a great privilege to have entered at once into the work, which this vast struggle, waged as it has been all along in the jurisdiction committed to my charge, has made possible, and I should have liked to offer myself for it at once. There was only one way, however, in which I could be accepted, and that was by taking military rank like every other chaplain, and this I would gladly have done and asked for nothing better, but I should have had to be entirely at the disposal of the War Office and not been able to leave the *Zone des Armées* except on leave. All my work in the other countries of North and

Central Europe would have had to cease, and in any emergency, or in the ordinary work of the jurisdiction, I should have been equally out of reach. The work in the countries outside the Central Powers and Belgium has been more important than ever, and the clergy and laity alike even more anxious for episcopal visits during the war than in the times of peace.

Taking up work as a chaplain of forces had thus to be reluctantly given up, and all that I could do instead was to offer a helping hand to the Chaplain-General whenever I was going to France for usual work and tell him how eager I was to be of use. He was friendliness itself on every occasion, and gladly accepted the offer, and so from Neuve Chapelle on till late June I went to and fro, helping in every way I could, but always kept away from G.H.Q.

In July, however, I went one day, as I had done previously before leaving for France, to see the Chaplain-General and tell him I was going across once more, asking him if I could be of use in any way. In his most cheery and friendly way he said: "Do tell them from me that the more they make use of you over there, the better I shall be pleased. I only hope you will be able to



get up to the front this time, though I don't see exactly how it is to be done."

I went over, and again had the usual experience of khaki confirmations, addresses to chaplains of forces, visits to Y.M.C.A. huts and institutes, hospital services, special confirmations, etc., but still the Adjutant-General at G.H.Q. could not see his way to send me the coveted White Paper, consistently with the rules he had laid down with respect to civilian clergy. This permission, however, he at length told me would be given if I had a personal invitation from some one of leading official rank, just as it had been given when the Bishop of London was invited by the Commander-in-Chief, and so at last the way was open, for the principal chaplain, Dr. Simms, had written to me in very friendly terms when he found how disappointed I had been. His invitation to come up to headquarters followed me to England together with a promise that he would be on the pier to meet me and take me up in his own car, see that I was comfortably billeted, and let me have the use of his own car to visit those parts of the line I was most anxious to see. My joy and gratitude can be imagined, and when the White Paper came in due course from the Adjutant-General, entitling me to visit the

territory occupied by the British Army, I felt there was nothing left to desire.

When I crossed over the Doctor was as good as his word, and received me as warmly at the pier head as if he had been one of the clergy of our own church, took me up in his own car to my comfortable room in the chief square at St. Omer, and asked me to dine with him every evening of my stay when I had nothing else to do. I shall ever be grateful to him, and feel that to him I owe one of the chief experiences and privileges of my life. His car was at my disposal all the time—he took me down again to the base as I returned—and he gave up one of his best assistants to be my escorting chaplain and companion, and to become a real and trusted friend. Experiences at the actual front demand a book. I shall only be able to describe two or three.

The White Paper seemed, as I have said, to cover the ground completely, but I soon learnt that it had limitations, though I was destined to have remarkably good fortune notwithstanding them. On arriving at the first sentry in the immediate neighbourhood of Ypres, he took my White Paper—I had handed it to him with some assurance—with a very depreciating glance at my attire.

"No use here," he said curtly; "special pass required for Ypres."

My heart sank, and I dare say my face showed it, for he relented so far as to add, "The town commandant's office is just round the corner. Perhaps he may give you the special pass if you explain."

It didn't sound encouraging, but we went.

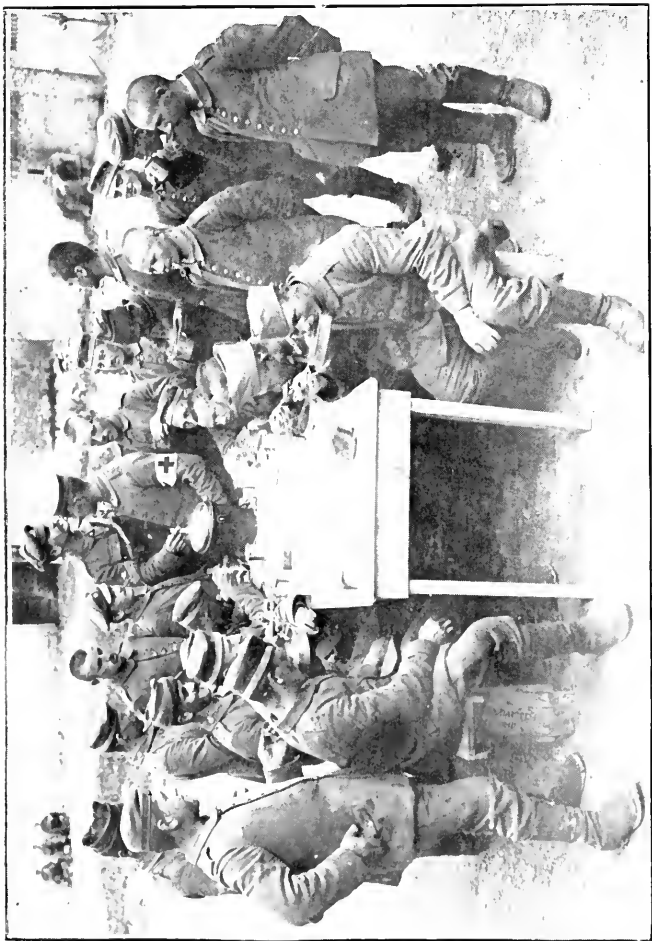
"He's out for a little time, sir," said his servant, "and not likely to be in just yet."

"Very well," said I, pulling myself together and thinking it was worth the risk, "tell him how sorry I am to miss him, and that feeling sure he would give me the pass, I've gone on, and will call on him as I return." Without giving him time to think whether there was anything unusual in this, we sped on.

Once past these two formidable barriers it was assumed that my pass was all right, and we were soon—with "the car in a place of safety," as I have said—on our way on foot to Ypres. It was a glorious morning, and affrighting as the shell fire was, and deafening as our guns were in reply, their shell humming through the air as it went overhead like some rich harp-string or lost chord, I hardly knew how to contain the satisfaction I felt in being there. Ypres looked like a city which

had been destroyed by an earthquake rather than by bombardment, and reminded me of Cartago or Antigua in my former diocese, where in a moment every building in the place had been shaken into ruins while some were levelled to the very ground. It was the same at Ypres. There was not a living soul within its walls, only a gendarme or two about the Cathedral and Cloth Hall to see that nothing was taken away as a souvenir. There were books lying about in both places, but nothing else of value, though in the streets were bits of shrapnel and spent shot one was glad to have. It was a piteous scene of desolation, and though I knew that the frescoes and beautiful wooden carvings and sculptured front of the Cloth Hall had all been perfect a year before, yet it was difficult not to feel you were in a place which had a long-distant past, like Nineveh or old Persepolis. The destruction was so complete, the silence and absolute stillness so impressive, the absence of every living person but ourselves so marked, that one seemed to place it in one's thoughts amongst the cities which had been and are to be no more.

We walked sadly through, and out into the open country beyond, drawing nearer to the firing line, which was at that time about six



GERMAN PRISONERS AT TEA AFTER CAPTURE.

[Crown Copyright.]



miles away, until we came to the place where our dead were buried after the two battles of Ypres. I was very anxious to find one particular grave, but was unsuccessful. It had disappeared no doubt like so many others under fire, and had once been where now a great hole some nine or ten feet across and correspondingly wide has taken its place. It is difficult to see why the enemy have shelled a burial-place which is not near a church, but in the open country, without even a tower to be used for observation purposes anywhere near it. I sought the resting-place of one whose mother I knew had a fear it would be desecrated, and though it was not to be found—perhaps I had been misinformed as to its situation—it may prove when the war is over to be safe after all. I plucked little leaves from some of the graves, and copied down inscriptions from others which gave great comfort to relations after I returned. We were unusually fortunate in having fine weather and a not too harassing fire, for when Mr. Kennedy of Boscombe was trying to make the same journey, to seek the same grave, a little later in the year, his horse was shot under him before he could enter the city, and he received such serious injuries that he died shortly afterwards, to

the sorrow of all who knew him, both in his own parish and at the front.

We cannot wonder, of course, that Ypres has been destroyed, as the main line of communications runs right through it, and thus has made it the scene of some of the most sanguinary battles of the war. Last year it was Ypres in the attempt to break through to Calais, and this year it has been Verdun in the equally determined thrust for Paris, and the French army is as determined now, as the British was then, that the attempt shall not succeed.

Our morning was spent in the city, and after we left it we sat down for luncheon on a windmill-topped hill overlooking it. The harvest was drawing near, and the hay being got in by peasants working quietly, just as the millers went on grinding their corn, as though there was no shell falling and no war. It seemed strange to see cottages and farmhouses destroyed and next them others intact, with the people living in them.

“Where can we go?” they say when asked how they can stay. “Here is our home, and here our fields, and here our only possible way of getting our living.” And so they stay on, and take their chance. They have got into a state partly reckless,



partly hopeless, and possibly partly hopeful, as they say, "It's God's will and we must submit. We can't do anything else."

As we sat on the hill two little boys drew near anxious to share our meal or whatever was left. I wanted to speak to them, and tried first French and then German, but had no response.

"They're Flemish of course," I said to my companion, "and speak nothing else."

"Yes, English," said the younger of them.

"English!" I exclaimed. "Where did you get that?"

"From the soldiers staying with us in our homes."

After Ypres the next thing I longed to see was the front-line trench, and after much inquiry—a General of Division usually said "Take my advice and keep out"—decided to try at Armentières. As we drove through its principal street I saw another bishop standing by his car, and on going back found it was the Bishop of Nagpur, staying with his brother-in-law, Sir Douglas Haig, who had come to see some of the Indian troops from his own diocese. He had a very plucky chaplain with him, the Rev. Ronald Irwin, who, upon an enemy's aeroplane coming down near him with pilot and observer un-

hurt, had rushed up to them, calling upon them to surrender. They did so, but must have felt sick when they found that two armed German officers had been taken prisoners by an unarmed British *padrè*. The Bishop was not encouraging as to our prospects.

“Where are you going?” said he.

“Oh! a little further on, towards Houpline. It’s very open country out there, I believe.”

“Yes,” he said, “but you can’t get far, and of course, as you know, the trenches are impossible. I’ve longed to get in if it’s only just to see what they are like. I was taking a funeral this morning close, but they wouldn’t let me in, unfortunately.”

We agreed that it was unfortunate, but it was no use saying anything about our own hopes, and we went on.

Our first piece of luck was in finding ourselves just outside a garden where, if we were not mistaken, there was an opening into a trench, but a sentry came hurriedly forward, with:

“Your car ought not to have been brought so far as this! How is it?”

“We don’t know. No one stopped us.”

“They must have been at dinner.”

“Well! may we leave it here, while we go over into that field for our luncheon?”

“Oh, yes!” he said cordially. “You’re here now, and if you like to risk your car you can.”

We crossed over to the field, well content as we thought of that opening in the garden and no one outside it, and enjoyed our luncheon until the guns began to speak with frightful violence and my companion thought “we had better not stay too long as the enemy would quickly get the range and reply,” and into the garden of the old château we went. It proved to be the opening into a most beautiful central trench leading straight up to a most important part of the firing line, and we went gleefully along it. It was most efficiently made and was called Cambridge Avenue, well drained, wooden floor, perfectly straight at the sides, traverses, supports, everything that we could wish to see in the shape of trench efficiency, and for half a mile we went admiringly along, hardly able to realise our good fortune in meeting no one. And then came a shock! Round the corner from a traverse came bustling along a young corporal who brought himself up with a start at the sight of us.

“Beg pardon, gentlemen, but no one is allowed in the trenches without leave.”

“Oh!” said my companion composedly

—though he did not feel at all calm at such a crisis—“it’s quite all right, corporal. This bishop has a pass which allows him to go everywhere.”

“Might I see it?” he asked politely. It was at once handed over that he might read the two lines:

“Within the area occupied by the British Army.”

“Dans la zone occupée par l’Armée britannique.”

We waited anxiously and I could see that he was feeling confused and unconvinced, but to my infinite relief he gave it back with:

“Quite right, sir,” instead of the “Would you mind coming and speaking to my chief?” which I dreaded. With a smart salute he was gone and we did not “give the grass half a chance” as we hurried along Cambridge Avenue the remaining half-mile. And then the firing line!

I could hardly believe my good fortune as I saw the sand-bags topping the parapet, and the platform on which the men stood to fire, and the men themselves rifle in hand, looking so smart, keen, and alert in all directions. There was wonder expressed at our appearance, but smiles of welcome and good fellowship on all sides. I dare say it had been a dull and uneventful morning, and any dis-

traction was acceptable. One or two came cheerfully forward, while every one was as watchful as could be. Periscopes and mirrors on the back of the trench were all in use. I, too, soon had a periscope in hand, and was looking across at the enemy's sand-bags over the way.

It seemed such a short distance, and as the grass waved gently in the breeze lit up by the sunshine, one could almost picture men streaming out from the other side to play a game. I could hardly realise that it was war, but still there was a curious "Tap, tap, tap" going on over on the other side, and when I asked what it was and was told laconically "Machine gun," I understood why the men have called them "typewriters." It sounded exactly like one, except that there was something very ghastly in its preciseness, when one had been told what it was.

The men were the London Royal Fusiliers, had come out at the beginning of June, and were in high spirits, though calm and restrained and ever mindful of their very urgent and momentous duties. Of course I told them how London was ever keeping them in mind. "Always in our thoughts and hearts and prayers. Never forget that," and without interfering with their duties I got a

chat here and there with twos and threes, and even a little address now and then when I could have four or five. In one place when I was talking with two men, one of them, who had not lifted his eyes from the mirror on the trench side, suddenly cried out :

“ There he is again, Jack, the beggar ! I never saw such cheek before. Well, of all the impudent things I’ve ever seen !—Ah ! he’s down again.”

“ Let me know *at once* if he shows again,” said the other.

“ Why, there he is up again as if there were no such things as rifles anywhere about.”

But there was one rifle very handy, for quick as thought Jack was up on the earth platform and his rifle had spoken through the sand-bags, and that over-venturesome head on the enemy’s side had vanished, probably for ever. With another word or two and a hearty “ God bless you, lads,” I went on, feeling I had seen exactly how sniping was done, but was very much startled at a later time to hear a report at G.H.Q. that I had been seen “ standing in the front-line trench blessing our men as they fired at the enemy.”

In one little corner when talking to five fine-looking men and telling them, as usual,

that they must always remember how they were thought of and prayed for at home, one of them who had been looking at me rather wistfully all the time I was speaking suddenly interrupted me :

“ I dare say you're right, and that they are always thinking of us out here, but how will they think when we come home ? ”

That machine gun still tapping, punctuating my words it seemed as I spoke, made me wonder whether any of them would return. But I have often seemed to hear those words again : “ How will they receive us when we come home ? What shall we find there ? ” I know what I have found at the front which has altered my whole outlook, I feel, for the better, and I long, with all my heart, that our men may find everything to help and uplift them when they do come back, making them feel that they have not endured and suffered in vain. I could not part with them without saying, and with deep feeling :

“ My brothers, with such a spirit as yours, and a righteous cause, and the help and blessing of God, there can only be one end to this struggle—the one we want to have. We *must* win through. God grant it.”

“ That's right, sir.” Quiet and calm the

answer, but with real conviction in it. "That's right."

Moving along the front line, and still feeling overwhelmed at the privilege of being actually face to face with the foe, for one knew that hundreds of keen and observant eyes were behind that dark and silent parapet on the other side, we came face to face with a fine young subaltern of about 6 ft. 2 in., and just over 20. He looked as much overcome at the sight of us as the corporal had done, and came hurrying forward with:

"I'm sorry you two have just turned up now. We're expecting to be shelled every minute." I had had my experience and got steadied down, and so could ask quietly:

"Is that so, and are you sure?"

"Well, we've had private information to that effect, and it's likely to come off!"

"What will you do when it begins?" I asked.

"Get into our dug-outs as quickly as we can," he answered.

When we had settled that we were to go with him in this case, he took me further along the line, showing me his dug-out and "mess room" and a bomb-proof shelter, and all kinds of interesting things. He was a very keen youngster, and his own dug-out



had maps on its sides with calculations worked out on the table and other indications of his alertness. He eventually took us round the corner of a little salient where he had a machine gun perfectly concealed which in the event of a charge was likely to prove a "surprise packet" for the enemy, as a private gleefully said, just as they were feeling they were close on our sand-bags and not expecting to be enfiladed in that distressing way. I was greatly interested in learning how barbed wire entanglements could be so craftily constructed and concealed as to be a deadly surprise to an unsuspecting advance, as I was also in learning how patrol work is done at night, with those engaged in it kept in close touch with the trench from the moment of leaving it till their return.

Here I was also told, as I have been again and again both on our own front and in Russia, that while we have a very brave enemy to fight, there often comes a time when their courage seems utterly to break away, as if their human powers could not stand the strain, and dignity, even self-respect, seems to vanish in the tremendous desire to be spared and live. "They fight like demons," I've heard it said; "like vipers," I've read, "and are as full of pluck

as they can be, and then suddenly when it seems that there's no chance, those brave and spunky youngsters will have their hands up, and it will be more like a whine or a squeal than anything else, as they ask for mercy." My young subaltern host that afternoon told me strange things he had seen in that space where the grass was gently waving in the afternoon breeze in support of his theory that "there comes a time, and you reckon upon it, when their humanity can bear the strain no longer and simply breaks away."

He was so proud of his men, and I'm sure they were of him, and I'm glad to say that he still lives, though I can say it of but few I've known and met since the struggle began.

I could not have been more fortunate in the trenches we chose for our attempt and what I found in them. Later at home, when I was speaking of them at the house of a friend, a young son of the house, with an empty right sleeve, though only nineteen, inquired, after I had finished my account, where those trenches were, and how I got into them, and particulars about the old château and garden, and, when I had fully answered, he said:

"I thought so! I made them." He was

an Engineer, and he and his companions had done that bit of work, and he was glad enough to have it appreciated.

Near there also I had a wonderful afternoon with gunners on a certain hill, crowned with a windmill, the owner of which was none too popular. His sails were said now and then to be acting much as semaphores would when signalling was going on. The hill was being made a stronghold for artillery, and perhaps it would be suggested to him that it would be unwise to stay there when the arrangements were complete. It seemed to me a little odd that where so many other dwellings and farms along the line were in ruins, not a single windmill, conspicuous as they all were, had been touched! I saw everything I wanted to see on that hill. Men were being drilled in one place, were playing football in another, were resting a little here and hard at work there. Emplacements were being constructed of sand-bags, filled, hammered square and placed in position, where they looked like solid blocks of Portland cement. In the trenches I found rubbish of all kinds, including tea-leaves, put into sand-bags and well wedged down, and, so that they might not get into the wrong place and let any one in, they were labelled

“Rubbish” outside. Sand-bags have been simply invaluable, and one could not wish for better emplacements than those they made on Mount ——.

I was again fortunate in my subaltern. He was, as usual, keen, alert, and happy. He explained everything to us and took us everywhere, and finally carried us off to his tent. It was a most attractive place in that July weather, and to live in it was almost like living in the open. It only actually covered him when he ate and slept, for the flaps were turned completely back.

“How healthy it must be,” I said, “and how blissfully you must sleep! No rocking needed, I suppose, and up refreshed at some very early hour!”

“I can’t tell you what it is!” he said with shining eyes. “I don’t care, speaking for myself, though it seems an awful thing to say, how long the war goes on. I enjoy every minute that I live and every breath I draw.”

To look at him was to know that every word was true. Life means so much more under some circumstances than others. It does not consist in its quantity, but its quality! I had a letter from a friend of mine in the West Indies a little time ago, in

which he said: "There are a thousand blacks going out next week. They say quite cheerfully, 'We know we shall all be killed. But we shall have crossed the ocean and seen London, St. Paul's Cathedral, and Westminster Abbey. We shall have had six months on Salisbury Plain and been made into soldiers. We shall have seen France, and perhaps a bit of Belgium, and joined in the war. *And it's worth it!*' "

Who will not sympathise? They might have lived twice or thrice as long, but on their plantations they might have felt sometimes they were merely vegetating, like pieces of sugar-cane; but taking part in this great struggle, launching out and seeing the world, they will have really lived until their turn comes "to die like men and fall like one of the princes." I had a great sympathy for that young gunner who felt it was almost unfeeling to be happy and joyous at such a time as this, and yet could not keep down the *joie de vivre* which simply filled his whole being as he lived under absolutely healthy conditions, and who was doing his duty as faithfully, honourably, and industriously as he knew how.

"Will you go up and see my Major at the top? I'll 'phone up and ask if he will receive

you in his dug-out. I hope he will, for it's a tip-top place, and he's of the best."

The invitation came and was accepted with alacrity. He was quite different from his subaltern—quiet, middle-aged, and sad-looking, but—as always—keen. We entered on the hillside away from the enemy, and then looked through at the other, though there was only a tiny hole sufficient to let his telescope go through. But what a view! Just below were the enemy's lines in wonderful order and regularity. Quite near—it was an excellent telescope—were the towers of Messines, and the country on beyond.

"The day is fine and you are in luck," he said. "You are looking now a good twelve miles on the other side of the enemy's lines."

It was tremendously interesting, as it was too to hear of the odd and inexplicable things he had seen from his lofty eyrie. We have had some strange failures to follow up opportunities and take our chances and advantages, but, if I'm rightly informed, it has been just the same on the other side.

Another hill we visited was Mont Cat, where there is an old Trappist monastery untenanted till the war since the dispersion of the French Orders, but now a British hospital. The convalescents were particu-

larly cheerful with a padrè as cheerful as themselves, and it was a very different scene from the days when the brothers used to pace silently to and fro. But if it *had* to be put to other uses, I do not think they would grudge it to those who are now within its walls, and who have come there to render France their highest and best service, and been sore hit in the doing of it. It was a Wednesday, at 5.30, and the chapel was full for an ordinary week-day evensong the chaplain was just preparing to take. As we left, a particularly beautiful biplane came overhead and seemed to hover for a little while in a way they have at times, and next morning at breakfast my neighbour—I had usually airmen at that time—remarked:

“I was over Mont Cat yesterday about half-past five taking a look at Ypres. What a beautiful evening it was.”

“I wish I’d been with you,” I said, “instead of underneath and looking up at you.”

The air service is extraordinarily fascinating, and now, except in actual combat, seems to be almost free from risk. I was in Paris after Warnford’s great achievement, and heard the full particulars of it from the naval attaché with whom he had just been lunching. How he had suspected

the hangar was empty and "volplanèd" down to see, and when sure, had hung about till the Zeppelin returned, though well out of the way. It is a very cumbersome and slow process for a Zeppelin to get down to its hangar again, and that was his opportunity. All the world knows the story of how he swooped down and bombed, again and again, until the explosion came, how he was overturned by the shock, but righted himself, and finally, though driven down to the ground, yet contrived to get up again and sail away. There has been extraordinary progress in the air, and it seems as safe to "fly" now as it is to taxi in the streets of London.

On my last night at the front, in very brilliant moonlight, we were bombed by an enemy Taube just before midnight, and I was fortunate enough to see all there was to be seen, including the display of coloured lights which were shown before it cleared away. "Pure swank and cheek!" said a disgusted airman below my balcony, when I asked why there had been fireworks. It had been a destructive visitor, and before leaving for the base next morning I went round to see the havoc wrought, and hear of the civilian lives destroyed. The coloured lights at the



close showed how little our enemy cared for the death and destruction that he must have known he had caused amongst helpless, unoffending, and unprotected people.

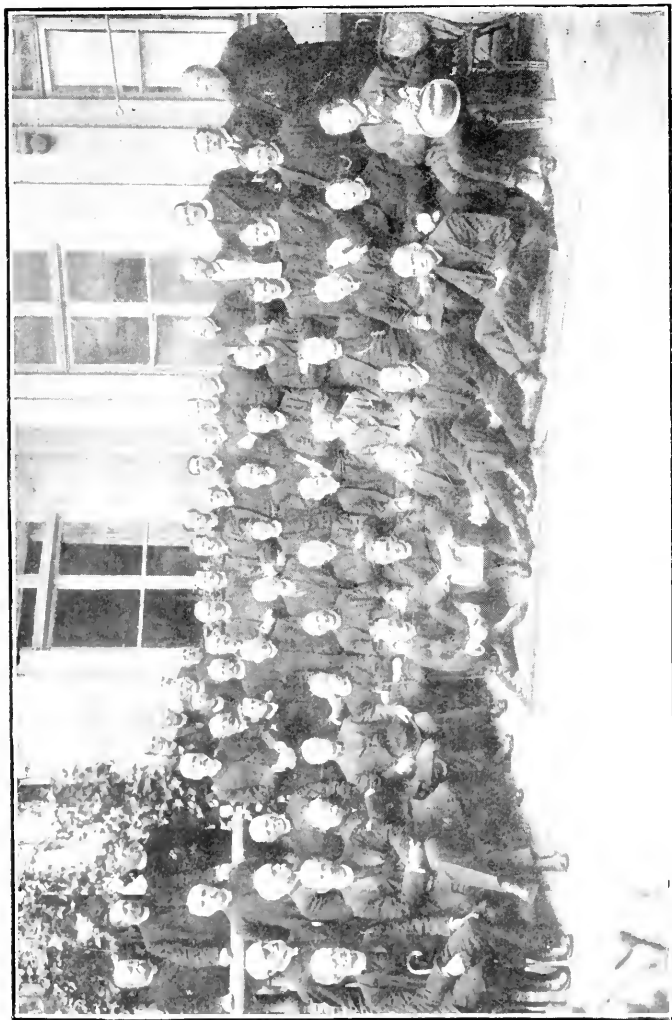
The principal chaplain motored me down to the coast again, and I found myself wishing as I went, as I have often done since, that the whole episcopate and clergy of our Church could have, each one taking about three months at a time, the perfectly invaluable experience—I can never thank God enough for it—I have had in the trenches and front line with the men so nobly serving there.

## CHAPTER V

### HAS THERE BEEN A SPIRITUAL REVIVAL ?

How often one has been asked this question ! Has there really been a spiritual revival at the front ? It depends upon what one calls a revival. Some years ago there was what most people called a great spiritual revival in Wales. Some did not hesitate to speak of it as a second Pentecost. But its results have been sadly disappointing, I believe, if not positively discouraging. I have never heard of that kind of revival anywhere in that vast area which is in our minds as we say "the front," emotional, exciting, fervid or demonstrative, but all the same I believe there has been a kindling up of a very real fire in the hearts of men, and that quickening of the spirit which is an unerring witness to true and pure religion.

I will begin at once by admitting all that is to be said on the other side—the drinking, gambling and betting, the lust and impurity, the appallingly bad and blasphemous lan-



THE BISHOPS AND CLERGY AT A CONFERENCE HELD AT ANTWERP THE YEAR BEFORE THE WAR.



guage, and the other and worse things of which the apostle says: "It is a shame even to speak of them." I do not forget that there are chaplains who have been so extraordinarily inefficient and unhelpful that one wonders how they could ever have offered themselves for such work at all. Not very long ago I asked a young artillery officer if they had a good chaplain and he replied without hesitation: "No, we haven't. He's a rotter!"

I will make the adverse critics a present of all they like to urge against there being revived interest in religion at the front, and not attempt to argue the contrary, but admit that everything they urge may be perfectly true and even understated. But that is only to grant, what no one questions, that everywhere we look in human experience there is the imperfect and the sinful. Always there is that spirit of evil at work which

"Dogs the steps of the toiling saint  
And digs a pit for his feet,  
And sows his tares on the fields of time,  
Wherever God sows His wheat."

When we recall the sad admission, "Have I not chosen you twelve and one of you is a devil," and reflect that God Himself in work-

ing out the redemption of mankind in Christ found the imperfect and the sinful oppose His will, can we expect anything else even in the very best work that is ever done? I frankly admit, therefore, the things to be deplored on the other side of the Channel and in all the training camps and stations over here.

But what I do claim is that there is another very different and more encouraging note to be plainly heard by those who "have ears to hear"; that there is a very different experience to be met with, to which so many give their testimony, and that is the wonderful way—officers, men, and chaplains have used that word "wonderful" in describing it—in which so many men are finding God.

At the close of my first day at the base after Neuve Chapelle I was offered the institute for a short service and address to the men who filled it every night for games, letters, and refreshments. On arriving I found that a short service was held there every evening, and an address to which no one need come unless they liked, and that evening it was to be taken by a Welsh Baptist C.F. He offered to give way to me, but I preferred that he should not be put aside as he was there regularly, but should

take his usual prayers, give out the hymns, and kindly let me give the address and blessing. It was a great experience, my first with the men. There were the billiard balls clicking away on one's left in another room, with no door between, the ladies were tip-toeing about with cups of tea and things to eat—teaspoons and tea-things *will* rattle, and I am specially sensitive to such distractions—but there could be no question at all that night, nor has the conviction ever left me since, that it is the man who speaks straight for Christ and God who has the chief pull with the men, and the best chance of getting really home. They are so tremendously encouraging! Their faces say so plainly "Go on! That's just what we like and just what we want." As we talked together, the Welshman and I, afterwards, he told me that a man in the hospital who had just received his flannel trousers—the sign that he had to prepare to go home that day—had given him that which he could never forget as long as he lived.

"I was condoling with him on his going home a cripple, and telling him how sorry I was he had lost his leg. It had been amputated at the thigh and was the right one. 'Yes,' he said, 'chaplain, it is a great loss, but

what if I've lost a limb when I've found God!'"

Similar stories have come to me from other sources, such as :

"Yes. I've lost my eyesight, I know, but I shall never be in the dark again now that I've come into the Light." They have reached me from so many different places that I cannot but feel there is that spirit at work which our Lord said must accompany any true advancement of His work: "The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto treasure, hid in a field which when a man hath found he hideth and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath and buyeth that field." "For joy!" That is the note one cannot mistake.

I had been taking service in another place with a very large number of men present, and as usual it was a most uplifting experience as one felt so tremendously encouraged, indeed impelled, by the keen attention to make earnest and urgent appeal for Christ, and for coming out on His side for all the world to see. After it was over and I was calming down a little in the vestry with a young private helping to fold up my things, I began to notice that he was going about the room with an extraordinarily light and elastic step,



smiling to himself now and then with great satisfaction. I knew he was very much in love, for he had shown me some really nice verses from his "young lady," and so said to myself: "A—— has had another letter," but his buoyancy and light-heartedness grew so marked that at length I felt I must try and share it.

"You seem in high spirits to-night."

"I should think so! I'm radiant!"

"Yes, so I see. What is it?"

"It's Christ." I turned instantly to look at him. "It's Christ," he went on. "Just as you've been telling us. What He is when He is all, it's *in all*, just as you said. Your love for your girl. Your letters home and those which come back. Your time out here and everything you do. Your thoughts of what you are going to do when it's over, and all your little plans. All is different when once you have Christ."

It was all so natural and normal, just as it ought to be, but somehow isn't. It ought to be easier and come more natural to us to speak of the things which matter most, when we are sure that we shall be understood, but even between the really spiritually minded and truly devout there is often constraint and reserve in speaking of great realities

and the deep things of God. And over there, I've found the sense of reality so great and convincing that it seems to take away reserve and constraint, and set expression free.

A young subaltern who, I should fancy, had never dreamt of talking about religious experiences with clergy before the war, who was a keen sportsman and an efficient soldier, after telling me all about his men and his equipment from a military point of view, with the greatest keenness, went on, quite on his own initiative, to speak of them from the spiritual point of view, and with the utmost ease, as naturally and as easily as he had done about their work and games.

"Some of them," he said, "were a rough lot. A hot young crowd. They'd been up to some queer things before coming out here from ——. Regular young devils, some of them. And it's wonderful how the chaplain has got hold of them. They've been like lambs to him. *They're changed men.* You'll very likely see him, he's not often far away from us" —we did see him directly after—"he'll tell you just the same; how he loves them, and how easy and good they are to handle. When Saturday comes it's 'Padrè, where's the service to be to-morrow? We want to be

there.' I shouldn't think," he went on, "any of them had seen the inside of a church before they came out here. But now they *want* to be there. It's wonderful!"

So the testimony has gone on from the first. I read, or heard—one forgets which sometimes—before going out, of a very striking little scene just after the Marne, when the first real entrenching began at the Aisne, at a chaplain's evening service. He had a goodly number assembled and was speaking to the men of the importance of making good resolutions now, to be afterwards fulfilled. He told them he felt sure they had already made them. He felt convinced, he said, that many there had already said, "Please God if I get out of these trenches to go home I'll be a better man." "I wonder," he said, "if any one who has felt like that would hold up his hand just to encourage the rest and give his witness." At length a hand went up, *and every hand in the room followed*. I wonder how such an appeal would be met here if made in any ordinary congregation. If I could venture to put the same question to my readers and say: "Have you felt moved in your inmost being to high resolve by the tragic character of this struggle and the great issues involved, to

determine by God's help to live for the future worthier of your manhood, or womanhood?" I wonder what kind of answers would be returned? *Every hand* went up there, and whether the chaplain put his up or not with the rest, he had clearly passed through the same experience and been lifted up to the same degree of aspiration or he would hardly have put it before his men.

I had similar experiences. I had been talking to two wounded privates—it's easier to talk to two, I found, than one, seated between them—and just before I left I said:

"I've never asked what you are, Church or Chapel?"

"I'm Church of England," said one.

"So am I," said the other.

"And," added the first with emphasis, "I'm going to be a better one when I get back."

"And so am I," said the other.

Chaplains have helped the men to God, and the men have helped the chaplains to strengthen their hold on Him.

"You can't but give them your very best and all you can when they expect so much," said one of my brethren. "They won't let you off however tired or busy you are."

One of the chaplains was told he could not have a service which he had expected to have, and so went round the tents to tell them. At one of them, as soon as he put in his head, came the question :

“ What time service, *padrè* ? ”

“ We can't have one. I'm going round to tell them.”

They looked a little blank and then one of them said :

“ Can't you do us a bit now, sir ? We might have a prayer or two just as we are, sir.” They had.

Another was coming back in late afternoon from a long round, his friend told me, regularly tired out. He had about fourteen services that day before it was over. He was just getting in, feeling very weary, when he met the colonel leading out his men.

“ Is that you, *padrè* ? ”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ We're going out and there's the charge to-morrow, but we can give you just a few minutes.”

He was off his horse at once, and after a short prayer or two and a minute or two for the address, another prayer and blessing, for which the colonel and all the men knelt down on the ground, away they all went to get

into position for the charge in the early morning.

It brought the tears to my eyes to hear the Bishop of Khartoum—we were consecrated together—describe the nights he spent with his men when he was a fourth-class chaplain, and they were to charge next day. We were told also some months ago, by the London newspapers, of a whole regiment singing before a charge the children's hymn, "There is a green hill far away." Such a thing must be quite unique in the records of the British Army. There's something very touching in the thought of those men, so many of whom were soon to die, singing:

" Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved,  
And we must love Him too,  
And trust in His redeeming Blood,  
And try His works to do."

Our chaplains have been accused both here and over there of pressing confirmation rather unduly as if it were the start rather than the completion of a first turning to God in manhood, when it has been omitted in earlier life, and I dare say there may be cases where it has been rather injudiciously pressed, and with insufficient preparation. But what men long for, and their chaplains value, is some

opportunity of *doing* something and giving their witness. The clergy, too, have often asked me to speak of the witness required afterwards as well as at the time.

I was told by one of our clergy of a man who when he had joined, and had to sleep for the first time amongst other men who were strangers to him, had felt that he didn't quite know what to do about his prayers. He had always knelt down, but thought it might be better now to say them in bed where he would not excite attention or remark or teasing, and could say them more quietly. But somehow he couldn't bring himself to do it, and so knelt down. He soon was conscious of a whisper, then he thought he heard a low laugh, but after that there was nothing more. He found it, however, impossible to collect his thoughts and really pray, and so after a time on his knees in silence he got up and went to bed, but he said: "Though I hadn't really said any prayers, as soon as I lay down I felt I'd never been so happy in all my life." He had given his witness! Men need an opportunity of giving their witness and standing by their new standards. They don't get help always where we should expect it to be given, most of all. I was told lately, for

instance, of a private soldier writing from France and telling his family that he had been to communion for the first time since he had been confirmed years ago, as the chaplain had shown him that it was right and would be a help, but his mother, when she replied, said: "Me and the girls didn't half burst out laughing when we read that about your going to communion." Chaplains are not always as helpful as they might be either, especially when they have all their experiences to gain, as in one case when the good man was urging the duty of prayer in rather too elementary a way, and one of the men ventured to say:

"Don't rub it in, padrè. We do pray, as anybody must who goes into the trenches." Another, when asked by the C.O. not to be too serious and solemn for the men, and damp their spirits by thoughts of death, and so on, gave them a sermon on "The rhythm of the psalms and their matchless composition"!

But I have never found any fear of death in any way affecting either officers or men. It was with great cheerfulness and sparkling eyes, though I must admit a little bit ruefully, that two young members of the O.T.C. quite lately, with the white band still round their



caps, but their training over, drew my attention to the last list of killed and wounded in the *Times*, where rank was given in the earlier part, and then at the top of the longest list of all came the words, "All the rest are Second Lieutenants unless otherwise stated." There was no thought of fear in their minds, only a certain grim sense of humour.

There is no fear of death. Neither is there any feeling of looking death in the face. After Neuve Chapelle to my two young wounded Yorkshires I had said :

"It must have been a very solemn thing to be as near as that, looking death in the face as it were."

One of them immediately put me right.

"There's nothing of that sort, sir. You may think about it the night before or the day after when you are wondering about your mates who've been killed, but not at the time. You have time and thought to say a short prayer—a 'Lord, help me' sort of thing, as you get over the top—but after that you never think of anything but the charge, and afterwards you're quite surprised when they tell you some of the things you've said and done."

It's neither the fear of death nor looking death in the face, nor fear in any form,

which produces that spirit which I have tried so imperfectly and inadequately, I fear, to describe, for it is as evident in places away from the front as in the actual trenches and forward line. It is, as Mr. Burroughs has termed it, "the waking up of that perception, which is in us all, of the spiritual," and by which a man, if he fulfils the destiny for which he was created and redeemed, learns that his greatest need is God, and after that is never satisfied, nor can be, until by a true repentance he has sought and found, and come to know and rest in Him.

I am told, though for this I have to depend on what I hear, that there is a very real revival amongst our Allies both in France and Russia. The Russian clergy have been magnificent in the faithfulness of their ministrations and their contempt for death. It has been nothing less than inspiration to be with them in their ministrations, and I have seen nothing more touching than the attempts of the badly wounded, lying upon the floor, to rise at least to a sitting position at divine service, as the custom of the Orthodox Church is to stand for prayer and worship.

We all know what the French clergy serving in the ranks have done for religion in France, strengthened by the coming back to serve—

not to minister only—"sous les drapeaux" of priests and monks from other countries. Men have crowded to confession and communion who have never used those means of grace in their lives before, or have come after years of neglect, unable to withstand the spirituality of the clergy fighting, ministering, and dying amongst them.

It is so on the German side also, I am assured, but the revival there has, I believe, been chiefly fostered by the members of the German Student Christian Federation. The hymns, often to familiar tunes, coming across from their lines to ours have sounded deeply impressive.

"Men who can sing like that can't all be what we have known some of them to be," say our men. On all hands God is not leaving Himself without a witness, but is deeply moving the hearts of men.

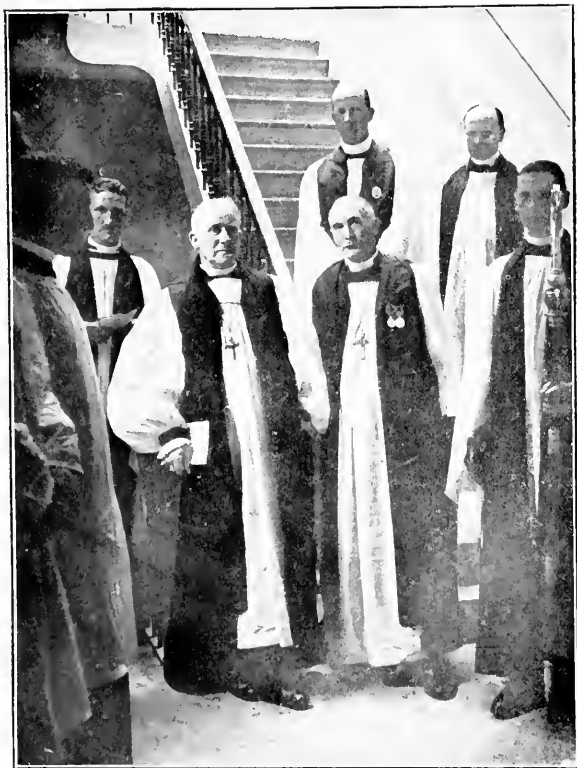
I was so thankful to see the Battle Hymn of the American Republic appear in the *Times* of last year. It was composed by Mrs. Julia Howe, whose relations I have known, in the hope that it would replace "John Brown's knapsack" as a route-march song in the States, and might be a little more suitable for soldiers going into battle than "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in

the grave," or "John Brown's wife wears a feather in her hat," thrice repeated, and with, as a fourth line: "As we go marching along." It was found, however, as useless as it would have been to get our men to exchange "It's a long, long way to Tipperary" for any other marching song, however patriotic and stirring in its appeal. It was intended to be sung to the same tune—every one of us knows it, I suppose—and is a perfectly glorious composition, especially in the fifth verse:

" He has sounded out the trumpet  
Which shall never sound retreat;  
He is sifting out the souls of men  
Before the judgment seat.  
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him,  
Be jubilant, my feet:  
For God is marching on."

I feel this spirit or consciousness everywhere in the war area, as I have known and understood it. God is searching, testing, trying, sifting the hearts and lives of men in a direct way such as we have never had a possibility of seeing before. And I believe that many souls are being very "swift to answer Him," and many hitherto careless feet are falling into line and following as He goes "marching on"!

If any one wants to be helped to realise



THE BISHOP OF LONDON AND BISHOP BURY AFTER CONSECRATING SEAMEN'S CHURCH AT ANTWERP.



how normal young Englishmen find themselves gripped and held by a new sense of the spiritual when they get to the front, let him get *The Great Sacrifice*, edited by the Bishop of Southwark and giving the letters of the brothers Gillespie. The *Spectator* drew attention to the letters before they were published, and no doubt encouraged the relations to publish these perfectly invaluable contributions to the higher thought of our times. One of them, speaking of the death of his greatest friend, shortly, alas, before his own, said: "But he's all right. He died as he lived, and no one can do better than that. And he'll carry on. It would take more than that to stop him." The psalmist wrote: "They go from strength to strength"; the prophet: "They shall mount up as eagles, run and not be weary, walk and not faint." The modern officer writes briefly: "He'll carry on." The old seer has told us that "Love is stronger than death," the younger seer of to-day says more simply: "It would take more than that to stop him." They all really mean the same thing as they think of that which shall take the sting from death and rob the grave of victory. The war and its appeal to thought has given entirely different ideas of death to many of us, from those old

and conventional ones which we accepted perhaps but never really examined, and has given clear and helpful ones to those who have never thought upon its significance before.

One thing has always impressed me in serious talks, and that is the feeling men often have, especially in the quiet watches of the night, that their comrades are not far away. "I don't think they could keep away if they tried," as one put it, "till it's over, and it's seen how we put it through." This was beautifully expressed quite early in the war in *Punch*, in the following verses. They are quite on the same high level as King Albert's "Not my soul!"

#### A THOUSAND STRONG

"A thousand strong,  
With laugh and song,  
To man the guns or line a trench,  
One August day  
We marched away,  
To fight beside the gallant French.

"A thousand strong,  
But not for long.  
Some lie entombed in Belgian clay,  
Some, torn with shell,  
Lie where they fell  
Beneath the turf of La Bassée.



“ But yet at night,  
When to the fight  
Eager from camp and trench we throng,  
Our comrades dead  
March at our head  
And still we charge a thousand strong.”

After reverses there has been the feeling that those who have fought before will be disappointed, and after successes and advances the conversation has often turned to those who have gone, some saying “ Wouldn't they be glad if they knew ? ” others hazarding “ Perhaps they do,” while others are more confident with “ Why, of course they know, and a great deal more than we do.” There is the strong and growing feeling—we see it in memorial services here—that they are with us still, and all they have done, and all they feel and wish still, makes it incumbent upon us to see that their great services and sacrifices help us to attain the end for which they have so unselfishly striven.

Then, too, there is the feeling that they must, if this is a God-governed world, have gone on not to rest, but still to active service and higher duties. Nothing else but thoughts of the higher service, I confess, would have kept me up in many a dark hour. It would be too terrible to think of our best and most

promising manhood as "cut down, dried up and withered"—as I write the words I am preparing to attend a memorial service for a boy of nineteen where those words are to be sung in the ninetieth psalm—and nothing more. It is now that we need to think of what the services of these ardent young spirits may be in another and better life where there is nothing to stop them—"There entereth in nothing that defileth"—and where they are not to rest and repose, but rather to put forth all the powers and activities required for higher service. "His servants shall serve Him." Memorial services in connection with the war have been to me some of the most inspiring and helpful I have known, as when at Stockholm, three days after his death, we chose for our lesson at Lord Kitchener's memorial service the words "Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begat us. The Lord hath wrought great glory by them" of Ecclesiasticus xlv. 1, and kept everything sad and sombre entirely out of the service.

Unless we can have something new and fresh in our ideas of death it will be difficult to settle down to life afterwards with faith and hope and love, stronger than ever in helping us to do God's Will. Old common-

places such as "Our loss is their gain," which always, I fancy, left us cold, are worse than useless now. They seem to mock our sorrow as we wonder *how* our loss could be their gain, how they who have loved, and we believe still love us, could gain when we lose so much. It *must* be gain for both if we are to be satisfied at all. We must feel that they have enriched by heroism and unselfish service both the other world and this, and thus have made both of them better for us, as they have for themselves. And so it was very instructive as well as a great relief when, after writing to two parents after the death at Ypres of a dearly loved son for whom they had made great sacrifices, they replied: "You'll be glad to hear that already we are more conscious of our gain than of our loss."

Another wistful question often put on both sides of the Channel is concerning those who have been, as they put it, a "bit rough," or determined to "have their fling." They can be very gentle now about one who used to be frankly called a "waster" or "no good." They want to know about such men when they have done some splendid bits of real heroism, or sheer and absolute self-sacrifice almost as heroic as that of those who have

thrown themselves upon bombs, knowing that they would be blown to bits themselves, but could make it less of a shock for others. They ask whether such nobility as that may not be accepted as in some measure "all that he could do at the finish." Parents here have asked the same question. "He was foolish and wilful and wrong-headed as young men so often are, but he couldn't have done more at the end, could he, if he had been a saint? Will that be accepted, do you think?"

There are always, it seems to me, and so I have told the men, two things to keep in mind: (1) Which is a man's real and true self? The prodigal son, as the old father knew, was not himself in those years of evil living. "He came to *himself*" when he repented and went home, and to God. (2) None of us knows either what passes between a soul and God at the last, and great things can happen then, as we are taught by the thief on the Cross, or as an old Nonconformist minister once quoted to me of a conversion:

"Between the stirrup and the ground  
He pardon sought and pardon found."

I read of three men holding an impossible position together with death before them for a certainty. One of them, however, who

hadn't seemed likely to think of such a thing, in the others' opinion, suddenly said to them:

"Look here. You two are married men and good sorts, both of you. I suppose I'm about as bad as they make 'em. Nobody will be a ha'porth the worse for my being wiped out. You clear away and I'll hold it as long as I can till they get me."

There's a good deal to think about here, as to what it was in the man's own self from which came that really noble impulse, and as to that which passed between his soul and God when he was left there alone. Surely we may say: "He was not alone."

After taking the "Three Hours" abroad this year and seeking to be hopeful and encouraging on the Second Word, and much as I have now expressed myself above, a little crumpled piece of paper was brought to me as I was taking off my robes, with these words of Coventry Patmore's:

"The sunshine dreaming upon Salmon's height  
Is not more pure and white,  
Than the heretofore sin-spotted soul  
That darts to its delight,  
Straight from the absolution of a faithful fight."

I do not endorse the words literally, but still venture to believe that like so many things

that have happened, and are still happening, they give us much to think about.

If I were to try and put into one word what I am conscious of at the front, I should say it was "realities." A great time of stress like this strips away so much that is unreal. There are some in public life who have roused all our hostility in the past, and who seem to us now to have sloughed away so much of what was repugnant and distasteful, and to claim our respect. An officer in high command said to me the other day, of one of such men, "I used to hate the fellow, but now—I never expected to say it—I would take off my hat to him if I met him." So it is both there and here. The unreal and the unworthy have been thrown off and the true and real are appearing. Realities! I feel it everywhere. Men are understanding what it means, and should mean, to be a man; what are the real things which make manhood—endurance, courage, unselfishness, truthfulness and honour, virtue, chivalry, restraint, purity, and true and unaffected piety—and so from realities concerning the man they have seen it seems only natural to go on to realities concerning the God they have not seen. They want the real, the vivid, and the convincing, and they get it. They want to know, not to

think, but to know. "This is life eternal, to *know* God and Jesus Christ whom He has sent," and it is just this convincing experience, this knowledge, that they get, and Christ has pledged God to give, in answer to their prayers.

I sat by the side of a boy in hospital—how often I have told this encouraging incident—and as we talked together he told me how frightened he had been of the operation.

"I didn't know, after what I had seen, how I could stick it out. And then it came into my mind all of a sudden to pray. And I prayed for courage. And it came." He looked up as he said: "It's all different after that, isn't it, sir?"

"Yes, it's quite different then."

"They may say there's no God, as some of them do, but you and I, sir, we know. Don't we, sir?"

"Yes, we know. We don't *think*, we know."

What is happening at the front is that the Holy Spirit is leading men to pray. It is quite simple, and it is for the Church to lead these men on from that conscious experience over the threshold into the full corporate life and duties which the Church with its fellowship, faith, and sacraments was founded to give them. And if they find us, as they

have been themselves and the National Mission is intended to put us as a nation, often "upon our knees," there will be no question then as to what we are to do for the men and they for us when they come home.

God's Holy Spirit is undoubtedly at work amongst them, for He is clearly making them more loving—His first-fruits are love—than they were. Love of country is so much more real than it was before, now that they are away from it, and many may never see it again. Love of home is so different now as they think of fathers and mothers—especially mothers—the boy of the girl he loves, the husband of his wife, the father of the child he has not yet seen. Think of what "Home sweet home" means at the weekly sing-song now. Officers say frankly: "I love my men." Love for comrades is in the very air. And as Tolstoi says, in one of his best stories, "Where love is, God is," and when men become more loving, barriers are thrown down and spaces are opened out even in quite hard and evil natures, and God, ever pressing for entry into human hearts—"I stand at the door and knock"—can at length come in. It is thus His work of Redemption and Grace can be done, and is being done.

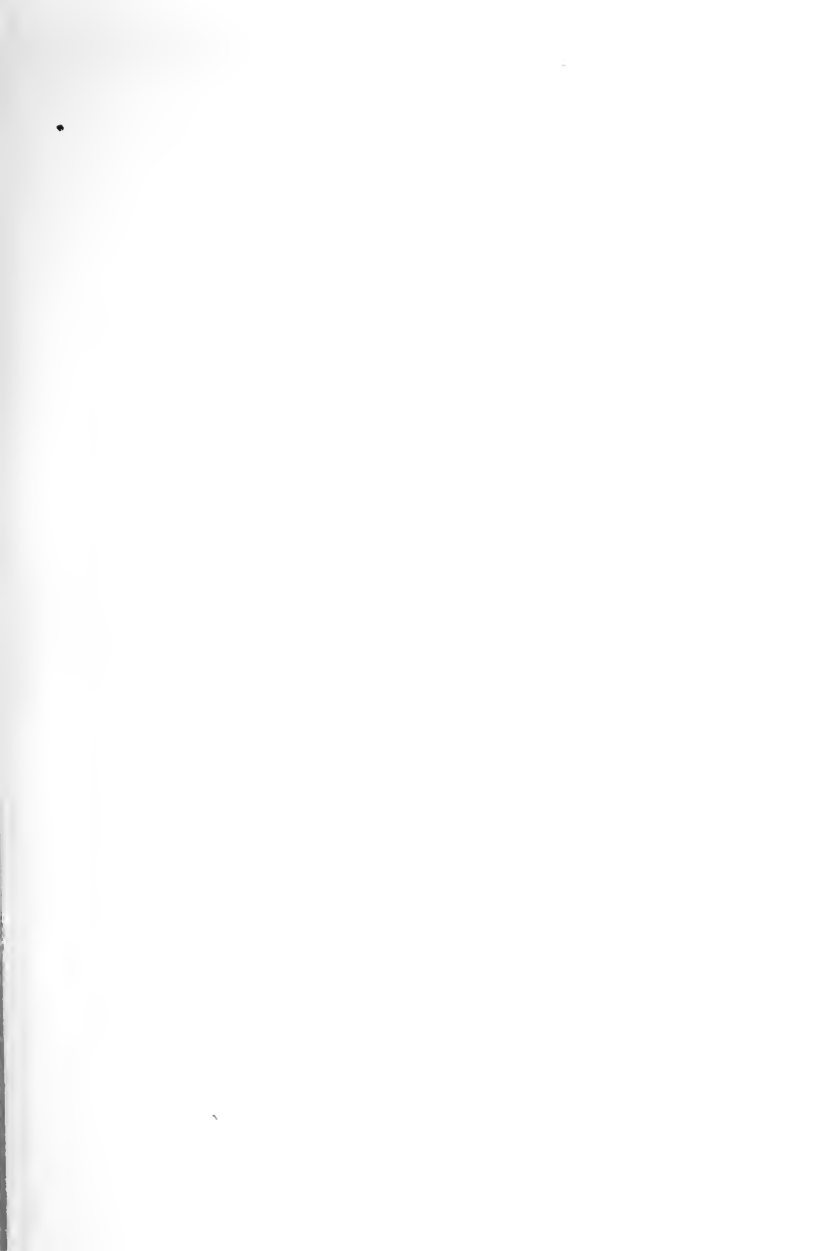


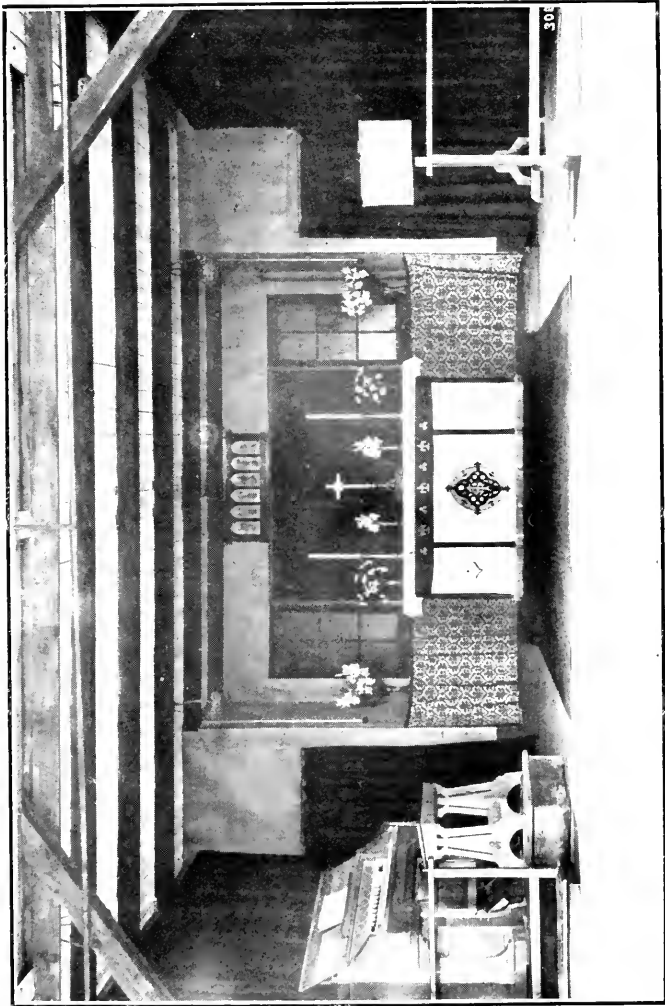
I do feel so sure, though we now alive may not see it in all its clearness and distinctness, that one of the things which will stand out above all others—challenging and appealing—when the war is over, will be the way in which God has heard the prayers of His people, and has asserted and vindicated Himself in answer, bringing “good out of evil, and making the wrath of man turn to His praise.”

## CHAPTER VI

### PRISONERS OF WAR

THERE are none amongst the sufferers through the war who more claim our sympathy than the prisoners. Many of these unfortunate men have been in irksome and deteriorating confinement more than two years, and just at that time of life when it is most important they should be able to put forth their best powers without let or hindrance. They must number by this time, if the reports of the belligerent Powers are correct, nearly five millions. Germany claims to have over two millions. Russia calculated that she had half a million before Christmas 1914, and has been taking them regularly since then, and in vast numbers during the last six months. France with respect to her prisoners as with respect to her own losses remains silent. If we picture to ourselves those five millions of men, in the full strength of their manhood—"in the pink," as my friend at





PRISONERS' CHAPEL AT RÜHLBEN.

Groningen expressed it—and how profoundly for good or ill they are to influence the whole world, after the war, for they come from every part of it, and are of every shade, colour, and religion, the conditions under which they are living and spending one of the most valuable times in their lives acquire for us all an ever more momentous importance.

At the beginning of August 1914, when we in this country were just as unprepared for receiving prisoners as we were for training our new armies, and had become gradually conscious of what spies in our very midst really meant for us, we had to intern our alien residents on a very large scale indeed. Serious hardships and inconveniences were in consequence and of necessity imposed upon many who had done nothing at all to deserve them. No one was satisfied with either the camps for prisoners or those provided for our own men in training, but we had to do the best we could. Quite early in September to my surprise I received a semi-official request from the German authorities that I would visit Newbury, of which German papers were writing with intense bitterness, and report upon the conditions prevailing there. It was added that they would feel satisfied, even if I had to report unfavourably, if I could say

that the British Government would remedy what was wrong as soon as they found themselves able to do so. Needless to say I was able to reply, for we had a most excellent Commandant there, both firm and sympathetic, that the camp authorities and our own Government were doing all they could to mitigate the inconveniences and hardships which internment and imprisonment had brought with them.

This quite unexpected inquiry brought me into communication with members of our own Government, and my satisfactory reply encouraged the authorities in Germany, when statements appeared in their own Press accusing us of harsh treatment of prisoners in this country, to write and inquire if they were true. In consequence I was placed last year by the War Office in charge of all social and religious ministrations in the prisoners-of-war camps in Great Britain and Ireland. I was appointed not in any official or ecclesiastical capacity, but simply because I had proved to be a convenient person to use for the purpose, owing to circumstances; but I have been particularly glad to have this work just when a great part of my duties abroad—in Belgium, Germany, and Austria-Hungary—had been cut off. I felt, too, that

as the German authorities and many of their clergy and other officials had confidence in my truthfulness and fairness, it would be possible for me to contradict false statements, as they appeared in German newspapers, and to help in some small degree to get better conditions for our interned and imprisoned fellow-countrymen in Germany.

In neither of these hopes have I been disappointed. Inquiries about our own camps constantly come to me now from different parts of the German Empire, and last December one of the highest officials in Munich, justly respected all over Bavaria, wrote to say that the son of a leading magistrate there was reported to be imprisoned in one of our camps in a dark and gloomy cellar, with an evil-smelling bed to sleep on, and not enough to eat. This abominable slander was read to the young man, in his camp in the Isle of Man, and his indignant statement that there was not one single word of truth in it was sent back to Bavaria and made known, not only in the magistrate's own family, but everywhere in Munich, and has done great good there.

I will begin by describing the arrangements we make for our own prisoners of war and interned. They are scattered all over the

British Isles—as really suitable places for such large numbers are far removed from each other—in Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and England, Jersey, and the Isle of Man. In some places an almost ideal building was ready to hand at once, as in the case of the Alexandra Palace. Every part of that huge building is fully occupied, though not overcrowded. There are about 2,500 civilians interned there, while there is accommodation for 3,000 ; and, seeing that it is well warmed, well equipped, and beautifully decorated in every part, with spacious grounds overlooking the whole of London, one could hardly wish, if interned at all, for more favourable conditions. The large theatre holding 1,200 people is available for entertainments during the week and for services on Sundays, and there is a capital band. It is a man's duty, of course, to see how he can best use his time, and many of the men when I was there last were studying, exercising, following up some manual occupation, or learning languages.

Our chief concentration camp is in the Isle of Man, where there are 30,000 civilians interned under very healthy conditions. There are nearly 25,000 at Knockaloe, close to Peel, amongst the hills, with beautiful sea



air, and the remainder are at Douglas, on high ground overlooking a bay which often reminds one, in its soft colourings and surroundings, of the Bay of Naples. Knockaloe is under one chief Commandant, with a headquarters staff, who has, as it is divided into four large compounds, four assistant commandants with their own adjutants and other officers.

When I was there for a week lately it was perfectly magnificent weather, but they told me the mud is very trying in the wet weather, and that there is much rain with tempestuous winds. Still, it must be an extraordinarily healthy place, as there are so few in the hospital, and those chronic cases. In all these compounds, at the men's own request, I gave addresses, with prayers and hymns, and most inspiring experiences they were. I shall not soon forget them nor the response they made to my appeals. One's sympathy could be given to those—far and away the greater number of them—who have loved England, and all things English, and never wished to leave, nor thought of leaving, it again. Some have sons fighting for us in France and some of their sons have died for us. But still I said to them frankly—I was very frank throughout—that though it was an

embittering thing to feel that because some were suspected, and rightly, of being spies, and some were evil and treacherous, so many of the innocent had to suffer, yet they must bear the burden their nationality had laid upon them, and suffer with their countrymen. They were quite sensible about it, and said afterwards: "We don't know ourselves, though here with them, who the spies and undesirables are, and it must be still more difficult for the authorities to track them out."

On the Sunday morning I attended an Old Catholic celebration in one of the compounds, taken by Pastor Bollman, formerly of St. Mary's, Charing Cross Road, at which I preached, helped to administer, and gave the blessing. There was some Roumanian music and we administered to Roumanians and other members of the Orthodox Church, some Old Catholics and a few Anglicans—about twenty altogether—but the large hall was packed from end to end with German Protestants who sang their own chorales, listened to the sermon, and followed the service with the keenest and most reverent interest. The friends of the pastor had worked for a whole day at preparing the altar and getting flowers, and for the time being it was really

an impressive and beautiful sanctuary, quite astonishing to those who were only familiar with it in its ordinary and everyday appearance.

The same afternoon I addressed some three thousand men in a great hall, with a gallery, in the camp at Douglas, and had a magnificent orchestra to help us with the service. Amongst them were about seven hundred Jews whose representatives and spokesman, presented to me on arrival, told me how glad he and they were to be at the service. The keen interest and gradually awakening sympathy—at first it seemed to be prejudice, hostility, and curiosity only—nearly swept me off my feet by its reality, and when I offered a little prayer at the end for their homes and wives and children to be kept happily and dutifully together until they could return to them again, praying that it might be soon, I could see that those about me were in tears. And indeed I was very near to it myself as I gave the blessing.

The Commandant is admirable, and I don't know a better camp in its arrangements and the quality of the work it is doing. There is here a "privileged camp," where men pay for special accommodation, but it only means that three men are allowed to share a room—

and that small—and a tiny garden. Here are wealthy and educated Germans, some of them of high rank and two or three of them—the Commandant told me—millionaires. From all the camps in the island men can go out in working parties and there can be no question of the healthy conditions under which they live. A clergyman like Pastor Bollman chafes terribly at being there out of his usual work, but when I said: “Still, you look better and stronger far than when in London,” he frankly said: “I cannot deny it.”

There are other places where the buildings, though not so large, are very well adapted for their purpose, as at Handforth, where the camp is a large rubber manufactory. Just completed when the war broke out, but not used, it is clean, well warmed and spacious, and entirely suitable for its purpose. At Donington Hall, again, which I visited just after our first offensive on the Somme, when there was naturally a little overcrowding, we have an admirable “camp” for officers, where they have every convenience they can reasonably expect. It is certainly not true, however, that they have “luxurious surroundings,” for their rooms are furnished in the simplest manner possible. At another place, Dorchester, the camp is almost entirely com-



BISHOP BURY AND HIS CHAPLAIN WITH GROUP OF INTERNED  
ALIENS AT PEEL, ISLE OF MAN.



posed of temporary huts built for the purpose, and it seems perhaps a little rough compared with others where there are large permanent and excellent buildings, but, as is always the case when the conditions most nearly approach outdoor life, the health of the men is excellent, and they themselves in very good spirits. There are between four and five thousand men there, and no camp is more satisfactory or pleasant to visit.

We follow out our own democratic instincts and traditions in dealing with our prisoners, and allow them to appoint their own "prefects," or foremen, to act at meals, and on other occasions, as non-commissioned officers, and all, are under the supreme command of one superior official—German, of course—who is consulted by the Commandant, usually taken with him on his inspection, and is deservedly trusted and respected by the authorities and his fellow-prisoners alike. We are thus hoping to be able to send back our prisoners with some experience of constitutional rule and authority, and regard for it. The great thing, of course, in the minds of those responsible has been to find the men occupation and interest. The social work is therefore of a very important character, for of course the

combatants, except officers, have nothing in the way of books or appliances, and great numbers of the civilians are poor. The Y.M.C.A., as in our war area abroad and camps here, have full scope for their generous activities, and I look to them for the chief help I need in providing their "Huts" when accommodation is insufficient for services, recreation and other purposes, and even for helping me in meeting some of the expenses of the German clergy. The Friends' Emergency League, which has done such splendid work in France in building temporary homes and churches, also helps us in providing educational books and instruments, and important contributions are made for the same purpose from private funds.

There is great variety in religious ministrations. Roman Catholic clergy, Lutheran pastors and laymen—these are excellent—Jewish rabbis, clergy of our own and of the Free Churches, as well as a Salvation Army captain, all share in this important work. I believe it to be of the very highest importance that all prisoners of war at this time should have the best men we can possibly get for them. They are especially approachable; they have more time to think out things; many of them have been brought

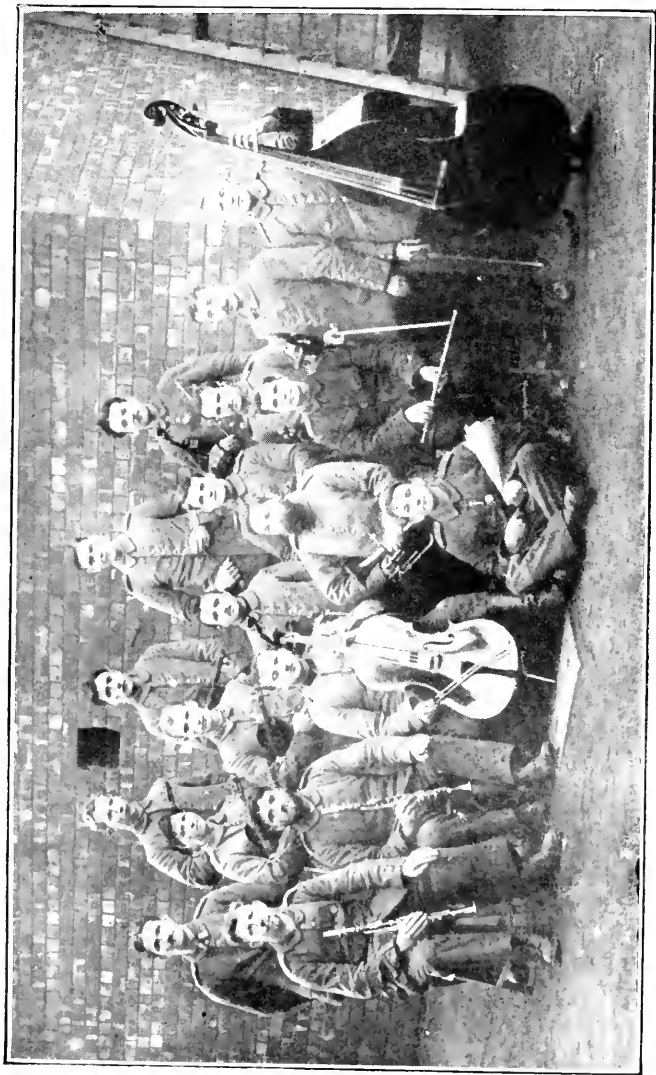


face to face with death and must often think of those who have not survived, and be led to consider how they can make a better use of the life and opportunities which still remain to them. War is a tremendous searchlight, and helps many men to see things in clear and grim reality, and as they have never seen them before. It is therefore almost impossible to think of real men of God, manly, sincere, and sympathetic, going in and out amongst them, with appeals for a higher and better life, for duty, faith, and God, and not making a deep and lasting impression.

In one of our largest camps the Commandant said when I was leaving, after some conversation about the very limited accommodation for the Sunday services, "Well, you'll do your best to get it increased, won't you? I want it at least twice as large, for I can assure you that the men who crowd in there on Sundays are the *best, most reliable, capable, and trustworthy men we have in the camp.*" Under this Commandant there were a great number of the prisoners we took at Loos, and his appreciation of the men who attended the services was no more than the appreciation the whole camp felt for him. Wherever I went with him, as he took me round, the respect which was felt by every

one in the place was shown by the cheerful and bright way in which he was saluted and the friendly and grateful looks which followed him as he passed along.

I may confidently claim for all Commandants and authorities, and for the Home and War Offices, that without any undue indulgence, or forgetting that war is war and that the prisoners are men who have fought against us, our country and its liberties, they are anxious to do all they can to prevent them from deteriorating in their manhood under the strain of this monotonous, irksome, and indefinite captivity, either mentally, morally, physically, or spiritually. I may add that I have gone everywhere in the camps and talked alone with the men, letting them know that I had worked in Germany before the war and loved my work there, and had received nothing but kindness from every one, from the Kaiser downwards, thus leading them to feel that they could speak to me in perfect confidence, and that I should endeavour to remedy a grievance, if it existed. Yet never have I heard one complaint or had anything but expressions of grateful acknowledgment that the Commandant was doing his best for them; except in one very small camp, where the men complained about one



THE BAND AT THE PRISONERS OF WAR CAMP AT SHREWSBURY.



particular inconvenience, which had been inevitable and was remedied as soon as it conveniently could be.

Next let us take the conditions of life for those imprisoned and interned in Germany. I suppose none of us will ever forget the amazement, sorrow, and indignation with which we heard of the indignities and cruelties inflicted by the enemy upon their prisoners at the beginning of the war, and subsequently at Wittenberg. We are told now that the military authorities alone were responsible for this as part of their policy of "frightfulness," but there seems no doubt that the people also in many places were both cruel and insulting to our helpless countrymen, even when they were wounded and on their way to hospital and camp. Personally, I cannot but make this distinction, from all I have learnt, between the Berlin Foreign Office and some of the military authorities, and as we were unprepared for receiving prisoners and interning aliens, so we must remember in justice to the German Government that they too, notwithstanding their numerous barracks and other buildings for their own soldiers, were totally unprepared for receiving not our own men only, but the vast numbers of French and Russians, who were taken prisoners in

the early months of the war. It is very satisfactory, however, to know now that notwithstanding the ever-increasing numbers of prisoners since then, the conditions of the camps—nearly two hundred in number—distinctly improve. From all I hear I feel sure that I may say that the German Commandants as a class are trying their very best to act in the interests of the men under their charge.

The civilians, about 4,000 in number, are interned at Ruhleben, a racecourse with grand stand, horse-boxes, etc., quite near to Berlin, and the Commandant there, who has an English wife, has earned the respect and confidence of our countrymen as completely as he possesses that of his own Government. I had a letter early in the year from an Englishman who had married a German wife—they are as much suspect in Germany as Germans married to Englishwomen are here—in which he said: “Judge of my surprise when I was told that I could have fifteen days at Christmas with my wife at Crefeld. I was overjoyed.” At another camp I hear our officers are allowed to go for country walks unattended, on parole, trusted, as we know they may be, to keep their word to return. Not only were conditions bad at

first in consequence of the absence of proper provision for such large numbers at short notice, but the German mode of administration proved to be thoroughly unsuitable. We might go further and term it disastrous, when we think of all the unnecessary and undeserved sufferings it caused, although we could not expect them to employ any other methods than those with which they were familiar. It was carried out by non-commissioned officers, and for many years now, after the annual autumn manœuvres, bitter complaints have been made regularly in the Reichstag about the harshness and brutalities of this particular class to their own men. It has been no uncommon thing to have nearly a hundred charges brought forward against one non-commissioned officer ; and I heard of a case when I was last at Berne, in which nearly a thousand instances of disgusting acts of tyranny had been alleged against one single petty officer whose business it was to look at the teeth of the men and see that they kept them and their mouths clean and in order. Soldiers, too, writing from the different fronts to their homes in various parts of Germany, have complained continually, all through the war, of cruelties inflicted upon them by their own non-commissioned

officers, and these letters have been mentioned in the Reichstag from time to time. We can hardly be surprised, therefore—it was inevitable—that these men should be harsh and unfeeling towards enemies and aliens, seeing that they were the same to their fellow-countrymen. No watchfulness on the part of Commandants could prevent it in the camps any more than commanding officers had been able to prevent it in garrison life or manœuvres.

Then, again, our own men are not so docile and accustomed to discipline as the Germans, and would not, and did not, take quietly the bullying and brow-beating to which they were subjected. The result was that, though individual non-commissioned officers were fair and just, yet, as the majority of them were of very different character, there was intolerable suffering, and mean and persistent persecution. The British suffered more than other nationalities, as they are more independent and less accustomed to military authority. It may be easily understood therefore how one might meet two parents in the same afternoon, as I have done in London, and one would say: "I have just heard from my son in Ruhleben and he tells me they are treated worse than



dogs there. He does not know how he can go on bearing it." And the other would report: "My son tells me that it's not at all bad in Ruhleben. They get on fairly well, and are finding things quite decent." It would be just a question of whether there was the good or bad type of non-commissioned officer in each case.

A little time ago I was told an amusing story which I need not mind repeating here, as it shows that an unpromising start may have a satisfactory end. In one of the camps where combatants were imprisoned a new non-commissioned officer had been added to the staff. The first night he came on duty, before turning off the light, he said by way of asserting himself: "Now you English swine, you worse than dogs and cats and farmyard fowls, the light is going out and if I hear a sound after that you'll suffer for it, I can tell you," and so on. There was an instant silence which to an Englishman would have been at once suspicious, but which was to the non-commissioned officer an intense satisfaction. After a moment or two a dog was heard barking loudly at the bottom of the room, and the sergeant, angry and surprised, went down to find and turn it out, muttering: "Every one knows dogs are not

allowed." As he drew near the place two or three cats mewed and spit at each other just behind him. Startled and furious, he wheeled round to find nothing, but to hear, at that end of the room he had just left, the shrill crowing of a cock. Growing very hot and angry, he looked suspiciously at the silent and still forms of the men on every side, when suddenly they all lifted their heads and began to cough violently. The noise must have been almost as nerve-trying as shrapnel! With his hands to his ears he strode back to the place he had left, and turning round, with heated face, waited. When the coughing at last ceased, and there was quiet, he said in an almost choking voice: "*Gentlemen*, I'm sorry I said what I did. Will you think no more of it? I have my duty to do. Let us work together and perhaps after all we may be friends." Any one who knows the average Englishman there would know how that appeal would go home, and how the men would say to themselves: "He's a sportsman after all," and go off to sleep, and that after such a start they would give their officer no more unnecessary trouble.

But the non-commissioned officer administration is long since over in German camps, as far at any rate as our own men are con-

cerned. There was a change for the better early last year, when, as I have said elsewhere, these officers were taken away for active service and replaced by those who had served at the front. But as the year went on the Commandants saw that it would be best to put our own men in charge as far as possible in all minor duties, and so appointed them, and arranged finally things just as they are in the camps in this country. Now our countrymen are allowed to elect the minor officials themselves, which is in every way, we feel, the most satisfactory course. As far as social matters go there is nothing to complain of, but with respect to food we doubt if our men could live in anything like health, if at all, unless they had bread and parcels of food regularly sent to them. They could not, unless driven by starvation, eat the black war-bread supplied them, while the soup and coffee are very poor and unsatisfying.

The Russians, however, have no such difficulties, as they are accustomed to the sour rye bread—in some poor districts in Russia they think of Paradise as a place “where every one will have enough black bread to eat”—and so they are the gainers, for our men, wherever they have them as fellow-prisoners, usually give them their camp

rations. They have tremendous appetites, these great giants from the Steppes and country villages, and all sorts of stories are told of Englishmen trying to ply them with food until satisfied, but always without success.

Ruhleben is now very complete. There is a large recreation hall—available for services also—supplied by the Y.M.C.A., and classes and all kinds of occupations go on regularly, with a picture-palace, camp journal, and excellent band. No one need be dull or idle or pass the time unprofitably unless he is determined to make no use of the opportunities the camp affords him. We must, however, feel the deepest sympathy with the prisoners, for the monotony, confinement, absence from all that makes life dear, and above all the miserable uncertainty as to how long their irksome captivity is to last, must make it a daily anxiety and continued strain. The authorities, and German people through them, have been very much impressed with the resourcefulness, initiative, versatility, and good spirits our men have shown from the first, and our discerning and experienced chaplain in Berlin, who visits all he can, wrote in one of his recent letters, "I'm proud of them!"

Many of our men have been allowed to offer

themselves for work outside, and having done so are not allowed to withdraw their offer until the war is over, nor to choose the kind of work. This has caused much friction with the authorities, as they naturally refused to do anything which directly or indirectly was concerned with the manufacture of ammunition. It is strange to us, almost inconceivable that they should be expected to do so, though possibly the more logical Teutonic mind sees no difference between doing the work which releases others for munitions and doing it oneself. We feel, however, that there *is* a difference. In the Mosaic legislation there was the prohibition—it is repeated again and again—"Thou shalt not seethe a kid in his mother's milk." It could not make the least difference, of course, whether the flesh of a young kid was stewed in the milk which its own mother had given or in that of another goat. But it was evidently felt that there would be something brutalising in the act; and we feel that they would be somewhat callous men who could work cheerfully at shot and shell intended for their own countrymen's destruction. It was a relief to me, I know, when I heard from our chaplain at Riga, "The church bell has been taken away," to know that it could not now,

after calling us to prayer so often, be melted down and made into ammunition to destroy our Russian Allies, if Riga should fall into the enemy's hands. That intuition which, outside the realm of either logic or strict reason, leads our men in Germany to say, "No, we will not work at munitions to be used against our own countrymen," is, some of us believe, one of those things which go to form the highest character and noblest ideals.

I wish I could report as satisfactory provision for religious services for the prisoners in Germany as we have provided for those in this country. There is only one clergyman in the whole German Empire of British nationality—the Rev. H. M. Williams, Chaplain of Berlin—and he has his own regular services to maintain at St. George's, as it is for those duties he was really allowed to remain in the country. He has in the most heroic way possible visited the prisoners as well, and in a letter in the spring he said: "I have visited a hundred and thirty-two camps since Christmas, and held services in all of them"; but one feels that such super-human efforts cannot well be maintained, and that he ought to have at least four other clergy sent out to his assistance. No appeals to the German Foreign Office to

allow anything of this character have as yet brought us any answer, though we shall still persevere in making them.\* There are American clergy at work, a clergyman of our own Church (though not British), at least forty German pastors, and some German Student Christians also giving a helping hand, and I dare say our men are grateful enough for their services; but they ought to be allowed to have Englishmen to minister to Englishmen there, as we arrange that Germans shall minister to Germans here. It is difficult indeed to understand why the German Government will not grant us such a reasonable and just request.

It is not easy to get any very definite information as to the numbers of British prisoners in Austria. They are few, I feel sure, but we may be certain that they are well treated. Not a word of complaint has come from Austria, or about Austrians, since the war began. While English girls, teaching and working in families in Germany, were sent out of the country, the Austrians besought those who were with them to remain, and in some cases offered them double salaries.

\* Another definite refusal has just come as these pages go to press.

They are allowed to go freely to and fro and to travel by rail. Austrian prisoners of war in Serbia acted as orderlies in the hospitals during the typhus epidemic and died in great numbers. They even relieved the Serbians, I am told, on the frontier and *did sentry duty*! Our chaplains for Serbia—all have now returned—two of whom were taken prisoners when the Bulgarian invasion took place, assure me that they had the greatest kindness and courtesy from the Austrian officers, and that their Austrian orderlies wept bitterly when they had to leave them. Again and again Austrians have said: "We are sorry to be fighting against England, and never expected it."

In Russia the Governors of the various provinces, as soon as prisoners began to arrive in Siberia, where they were sent because at that distance few would be tempted to try and escape and therefore need not be put in compounds behind barbed wire, issued proclamations to the peasants. These were very remarkable productions indeed, especially the one put forth by the Governor of Akmo-linsk, hundreds of miles from a railway, and in the heart of the Steppes—I know the place well—of which a copy was sent me. In it he



reminded the peasants that enemies when taken prisoner were not to be regarded as "enemies" any longer, but received into the peasants' houses, helped to obtain work, and to keep themselves from deteriorating idleness. "The Russian people have too noble a soul," he said, "for them to be cruel to those in misfortune. Peasants! receive not the prisoners sent to you as your enemies. In the majority they are peaceful and hard workers, and only by force of necessity have they taken part in battle. . . . Bear yourselves to them with dignity. Be just and have consideration for others' sorrow."

These lofty sentiments were accompanied by the most practical directions as to the way in which the Czar's proclamation that prisoners were to be allowed to work, earn money, and preserve their self-respect, was to be carried out. The prisoners were told in the same proclamation that they would be required to "behave with decency, not violate the order of the village, be civil to all, and especially to their hosts, and obey the orders of the village authorities." Finally all alike were told that a careful and regular inspection would be made of every house in which a prisoner was received. The names of those who were to inspect were given, and I

have since heard how carefully and regularly these inspections have been made.

I do not think I have ever read anything more remarkable in my life than this public notice, issued on his own initiative, quite early in the war, by a simple provincial Governor, so far away from all the great centres of life and civilisation. It speaks clearly enough for the spirit in which the Russians have undertaken and carried out their "Holy War." The practical results too of this enlightened policy must be excellent, and in many cases I know that they have been so. In village after village, where all the able-bodied men have left, the work of carpenters, wheelwrights, shoemakers, tailors, agriculturists, etc., goes on as before, and the absent workers are replaced by orderly and contented substitutes, grateful for the kind treatment accorded them. Our own British-owned mines in Siberia now have Austrian prisoners happily at work in place of the Russians and Khirgese who have been mobilised and sent to the front. All are voluntary workers, and none, I am assured, are compelled to work or required to do anything for which they are unfitted or which they find uncongenial. I have lately heard from Siberia of the exertions the Comman-

dants are making to get fish in large quantities—the prisoners cheerfully going out to the great lakes to help—as Russia has four meatless days for every one, and upon the other three days of the week meat is costly and very difficult to get.

Russia's attitude to her prisoners was symbolised to me in a description I read, early in the war, of a gigantic Russian stooping over a stricken and wounded German, and saying to him: "Don't worry. You are amongst friends. Try to forget that you are a prisoner, and think only that you are a guest." Mr. Robert McCormick, whose father had been American Ambassador, was invited last year by M. Sazonoff and the Grand Duke Nicholas to visit the Russian front, and in his interesting book *With the Russian Army* tells us amongst other things of the humane way in which prisoners of war have been treated. Care for their prisoners is to the Russians a religious duty, and Mr. McCormick gives a characteristic illustration. The enemy had been continually bombing an old freight shed where there were wounded, and a lady was very emphatic in her denunciations of bomb attacks upon hospitals. "Why don't you concentrate the wounded prisoners here?" asked a man present. "Oh," she

replied with a visible shudder, "God would not like that."

When we remember that to the Russians God and Christ are interchangeable terms, and that they frequently use the former where we should use the latter, we can see the real significance of that remark: "*God* would not like that."

There is an internment camp in Norway as well as in Holland, at Jorstadmoen. It is a little more than 128 miles from Christiania—Faaberg is the station—and the survivors of the *India* are there. The chaplain from Christiania gives them services from time to time, and his faithfulness and thought for them are much appreciated. I am told that they have not as yet felt the irksomeness of confinement as our fellow-countrymen at Groningen have done. They have had a hard and strenuous life in the past, and are not as dissatisfied as we might suppose them to be with their enforced rest. Every consideration is shown them by the Norwegian Government just as it is in our own country, as far as we can possibly secure it, both with respect to our interned and prisoners of war.

Our Government has been accused of very inhumane treatment of German missionaries,





THE OBERBÜRGERMEISTER OF MUNICH.

and others, captured in the Cameroons, and the charges have been widely circulated in America, and mentioned in our own newspapers also. Attention was drawn to the entirely unfounded nature of these charges in *Goodwill* for January last, and I cannot do better—as space would not permit me to deal with them here—than refer the reader who wishes to know the truth to a Blue-book issued by Wyman & Sons, containing “Correspondence relative to the alleged ill-treatment of German subjects captured in the Cameroons.” We all admit *mistakes* were made early in the war, and hardships inflicted owing to our own want of experience and unpreparedness, but few, if any, impartial people will refuse to acknowledge that this is all that is to be laid to our charge. The really terrible things which happened in the Cameroons were the result of the misgovernment and oppression which the natives had been compelled to endure from the enemy’s officials before the war began.

As I conclude this chapter I hear from the highest military authority in Germany that I am to be allowed to visit Ruhleben, and take services there. This permission is to be granted me owing to the exertions of the Oberbürgermeister of Munich, who with his

City Council has been extremely and unusually kind to me and our continental clergy on the two occasions when we have held our Annual Conference at Munich—1911 and 1914. I shall have left, I hope, by the time this is in print, unless something unforeseen happens.



## CHAPTER VII

### “ MANFULLY ”

WHEN the cross is traced upon our brows at baptism it is in token that we shall *all* serve Christ “manfully.” I have loved to dwell upon this at my confirmations all over Europe when the candidates have included girls, and to remind them of the way in which the women of our country have come forward “manfully” in their response to their country’s call for service.

It is almost beyond praise or ordinary words of appreciation. Who would have thought it possible two years ago, when so many were viewing the course of the Women’s Movement with great concern and grave anxiety, that in the great crisis of the nation’s history, as men were taken away from every part of our social life to serve and fight, women would quietly slip into their places and carry on the nation’s work as before?

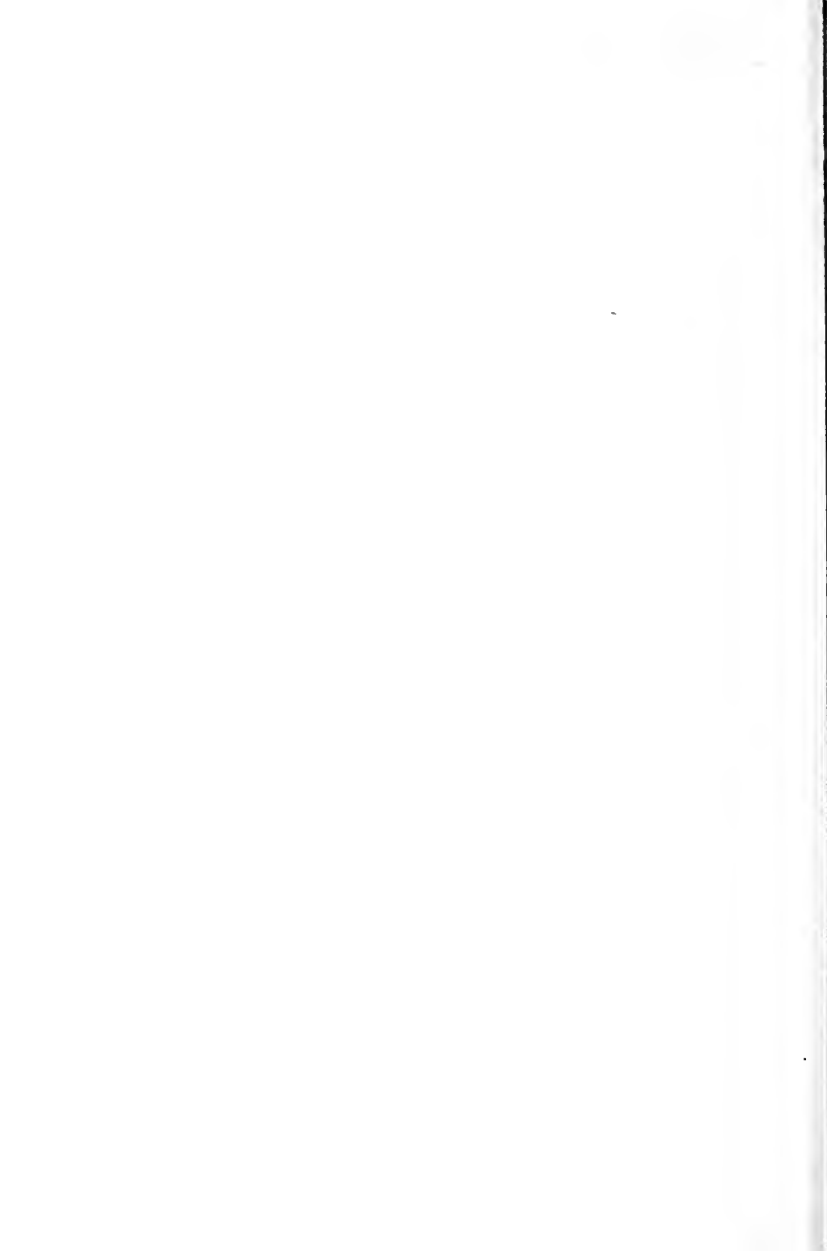
It is an amazing thing, even in this country, to realise what our women have accomplished

and are accomplishing for the nation's service, but I find it more marked, and increasingly so, as I go about the vast war area. When the history of this war comes to be written, one of the most instructive things recorded will, I feel sure, be the way in which the womanhood of the belligerent nations has risen to the occasion, and come into its own. The women of Carthage, who in the last of the Punic wars shared every hardship, even cutting off their hair to make ropes for that heroic defence, could hardly have done more than ours have done.

When I first came into touch with the war area, and the combatants and non-combatants who are sharing our great national effort, in visiting our Naval Division interned in Holland last year, I began to realise a little of the part which the women of our country were to take in it. The two ladies in our camp at Groningen made all the difference to its influence. They were indefatigable, and always amongst the men. They wrote letters, advised men when writing their own, taught them knitting and other accomplishments, received their confidences, shared their games, taught them in class weekday and Sunday, prayed with them in private, worshipped with them in public, received communion with them, and



ABBAY OF ROYAUMONT—CONCERT IN THE REFECTORY.



just set forth womanhood at its very best amongst men who were feeling as acutely as they possibly could what it meant to be entirely shut off from woman's society and home influences.

I have noticed it also in the actual *Zone des Armées* itself. There is first the really noble work of nurses and matrons. “I felt I was amongst angels after what I had gone through,” a badly wounded man said to me in hospital, and then, looking wistfully at the very young girls as they moved to and fro amongst the beds, “Sometimes I feel it can't be quite real after the hell I've been through.” There is also the splendid service rendered by those who have gone over in parties to give the men amusement and recreations, and cheer them in what often seems a really deadly monotony of life. And there is, just as at Groningen, the far-reaching influence of those, sometimes quite young girls, though most of them are experienced, who supplement the work of the superintendent and his men assistants at the canteen and in the general work of the Y.M.C.A. and Church Army huts all over the great war area. A year ago, when men came nightly from the trenches to be sent over for their first few days of furlough, I found it very touching to watch

them following with admiring eyes the ladies moving about with their cups of tea, cake, and poached eggs. They had not seen one of their own countrywomen for many long and weary months, and it made them feel they were really going home. They were, as they always are, so chivalrous and deferential to those who in their turn were gentle and attentive to their every want, conveying, as perhaps only a woman can, in a subtle way of her own, the assurance, "We feel that we can't do enough for you!"

The ladies stand behind the buffet in the canteen and hand out cigarettes and other purchases. It may not seem much to superficial observers, but they don't notice the little asides, "Miss, may I speak to you some time. I want you to write a letter for me"—or "I want your advice"—or "I've misbehaved myself, and I want to ask you to help me to put it right," etc., etc.

There is nothing in the way of woman's influence which has not been brought to bear upon our men in every branch of the service—and there are many—since the war began, and never in our history has it been more appreciated. Let me rather fully describe, however, a special bit of women's work which has greatly impressed me during my

very varied experiences in France this year, and all the more by reason of its old-time surroundings and their historic and devout associations.

In a beautiful position near the Oise, on rather low ground, but in well-timbered and cultivated country, the Abbaye Royaumont, at Asnières, about twenty miles from Paris, completes a particularly attractive picture, even in that lovely country of forest, field, and winding stream. The abbey was founded in 1228 by the widow of Louis VIII in fulfilment of a vow, and must have been most magnificent, if one is to judge by the important parts which still remain. The great church of a later convent is almost entirely gone, but there are still picturesque fragments of the cloisters and other buildings, which show how beautiful the ancient conventual establishment must have been. Partially destroyed during the Revolution, it has been rebuilt, restored, and inhabited at different times by various communities of nuns, but was finally abandoned altogether, and then left empty and desolate for ten years.

In December, 1914, however, the Gouin family, who had become its owners, placed it at the disposal of the nation for Red Cross purposes. The National Union of Women's

Suffrage Societies had, fairly early in the war, established three hospitals in France and two in Serbia, and by arrangement with the British Red Cross Society the Scotch suffragists were invited by the French society for the help of wounded soldiers to establish themselves at Royaumont. This they accordingly did at the time I have mentioned, and have the most interesting experiences to relate.

I cannot help thinking it would have taken the heart out of the women of any other nationality than our own to find things as they did on arrival at the old abbey. There was nothing at all prepared for them except bare walls and empty rooms. No lighting, no means of heating the place, no kitchen, no appliances for cooking, no supply of water for all the vast amount of washing and cleansing that had to be done. They were twenty miles from the capital, and a considerable distance from the nearest railway station, and yet, as the French admiringly tell us, with true British pluck these young countrywomen of ours simply revelled in all the difficulties and deficiencies they had to encounter. *Elles s'y mirent avec entrain, acceptant joyeusement les besognes les plus infimes.*<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Le Livre d'Or des Œuvres de la Guerre.* Paris, 1916.



In the shortest time possible—it is most interesting and amusing to see the temporary expedients, as well as the more permanent appliances, which they devised—the doctors, nurses, and orderlies, seventy in number, had everything in order, a really first-class hospital established, with 250 beds, and everything complete.

The Chief Surgeon of the hospital is Miss Ivens, M.B., M.S., of London, with a most admirable staff—*entourée d'un élite de femmes doctoresses*, the French report says—seven in number, three of whom take charge of the laboratory for bacteriology, radiography chamber, and anæsthetics, respectively, with four assistant surgeons, twenty-four sisters, and thirty orderlies. Another lady, Miss Loudon, takes charge of all the orderlies, who make themselves useful in every conceivable way, and are known to the wounded and convalescents as Miss Bureau, Miss Cuisine, Miss Lingerie, Miss Automobile, etc., etc., as they identify them with the work for which they are specially responsible.

It can easily be imagined that the French public were profoundly interested in this admirable work as soon as it became known through the press. The medical profession were especially interested, not only because

it was one of the few British hospitals in France, but because they were told it was administered entirely by most "advanced feminists." (*A l'étonnement du grand public ce sont des suffragists, c'est à dire les plus avancées des feministes.*<sup>1</sup>) They all, however, give the most whole-hearted and ungrudging testimony to the thoroughness and ability with which this most beneficent work has been carried on, notwithstanding all the difficulties which had to be surmounted.

I must not forget to mention the admirable secretary, Miss Cicely Hamilton, author of *Diana of Dobson's*, who is one of the keenest and most capable influences of the place, and one of the most hard-worked.

It was a beautiful evening just before Easter when I and the chaplain of the Embassy Church at Paris, who had brought me a cordial invitation to visit the abbey, arrived at the railway station. A Red Cross ambulance was in waiting, without its stretchers of course, to convey us, with a few of the orderlies who had been shopping in Paris, to Royaumont. The chauffeur, Miss Williams, was admirable, and as I sat with her in front for the drive I began first to learn what making a hospital out of nothing had really meant:

<sup>1</sup> *Livre d'Or.*

She and the other chauffeur, Miss McGregor, would have gained the admiration of the whole Army Service Corps in France could they have heard some of their experiences. That drive was a fitting introduction to the visit.

The old abbey looked wonderfully beautiful as we took a long sweep round its front and drew up at the open door, but its interior was even more attractive. We were cordially welcomed by Miss Ivens and Miss Loudon, and conducted at once up the great staircase and along the spacious corridors to our rooms, and asked “ not to be long ” before coming down to supper, as we were already late. When left alone I looked round my large room with its two beds, one of which was considerably placed there to hold my robes, and all the little appliances for washing and holding towels, etc., devised by the resourceful orderlies. Then I looked from the casement windows, entirely uncurtained, out into the moonlight, which made the other parts of the abbey stand out sharp and clear, and then at the large log fire blazing so cheerfully upon the open hearth. I felt that I should hardly be surprised if the door opened in the night and I saw some red-slipped angel standing there, as in Carpaccio’s pic-

ture, or even St. Louis himself stealing in to tell me how again and again in spirit he was present to bless the work. It was in his private oratory I was to hold an evening service later, and celebrate Holy Communion next morning.

Tempting as it was to stop and meditate, we were "not long," the Paris chaplain and I, before we were seated at table in the old refectory below for the simple evening meal. It was a novel sight, the small tables for "doctoresses"—I shall call them so after the example the French have set me—nurses and orderlies in the large pillared and beautifully vaulted hall, with the Union Jack at one end and a large elevated gallery at the other, and yet never, I thought, had a more goodly assembly sat at meat there. The food was as simple as in the old days, only the cheapest and plainest of "cups and platters" were allowed, and all waited upon themselves. All was as in the bygone past except that the little rostrum for the one who read aloud during the meals was untenanted, and that, instead of the silence which was then of obligation, there were cheerful voices on all sides and happy laughter.

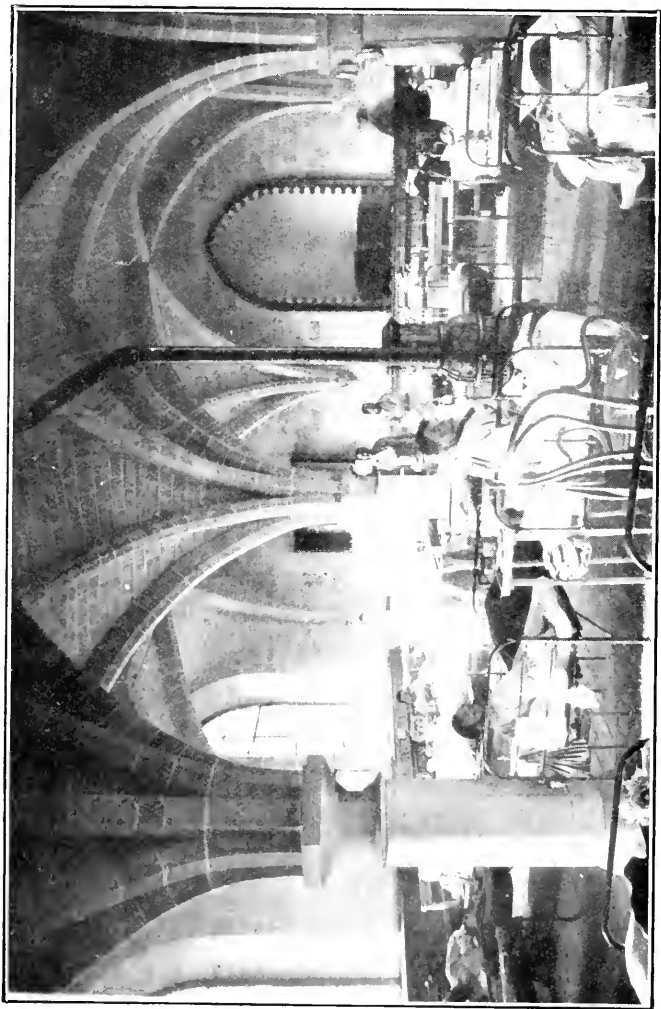
The great stove sent out its heat, its unattractive pipe went out of one of the traceried

windows—there was no other way—the electric light was just sufficient to let us see what we were doing, the moonlight shone, in, and seemed to bring out startlingly the contrast between what had been and what is there now, and yet all through that never-to-be-forgotten visit I found myself thinking of the spirits of the nuns flitting to and fro along cloisters and hall and the great dormitories where the wounded were lying, even into the operating room, laboratory, and radiograph room, and feeling that it was just that Christlike work that they loved to see in their old home, and of which they loved to think, as they had done of their own, that it was blessed by God.

In the oratory later on we had our even-song together, doctresses, nurses, orderlies, with Passiontide hymns, “ When I survey the wondrous Cross,” etc. It was a great privilege to tell those devoted women how some of us have felt the new significance which this appalling war has given to “ I was sick and ye visited Me,” and how God in His immanence is suffering with us and for us and in us all, at this sad time, suffering in every wounded and sick soldier—“ Himself bare our sicknesses ”—and that to minister to them is to minister directly to Him. It is

not that He has made their cause His own by saying "I was sick," etc., but that their sufferings *are* His by the unity of Deity with our human experiences. To minister to the wounded is to minister directly to God as He has revealed Himself in Christ. It is this which keeps the highest standard ever before us, and which gives us the assurance that no ministration, however simple, is without its result. Every bit of service is to the good, and every single thing in the course of hospital work is pure gain. "Not even a cup of cold water shall lose its reward." The little dimly lighted chapel, with those noble women for congregation, will long live in my memory, as well as the celebration next morning at half-past seven, with the feeling of being very near to St. Louis as we said "With all the company of Heaven," before the Ter Sanctus. There are times when one is overwhelmed with the sense of the privilege of being a minister of Christ and of His Word and Sacraments, and this was one of them.

What struck me so forcibly at Royaumont was the entire absence of the "professional." Most men are easy to tell! A doctor, barrister, lawyer, clergyman, business man soon proclaims himself to the observant, but as we sat together for a symposium after our



ABBEY OF ROYAUMONT—ONE OF THE WARDS.





evening service, or breakfasted next morning in the doctors' room, and conversation was general, it would, I feel sure, never have entered the head of any one who did not know beforehand that this was the administration of a great hospital. There was no "shop," nothing technical, no obtruding of what must have been of such absorbing interest to all there, but just the conversation of ordinary refined British gentlewomen, and I am glad to be able to picture such evenings and such meals together—for no doubt they are the rule—as a great relief from all the arduous duties and technical interests, work and study of the day.

After breakfast I went on one of the most interesting rounds of inspection I have ever made, with Miss Ivens kindly giving up her morning to enable me to see things thoroughly. The operating room, in which she had already conducted 1,600 operations of a very special character, I am told, was the first place we visited, and it was wonderful to see how completely it was equipped, down to the smallest detail, just as if it had been one of our first-class base hospitals. Then came the X-rays chamber, with those remarkable radiographs showing all the vagaries of bits of shrapnel as they wander hither and thither

in a human body without doing such serious harm that modern surgery cannot put things right. The assistant was extraordinarily keen and expert: So also was the girl in the bacteriology laboratory, who was not only assistant to the " doctress " in charge of that important department, but had charge of the " cultures." It was delightful to see her tremendous interest in such work, and to hear extraordinary things about the feeding of the bacteria from such a young girl, and think of what would have probably been her chief interests at that age if she had lived some twenty or thirty years ago.

Space does not permit further description of the whole *ménage*, and perhaps to those experienced in hospitals there would not seem to be anything especially striking in the arrangements and general equipment I have mentioned, but I am sure the most experienced of hospital visitors would have found something unusually appealing in the quaint *entourage* and the youth of those concerned.

The wounded soldiers lie in beautiful old chambers, the beds being placed amongst the pillars which support exquisitely groined roofs, supplying, with the jackets of the patients, great warmth of colour.

There was no mistaking the affectionate respect and regard that the men feel for those who are ministering to their sad necessities. Their faces lighted up with pleasure as we drew near and they answered Miss Ivens' questions; though they looked perturbed now and then as they glanced at her companions, not sure at first till I talked with them and explained things that I was not some specialist come from Paris to consult as to what serious operations might be considered necessary. In one of the rooms where, with characteristic consideration, they had established a ward for women and small children from the neighbourhood, as doctors are scarce nowadays, I noticed at once how worried all the women appeared to be. Miss Ivens was puzzled. "I've not seen them like this before. They are generally cheerful, and there is no reason why they shouldn't be," she said. "Perhaps they are thinking that Mr. Blunt and I are Paris surgeons come to advise a serious operation," I suggested. As soon as they were told who we really were the effect was magical, and a more cheerful crowd would be difficult to find in any hospital.

Everything is done to make the treatment permanent in its results, and I need hardly

say that fresh air plays a very important part. *Le plein air*, the *Livre d'Or* reports, *semble être un élément caractéristique des cures de Royaumont*, and I have not the least doubt that the large open windows were received very ruefully at first by those whose object in life when passengers by rail or tram seems to be to avoid *un courant d'air*. They have learnt now, however, the benefits of sleeping in the open air, lying out in the outer court for a sun-bath, and also in the great cloisters and corridors where the fresh air does its strengthening and restoring work. In the trenches themselves, of course, all the men engaged find their health steadily improves even in bad weather, and a really badly wounded man told me that he had never turned in except in soakingly wet blankets for the past three months, and yet had always slept soundly and awoke refreshed.

The village *curé* gives the soldiers their religious ministrations, and is justly esteemed by every one. Of course he is old—all French priests of military age are at the front—but he is an indefatigable and true pastor, ready, like the Good Shepherd, to lay down his life for the sheep. Having heard a little about the operation known as transfusion, in which the blood of one man is conveyed to

another in danger of dying from sheer loss of blood, he presented himself one day and said: “ I am old, and have not long to live in any case. Can I not give my blood so that the young who have lost theirs in defence of our country can have a fuller and longer life to live ? ” His is a very faithful ministry, and he is beloved and respected by all who have to do with him. He is a real man, as well as a true priest, as is being said of those 20,000 priests now serving in the ranks—many having come, young expelled monks among them, from foreign countries to recruit voluntarily—who by their manhood and priesthood alike have helped on the spiritual revival which is so marked a feature in France to-day.

Perhaps the good *curé* was influenced more than he knew by the spirit of the work which has now so closely touched his own life and service and come so intimately into his parish. No one with a heart at all could fail to be moved by the noble self-denial of such devoted women and their passionate desire to alleviate human suffering. “ They seek to find and relieve pain,” the French account says, “ as one would seek for hidden treasure.” (*Elles cherchent la douleur comme on cherche un trésor*). All, from chief surgeon to the

youngest orderlies, who bore the severities of winter in their dormitories near the roof with no fires and only linen hangings to form cubicles, are whole-heartedly in their work, and fulfil their duties with remarkable calm and absence of self-consciousness such as I for one have seldom met before.

This work is not quite so exceptional as I thought at the time, for I find that there is a hospital in London in Endell Street, W.C., with 500 beds, of which the staff is entirely feminine, under Mrs. (Dr.) Garrett Anderson; but still there cannot be quite the same sense of romance and attractiveness that one finds at Royaumont, nor could it, I fancy, set one thinking, as the French are doing already, whether the absence of the direct influence of women in the political life and counsels of the nation is not a very serious loss to our social, political, and national life. That is the Woman's Movement claim—as the French remind us, "Our rights that we may fulfil our duties." (*Obtenir tout notre droit afin de mieux remplir notre devoir.*)

As we left the old abbey I caught sight in the hall of the first man who had appeared during our visit. He looked quite deprecating and apologetic, as though thinking, as Lot thought of Zoar, "Please overlook

me. I'm only a little one." He, however, put our bags into the car, the other chauffeur, Miss McGregor, took her place, and we were soon away, waving very grateful adieux to those of our most kind hostesses who were able to see us off, and deeply grateful for our very stimulating visit. I went on to the French General Headquarters to visit General Yarde Buller, the British military attaché, and though our papers were correctly made out, the photographs which should have been pasted in had been overlooked, and it seemed doubtful for a few moments whether we should be allowed to pass the barrier, for the cordon is very strictly and tightly drawn; but Miss McGregor's calm composure and resourcefulness in explanation, and the knowledge that she had brought us straight from the ladies who were ministering so devotedly to the French *blessés*, carried us through, and again we felt indebted to Royaumont.

It was very interesting indeed to be at the French Headquarters for a little time and see the little plain red brick house where General Joffre lives—he was absent himself—and mark the same expression on the face of every one we met. I saw a great change in the French people of all classes since

July 1915. Then they were very grave and serious, as now, but there was a shade of wistfulness in the expression of every face, even anxiety here and there, and evident solicitude. Now it is quite extraordinary to notice the change. They are serious and thoughtful still everywhere. But, without the least levity, there is an assurance, confidence, and quiet hopefulness which are good to see and that promise good things for the future. I do not believe that a great victory would cause any excitement or outburst of feeling in France now. It would, I think, only deepen the seriousness and strength of an increased national confidence.

I am not allowed to write of my experiences at French Headquarters, nor even to name the place, though all the world knows it, but I shall always be glad to link it in association and memory with Royaumont. It may be that I shall see that most attractive of hospitals yet again, though I hope for the sake of suffering humanity it may not long be needed, but whether I do or not I can confidently say that I doubt whether the old abbey has ever sent forth a more grateful and appreciative guest. I can understand fully what the French wounded feel after being not only healed but cared for so



maternally. “ Wrapt round with the sense of it ” they are said to feel when they have to leave. They have been softened in heart, but braced and strengthened in spirit, as every man is who comes under a good woman’s influence, and helped to set their faces more resolutely than ever in the direction where duty calls, and without looking back ; as one of them said : “ *Je regretterai ce Paradis, mais je repartirai au front sans retourner la tête.* ”

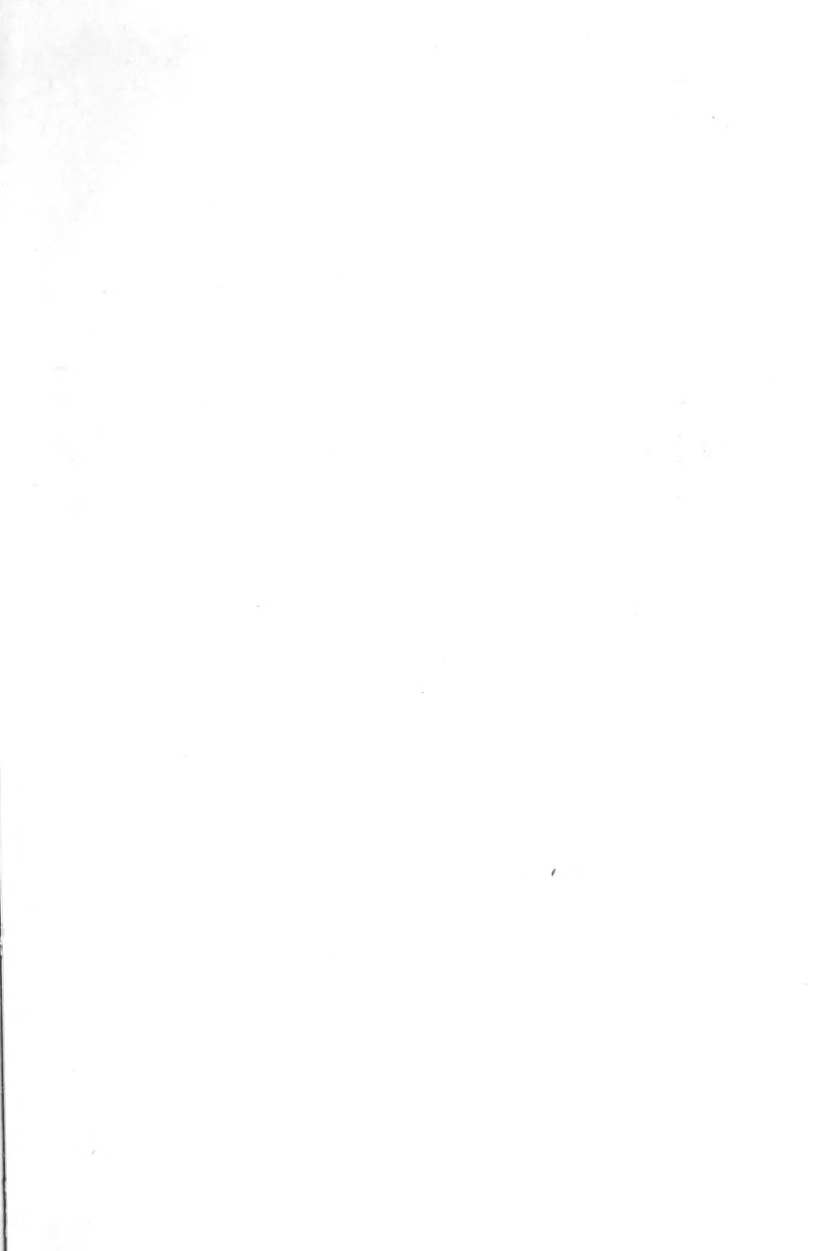
Of those who have put such a spirit into wounded men it may be said they have ministered to them “ manfully.”

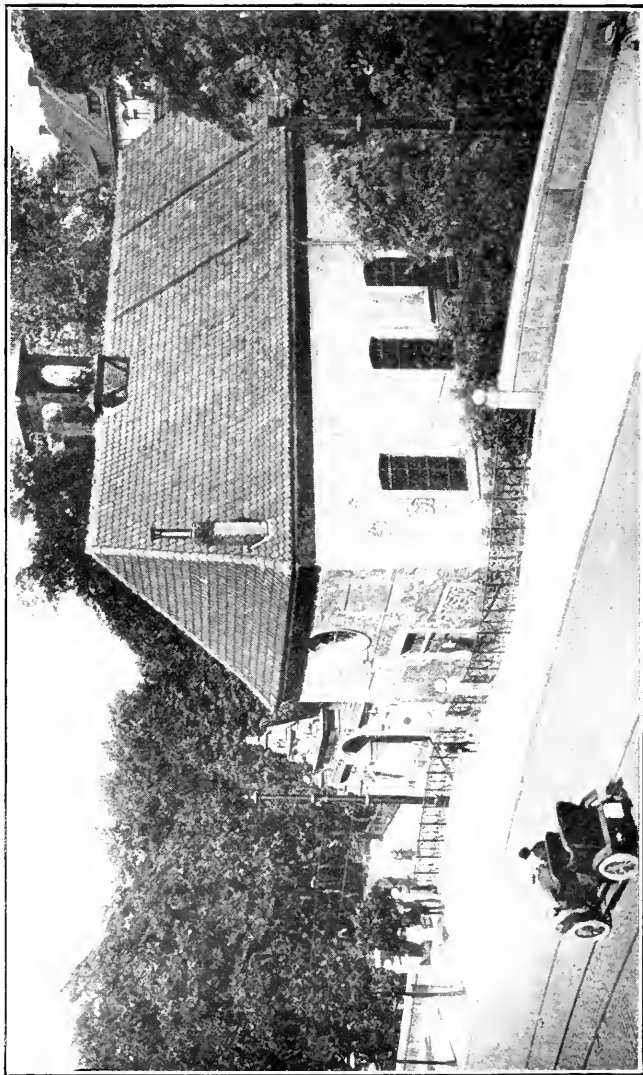
## CHAPTER VIII

### HOW THE PERMANENT CHAPLAINS "CARRY ON"

I DO not suppose any work in the whole Anglican communion can have suffered as ours has done abroad during the war. It is difficult to picture what it will be like when the war is over, or how we shall organise it afresh financially, or give it that extraordinary cohesion and brotherly spirit which has distinguished it in such a marked degree in the past, although our clergy are so isolated, usually single-handed, and work in no less than twelve different countries, far away from each other, only meeting once a year for the Annual Conference.

Apart from disorganisation, financial loss, and other set-backs, our clergy—the permanent chaplains in north and central Europe—have suffered, there have been compensations in the way of the keenly added interest which has resulted from the altered condition of European affairs, and the feeling that





ENGLISH CHURCH, HANOVER.

those who are able to continue at their posts are in the very midst of things.

In the front place stands, of course, Mr. Williams, the British chaplain at Berlin. I have heard, though not from him, that the Kaiser said at the beginning of the war, "I do not wish my mother's church to be closed, but that its services should go on," and so Mr. Williams has continued his regular ministrations in Berlin, gone to Ruhleben as well, and to the other camps for prisoners of war. In the spring he wrote to me and said: "I have visited a hundred and thirty-two camps since the New Year, and had services in all of them," and added, as I have said, those few words to say how he admired and respected the spirit shown by our men, and felt "proud of them."

Then there is Mr. Gahan at Brussels. He was married in May 1914, and after a week only of honeymoon came out, with his wife, to our Annual Conference, held that year at Munich, in order that he might not miss the first opportunity of getting into touch with the Bishop and clergy with whom he was going to work in future. That spirit, of unselfishly thinking of their work first, influenced him also when the war came. A man not long married when the enemy were approaching

Brussels, and all the terrible stories of outrage were coming in daily, would be almost certain to think of his wife and what was due to her, but neither Mr. nor Mrs. Gahan ever thought of anything but that he should stick to his post and keep his church open as long as possible. There was a short time in which he felt very anxious, I believe, when the German Governor of Brussels had ordered him to leave, but the American Minister is said to have telegraphed to Berlin and stated that if he were sent away and his church closed the American diplomatic staff, community, and many others would have no ministrations or opportunities of public worship and Holy Communion.

I cannot know these things as certainties, as no correspondence is permitted with any one in the invaded country now in the enemy's hands, and I have only had one brief letter from Mr. Gahan himself just to tell me that they were all well, full of work and in every way kindly treated. But all the world knows what his ministry meant to Edith Cavell. She was not a war nurse, but had been at her little clinic six years before the war, and was, though very shy and retiring, much respected by all who knew her. After the war began she had been nursing the German wounded, and was actually bandaging one of them when

arrested. She had, of course, helped her fellow countrymen to escape—who wouldn't?—and technically was rightly condemned. I believe the sentence would have been the same in our own country, and according to our own law. But with us it would certainly not have been carried out, and there seems something monstrously inhuman in killing a woman who had only been following out every noble woman's instincts in what she had done, and who had claims upon the gratitude of her executioners for the valuable services she had rendered to them entirely voluntarily, efficiently and devotedly. We should not have known of that moving and pathetic scene at two o'clock in the morning in her prison if Mr. Gahan had not been allowed to remain in Brussels. He ministered to her, cheered and encouraged her, though as she assured him she was not afraid to die. He received her confidence, and gave her Holy Communion, and then blessed her as she went to take her way "through the valley of the shadow of death, and fear no evil." The German military chaplain wrote afterwards: "She died like a heroine."

We have two other chaplains behind the enemy's lines, one at Croix, the other at Lille, but I have had nothing direct from them since

they were first cut off from us, though I believe Mr. Moore at Lille is respected, well treated, and has been allowed to minister to the enemy's wounded.

With the exception of Mr. Williams at Berlin, all our clergy, about thirty in number, were compelled to leave Germany, and their homes, furniture, and other possessions had to be left behind them, and even their clothing, as most of them were only allowed to bring what could be carried in a hand-bag across the frontier. One of them, Mr. Crawford (and his wife also) was imprisoned for some months at Cologne, but after much perfectly unnecessary and undeserved suffering they were both released in February. Their son had fixed a little pocket wireless arrangement on the roof of their pension at Homburg, but it had been done with the full knowledge and consent of the municipal authorities, and at their request he had taken it down a fortnight before the war. He had written, however, a letter to a friend of his in England which it is thought must have been opened. It was perfectly innocent, for I know him to be a thoroughly straight and right-minded fellow—he was about eighteen only—and though perhaps a little injudicious it contained nothing at all to justify any one in sending him to prison and



causing him a well-grounded fear that he was likely to be tried summarily and shot. He and his mother were particularly devoted to each other, and both she and her husband must have suffered almost intolerable suspense on his account during their imprisonment at Cologne. He is now interned at Ruhleben as a civilian of military age, and his parents are back in England.

Our chaplains in Belgium, with the exception of Mr. Gahan, had all to come away. One of them, the other chaplain at Brussels, was so stricken by the complete break-up of his work that he went out an almost broken-hearted man to join his sons living the simple life in a shack in Canada, where, though restored for a time by their kindness and affection, and by the wonderful air, he died a month or two ago.

The chaplains at Antwerp and Ostend had exciting experiences. The former, Mr. Harrison, stayed on after the consul and the rest of the community had left, as he feared that in the defence of Antwerp some of our own forces might be employed, and could not bear the thought of our wounded being brought in and finding no English clergymen to minister to them. He stuck on with his wife, during the siege, as long as he could. The great east window of the church—the parsonage was

next it---was blown out and the roof injured. Then shells began to fall on their own house. The kitchen, where they had just had a meal---no servant would stay---was wrecked, and it seemed as if the whole place must fall in upon them. Then and not till then they determined to leave. But the Scheldt down which they must float with the tide was two miles away, and they felt, as neither of them was very strong, that they would not be able to carry much in their bags for such a long distance. Just then they heard a knocking at the outer door, and on going to answer it, Mr. Harrison found two prisoners whom he had been visiting, and who, now that the jail was thrown open and the prisoners released, had come to him as their only friend, to see if he would lend them money and put them in the way of getting out of the country. He lent them the money, they carried as much as they could for him and his wife, and all went down the river together, they to cross over the frontier into Holland, he and his wife to take ship when they reached the coast. Lest some of my readers should wonder, as the men had been in prison, and had deserved their punishment, about the money lent, I may add that it was duly returned, and with very grateful thanks accompanying it.

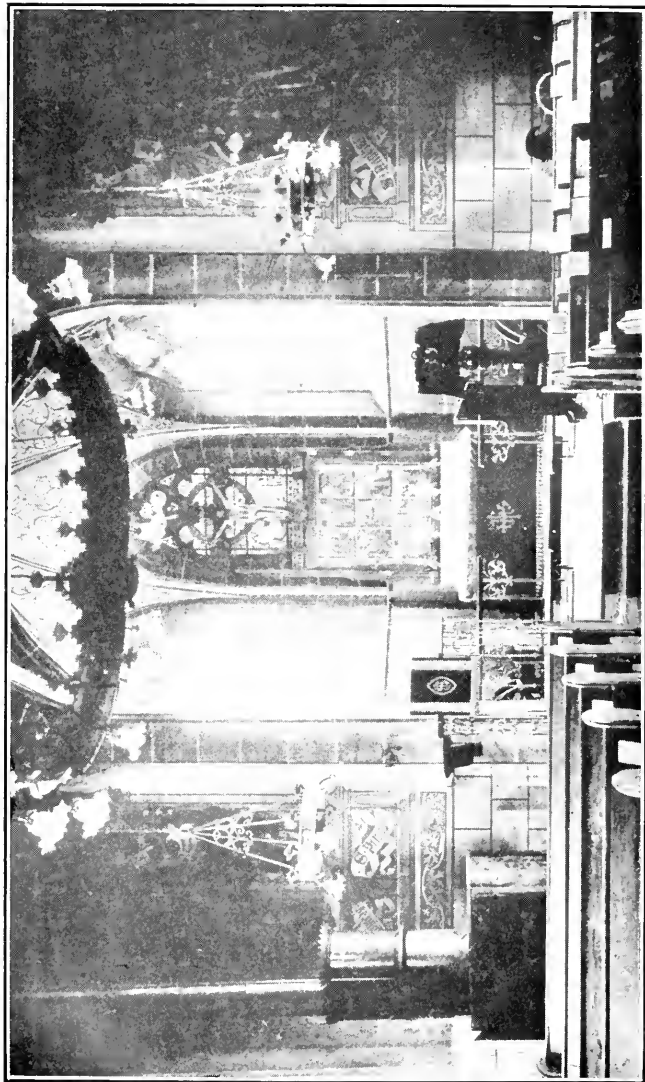
At Ostend, the chaplain, Mr. Farmer, and his wife stayed also until the very last moment and after all the rest of the community had left. But when the enemy were very near and it was certain they would enter the town in a very short time, they packed up special things of value, or with associations connected with them, and left. While they were on the quay with their luggage beside them the captain ordered the passengers on board first, their luggage to follow, but as they were obeying there was a cry raised "The Germans are coming" and the porters fled in all directions. There was no one to put the luggage on board, the captain would not allow the passengers to get it themselves, but steamed away, and so poor Mr. and Mrs. Farmer had to look sadly at their possessions, feeling sure they would never see them again. On arrival in England they had even to buy the things they needed for the night.

They have had—those chaplains of ours in the two countries—very hard experiences, but still, apart from about eight who have had small livings given to them—some finding it difficult to accept as they had left their furniture, and often their small capital in the banks, behind them—the others are hoping to

go back to the Continent again and find work there when the war is over.

Serbia is a part of our jurisdiction also, and when the epidemic began last year, and different bodies of nurses were sent out, the need of a chaplain became very urgent. The military attaché at the Serbian headquarters therefore wrote home to explain the sad plight in which they were, saying he had been doing his best to visit the sick and dying nurses, and to take the funeral services for them. At once I put a letter in the *Times* which was headed "A Call to Serbia" and in which, in asking for a chaplain, I told the public just what the military attaché had said in his letter: "Typhus is raging, cholera is expected with the summer months, and there is no money. Any one volunteering for the work will have to go entirely at his own cost and find all his outfit, etc." And to the credit of our English Church, *eighty* answered the call. I chose two at once, and after they had gained valuable experiences sent out two others to replace them. These remained until both they and the nurses fell into the hands of the enemy, but all were eventually sent back to this country. They were all very much impressed by the Austrian prisoners who helped in the hospitals when typhus was at





ENGLISH CHURCH HANOVER.

its worst. Many died in great numbers, while others, I have said, helped the Serbian soldiers to take sentry duty! They were appointed as orderlies also to the chaplains, and earned not only their good opinion, but even affection, by their faithful and efficient services.

The Church services were very much appreciated, not only by the nurses, but by the Serbian people, who used to crowd to see and hear all they could. The wife of one of the chaplains took out a portable organ, such as is used in the trenches and by prisoners of war camps abroad, and as they are not accustomed to instrumental music in the Eastern Churches, it was a very great attraction to the people. Serbia is a very interesting and beautiful country. Dr. Dearmer—who, to our great sorrow, lost his wife there—said his part of it was the most beautiful country he had ever seen.

In Russia our chaplaincies have suffered very heavily. Libau on the Baltic was taken early last year, and is still occupied by the enemy, and the chaplain was taken prisoner. After being treated with harshness and even indignity for some time, he was at length set free in Germany, and allowed to return. The chaplain at Riga, also on the Baltic, remained at his post as long as he possibly could during

the anxious time in which it seemed that it would be quite impossible to keep the place from falling into the enemy's hands, but eventually, yielding to the persuasions of friends, he went to Petrograd. He is over eighty, and neither he nor his wife could settle down in another place, and just before I arrived in Petrograd this year, feeling they could not go on eating their hearts out any longer, they bravely returned to their old home. They are hoping now that Riga will not be taken, and have opened the church once more, and are very happy to be again ministering to those who hope they will now spend the rest of their lives among them.

Questions of nationality have been continually arising during this terrible war of many nations, and our chaplain at Warsaw found himself in an awkward position as the enemy drew near. It had never occurred to him to consider himself as anything but British, as his father, though Austrian born, was a naturalised Englishman; but the Austrians, like the Russians and Germans, claim as their own the children of those who have been born their subjects, even if afterwards naturalised in some other country. When the Austrians therefore took Warsaw, if they had found him and learnt what his parentage was,



they would most probably have put him at once into their army, as he was of military age, and so, very reluctantly, he had to leave with the rest. His work was largely amongst Jews, and as the work had never seemed to him more promising, it was a great grief to him. In my book, *Russian Life To-day*, I have described the importance of Warsaw as the centre of Christian work amongst the Jews in Russia. It is only there that Jews who are Russian subjects can be admitted to Holy Baptism. The two chaplaincies in our jurisdiction in Russia which have not suffered in consequence of the war are Petrograd and Moscow, and even there there are greatly diminished numbers, though the refugee and hospital work claim all the spare time of the chaplains.

France and Switzerland are the two countries where the least change and disturbance in the previous arrangements and order of the work have taken place, except by addition to the chaplains' duties. Along the coast, for instance, from Dunquerque to Havre, all places—Calais, Boulogne, Dieppe, Rouen, and Havre—have been quite transformed. They are very important bases, especially Boulogne, which has been all the time so near to General Head Quarters. I have had very interesting,

indeed never to be forgotten, experiences both at Havre and Boulogne, particularly at the latter, and have no words too warm to express my admiration for the way in which our chaplains, rising to the occasion, have entered into all the new work in addition to keeping their own services and duties maintained and performed. At Boulogne—there are two churches—the chaplain at Holy Trinity has given every room he could spare to the men who overflow into them from the institute on the ground floor, which he has also placed at their service. I have never seen a place more fully occupied, nor more devoted service given than that of Mr. Harward and his wife.

The chaplain at St. John's has been equally devoted and has used his church as fully for the men. I have already mentioned the devotion and attention to the wounded German prisoners which his knowledge of their language enabled him to give, and I cannot forbear mentioning a very touching little thing he told me. "You know I have an artificial limb," he said—I hadn't known it, though I knew that he walked with difficulty. "Well," he said, "I have, and it has enabled me to be of great comfort to poor fellows after an amputation. I have told them of it, and assured them that when they too have their artificial

limbs, they will get used to them in time, and really mind them as little as I do. I tell them," he continued, "that I forget sometimes that I have it. I have become so used to it." One can imagine the poor fellows just in the prime of life and full of that first sense of misery which one associates with the loss of a leg or arm, cheering up at the thought of alleviation and consolation put before them in such a practical way by one who has himself suffered as they have.

I have had Quiet half-days for the chaplains and short conferences afterwards in many places these last two years, in place of our annual gatherings, which used to last three days, before the war, and I had one of my best at Havre. There the chaplain is excellent, and has made the most of his little church for the community as well as given a hand with the work amongst the men. It is an immense base, and I had quite my largest gathering of Chaplains of Forces there as well as stimulating services for our own people. It is the Belgian seat of Government for the present. The British Legation, with others, is there, and is a great help to our community, as Sir Frances Villiers is one of our most respected Ministers abroad.

At Paris things are now remarkably normal.

In those few days before the Marne the suspense was very intense. The Government had been transferred to Bordeaux, vast numbers of the population had left, trenches were being dug, barbed wire set up at the barriers to the city. Every day saw the enemy drawing nearer and nearer with an inevitable and grim sort of steady advance that it seemed nothing could stop. In thought many already saw the German parade step done in the streets of Paris as it had been performed already in the streets of Brussels, and the thought was almost unbearable. One of our clergy there, however, kept his head completely. When the excitement and fear were at their worst some one went round to ask him what he thought of the look of things, and finding him busy amongst his flowers, asked :

“ Do you think they’ll come to-day ? ”

“ Who ? ” said our friend, looking up.

“ Why, the Germans.”

“ Oh ! ” impatiently, “ don’t talk to me about the Germans, when you can see I’m busy potting my geraniums ! ”

We are hoping that many seasons of potting geraniums will come and go now, and Paris be left untrodden by hostile feet.

It is a very delightful thing to have seen

how calm and serious, thoughtful and restrained, the Parisians have been all along. Last year I thought they were wonderful, both in the quiet of their city and their own demeanour. But though there was that calm, strong, and steady look which distinguishes those who have thought things out and prepared for the very worst, there was also a certain wistful expression which showed that they were fearing there were terrible possibilities before them. This year, however, that has entirely gone. There is no levity nor suggestion of the frivolous on the faces of those who throng the boulevards and the Champs Élysées, but there is a distinct sense of assurance that all will be well that is good and reassuring to see, and which was not there a year ago.

Verdun has done that for them. The assault began on a January Sunday, and day by day for a week a remorseless kind of steady gain of ground took place of the whole extended line, perfectly synchronised and complete. This went on, I believe, for some six days, and on every one of those days, I was told, the prices of securities *rose* a little in value on the French Bourse. Verdun, which was to be the word of evil import and ill omen for France, bids fair to be one of the very brightest in all

their military history, full as it is already of great and glorious victories. It is Verdun one is conscious of now wherever one goes in France.

This and last year at the Embassy church we had great "pro-Allies" services, which may very possibly prove to be historic in their relation to unity. Last year the chaplain—the Rev. A. S. V. Blunt—tried it as an experiment, and was so encouraged by the appreciation expressed on all sides that he prepared for it this year on a very much larger scale. It was held on a Wednesday afternoon, and as the congregation was almost more French than English, the special and very simple service was printed in French, and a very full synopsis of my sermon also, so that those who could not read or understand English could follow. There were about fifty pastors of the *Église Réformé* in bands and gowns, who after robing in the Embassy pew walked to their places in procession. One of their number read the lessons in French. All the Nonconformist ministers in Paris were there, with the Russian Arch-priest and his assistant, the Greek Archimandrite and the Swedish pastor. Count Portalès and other distinguished and devout Frenchmen were there also, and after my sermon and the blessing, "God

save the King" was sung, and the "Marseillaise" played on the organ, all standing, for the first time I should fancy as part of the service in any English church at home or abroad. If we could only have had some of the clergy of the Church of France, it would have made it complete as an experience of true unity.

This is, I think, the line upon which so many thoughtful Christians are moving. When preaching afterwards in a London church, well known for the Protestant sympathies and opinions of its congregation, I mentioned the service we had just had in Paris in my sermon, and in the vestry afterwards the large choir gathered round me to hear more about it and learn what religious bodies were represented. When I had told them, one of them, who had been listening with very keen interest, questioned,

"And the Catholics, Sir?"

"No," I had to reply, "they were not there. It was not our fault, for we should have been glad to have them. But they were not asked as we knew their rules would not allow them to attend."

I could not help thinking that no question of the kind or wish of the kind could have been expressed in such a church a few years

ago ; but now both he, and vast numbers of others who are really sturdy and convinced Protestants, feel that Christian Unity cannot be complete unless it includes *all*.

When I was at G.H.Q. last year, every night at dinner I had a Presbyterian on one side and an " R.C. padre "—that is how they often describe themselves—on the other, and I found it both interesting and hopeful to compare notes with them, and receive and give special experiences. I believe there was a great disposition early in the war to try and rise above—it is impossible to forget them—our religious differences, and work together. Both French and Flemish clergy were disposed to lend their churches, and did so on one or two occasions, but I am told that some of the clergy who were formerly in the Orders of our own Church stirred up opposition and put a stop to it. It is sad to think, as Mr. Lilly tells us in the life of Cardinal Newman, that the bitterness that we are often conscious of now from the clergy of the Roman communion both here and in the States is not natural to its members, but has been stirred up by those who were formerly our own brethren.

I am told, on the other hand, that Cardinal Gasquet, who is an Englishman and of a



Roman Catholic family, has always been tolerant and kindly in his sympathies with those not of his own Church, and has shown this in a very marked way both towards our own fellow Churchmen and Nonconformists since he has been resident in Rome. Whoever and whatever is right in these days of very different beliefs and practices, there surely can be no question that intolerance, enmity, prejudices, and bigotry are wrong, if we take even a superficial view of our Lord's words concerning the one test of discipleship—love one to another—and the large-hearted way in which we are bound to regard the activities of those who "follow not us."

One or two of our clergy in Switzerland are serving as chaplains of forces. The community of Neuchâtel almost entirely disappeared with the outbreak of war, and their chaplain, the Rev. G. A. Bieneman, offered himself to the Chaplain-General in consequence and was accepted. After a very short time at Woolwich he was sent over to France, where as he speaks French as well as English he has been of very great use. His German is just as good, and as we have been keeping great numbers of our recently taken prisoners in France, he has been able to take services for them and visit their wounded. The

chaplain at Lausanne, the Rev. E. S. Woods—brother of the present Bishop of Peterborough and well known from his work in connection with the Student Christian Movement, and as a former Vice-President of Ridley, Cambridge—was doing most excellent and valuable work there, but naturally became a little restless and exercised as to his duty when war came. His people, however, were very generous, and at once decided that they ought to give him up as their “bit” and contribution, and he too came over to Woolwich. After a short time he was summoned to Sandhurst to replace that priceless contribution we have given to the men at the front, the Rev. H. W. Blackburne, one of the most helpful personalities amongst a body of strong and earnest men. There is no religious work at home, it seems to me, after lately spending a Sunday and Monday with them, more important than the charge of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, and I rejoice that one of the best men in our jurisdiction abroad has been chosen for it.

I had a very stirring experience when I went down to Lausanne for the first time to cheer them up in their chaplain's absence. The train arrived just after 9 a.m. on a Saturday, and as I was going on to Territet

before taking the services at Lausanne, I sat quietly on in my coupé reading. Gradually I became conscious of the passing of many feet outside, but merely thought that it indicated an unusual number of people travelling by that train. Then there came the sound of many voices, gradually rising into cheers, and on going to the window to look out, I found the whole place was *en fête*, and the platform filled with dense masses of "all sorts and conditions" of folk. The windows of all the houses and places of business overlooking the station, and even the roofs, were filled with people. All began to cheer, wave banners, and throw flowers, and on glancing along the train I realised what was passing. Italy had just come into the war, and the reservists from England, France, and Switzerland were hastening back to join the colours. They were leaning out of their carriage windows, flags and banners were waving from the train, while bouquets of flowers, red, white and green, were being continually handed up from below. "Vive la Suisse!" cried the Italians from the train. "Vive l'Italie!" thundered back the crowd. "This part of Switzerland is passionately pro-Allies," explained one of the bystanders, and I did not doubt it, either there or as the

train was going along the Lake, and at every station at which we stopped we had the same experience. I even had a share in it myself, for when I let down my window at Lausanne and looked out, the people in front at once began to cheer enthusiastically, and offer flowers. We usually feel sure that we carry about some evidence of our own nationality, and I could not realise at first that this was intended for me, an Englishman, until I glanced down at the board underneath my window and saw "Paris à Milano" upon it, and then understood that I was being looked upon as one of the Italian clergy accompanying the men back to Milan.

Lausanne, Geneva, and "The Lake" have been strongly with the Allies, while the Oberland, with its German-speaking population and represented by such places as Berne and Zurich, is much more favourable to us than it was. When our wounded officers and men came into Switzerland lately from Germany, they were received not only with sympathy, but with real enthusiasm by the German Swiss. They lavished attentions and gifts upon them, filling the carriages with flowers, as they threw and handed them in. It quite overwhelmed the men after the treatment they had received and grown accustomed

to, and it seemed strange to them to meet with it all from Germans, for the Swiss of the Oberland are to all intents and purposes German in temperament and character, though they have not been swept away by the "Kultur" and "Deutschland über alles" teaching so general in every part of the German Empire during the last twenty years. I believe the German mark and German credit have been lower in Zurich than in any other part of Europe during the last few months, and yet they are essentially German there, and largely dependent upon Germany for trade and commerce.

The French wounded remain for the most part in the Oberland in the neighbourhood of Thun and Interlaken, while a few of the French and the whole of the British officers and men have gone either to Mürren on the higher ground above Lauterbrunnen or to Château d'Œx above the Lake of Geneva. A few are at Leysin, just above Aigle, in the valley of the Rhône. I am hoping to visit them on my way back from Ruhleben.

One of my last ministrations before returning in the summer was at the Kitchener Memorial Service at Stockholm. I think it must have been the first one held, as it was on the Friday following the Tuesday on which

he was drowned. I had heard his visit spoken of expectantly at Petrograd before I left, and the preparations to receive him were being discussed, with many surmises as to "Why he was coming," etc., just as I came away. Just as we were crossing the river, however, up in the north of Finland and Sweden on the Thursday morning, came the first rumour of disaster: "They say that Lord Kitchener has been killed at sea. He and all his staff are said to have lost their lives, their warship having been blown up by a mine or torpedo off the coast of Scotland." It seemed quite too terrible to be true, and as the day wore on and we travelled down through Sweden, and heard no more, we began to think it must be a false report. But at Vannas, where we stopped for a few minutes about 3 p.m., the station-master brought me a telegram which the British Minister had asked our chaplain to send, telling me of the service to be held in our Stockholm church the following day at five. I was able to stop and share in it and give an address. All the Corps Diplomatique were there, the tall Russian Minister—quite a friend of mine—conspicuous amongst them.

It was a model of what such a service should be. There was no note of lamentation and sorrow, but just praise and thanks to God

for a good man's life and service to his country and fellow-men. "Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begat us," etc. for the Lesson, "The Lord is my shepherd" for the psalm, instead of the goth, and hymns to correspond. It did not depress us, but braced us all up to try and do our duty, and work for God more faithfully; just the spirit we always try to have in the services and social gatherings in our large and scattered jurisdiction.

## CHAPTER IX

### THE WAY TO RUSSIA THROUGH NORWAY AND SWEDEN

I HAVE not found it easy to form any satisfactory opinion of the real feeling in Norway and Sweden during my recent visits to those countries. It is, one supposes, generally considered that while Norway's sympathies are with the Allies, the Swedes are with the enemy, or rather with German efficiency. The Norwegians are extremely prosperous just now, and many of them are rapidly accumulating very large fortunes. Their carrying trade has been enormous for such a small country for many years, especially in the other hemisphere, and extremely profitable. But even in this short time of war, the profits, both of companies and private owners, in consequence of the largely increased prices for freight, have been quite colossal. It would seem incredible to English readers if I were to put down the extraordinary estimates I heard



in Christiania as to the perfectly fabulous profits made in the course of a single year, not only by shippers, but by the firms of contractors who supply produce and canned meats, especially *golasch*—a kind of Irish stew—to the German Army.

The only route to Russia open throughout the year for ourselves and other Europeans lies through Norway and Sweden by way of Newcastle, a route which has brought much profit to Norway as well as Sweden. Commercial prosperity is evident on every hand, and yet, notwithstanding the growing national wealth, both peoples are apprehensively and sincerely, like the rest of the world, ever longing for peace. The sympathies of Norway are, I believe, almost entirely with the Allies. They have suffered more severely than any other people, next to ourselves, by the enemy's destruction of their shipping, and are full of resentment. They say little about it, but do not forget. With many it is a constant and sullen brooding upon losses which they feel they have done nothing to deserve and are powerless to redress as they are determined like the Dutch to do everything which lies within their power to avoid being brought into the conflict. One hears on all sides that no doubts are

entertained as to the final issue. To Norway the Battle of the Marne was decisive, as representing the enemy's failure to obtain alike their immediate object and their final purpose. "From that time we have felt," they say, "that you will increase in power and men, while they decrease, and the end, however long delayed, to us is perfectly clear." In the meantime, to their credit be it said, in Norway they do not neglect the duty which their commercial prosperity has laid upon them, but—it is true of the Swedes also—contribute largely to funds for mitigating the hardships of French and Russian prisoners of war. No others need their help in the same way. There are large working parties for clothing amongst our own community as in other countries, and the usual supplies of bread and provisions are freely and liberally sent. If no war has called forth the same appalling suffering and hopeless misery and poverty, it is equally certain that no other has called out the same generous, eager, almost passionate desire in both the belligerent and neutral countries to relieve them.

The Queen of Norway has been especially active in the work of alleviation for the poor and has endeared herself more than ever to





THE ROYAL FAMILY OF NORWAY.

her people. No sovereigns could be more respected than King Haakon and Queen Maud, and no experiment in "choosing for themselves a king" could have been more successful. Their arrival in Norway at the first was extraordinarily auspicious. It sounded, as I heard it described soon afterwards by a friend, like some old Scandinavian saga :

"The people were waiting at the harbour, but the densest of Norwegian mists prevailed, and they could see nothing. The cold seemed to cling about and enfold us. Gradually the royal yacht began to appear through the mist and approached the quay. Then the royal salute was fired, and as the twenty-one guns sent their thundering vibrations through the heavy mist, as sometimes happens, they rent it apart in every direction, changing it into snow ; and as the flakes fell heavily, clothing the yacht itself, its masts and lines, in dazzling white, it was revealed in startling distinctness in the brilliant sunlight."

It was in such a romantic setting that Norway received its new king and queen. Romance, however, since that day has played but little part in the administration which has followed. This has been of the most practical, thorough, and efficient character and entirely free from display or sentiment. King

Haakon seems to have exactly met the aspirations of one of the most democratic peoples in the world, anxious, in adopting monarchical rule, to keep its national traditions on the one hand, and on the other to escape some of the perils which beset democracies, where the position of leaders is so often only assured as long as they are popular.

The Norwegian King by the constitution takes a leading part in the actual administration of national affairs, and little, if anything, of importance is done without him. He goes down to business every day as men go down to the City. He is always there by 10 a.m. when living just outside at his country house, and is so regular, they say, that people might set their clocks by him. Every one in Norway respects and admires his manly character and simple attention to his duties. There could hardly be a better example of the highest position in the State carrying with it the loftiest sense of duty.

Queen Maud is also felt to be entirely like-minded with her husband, and although she won all hearts at once by her sympathy and wish to please and be of use, she has made them even more completely her own during the war by her womanly sympathy for those

who have been brought to sorrow and privation. It is well known that she has not hesitated to make very great personal sacrifices in order that she might contribute more largely than she could otherwise have done to the many funds and good works which her people have undertaken.

It was delightful to go to tea with the King and Queen and Prince Olaf, now a remarkably strong youth, though only twelve—he was thirteen in a week or two afterwards—and see the simple life of the Norwegian royal family, though all our best national customs and traditions are worthily upheld, and I could not but feel how fortunate Norway has been in its first experience of a monarchy, and I have no doubt that Dr. Nansen—the famous explorer—who had just come in unexpectedly, felt the same as I did.

I have ventured to give these little bits of personal information, because I feel that the personalities of the King and Queen count for so much in the neutrality and steadiness of the Norwegian people.

The situation in Sweden, even to its own people as well as to those long resident in the country, is far more complex than in any other neutral country, though it seems to have become simpler during the last few weeks.

The Swedes are closely akin to their Finnish neighbours and entirely in sympathy with them. They, therefore, deeply resented the attempted Russification of Finland a few years ago with all its undeserved hardships and evils. This, I believe, is now to be entirely abandoned, but, as the Psalmist says, the "iron has entered into the soul" of the Finns while that Russifying process was steadily and somewhat ruthlessly at work, and they will long be conscious of it. I have never heard a man regret his nationality, for instance, except in Finland. After a charming evening some time ago at Helsingfors with a host who spoke English perfectly and had English surroundings, books, pictures, furniture, on every hand, as I shook hands with him at parting I felt for a moment a doubt as to whether I had not been misinformed about him. He seemed so entirely English that I ventured to ask, "You are a Finn, are you not?" "Yes," he replied mournfully, "*unfortunately* I am." Those dark days for a clever and cultured people have, we hope, entirely passed away, but the shadows will still linger for some time yet and Sweden is very conscious of them. The railways, too, so close to their own frontier with their strategical possibilities have seriously disturbed the public



mind, and when the King spoke out upon that subject a short time before the war his words, although open to question constitutionally, were like so many sparks falling upon tinder ready to light up into a flame.

When the struggle came, therefore, it was natural and inevitable that Sweden should be anti-Russian. Then, again, her "Kultur" is that of Germany. The admiration of her army for German military efficiency and thoroughness has been keenly appreciative for many years, and though the Swedes are a free people with intensely democratic instincts and ideals, as the Prussians certainly are not, the propagandists, who appear to be simply ubiquitous, have found very fertile soil for their industrious and untiring work of sowing tares. The pro-German spirit, therefore, has steadily grown and increased in the hearts and minds of the Swedish people, although at the outbreak of the war, if the Allies had not included Russia, the national spirit would certainly have been with us, and can never have had any strong animus against us.

The fortification by Russia of the Aland Islands has been both misunderstood and seriously misrepresented. These islands are close to the Swedish eastern coast, a little above Stockholm, and when the Russian

Government commenced military works there earlier in the year great agitation at once resulted. Opinions were fairly equally divided. The violent party furiously demanded interference. Every one knew that it had long been considered that the fortifying of the islands would be regarded as a direct menace and threat to Sweden if it should ever take place, and it was contended that, now it had begun, it was "the tearing up of the treaty" entered into with England and France, and known as the "Treaty of Paris."

The more sober part of the nation, however, reminded their fellow-countrymen that this is not peace time, and that their Russian neighbours, not at enmity with Sweden, might be expected and sympathetically permitted to undertake temporary measures of defence, especially in their own territory, if they were clearly necessitated by the exigencies of war. The military works would disappear, they argued, when the war was over in accordance with Russian assurances on previous occasions. Permission, however, was given, as the controversy went on, during the month of May for an interpellation to be made by Professor Steffens, to which the Foreign Minister had to reply, and the result

was a complete and final answer. If it had not been felt, I believe, that it would be making too much of a question that ought not to be asked at all, and on a subject upon which Russia had expressed herself quite frankly and explicitly in the past, and therefore was to be honourably trusted to keep her word, much more direct and general attention would have been drawn to the matter. It is now passing entirely out of public thought and comment, and was probably the last flickering up of the flame before finally going out.

Our own Press has, I believe, expressed itself rather strongly on the possibility of Sweden entering into the war on the side of the Central Powers. Pamphlets have been written by influential Swedes, maintaining that it is inevitable, as their neutrality will be strained to breaking point before the conflict is over, but I am informed that as a people they are firmly determined that no circumstances shall compel them to take any part at all in the conflict except in actual self-defence.

All English residents in Sweden have a real love for the country and its people, and I have had the greatest kindness and hospitality from all the Swedes I have met. The new Archbishop of Upsala is almost as devoted to

the English Church as he is to his own, and received me this year at his own house as he would a brother Bishop of the Swedish Church. In taking my confirmation at Stockholm on May 14th, I wore by the invitation of the Consistorium one of their beautiful old copes, and had one of their leading clergy to attend me. The feeling between us and Sweden is far too friendly to be lightly broken.

In Sweden as in Norway we are fortunate in having a Princess of Great Britain and Ireland in the royal family. The Queen of Sweden is a first cousin of the German Emperor and naturally makes no secret of her sympathies. We should not expect it to be otherwise; but her mother, the Grand Duchess Louise of Baden, one of the most respected and revered ladies in Germany, told me only a few weeks before the war began that she should never forget the great kindness shown to her as a girl by Queen Victoria, when she went to London for the Great Exhibition of 1851, and would always keep a warm corner in her heart for England and the English. "And remember," she said to me at parting, "that every day I pray that there may not be war between my people and yours, and I hope you will do the same." I know, too, how fully



THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN AND HIS FAMILY.



she has interested herself in the arrangements made for British prisoners at Mannheim, the camp—I think it is the only one—where our fellow-countrymen are confined in the Grand Duchy of Baden. I cannot think, therefore, that the Queen of Sweden, though she must be German in sympathy, can have been brought up with anything but kindly feelings towards ourselves, however those feelings may have been modified and changed of late;

The Crown Princess is our own Princess Margaret of Connaught, deeply respected by every one in Sweden, especially by the whole British community. Her influence, like that of Queen Maud in Norway, has been simply of inestimable value. She has always been frankly true to the principles in which she has been brought up and loyal to her own Church. On the second Sunday in May when I was at Stockholm, she attended the early, morning and evening services; and at the latter, which was a confirmation, she was accompanied by the Crown Prince, her eldest son, and only daughter. The Crown Prince, of course, does not attend our church—it was his first visit to it—and his children attend the Swedish Church and receive their religious instruction there; but the Swedes are just the people, I think, to understand

that their Crown Princess, in being faithful to her own Church and country and all she has received from them, is the more likely to appreciate and welcome all that her adopted country has brought into her life also, and to train up her children to be loyal and patriotic to Sweden, to its Church, constitution, and national ideals.

I was invited to luncheon at the Palace—*en famille*—and much enjoyed seeing the home life of the Crown Prince and Princess and their charming children.

All the Swedes I have met speak most thankfully and warmly of their Crown Princess and the influence she has gained and exercised in Sweden.

Personally, I have also a very great respect and regard for the Crown Prince, whom I met some years ago at the British Legation, not knowing, until I asked, to whom I was being indebted for a most interesting conversation. I remember still how completely I was taken aback when he said, in reply to my direct question, "I'm the Crown Prince." I have always felt glad that he had gained my interest and regard before I knew anything of his rank ; and this year, therefore, it was a great pleasure and privilege to be able to hear further about his ideas and thoughts of



present and future possibilities, and see how entirely and loyally he is in sympathy with the aspirations of his people and their devotion to constitutional and democratic rule. When the time comes I feel sure he will be a good and strong king, and will have the support and inestimable influence of a good and strong queen.

One of the surprises of this war has been the influence which has been brought to bear upon current events by ruling families—it would be difficult indeed to estimate the influence for evil which has been exercised by one sinister personality in the Balkan countries—and the simple family life of the Crown Prince's household is one of the most far-reaching influences for good, I am sure, in Sweden. Material prosperity, rapidly increasing in the last few years, has been as serious a social danger there as in Germany ; and, of course, during the war, as in Norway, large fortunes have been, and still are being, made. Then there has been for many years, ever growing more strenuous, this steady propagandist work of influencing public opinion, directly by the Press, and indirectly by hints and innuendoes in conversation, against Russia and on behalf of Germany. In this almost electric atmosphere it has been no easy

task for royalty or diplomacy to escape misunderstanding and misrepresentation. But the task has been done, and I do not think the King and Queen of Norway and the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden—and the same is true of the British Legations at Christiania and Stockholm—have ever been more trusted and respected than they are to-day.

We ought, of course, to meet all the propagandist work with our own version of events and their causes, and of the aims and purposes of the Allies. It would have been an incalculable gain to us if this had been done by a Press campaign at the first and a separate department for this work created. It might have been administered by some of those very capable laymen who have been longing to lend a hand in the nation's service throughout the war, and yet been used so little. Not only would it have made a tremendous difference to the opinions and judgment of the neutral countries, but it would have favourably affected our Allies also, who have been left in entire ignorance about really vital matters, especially in France and Russia. The ordinary population in those countries have known next to nothing of what we have done, are doing, and mean

still to do, and it would have made a very great difference if plain facts could have been set forth in simple language, and widely circulated, concerning our feelings, our financial assistance to the Allies, our organisation of the nation, and the number of men we have actually in the field.

A lie is very difficult to overtake, and the most extraordinary stories have been told and are still told, finding ready listeners in every capital in Europe, to support the original falsehood as to our responsibility for the war. And we, believing as we do that no nation ever went into a great struggle with cleaner hands or less selfish aims than ourselves, and being too proud by our temperament and national traditions to defend our reputations from such unscrupulous and untruthful attacks, have suffered in consequence. There is a general feeling that a lie can do no real harm and is sure to be found out in the end ; but it is an experience as old as human thought that a lie accepted and believed as a truth is one of the most potent and subtle of all dangers. Surely the way to meet falsehood is at once to proclaim the truth. We never attempted this as a policy in the first eighteen months of the war, and some of the most trusted of our Press corre-

spondents abroad have told me that the results have been nothing less than disastrous.

Less and less are any of the neutrals, however, now disposed to think that Germany and Austria were attacked, when peacefully inclined, by England and her Allies, or that we have exaggerated or invented the sufferings of Belgium. The fate of the *Lusitania*, and many other similar tragedies before and since, suggest very dark possibilities to thoughtful neutrals, and it may eventually prove to have been the wisest policy after all to attempt no defence when lies have been told about us, but leave the facts hereafter to speak for themselves.

In Norway and Sweden we have great cause to rejoice that, in those who represent British integrity in their royal families, that quiet, calm, and strong rectitude we all believe in so firmly has not been by any means an inconsiderable counteracting influence against false and calumnious reports, perversion, and abuse. It is interesting to contrast the outlook of Norway and Sweden. While Norway, as I have said, considers that victory must be with the Allies and has never doubted the result since the Marne, Sweden, on the other hand, cannot understand, like the German Chancellor, "how any one who

even glances at the map cannot see that the Central Powers have won the war," and all that the enemy have to do now is to hold what they have gained until, wearied out by the stalemate position, the Allies announce that they are ready to consider terms of peace.

It was a little bewildering to have such contrary opinions expressed on two successive days, and a great relief to pass on to Russia, and to a people who have only one feeling of unswerving and quiet confidence in the favourable results which await the Allies.

A description of the journey may not be out of place. It was an extremely interesting one. With me there travelled a Swedish friend who was of the greatest use on many important occasions. Mr. Stanley Washburn—the well-known *Times* correspondent—and his wife, of whom I saw a great deal, as I had already met them at the Russian Legation in Stockholm, were also of our party. They received great attention from all officials on the way. There were also other interesting fellow-travellers on the train, of whom one saw something when the time came for food, and from whom one learnt a great deal of what is passing far and near.

The Swedish soldiers along the way and on duty at the frontier are of fine physique and

very smart, and I am told that their army is a very efficient body of well-trained troops, and might be very formidable if Sweden intervened later on. There is no prospect of this as things are at present, and I believe the Swedes are as determined as the Dutch to keep out of the conflict unless their neutrality is actually violated and their land invaded. From Haparanda the journey to an Englishman is especially interesting and novel. We crossed the river at Torneo, in Finland, in a curious kind of huge house-boat, which has been called not inappropriately "Noah's Ark," and were a very motley and picturesque assembly. There was a Persian Prince, with his two sons and suite, and a British officer in attendance, and some of the cloaks and furs worn were amongst the most striking I have ever seen. Good wraps were needed as we made our way amongst the ice floes, but the warm and smiling welcome of the Russian officials at the landing-place was very cheering. In everything that I have hitherto written of Russia I have dwelt upon the friendliness and kindness of its people, but these national characteristics have never impressed me more than this year, and my fellow-travellers—a *very* varied set—felt as I did about them. They are, however, very watchful, and as I

went along towards Russia proper I began to realise the altered feelings of Russia towards their principal enemy. The German language, though she has so many German-speaking subjects in her Baltic and Northern Provinces, may not even be whispered anywhere in Russia. I heard a mother and child speaking in a low tone at one of the stations as we walked about for exercise, and when I was able, though with difficulty, to distinguish that it was English, and joined them, I found that they were German-speaking Swiss, but that, difficult as English was to them, they had to do their best with it, as their own language was absolutely forbidden and if spoken, even by neutrals, would certainly cause trouble.

Everywhere as we went along we saw Russian soldiers. I have been told there are as many as 400,000 in Finland, chiefly recruits completing their training. Russia has such astounding resources. One learns that everywhere. She is well supplied with guns and ammunition now, as we are seeing in her great offensive in the Bukowina and Galicia, but she needs, and is seeking to have, a large surplus to arm her vast reserves, and then it is not difficult to see how those reserves will make their strength and influence felt. Every-

where the men were in high spirits and general well-being. They sing when marching, and sing then, as at other times, most beautifully. They march cheerfully along the road, and if it is a route march and without weapons, for exercise, they swing their arms to an unusual length of reach which gives a curiously confident and determined effect, and sing in perfect time and tune. Many of their marching songs are like our old-fashioned rounds and are caught up in different parts along the ranks, line by line. I tried hard in listening to see if I could find any system on which this catching up and joining in was done, but it was impossible. The whole effect was singularly beautiful, moving and exhilarating, and evidently as much so to the men themselves as to those looking on. At a large station on the way the whole platform was full of troops seeing a General off. As the train moved slowly out the men cheered again and again as he passed them, and one of his staff explained to me, looking affectionately at them, "They have been very fond of him, as you see. But," he added, "it's always the same between our officers and their men."

I had tried to get permission to cross over by boat from Stockholm to Ramo, just across in Finland, which would have taken me over





THE PRIMATE OF NORWAY.



in as many hours almost as the other took days, but telegrams are slow and it came just after I had left, though the Russian Minister did not think it worth while to telegraph to me to return, with my ticket taken and all arrangements made. They had tried to put me off by saying, "You may be frozen in by ice floes, or taken by the enemy's patrols to Stettin," to which I had replied, "Nothing would please me better than to find myself in Stettin, for then I might be allowed to visit our British prisoners in Germany."

But I shall always be glad that the military permission from Finland came too late, and that I had to travel the longer way round to Petrograd through Sweden.

## CHAPTER X

### RUSSIA'S TWO CAPITALS

PETROGRAD the modern, and Moscow the ancient, capital of Russia give us a very vivid—and I think clear—impression at this time of much that is passing within that vast Empire. Much remains absolutely unknown! Russia is so vast, means of communication are so imperfect, and organisation in consequence so incomplete, that much that is going on and influencing public life is not only unknown to those outside, but even to the most experienced of Russian officials and students.

Russia does not know herself, does not understand herself, is not fully aware what she is actually doing or is capable of doing as yet. But still at Petrograd and Moscow one can get a very clear idea of some of the influences at work, and of what is being done, and likely to be done, as time goes on.

On my arrival at Petrograd I was again the guest of the Ambassador, as I had been the year before the war, and it was deeply

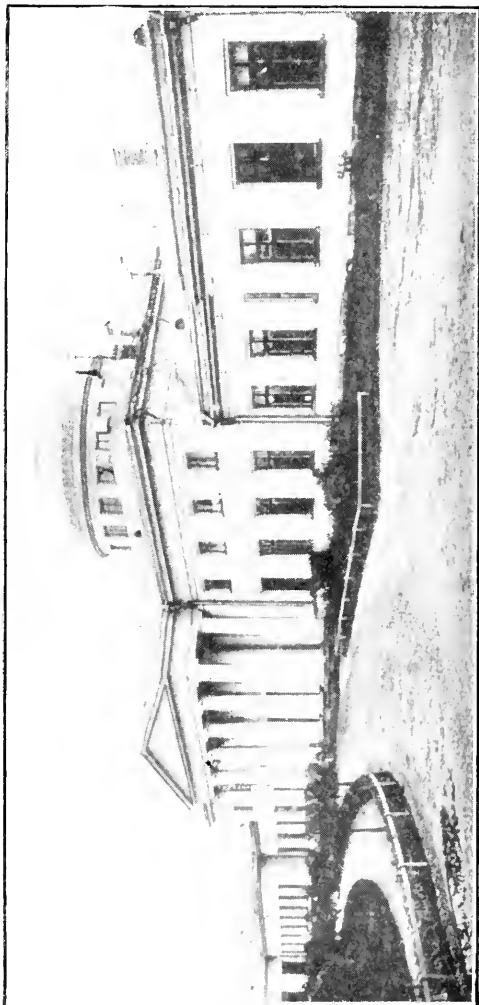
interesting to hear at first hand of what took place in the capital just before our declaration of war. The suspense at that time was almost intolerable, both for the Russian people and our own British community. All felt that Great Britain must be with her two friends or the Entente would have proved itself one of the most disappointing of illusions, but yet with a Government like ours, which can only be at a great crisis the actual expression of what the whole people wish, there might be delays and uncertainties which would be disastrous first for France and then for Russia. No one doubts now that their fears were only too well founded, and that if we had waited much longer it would have been impossible for us to have had any real influence on the Western Front. Then with a prostrate France, the threat—no empty one—to treat Paris like Louvain would very possibly have brought the French Government to terms, and next would have come Russia's turn. We know this was what was intended, and Russia herself foresaw the terrible time which lay before her, unless we intervened at once.

In proportion to suspense so is the sense of relief, and as we really lost no time, the Russian people, who have been so extraordinarily discerning and sympathetic towards

us in all our social and political difficulties ever since, at once gave us their whole-hearted trust and confidence, and I for one do not think they will ever withdraw them again as long as we deserve to have them.

I believe I am right in saying that every Tsar who has come to the throne since Waterloo has at once sought through his Government to have friendly relations with Great Britain and has invariably been repelled by our own Foreign Office, until Lord Salisbury on a famous occasion suggested that this had been a most mistaken policy, and that "in sporting language, in our war at the Crimea we had put our money on the wrong horse." The Russian people have now got just what they want in their alliance with ourselves, and all the most thoughtful, capable, and patriotic people in Russia are determined to keep it. That night when the news of our declaration was received, was the first public manifestation of it. Sir George Buchanan described for me again the scene, of which I had only read, outside the Embassy. He told me of the gradual assembling of the vast crowds outside—the Embassy is on the quay with a very great space before it—the singing of "God save the King," "Rule Britannia," and the Russian National Anthem, and at length the enthusiastic request that





THE BUILDING IN WHICH THE DUMA MEETS.



he would hand them out the British flag. He did so, asking them to take great care of it as he had only two. Receiving it kneeling, they kissed its folds, and at length, bearing it before them, carried it through the streets, vast crowds cheering the procession and flag as they passed.

I have seen Russian crowds wrought up with both national and religious feeling, and I would have given much to be in Petrograd that night, but it was the next best thing to have it so graphically described where it actually took place.

Petrograd is, like every great town in Russia, full of soldiers, passing through, or coming in to stay, or leaving after training. The Champ de Mars, one of the city's greatest open spaces, is a vast drilling ground, and every morning is in use for recruits and regular troops. The men always sing as they march and with great spirit, and their passing is always an inspiring and exhilarating thing for the lookers-on and passers-by. Again and again in articles I have written in various places, especially in the *Nineteenth Century* for July and September, of the tireless propaganda of the enemy and our own comparative neglect of making even vitally important things known, though it is a duty we owe to

our Allies as well as to ourselves. It was Mr. Stanley Washburn who drew my attention to this, and emphasised its deep significance. In our conversations as we journeyed towards the Arctic Circle he used to dwell upon the importance of publicity in the ordinary affairs of life, but especially in connection with such great national efforts and achievements as are now being accomplished.

“Publicity capitalises great facts and deeds,” he used to say, “and makes them moral forces.” “Every soldier who gave his life so bravely at Gallipoli, for Russia, ought to have been a real influence and power in cementing our alliance, but, as it was, next to no one in the regular armies of Russia even knew they were there.”

It must seem to those in this country an almost incredible thing that the Russian people as a whole, and the rank and file of the army, should not even know that our soldiers were fighting both at the Dardanelles and in France for the common cause, and should think as they did that all we were doing was to keep the seas clear—they gave us full credit for that—from the enemy and for the Allies. They pictured the fleet as riding proudly at anchor in the North Sea, while we went on with our business and pleasure as

usual and out of our superfluity helped our Allies with goods, ammunition, and loans. All the fighting we meant to do, however, was to be through others, and, as they said, "to the last drop of Russian blood." This will seem unbelievable perhaps to many of my readers, and they will think of all the visits of newspaper representatives and members of the Duma and others to this country, and say to themselves, I dare say, "All that must have made a great difference to public opinion in Russia, and what they have seen for themselves here must be made known far and wide, and clear away misconceptions," etc. Let me repeat, however, what I have said already, that Russia is vast, and does not understand herself or know what is passing in her huge territories, let alone the knowing what is being done in other countries.

I have not forgotten a visit to the Ministry of the Interior at Petrograd, in the middle of 1911, when in speaking of some difficulties I had encountered in Warsaw, the head of the department I was visiting said :

"That was dealt with and put right in the Act of 1905."

I looked at him with amazement and asked :

"Do you mean to say that was put right in an Act passed into law six years ago ? "

“ Yes,” he answered.

“ Then why,” I questioned, “ did such an one”—naming the great personage in Warsaw who had sent me there—“ ask me to come and see you about it ? ”

“ Oh ! ” he answered carelessly, “ he probably does not know about it yet. It will be still some time, I dare say, before all the governors in the Empire know and understand what a difference it has made.”

Why, even as I write I have just read in the *Times* (August 24th of this year) of a party leader in Russia writing in the last number of the *Russky Grazhdarim*: “ In two years of war the British Army has advanced only a few hundred yards, and tasks they mean to accomplish by the war will presumably be imposed on Russia.”

When the editor of an important Petrograd newspaper can write thus, and for readers whom he expects to be of the same mind as himself, and *after two years of war*, when we have strained every nerve for Russia, and in what is Russia's war, we can hardly be surprised that there should have been profound, almost abysmal, ignorance about us through the ranks of Russia's peasant army, the majority of whom cannot read.

And while we took no steps at all to let the

truth about ourselves be known, the enemy was absolutely untiring in putting his own point of view before the Russian people, and in season and out of season, night and day, in both hemispheres, and over all continents circulated reports to our discredit and sought to sow the seed of discord between ourselves and our Allies. It is another assurance to me, if I needed it, of the warmth and steadfastness with which the Russian nation regards our alliance that they were not seriously affected by it.

We have a very important department now which deals with the dissemination of accurate intelligence and that specially devotes itself to keeping the Allies posted up in each other's doings, neglecting nothing that will strengthen and maintain their confidence in each other. Mr. Washburn has rendered us the very greatest service in this way and especially in Russia. I learnt a great deal from him in those two or three days not only from his actual experiences, but from his own views about things, and his general outlook on life. Like Roosevelt he is an idealist, but yet fervent in his belief that ideals ought to, and can, be realised in practical everyday life. The *Times* is very fortunate in its representative, for to my mind he is a

real hero, and his wife, if I mistake not, a heroine.

I was on my part able to give him a very welcome piece of information. We were talking one day of postcards and their usefulness.

“How I wish some really good ones could be sent to the men on the Russian front to let them know what we are doing!” he said rather pensively.

“It has been done,” I replied.

“When?” he asked incredulously.

“For Easter,” I answered, “a hundred thousand of them, and I will introduce you to my friend—he’s on the train—who brought them over from London, and posted them in Petrograd.”

While he was still looking as if he thought it too good news to be true, I produced one, telling him it was the last and that I could not part with it, as I wished to keep it as a souvenir, and also have it copied for a lantern slide to be used in lectures I was proposing to give—and have since given—to some of our leading public schools. It is before me as I write and describes a field gun in action. There are four men in khaki engaged in putting in the shot. The young officer is wounded and has his head bandaged, but “carries on.” Empty cases are strewn around

and shells are bursting on every side. Other guns are at work, and one has been put out of action, with a horse or two lying dead. There is a little wood near at hand. It is extremely well drawn and coloured. On the other side is a place for the address, and a message in Russian from the British soldiers on the Western Front. At the foot is the usual Easter greeting, "Christ is risen." It was good to see Mr. Washburn's face light up with pleasure and satisfaction as he said :

"This is grand! The right thing at last! I can see the others crowding round the man who has been lucky enough to get one of these, and saying, 'And those are the British soldiers, and they are fighting just as we are, and in France! Our Allies!'"

It seems a little thing in itself, but every one of those hundred thousand postcards would help to form a public opinion in the Russian army of inestimable and incalculable value, not as far as we are concerned, but for themselves. It is everything just now for Russia to know that all the heroic efforts they are making, in face of difficulties and hindrances which cannot be mentioned at present, are appreciated and will be supported by us on the West to the utmost of our power. It was full of significance for me, therefore, and what

I have written above may help others to feel it also, on reading Mr. Washburn's very graphic and interesting report headed "Russian Vigour in the Salient," which appeared in the *Times* of July 8th, sent from Lutsk on July 5th, and in the course of which he wrote :

"The news of English and French achievements has spread through the army like wild-fire, and is greeted everywhere with profound appreciation and enthusiasm. Our general sent telegrams to each corps of his army, and the news is being read aloud to the troops by their commanders. I was with Cossacks when the telegram was read by the colonel from his horse before the regiment, drawn up to hear the news. If the British realised what fresh vigour the stories of their heroic attacks bring to these Russian regiments hanging on to their hastily dug trenches against the devastating artillery fire of the enemy, it would help the Allies in the West to accept stoically the sacrifices involved. One was deeply impressed here with the extraordinary enthusiasm of these haggard, bloody, and war-stained Russian veterans when they learned that their Allies in the West were sacrificing and bleeding even as themselves. There is no people in the entire world so re-



sponsive as the Russians, and the news of the British and French advance has done more in three days to cement the alliance than a year of diplomatic negotiations could possibly accomplish."

I noticed also that everywhere in Petrograd had been put up on the walls those great posters with which we were so familiar until compulsory service came: the workman and soldier shaking hands and saying that they were working the guns together; the veteran soldier shaking hands with his son and wishing he were going also; the mother sending her son with her blessing; the man in khaki on the other side summoning his companion on this side to come and help; Kitchener's appeal; the invitation "Join to-day," etc., etc., they were all there, and in the picture palaces in other towns they were shown nightly, just as they appeared on the walls of the capital, and with people of all classes looking up at them. It is good to know too that Russia, just as France has so nobly done, has been determined to trust us and feel convinced that we were doing our utmost in the common cause, even though we had our strikes and our pleasures and business as usual.

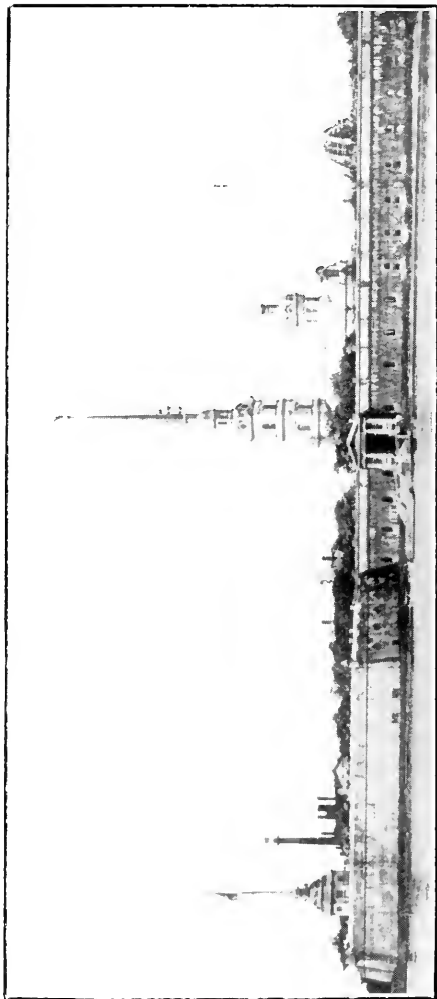
The most difficult thing of all for them was

to understand our long hesitation about calling upon all to serve. In countries where service is general, and they have never known another view of what is required from a country's manhood in its defence, it must have been difficult for the French and Russians to understand how we could be satisfied with our very small regular army. And the enemy were always exclaiming "Mercenaries." But when the world war came, and our existence, like their own, was in extreme peril, with Belgium to tell us what defeat must mean for us all, and we still hesitated and delayed calling upon every one to serve the cause, it must, notwithstanding our magnificent voluntary enlistment, have been an almost inexplicable thing to them, and a very serious trial to their confidence in us.

"*We* are doing everything we can, and every one is, and all that the nation can bring and do is being given. Why is it not so with you? *We cannot* understand."

This is what one used to hear everywhere. And still they trusted us in France and Russia, and believed that if they could see it with our eyes they would understand. But it was in Russia with all the instincts of a free people that they best understood that, being what we are, we could not either naturally or safely





THE FORTRESS OF ST. PETER AND ST PAUL, OPPOSITE THE BRITISH EMBASSY, PETROGRAD.

change our national policy or institutions, except as the result of real and strong convictions, and that such a thing as compulsory service could only come to us out of real anguish and travail such as always accompany anything in the way of new strong and normal life.

This is what the Petrograd *Retch* said when the struggle began with us, and I do not think anything could be better said in few words, discerning on the one hand and chivalrous on the other, as it should be with true Allies :

“ However one regards the English system of voluntary service, it is impossible not to follow with profound respect and sincere sympathy the heroic efforts of the people to reconcile the relentless demands of our time with the traditions and institutions bequeathed to it by history.”

Petrograd is a very emphatic witness to the stability of the alliance, for every one in the large British community is giving a helping hand. Sir George and Lady Buchanan are indefatigable. He has had no real change since the war came, and as Peter the Great built his great capital in one of the most unhealthy of marshes, it must have been a very great trial to our Ambassador's health and a real tax upon his strength, but he is always

at hand for the calls which never cease from morning to night. Lady Buchanan is also quite unresting and untiring, in hospital, amongst the refugees, and with her gifts for those who have suffered owing to the war. The clothing and garments of different kinds for the poor were all stored up in the room next to mine, and I used to hear her at work there daily before nine, which means a great deal in an Embassy where social and other duties often claim attention up to a very late hour.\*

The Anglo-Russian Hospital, with its 250 beds, in the Dmitri Palace, perfectly fitted up, and most generously supplied with funds, with staff and nurses all British; the very complete and attractive little hospital of about a hundred beds, supported by the British community on the other side of the Neva; the Maternity Home and other arrangements for the refugees, all of which I visited with the keenest interest and sympathy, show more plainly than any words can do how anxious we are to do all we can for and with our Allies.

We have a very attractive church in the

\* As this book goes to press I hear that the Empress Dowager has just conferred upon her the Order of St. Catherine of Russia founded by Peter the Great to honour his devoted wife's self-sacrifice. This is a very rare honour and well bestowed.

capital, in the midst of a large block of buildings which lodge our clergy and other assistants, and include an excellent library. It was formerly a palace, and the church the ballroom, but now with its two rows of pillars with fine mouldings and decorations it is a really beautiful classical church. I have had some most helpful and reverent services there, specially one which was a dismissal for a few nurses and doctors going to the Dvinsk front arranged by the chaplain and at which Lady Muriel Paget and Lady Sybil Grey, who were administering the Anglo-Russian Hospital, were present before starting off themselves shortly after. The chaplain, the Rev. B. S. Lombard, who in addition to other duties has had his hands full in going to our submarines at —, where he took me also, and to Archangel, where we always have had a number of British ships in the summer, and have now in winter also.

I went in due time to Moscow, as I had arranged to spend Empire Day there, going on the previous evening with our Ambassador, who had been invited to dine with the British Club and become their President, preparatory to receiving the freedom of the city of Moscow the day after. Sir George has given a strong lead in these stirring and anxious times, not

only to our British communities in Russia, but to the whole continent of Europe. He has also taken care in his speeches, from time to time, that Russians who read the newspapers should know what we are doing and have meant to do. But he was quite at his best on Empire Day when speaking of the alliance and the conflict, and especially at the close when he dwelt touchingly upon the Russian reverence for the dead as shown by their care for British graves in the Crimea, and in most earnest tones of the treachery it would be to those heroes who have given their lives for our cause if we rendered their service and sacrifice of none effect by inflicting upon Europe an inconclusive peace.

To me it was a memorable occasion, for I sat between General Mrozovsky, Military Governor of the fortress of Moscow, and Prince Odoevsky-Maslov, who has charge of all kinds of important affairs in the Kremlin and entertains visiting dignitaries and persons of rank. We were on the left of the chairman, and Sir George and his suite on the right. It was there I began to learn, coming afterwards to realise it more fully, the fervour with which the higher command, both in army and navy, regard their British Allies. I hardly knew whether to feel humbled or elated by the



sense of it, but the latter feeling triumphed as I felt so thankfully conscious that my countrymen have done their best all over the world by fair and honourable conduct to deserve it ; and when M. V. A. Maklakov, the well-known and eloquent Progressive member of the Duma, gave his testimony to it also, my cup of joyful appreciation seemed almost to overflow. He had been dwelling upon the alliance and what it was to mean for the world's future, and then, after admitting all the differences of temperament and ideals there are between us and the Russian people, he insisted that contrasts need not exclude, but on the other hand prove to be complementary and uniting influences, concluding a splendid peroration thus :

“ We know that you British are restrained, that you are chary of the display of sentiment, but on the other hand your word one can believe, and when you give your hand one may take it without fear, and, in this consciousness, I raise my glass to the might of the British Empire, and for the nation itself that has created this might.”

As he took his seat the Englishmen present burst forth into tumultuous applause, and many said they had never heard a finer speech in all their lives. Its note of confidence both

in their own destiny and in us as helping them to realise it at last—they are far too generous ever to think now, I feel sure, how long we have stood in their way—was its leading feature. The speech was not delivered, it seemed to one who did not speak Russian, with any apparent force. The speaker had not at all a persuasive voice or manner. There was no rhetoric, and his gesture was most ineffective and almost irritating as he waved a forefinger to and fro, but his unanswerable arguments and fire of passionate conviction seemed to sweep every one into the influence of his appeal. It was the first time I had heard a Russian orator, and it can never be forgotten. It made me realise what one has often read of the difference between Cicero and Demosthenes in their great orations, for while the former sent his audience out to discourse about his style and perfect periods, the other sent them pouring forth, crying out "Lead us to Macedon!" No one at Moscow thought for a moment or two of M. Maklakov as he sat quietly with bent head, but only of the fervid setting forth of the greatest opportunity two world Powers have ever had of accomplishing great things together.

On the following evening we were all sumptuously entertained by the City Council





in their Hall, where in the presence of a most distinguished gathering the freedom of the ancient city of Moscow was conferred upon Sir George Buchanan. It was a quite unprecedented honour, for it has only been once bestowed before upon any one not a citizen of Moscow, and he a Russian. They presented him also with a very ancient ikon—thirteenth century—of St. George, a saint associated very closely with Russian and English history, and with the Ambassador's Christian name. Even then they were not at the end of their generous courtesies, for a little later they gave him privately a most magnificent silver drinking cup so massive that it will be very difficult to use even as a formal loving cup on great occasions. All the proceedings that evening showed—and I for one have never been permitted to forget it—that Russia feels that she can never do enough to show the confidence and affection she cherishes towards her British allies.

There was one bit of social ceremonial that impressed me very much. It is the custom during prayers, in school, at meals, in railway stations, and indeed in all places where prayer is offered, at the opening of the Duma as well as in church, for all present to look steadfastly towards the ikon, and one has always

the conviction that it must be a help in concentrating, as it were, upon God. At Moscow in the City Hall there were no prayers on that occasion, but there was the National Anthem, and as soon as it began every one in the room turned and looked steadfastly at the large full-length portrait of the Emperor hanging in the centre of one of the side walls. I felt at once what a tremendous help it was in concentrating upon patriotic feeling and sense of duty, and seemed to realise the significance of the ikon as I had never quite done before.

I was unable to see the Emperor this time, and after past encouraging experiences of his kindness and interest, it was a great disappointment, but he was far away at the Southern Front. All the members of the Imperial family were absent also, the Empress and her daughters amongst the wounded soldiers. All sorts of rumours have been circulated in Europe, and in Russia also, as to the reason for the Grand Duke Nicholas' removal to the Caucasian command, but I believe the true explanation to be that he had a physical break-down, for the strain was almost more than mortal man could stand incessantly, as he had done so long at the Russian Head Quarters; and that it was felt a

change of work, without temporary retirement, might be effectual. So, as we all know, it has proved, and the conquest of Armenia and loss to the Turks of nearly the whole of Asia Minor have been the result. I regard as the idlest of gossip the report that the Emperor had become jealous of the national hero. Russians certainly have been extraordinarily warm in their enthusiastic admiration for "Nicolai Nicolaievitch," as the Germans have for Hindenburg, but the Emperor is far too strong a man to do anything else than share the national appreciation and gratitude for their able and gallant leader—"Our Kitchener" the people and soldiers used to call him the first year of the war—without having one small or grudging feeling about him. I believe the Grand Duke to be as loyal to his Emperor and the reigning family as a man can be, for I have seen the two together and believe the greatest confidence and affection to exist between them.

The municipality at Moscow were extremely kind and attentive to me during my visit, almost overwhelmingly so, I should have thought, if I had not reflected that it was not meant to be shown to me personally, but to the nation and Church I represented amongst them. They were very anxious that I should,

amongst other things, see all their arrangements for the vast number of refugees they have had to succour and lodge for so long, over a million. They put an automobile at my service for this purpose, and I saw everything: the arrangements for feeding those who have homes or lodgings; the quarters assigned to them in Moscow itself, and the vast wooden city built outside, with all its very complete arrangements of stores, hospitals, churches—for Orthodox and Catholics—schools and play-rooms for the children.

The accounts of the coming of the refugees from Poland were most heart-rending. Those who came by goods trains and had been some time on the way were so dazed by misery that they would not leave the waggons until forced to do so. They buried the little dead children in rows three deep! Many people had gone mad, and all were hopeless and despairing. I would give much to be able to forget some of the appalling stories of ferocious and lustful cruelty of which one has heard, all the more terrible because told in a toneless and unemotional way as if it were quite in the order of things as the world is now. If we human beings are really responsible for our actions and conduct, and we are right in



thinking that quite a few men are responsible for what the war has brought with it, one is absolutely at a loss to estimate the burden of responsibility those few men must bear in the sight of God now, and will have to bear hereafter at the bar of history.

I visited the Blind Institution at the city's request, and I have never seen anything more complete and excellent, though I do not think the results are any more satisfactory than our own in such an excellent school as that at Swiss Cottage, London. At Moscow the rooms are quite palatial and no expense has been spared, one of the citizens who had been a most generous friend—I think he was the actual founder—being asked to meet me. My visit began with a short service in the beautifully adorned chapel carried out by priest and deacon, who received me as if I had been their own bishop. Many past pupils now in the musical profession had been invited also, and sang most exquisitely in the service, especially in the Nicene Creed which they added for the occasion. One voice sang it as a very melodious recitative, and the others accompanied in low sweet tones, gradually increasing in volume and strength till “the life of the world to come. Amen” was a grand triumphant climax. There was a large or-

chestra also, which gave me selections from Glinka's "Life for the Tsar," one of the most popular operas in Russia, and then accompanied at my request the National Anthem. It was the first time I had heard it accompanied, but it was unlike any other accompaniment I had ever heard, for instruments and voices seemed so absolutely and faultlessly one. The National Anthem is not, as many people suppose, "God the all terrible," although that is a Russian hymn, but is much like our own "God save the King," though perhaps a little more fervid in its personal devotion. The tune, of course, is that of "God the all terrible" and most beautiful and moving it is.

I thought the boys and girls were very sad-looking, even when they jumped about at some of the games they were asked to play for me. Remarking upon this I was assured it "was only because visitors were there." I was very doubtful about this, for the faces seemed so very set, serious and sorrowful, as if they could never smile, but happening to pass the door of the boys' school afterwards and hearing laughter I stepped quickly in, and found as merry and happy a set of children as one could wish to see "ragging" each other just as most boys love to do. As soon as the young master saw me he cried out

in a startled way "Attention," and all over the room they stiffened at once into an attentive pose, stopping just as they were, and with the same blank and woe-begone expression I had noticed before. I was glad to have seen the other !

Moscow remained a most courteous host to me to the very last, when I found the Imperial suite at the station brilliantly lighted up and prepared for the reception of our very unassuming little party. We had not much time, but still had to be ushered into those beautiful rooms and take our seats in the richly brocaded chairs, so that we might be held as having gratefully accepted the hospitality Moscow extended to me even at the moment of departure. It is impossible to know Russia without seeing Moscow, and I should not have known the depth and intensity of Russia's feelings towards her British allies if I had not been Moscow's guest this year. As I made known to our own people on my return home, I was so overcome at such an amazing reception that on leaving I had to send a letter to the public papers and thank the Church, municipality, and people of Moscow for their cordial and affectionate reception, and say I accepted it, as I felt it was meant, not as a personal attention, but

on behalf of the British nation and English Church. Later I received a message from the prefect of police to say how very glad he was to hear that I had valued the welcome which had been given me in the "ancient capital," and to explain that the "particular heartiness of the reception which had touched me so deeply was due to the exceptional love which the Russian people are feeling towards their gallant Allies—the British people, and especially to the English clergy."





THE ABBOT OF SERGI TROITSKA.

## CHAPTER XI

### WITH THE BISHOPS, CLERGY AND PEOPLE OF RUSSIA

BEFORE leaving Petrograd for Moscow, I went by appointment to call upon its new Archbishop and give him my good wishes. His name is Pitirim, and it is by this he is known rather than by that of his see. "The Metropolitane Pitirim," one would say to distinguish him from the Metropolitane Macarius of Moscow. Russia's bishops are known in this way. Archbishop John, Bishops Seraphim, Sylvester, Nicholas, etc. It has a New Testament spirit about it as in "Now the names of the twelve Apostles are these, etc."

Mr. J. W. Birkbeck, who died so soon afterwards, to the great regret of all friends of the Russian Church, very kindly went with me to act as interpreter, as His Grace only knew Russian, and he enjoyed the visit as much, I think, as I did myself. It was a beautiful evening between five and six as we reached

the Alexander Nevsky Monastery, where the Archbishop has a very stately series of apartments for official purposes, though his own private rooms will, as is usual with Russia's great ecclesiastical dignitaries, be of the very simplest character. We went immediately into the chief of the several churches where the tomb of the Saint knight is shown, and where there were many devout worshippers. He is really buried there, though the people in the neighbourhood of the place near Moscow where he was first buried will not believe it. Mr. Birkbeck told me how he had seen them praying there and kissing the ground.

“ Why do you do that ? ” he asked, “ when you know he was taken to Petrograd long ago ? ”

“ Yes, we know he was *taken* there,” they replied. “ But do you suppose our saint would stop in that city of swamps and marshes ? No, he would not, and so we are sure that he is here in his old resting-place,” and they went on with their prayers.

These places are holy ground, but neither because things have happened there, nor because the bodies of good men or women rest there, but because they are hallowed and made places of inspiration by the prayers of the



devout who there have had real communion with God.

We then went on to the Archbishop, and as we were being relieved of our hats and coats, and conducted by a kind of groom of the chambers, we noticed one or two choir-men wearing their beautiful robes of blue and gold hurry past as if late.

“They are probably returning from some service,” said Mr. Birkbeck. “I wish we could have been there and heard them.”

But we were to hear them, for on reaching the top of the great staircase there stood the Archbishop wearing a white high cap with a magnificent diamond cross in front, supported on either side by two other dignitaries magnificently attired, and as soon as he had kissed me the usual three times, taking me by the arm he led me into a kind of conservatory entrance hall, where the whole of his choir—eighty in number—were drawn up in order, with their conductor ready to give the word. At once he raised his hand and they sang “Rule Britannia.” It was a wonderful performance, as different from any “Rule Britannia” I had ever heard before, it seemed, as the stars are above the earth. It was in Russian, and sung as it could not be anywhere in the world but in

Russia. There were sixty boys who sang as faultlessly and "effortlessly," if I may coin a word to suit the occasion, as birds in spring. The conductor waved his hand with tremendous energy and happy excitement, but the boys only glanced at him now and then in a perfunctory way just for form's sake, and the men hardly at all. Yet they sang in the most perfect time, tune, and tone, and of course without any accompaniment. The second verse was sung by the boys only while the men with half-closed mouths hummed an accompaniment which seemed as if it came from deep-toned harps, and the third verse was given by the whole choir as finale. It really made one draw a deep breath of perfect delight as it ended, as of one having enjoyed an absolutely satisfying experience which has left nothing to be desired.

I was a little puzzled by "Rule Britannia" greeting us in this way, but learnt later that it was the only British National Anthem the Russians would sing for some time, as "God save the King" is the same tune as the Prussian National Anthem. They had given way eventually as they learnt that our feelings would be greatly hurt if they did not sing in Russia that which we were accustomed to sing ourselves, and which is a prayer for our

King as theirs is for the Tsar. There are places, however, where they still sing "Rule Britannia" rather than that which has its chief associations for them with their principal enemy. I cannot help smiling to myself sometimes when at home, and one of our favourite hymns is sung, and I think "How these good people would be taken aback if they knew they were singing the tune of 'Deutschland über alles,' and how surprised Germans would be who happened to be passing the church, if they heard it."

After the Metropolitan Choir had sung "Rule Britannia," I asked, of course, for their National Anthem, and, as it was the first time I had been in Russia since the war, it was the first time I had heard it in Russian. It was very beautiful, and like the other, a most finished performance. After one or two other selections the Archbishop led me away to another reception room, where the chief librarian and principal of the seminary were presented to me, and where tea, cakes and jam—after the Russian style—were served. The Archbishop conversed most freely, but with great dignity, while the other two ecclesiastics, in most magnificent attire, wearing jewelled orders, stood a little way off, and the glorious singing of the choir was still to be

heard in the distance. It was a wonderful scene and occasion.

I felt as if I could close my eyes and think it had been a dream, for the Archbishop's words were as new and remarkable as the other experiences. He talked in the freest and most affectionate way about the necessity of reunion for our two Churches. I interpolated:

"But I have not heard that word mentioned in this way before by any of our brethren of the Orthodox Episcopate."

"But it is the only thing," he said with energy. "It's the one thing necessary for the alliance if it is to be, as we hope, a permanent understanding. The Churches in union will act upon the two peoples, and their good feelings towards each other will react again upon the Churches, and so our two empires will grow in friendliness and confidence towards each other. What a blessing that will be for the world!" So the good Archbishop talked on, and one had all sorts of dreams of a better world after the war, with something more approaching peace on earth for men of good will than we have been able to think of in Europe for many long years.

I next said:

"If the Archbishop of Canterbury and





THE BISHOP OF WARSAW.

Bishop of London knew I were here, I know they would wish me to give you their best wishes for your new episcopate." At which he looked very pleased and said :

" Do give my very best wishes to them and your Church. Do you know that the Archbishop of Moscow has sent an Easter egg to the Archbishop of Canterbury ? "

" I will give your message of fraternal good will when I reach home, and I know how the Archbishop of Canterbury will welcome this expression of good will from his brother of the Metropolitan see of Moscow."

We then returned to the entrance hall, and again " Rule Britannia " and the Russian National Anthem delighted us. They then sang exquisitely—it seemed to me divinely—to Serbian music, the anthem in the Liturgy addressed to " The ever blessed and all honourable and Mother of our God. More honourable than the Cherubim and more glorious beyond compare than the Seraphim." That wonderful music seemed to lift one's soul far above all ordinary things, " whether in the body or out of the body " one could hardly tell, and I am sure I shall never hear anything like it again, except in Russia, and even then it will not be *quite* the same, as few, if any, experiences are

ever like the first—inspiring, fresh, and new.

They sang Psalm lxxv. from the Easter services, and many of these things were at Mr. Birkbeck's request, given without rehearsing or preparing, and without hesitation. It was all most amazing, and as I shook hands with the conductor, and then went amongst the men and boys to express my deep and abiding gratitude, I could not but wonder how such results were obtained. Reluctantly we tore ourselves away, "Rule Britannia" and the Russian National Anthem speeding us as we went, the choristers seeming as sorry to leave off singing as we were to be parting with them. I don't think the Archbishop had ever bowed out more grateful and appreciative guests, and as we drove away in our open car, we felt no longer strangers as we looked back to the smiling faces, and waving hands and caps, gathered at the Monastery door.

The Archbishop had asked if I should be at home in the evening if he sent, as he would wish to do, his photograph and a letter he wanted me to take to Moscow. I had replied that I was engaged from eight o'clock onwards, unfortunately, but he had answered that his messenger could easily leave his small packet



and bring his card to acknowledge my visit, as I was leaving for Moscow next day. My surprise may be imagined, and perplexity also—for there was a party that evening at eight at the Embassy, where I was staying—when at five minutes to eight a startled servant came into my room to announce that the Archbishop accompanied by his secretary had come to return my call. Hastily I gave this intelligence to Sir George Buchanan, whose guests were already assembled in one of the reception rooms—and looking as much at our ease as we could we met the Metropolitan at the top of the great staircase. He was the most untroubled embodiment of calm and dignified courtesy, walking past the waiting footmen as slowly as if the whole evening were his! And yet, declining to sit down, and without the least hurry he had explained that he felt he must come himself to return a valued courtesy, had given me his photograph and instructions for Moscow, kissed me at coming and departing, said a few courteous words to the Ambassador, and we were bowing to him as he went down the great staircase once more, still wearing his jewelled cap and orders, yet looking so childlike and unworldly, and, just as the five minutes were over, we were able to join the guests with the feeling that he had given

something of his own quite wonderful sense of calm and restfulness to us.

The letter to Moscow was addressed to the chief ecclesiastic at the Usbensky Sobor—the cathedral where the Emperors are crowned and buried—where there was to be a very important and beautiful service on the day after my arrival which I was particularly asked to attend, and was to request him to welcome me and conduct me to the altar. I already knew the Metropolitan of Moscow—Macarius—but the letter made it unnecessary for me to go and call upon him at short notice and secured me every attention when I went, fully robed and with staff and mitre and accompanied by our chaplain and one of the churchwardens, Mr. Birse, at 9 o'clock next morning. It was the third anniversary of the Canonisation of St. Germogen, who had been starved to death in the Kremlin by the Poles after having steadfastly encouraged his countrymen, as long as he could have any communication with them, never to cease their resistance to their country's enemies. It strongly appealed to the patriotic feelings of Moscow at this time when Russia is again defending herself from the enemy, and the great cathedral was crowded to the doors while multitudes unable to enter were gathered together outside. It

was a service and occasion never to forget. Our carriage followed close upon that of the Archbishop himself, and it was very interesting to see the ceremonial observed on such an occasion. He wore the usual white cap with diamond cross, and very artistic and beautifully brocaded garments of blue. While he was being conducted to the ikonostasis to pray and kiss the cross and ikons, I was taken to a place already prepared where there was a Prie-Dieu and a chair. They always stand at worship themselves, and I have never any wish to do otherwise when worshipping with them, but it was just in keeping with the delicacy of feeling and true courtesy which distinguish them to provide their visitor with a seat.

The Archbishop was then led back to the entrance door where a large daïs had been erected, over which we had to pass when coming in ourselves, and there he proceeded to vest for the Liturgy while the wonderful Russian litanies and hymns which make one at times feel taken out of things earthly altogether were being sung by the famous choir. His long blue robe with its train, his orders, the white mitre with its cross, were removed and he stood out before us all, a slight, frail little figure in a plain narrow brown garment

like the very humblest of poor men. One could not but think of "He humbled Himself." He was then robed as celebrant, a very elaborate proceeding, and at length stood forth magnificently apparelled and wearing a great golden crown which seemed to be adorned with all the precious stones one had ever heard of. I was looking on from my distant place with deep interest when to my utter amazement, as soon as the crown had been placed on his head and he was complete, he sat for a moment or two to rest—he is over eighty—and then held out both hands towards me. I went at once, of course, and there in face of that great cathedral congregation he embraced me and said a few words of welcome in low tones as if he had been in his own private room.

I have long ago passed the stage of being surprised at things in Russia, and I am always prepared for something very human in the midst of stately forms and ceremonies, but I must own that I was entirely unprepared for that simple greeting of a friend in the midst of a solemn vesting for the Mass. The human touch is always coming into evidence in Russia. Immediately afterwards I noticed a poor woman who had a very plebeian-looking bundle under her arm, and who suddenly felt

rather tired of it, slip forward and put it down in an unoccupied corner near the screen and one past which all the great dignitaries were to move to and fro in their processions.

After our embrace the Metropolitan proceeded with his ceremonial preparations, and the lavabo—a huge dish was used and an immense towel which was placed not on the arm, but round the neck of a great deacon serving—with prayers and blessings that we should have expected to take place at the altar were all completed at the daïs by the door, the great dignitaries of the cathedral, and other Moscow churches, most richly vested and crowned, standing in two rows before him. It was over an hour and a half before they moved up into the sanctuary, and never once during that time had the beautiful, appealing, uplifting singing ceased, except when prayers or petitions in the various litanies were being sung by the Metropolitan or the attendant clergy. After all the clergy attending the celebrant had passed within the royal gates in the screen, one of their number came to conduct me there also with my chaplain. My churchwarden friend will always regret he didn't go also.

It is quite impossible to describe the beautiful service which followed here. I have

always been impressed by the spiritual appeal of Russian worship, but never have been so stirred by the sense of its unearthliness as on that day, and especially during the Invocation of the Holy Spirit before the consecration. It seems to me one of the most beautiful ceremonies I have ever witnessed, that singing of the Nicene Creed while the attendant clergy or servers, leaning across the altar from the sides, gently wave the chalice veil above the sacred vessels and the holy gifts of bread and wine, and in front the celebrant is inclined forward with his forehead resting upon the altar, silent and rigidly still. If ever one can think of a human being suggesting that he is not here with us, but with God, it is then, and as it is in full view of the people, I have seen it from within and without. Immediately that is over the royal gates are closed and the consecration begins. A short sermon was preached outside referring to the martyr we were commemorating, while the communion of the clergy and the rest of the service was completed.

As soon as the Archbishop had made his own communion and communicated the clergy in the first kind—they communicated, themselves from the chalice—he sat for a moment and then ceremonially broke his fast by taking

a tiny morsel of bread specially prepared, and wine and water handed by a server. This he asked me and my chaplain to share with him, as if, regretting we were not yet in communion, he wished to go as near to it as possible. He had placed me at his right hand before the altar during the consecration, and I could not help my thoughts going back to the day when the Tsar had stood there and crowned himself, received communion, and then had called Bishop Creighton—a valued and respected friend—to share his ceremonial breaking of his fast. We returned for another service at the entrance, and the Archbishop was careful to instruct his Master of Ceremonies to place me, followed by my chaplain, next to himself as he led the procession of some of Russia's great ecclesiastics down the cathedral nave. He kissed me again on leaving, and when my chaplain respectfully bent to kiss his hand, he himself in the most paternal manner leaned over him and kissed his head.

I had to leave, as I had come, fully robed and with my staff, and coming out into the great space between the cathedral and palace found our carriage was at a distance and had to be summoned. There were a few people near, and these soon increased in number, all

full of curiosity at the unusual sight. Near me was a small boy with a wounded and bandaged head and a very poor old woman bent and crippled. They looked at me so pitifully, that instinctively I put out my hand and blessed them both. At once there was the greatest excitement. "It's an English Bishop and he is blessing them," they cried, and then they began to press forward, extending their hands and exclaiming. Soon as they came pouring in from other places, there was a great surging crowd of all sorts and conditions, before and about us. There were officers of rank, soldiers, labouring men, gentlemen and shop boys, ladies, working girls, old and young, well and poorly dressed. They pressed round us—I thought of all sorts of similar scenes in the New Testament—eager, passionately eager, to be blessed. They pressed upon us in their ardour, to such an extent that I thought there was a real danger of our being trodden under-foot as the outside of the crowd forced us close together. It was with the greatest difficulty we could get to the carriage, and even then we had to move slowly, so that I could bless the people from its windows. I had never witnessed such a scene, or expected to do so, in all my life before, but—it was Russia! I was describing





OUTSIDE THE CATHEDRAL OF THE ASSUMPTION AT MOSCOW,  
WHERE THE BLESSING OF THE PEOPLE TOOK PLACE.



it later to a Russian Ambassador in another country, and said :

“ It was a wonderful sight, all those people desirous to have the English Bishop’s blessing.” Whereupon his wife at once took his hand, saying, “ We too should like the English Bishop’s blessing, as they had it in Moscow,” and they knelt down on the floor together to receive it.

Our own Ambassadors and Ministers of Legation are almost without an exception decidedly religious men, for whom in our jurisdiction we have the greatest respect, but in what other legation or embassy could one have had that unaffectedly sincere and characteristic incident? I felt in short that the Church and people of Moscow took me straight into its heart this year as representing the English Church and British nation, and as I have already said, felt that I must write to the public paper—the *Russky Slovo*—and tell them so.

The same evening I paid my call upon the Metropolitan in his monastery and had the most affectionate reception. He told me how glad he was that I had been able to share their service, and particularly that I had come robed and wearing what the Russians call my “ tiara ” and with pastoral staff.

“The people would all see,” he said, “how much alike we are.”

He further hoped that I would go on Saturday, the anniversary of the Emperor's Coronation, to the Sergi Troitska Monastery, which was only two hours away by rail and which I had never seen.

“You will find a very beautiful service there, and the abbot and brethren will give you loving welcome, and show you the relics of Holy Sergius and other interesting things. I am the episcopal head and so it is my own special monastery, and one of the most honoured and ancient in Russia. And,” said he, “you will robe as you have done to-day, I hope.”

He then talked as he always does in the most interested way about our Church, wished to understand our Liturgy and its sources, the extent of our missionary work—he had been a missionary himself for over fifty years—what we thought of their Church and the alliance, and what we felt about unity, etc., etc. Just as at Petrograd he spoke very freely about reunion.

“That is the only thing which can give permanency to our alliance, which is sure to break up in time, unless we are united by religious as well as by political and diplomatic ties. And

it is right we should be. We Christians have been apart far too long, for our Lord's words are 'One Fold and One Shepherd.'"

He dwelt very tenderly and lovingly upon these words. It was so very different from my visit of two and a half years ago, when, as I have described in another place,<sup>1</sup> he shook his head sadly at the mention of unity and said :

"But how much ground there is to be covered, how many difficulties to be cleared away, before that can come."

Now it was with sparkling eyes of anticipation, "We *must* have it."

I said, "I am so glad to hear you've sent the Archbishop of Canterbury an Easter present."

"Da ! Da !" (Yes, yes) he said delightedly, laughing like a boy ; "I hope he will receive it safely and like it."

"I'm sure he will be delighted to have such a mark of affection and confidence from one of the oldest and most respected of Russia's clergy."

It was no surprise, noting these signs of the times and doing my best to strengthen these generous feelings towards us, when later the Holy Synod seized upon the opportunity of Lord Kitchener's death to send a message of

<sup>1</sup> *Russian Life To-day*, page 81.

condolence to the Archbishop of Canterbury. It was meant to be a real approach to us as Church to Church, and just on those friendly and affectionate lines upon which we must unquestionably move, and go far, before we are fit even to consider such questions as intercommunion.

On the Saturday we went—our Moscow chaplain and I—to Sergi Troitska to the famous monastery, and were received almost as if we had been members of the Imperial family by the heads of the police and others at the station. Carriages, and a near relation of the abbot, were there to conduct us at once to the monastery where the service had long since begun, and where all the dignitaries were officiating. I robed at once on arrival and joined them, and found a scene even more magnificent than that at Moscow in some respects, as the clergy, including the Bishop of Warsaw as celebrant, wore vestments of cloth of gold. The congregation was composed almost entirely of poor people from the neighbourhood, who smiled their welcome, especially when the Bishop in his sermon drew attention to us, explaining who we were and why we were there.

His sermon was partly patriotic, and partly reminiscent of the poor, simple, and true man

of God to whose piety and sanctity the monastery is a tribute, and to whose relics—he lies in an open coffin composed of the precious metals and richly jewelled, near the altar—I was conducted at the close, and where I was glad to kneel down and say a prayer for a fuller realisation of the Communion of Saints.

One could write pages of these Russian services with their devout congregations, and of the inspiring thoughts, far-reaching hopes and aspirations, and grandeur of outlook they seem to give.

In the afternoon on going again into the church with a young deacon, I found a little gathering of poor people near the body of the saint, with a monk taking small scraps of paper from which he read the contents. A small choir were singing continually “Lord, have mercy,” and “Grant, O Lord.”

“What is happening?” I inquired.

“Those are personal prayers,” he replied, and looking narrowly at me as he spoke; “they *think* it does good to have them offered there where the holy Sergius rests.”

I at once answered,

“We too have the same special petitions given to us at our intercession services, and in writing, and we read them out in just the

same way, and we don't *think*, but *believe*, that there is great efficacy in prayers thus offered as our Lord has said, 'if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven.' And though we don't conduct our little intercession services near the relics of saints, I do not think prayers can be any less efficacious when offered where there are all the associations which help those present to feel a little more in spirit with one who gave himself and his whole life to God."

It was very touching to see the ragged cassock and the wooden chalice and paten which Sergius had used in his life of poverty, and reflect that all Russia in its own way now offers its tribute to his spiritual power and vision. As the people of all classes reverently press their lips upon the glass lid of his coffin, and those of other godly men who also rest in the monastery, does no longing to have their simplicity of life and entire devotion to duty and God cross the mind? We had the son of the Bishop with us in the afternoon, a particularly manly boy, and I noticed that he quietly left us in one place, and keeping my eyes upon him I saw him, thinking himself unobserved, go shyly aside and touch with



his lips the glass above one of the saints whose life and service had just been described to us. I could not but feel that such an act would be no hindrance to his youthful ideals and high purposes, when he begins his life of military service.

We dined that day with the abbot in his own dining-room, and with a specially prepared and sumptuous meal, though it included, in keeping with their rule, neither meat nor wine. I saw the Archbishop's own rooms when he visits the monastery and stays the night, and found everything arranged with the utmost simplicity and entire absence of luxury. I was much impressed with the abbot's beautiful signature. He had written rather freely on the back of his portrait, and then saying: "But you'll only see all this if you turn it over. Suppose I write my name simply on the front as well," he dashed it off in a moment, and yet it looks almost like copperplate engraving.

The Bishop of Warsaw and his son—the photograph of the latter was taken a year or two ago, but was the only one he had—returned to Moscow with us and became quite friends of ours. The Bishop was full of questions about our Church and its orders, and

its other services apart from the Liturgy, and eagerly listened to my explanation of the service book which I usually carry with me. He was very anxious to know about the social status of our clergy and their sons, and was greatly pleased when I told him that the sons of the English clergy distinguished themselves in after life more than the sons of any other of our professional classes, and were to be found everywhere, not only in the Church, though some of our very best clergy were the sons of clergy, and especially of bishops, but in Army and Navy, in diplomacy and as governors of Colonies, in commerce and trade and the professions, and as pioneers of Imperial expansion.

“The friend who is with us,” I said, “a mining engineer and manager of two great mines in Siberia, is the son of one of our country clergy.”

He was much impressed and asked if I could give him the explanation. I said :

“I’m not quite sure that I can fully, but think it must be that the children of our clergy are brought up in homes where, though the income is limited and often very small, there is refinement, a religious sense of duty and no luxury. They are accustomed to the society of gentle-folk and yet know that their position

in life—boys especially—will have to depend upon their own exertions, and every inducement is therefore held out to them to strive their utmost to succeed.”

He was very eager—as intelligent Russians I find always are—to understand us, and said rather deprecatingly :

“ I hope you don't mind all my questions, but I have never seen an English bishop before and I want to learn all I can.”

His story is interesting. He had been a parish priest in Moscow, and became at length archpriest, and in accordance with unvarying rule was married. After twenty years his wife died, and then in accordance with unvarying law he had to give up his parish and enter a monastery if he wished still to carry on ministerial work. The alternative would have been private life. He did not hesitate, but joined a monastic order, taking his boy with him, and in a very short time, my old friend the Archbishop of Warsaw dying, he was made bishop where he had previously worked so successfully as a parish priest. At present he is a refugee with others from Poland, and lodges with his son in the monastery in the Kremlin to which we drove him on our arrival.

I was amused at the naïveté of the abbot's nephew when we were at dinner. He was

over for the day from a seminary in the neighbourhood.

“You are a deacon at present,” I said, “are you not?”

“Yes,” he answered.

“And in due time you’ll be a priest?”

“Yes,” he replied. And after a short pause: “And then a bishop.”

I was very much startled at the calm taking it for granted that the episcopate was as certain as the priesthood, but I soon realised how different the system is from our own, and that given a certain special equipment, certain results—where everything is carried out according to rule, method and order, and nothing left to chance—are sure to follow.

The long grace before meat that day, said by the abbot looking steadfastly at the ikon in the corner while we all stood in our places at table and did the same, was a very impressive feature of the meal. Upon the round table was placed another low table which moved easily at a touch—a dumb waiter on a large scale—just so much smaller than our own as to allow our plates to rest on the space left, and so there was no waiting. In the large refectory, as we passed through it later, a great number of poor people and children

were sitting at a meal. The abbot greeted them as we passed, and said :

“ Hundreds of poor people come to dine with us in that way daily. We keep open house of course.”

He told me there were usually five or six hundred in the monastery, but many had left, perforce, to do various ministrations elsewhere, and all who were only preparing for the priesthood had gone to serve. There was a wonderful sense of being in touch with modern life about that ancient monastery, though the life was as simple, frugal, and “ not of this world ” as they could make it.

My Sunday in Moscow was very memorable for me. After the notices in the paper and inquiries made, we were sure that we should have a crowded church at St. Andrew's, though we knew also that we need not take steps “ to keep seats for the members of the regular congregation ” as we hear sometimes in our church notices at home, as Russians would not dream of occupying seats ; but still we did not expect the large numbers of those who actually came. All the available space was filled, and we were glad to see that many—practically all—of the Russian ecclesiastical dignitaries consented to be conducted to seats in the front part of the church. I saw the

Bishop's son with my Siberian manager friend and his family sitting comfortably, and for the first time in his life, in a church. The tremendous interest of all present, their appreciation of our hymns, their eager listening to the sermon—though they could not understand it—their devout following of every part of the Liturgy, seeing the actual consecration for the first time, were most perceptible. I felt it about me, as it were, in everything that I did, and when the administration came, they surged forward in an awed and eager reverence to see it, as administration in their own Church is almost without any reverence at all, and unaccompanied by any words of delivery.

What impresses Russians in our service—Ambassadors have told me—is the “community,” as they call it, of Psalms, creeds, responses, hymns, etc. They are sung or said by every one with us, but in Russia are rendered by the choir while the people join in spirit, and worship “on their own,” if I may be allowed a very graphic little modern phrase. Many of the dignitaries came to be presented to me in the vestry, and told me how impressed they had felt by the administration to those who were “meekly kneeling upon their knees.”



DMURI, SON OF THE BISHOP OF WARSAW.





I have ventured to go rather into details in what I have written, because I am anxious to give a definite and clear impression, and perhaps in this way help to give some sense of my own deep convictions about Russia and ourselves. It seems to me as conclusive as anything can be—let any one read Professor Bernard Pares' article on "Russian Hopes and Aims" in the July *Edinburgh Review*, if they would like to see how strongly others, far better informed than I can ever be, feel the same—that it is by the sure working of the laws which govern national relations that we and the Russian people are coming into close and permanent alliance. I am equally convinced also that it is by the same sure working of God's laws in His church, that our branches of that church are coming into permanent union also.

## CHAPTER XII

### “OUR GALLANT RUSSIAN ALLY”

“EXPERIENCE has made more prophets than revelation,” it has been often said, and in this last chapter I shall, at the risk of being considered somewhat discursive, give a variety of recent experiences with the wish that they will help my readers to look forward hopefully and confidently to the future of our Anglo-Russian alliance.

The Russians will always regard us now with abiding gratitude as real friends, who wish to help and not exploit them. When our fleet paid them a visit a few years ago, and a little boatload of peasant folk who were eager to see the British ships was overturned, officers, middies, and sailors plunged in to their rescue unhesitatingly. The papers were full of it. “It’s all true that we have been told about them ; they are a kind and chivalrous people. Their officers plunged in to save our drowning moujiks.” They say and feel the

same now as they hear of our hospitals in Petrograd, Moscow, and other places, as they know that our nursing sisters and doctors are at their front, and that we are feeding their refugees. As I shared the distribution to the refugees one morning in Petrograd, giving two pieces of black bread with each bowl of soup, now and then there would be a wistful little glance at the basket, and when I added a third piece, such a look of gratitude followed that made one's heart sink at the thought of the deep want and misery it disclosed. Near by was a little maternity home where mothers were lying with their new-born babes beside them in a kind of ecstasy. They had never imagined in all their lives before that there could be such kindness on earth as that they were experiencing at the very darkest hour of their need and fear. They just lay there smiling and wondering.

When I went to another hospital I was received by the priest and a certain Father John, and all the men who in hospital language were not “liers,” and after he had greeted me, at a sign from him they bade me welcome. It was a great shout from all, as if they wanted to express in some outward way the gratitude they felt. Russia knows we have wounded of our own, and that we have hospitals in

France as we had in Serbia, and that in addition we have sent our nurses and doctors that long and trying journey to them also, and given them our best. They will not forget.

There has been throughout an ever-increasing co-operation between our military and naval services, into the details of which it would not be right for me to enter, but with respect to which I may give certain experiences of my own. I am sure also I am breaking no confidences when I say in this connection that we have learnt and received from Russia as well as given. She has been an unselfish, chivalrous, generous and loyal Ally all through, and given us and her other Allies all she could. When at Petrograd, one night at dinner, I met a fresh faced, happy-looking "torpedo lieutenant," who told me he had been down at Sevastopol, in the Crimea, teaching them all he could and knew, and he added to his description of things:

"And it was not all on our side, I can tell you. We learnt a lot from them, as well as they from us." Like every one else, he was full of admiration for the officers of the Russian Army and Navy.

One of my very happiest Sundays this year

was spent with our submarine men at ——. All the world knows where they are, but it is a rule that it should not be put in print, and so I will leave it to be understood that it was “somewhere on the Baltic.” I left Petrograd on the Friday evening, accompanied by our chaplain there, and was able to spend three days. Submarines are mothered, as it were, for they do not contain accommodation to make men in any sense comfortable. At least ours do not. The enemy’s boats are said to be more than comfortable, even luxurious, but ours are most certainly not, being arranged wholly and solely for their work. They are therefore moored alongside a warship, which can take their crews on board and from which they can, at the shortest possible notice, regain their own boats. It was this warship, the D——, and its commander and cheerful crew that I really visited, and on the upper deck of which we had our services, and from which I was able to go on board a submarine for the first time. It was a wonderful experience, and like going inside a large watch, for every part of it, except the covers and the part upon which we walked, was covered with mechanical appliances. It seemed to me a marvel of intricate and delicate construction, though I think the periscope was the most

fascinating thing of all. It is not too much to say that there was nothing in the whole submarine arranged purely for the comfort of the men. They had to sit, eat, sleep as they could, but everything was done, on the other hand, to make their important work efficient. When I asked the lieutenant of the submarine on which I was why something could not have been arranged to make them a little more comfortable on their long, trying, and dangerous journeys, he replied :

"That's just it. Ours is a difficult and a dangerous job, and if you stand here with me now, you'll notice that I can see from stern to bow. There's nothing to impede my view. I see every man in the crew whether he's at work or lying asleep, and I see every part of the boat and every piece of its mechanism, and it is vital that an officer should." That seemed to me conclusive.

Their experiences are thrilling and inspiring to hear, and help one to realise faintly a little of what we all owe, here at home, to those who are so unselfishly, bravely, patiently and uncomplainingly fighting our battles at sea, on land, in the air, and beneath the waves. I am not allowed to publish all the photographs given me, but I have put in one showing one of the boats returning from an expedition

covered with ice, which will tell its own story. We had services which were a real joy, on the upper deck of the D—— that Sunday, great flags enclosing it and making us a church, though the blue sky was our only roof, and we sang the old hymns, the commander reading the lessons. I gave them a message from the Western Front as a sermon, telling them of spiritual realities there. We had Holy Communion early and late, and the marriage of one of the men to a Russian girl afterwards, with the crews of neighbouring warships to cheer them as they left. The commander of the warship gave us luncheon, and was glowing with friendliness and good will. It was indeed a delightful Sunday.

While there I called upon the Governor-General, and the admiral of the station, and with the former attended the centenary celebration of the emancipation of the serfs, prefaced by a very long service in church. There were great displays of fire brigades, and marchings past, profusions of flags and great decorations of flowers and foliage. The Governor-General and his wife were radiantly happy, and enjoyed themselves as Russians usually do, with all the light-heartedness of children. The admiral of the station also was particularly gracious and courteous, and

anxious to do all he could to be helpful and of use. I had wondered before I came whether I could possibly get permission to cross the Baltic, and so escape the long night journey back again to Petrograd and round by land. To slip across to Helsingfors and go straight up to the north of Finland was a very attractive scheme, and there was a cargo boat due to leave on the Tuesday at 2 p.m.

No one at Petrograd when I was there could give me the military permission without which no civilian can go upon the Baltic, so I had to leave without it, and hope for the best from the admiral, so in due time my request was made.—

"There is a cargo boat leaving on Tuesday at 2 p.m. A friend of mine has obtained leave from the owners for me to travel in her if I can get the military permission. Is this possible, without any serious infringement of regulations?"

"A cargo boat!" the good admiral exclaimed, "a cargo boat! *That's* no way for an English bishop to travel, when visiting those who are fighting for Russia, and who is here to do what he can to draw our two peoples and churches together. A *cargo* boat indeed! I shall telegraph over at once for one of our destroyers, and it will come on Monday,



and leave at any time the Bishop wishes on Tuesday.”

I could hardly believe my ears! Submarines, and lunch on board the mothering Russian warship after a service there, had made me think what good things were coming my way, but a modern Russian torpedo boat, entirely at my service, and to take me just where I wanted to go on the Baltic! It took my breath away! But when Tuesday came the dream became a reality, and, with the commander of the submarines and Consul-General to see me off, going on board the destroyer, I was received by officers and crew with the greatest consideration. With a parting shot from the commander, “You have been in our submarines, and now you are on a submarine’s deadliest foe,” we launched forth.

It was a glorious experience, once we were clear of the harbour and out into the open sea. We ripped our way through the water at tremendous speed, the twin screws sending up a great crystal curtain of water glittering in the sun at our stern, the bridge being at the other end, and quite close to the bows. They were a little puzzled what to do with me at first, and conducting me down to the captain’s room offered tea and suggested a

rest, but a minute down there was enough for me, and I was soon up on deck with the crew showing me everything they could. When the officers too saw that a rest in a stateroom was not quite what I was wanting just then, they readily invited me up to the bridge, and there I had one of the "times of my life." They were all young and keen, the captain markedly so. Not a thing escaped their notice, nor for a moment did they relax their vigilance, though we chatted and ate cherries together.

What a day it was! One of ocean's very best. Exquisite sky, genial sun, glittering waves, transportingly fresh air, and the thought all the time, "I'm on a Russian destroyer, entirely at my service!" Then little patches of mist appeared in the distance, and I thought I saw a flash or two, and caught sight of indistinct forms. No sounds were audible, as we made so much noise ourselves.

"What is happening over there?" I said. "It looks like gun firing."

"Yes," said the captain, "the fleet are at practice."

"The fleet!" I almost shouted. "Do you really mean that the Russian fleet is out there, and we are going to pass near or through it?"

“Yes,” he said quite calmly, “they are there, and we’ll go and see them if you like. If you take this glass you’ll see the great many funnelled fellows quite clearly.”

Was there ever such good luck before, I thought to myself. And sure enough I saw the fleet, fine monsters of the deep, and, I dare say, as well found as the little craft on which I was and which sped along like a sea bird. How many they were I may not say, but as I thought of them afterwards when we were most carefully and successfully fitting ourselves into the little empty space left for us in a long line of rather wicked-looking destroyers at Helsingfors, I wondered no longer, as one had done sometimes, thinking of her naval losses in the past, that Russia has kept her end up so successfully in the Baltic. She will undoubtedly continue to do it to the not far distant end.

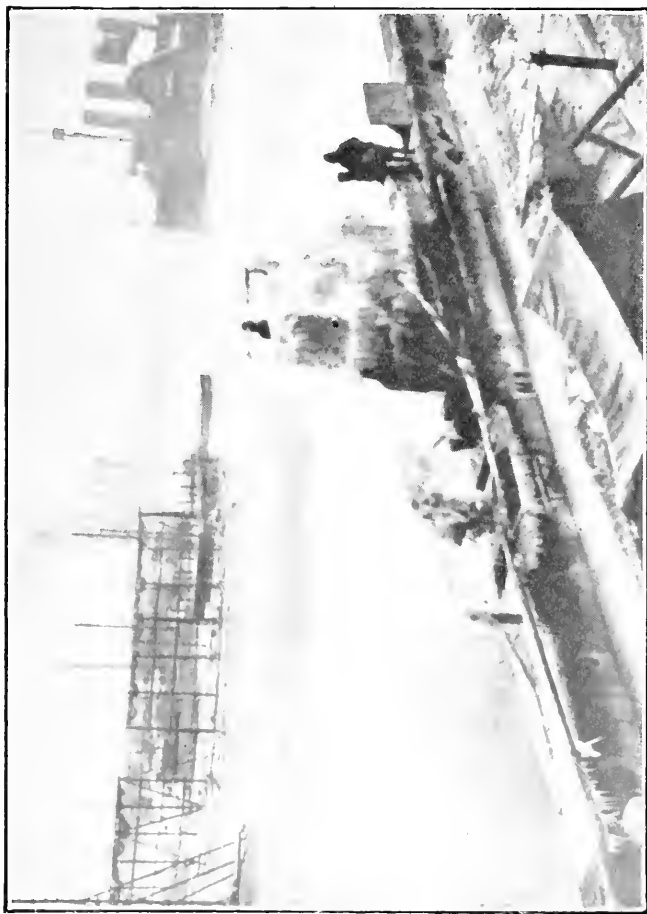
Next day I called on Admiral Grigoroff, chief of the staff of the Baltic fleet, to try and express my abiding gratitude for the great joy, as well as help on my journey, he had given me the day before. He was lodged on a particularly fine warship, wonderfully furnished—there was a beautiful and ornate chapel—and very well equipped indeed for its purpose as a flag-ship. I wish I could give

a portrait of this admirable naval officer, with his quiet consciousness of strength and high purpose, his calm steady eyes, and reassuring manner. He must be quite excellent as chief of staff, one of the men who bring out the best in those who work for and with them. He was keen and quietly eager to hear about my visit to the submarines, and all I could tell him of the Western Front and my recent experiences there, as well as those of last year at the front and in the firing line. Layman as he was, he was deeply interested also in the question of "How and when the two churches are to come together," and grew quite excited when I told him that on my return I was going to spend my July Sundays at some of our public schools to preach and lecture about Russia.

"You know what we mean by *public* schools, do you not?" I asked. "They are not public elementary schools, of course."

"Yes, yes," he answered quickly, "the schools where the sons of your highest families go—Eton, Harrow, Winchester, and so on."

"Yes, exactly. I'm going to tell them about Russia and show them lantern views (how I wish I had asked him for his own portrait to make one of them!), and I can



A SUBMARINE COVERED WITH ICE RETURNING TO A BALTIC HARBOUR.



assure you they will be eager to hear all I can tell them.”

“That’s splendid,” he said slowly and thoughtfully, “that’s all we want now, just to know each other, and the more we know of one another, the better it will be for the alliance. Army and navy, church and church, people and people, and the boys and girls in the schools. Ah! then our alliance will go on far into the distant future.”

He was very scornful about the Jutland battle, though he had only heard the first account of it, and said: “The enemy will have lost heavily too, and whether they have lost more or less does not matter in the least, for while you can stand it they can’t.” His words reminded me of a scene in the House of Commons, at which I was present years ago, when one of the members was making a very fervid speech on law reform, and dwelt upon the iniquity of the plaintiff, even if successful, having, as is often the case, to bear considerable expenses. When the Attorney-General replied and came to this point he said satirically:

“And what are we to say of all this we hear about a successful plaintiff having his expenses to pay as well. Why, even a winning cock expects to lose a few feathers.”

It was with just the same wave of the hand and toss of the head that the Russian admiral said: "What of your loss? You can bear it, and they can't. We expect some losses even if we win."

Later that morning I went to offer my respects and thanks to the Governor-General of Finland for being allowed to land, and found him the very embodiment of high spirits, courtesy, and friendliness. He promised to send messages all along the line, and especially to Torneo, the furthest frontier I had to cross, asking that I might receive assistance from the various officials on the way, and he was as good as his word.

"I shall be at the station at two to see you off," he said. It was in vain that I begged him not. "I shall be there," he said. And when I arrived at the station I found "no small stir" at a request having been received that a whole large coupé was to be reserved for the English Bishop. I fear there was a drop in the interest when I appeared in my simple travelling attire, accompanied only by the British consul; but it rose again when his Excellency came bustling on to the platform with an attendant or two, his breast covered with orders, and on coming up to me kissed my hand. He was a most delightful person,



as keen as a boy, and with an evidently optimistic outlook on life in general. Amongst the orders he wore I noticed a very pretty one, heart-shaped and of a substance like blue jade.

“What is that?” I asked.

He looked very pleased as he told me it was an order lately founded by the Grand Duchess Olga—the Emperor’s eldest daughter—for those who had specially helped her in her work amongst the sick and wounded. He had shown me in the morning vast stores of clothing and other things he had accumulated for wounded, bereaved families, and refugees.

“I’m very proud of that little order,” he said, smiling down upon it.

At Torneo the Governor-General’s telegrams bore very abundant fruit. No trouble was occasioned by my many bags and packages, which included a bear ham given me in Moscow, which I was anxious to get home in order that some of my brother bishops and friends should be able to say they had “eaten Russian bear.” No difficulty arose out of passports or anything else—these matters often cause hours of delay at frontiers—but I was taken at once to a room where I could get food and write letters.

I had not been long there, however, before a smart young officer came to say :

"They are changing, at this moment, in mid-river, four hundred German for four hundred Russian wounded prisoners. Would you like to come and see our poor fellows come ashore?"

It was a very piteous sight, but one which I would not have missed. A band was playing just where they were landed, here and there the delightful and kindly nurses were moving brightly amongst them. Every one looked sympathetic and compassionate on shore, but nothing could bring a smile to those sad and hopeless faces. It had been with them as with Joseph, "His feet they hurt in the stocks, the iron entered into his soul." Piteously weak, utterly despairing they looked as they were helped into the large waggons which were to take them away to their quarters near at hand.

"Would you care," said a layman standing by, "to go and see them take their first meal and have their service of thanksgiving?"

"Indeed I should; but what of the ferry boat for Haparānda?"

"Oh, the officer will tell that to wait until you come."

"But what will all the passengers who want

to get over say, for there's only that one large boat going to-day?" I objected.

"Oh, they won't mind," he answered, "they're used to waiting. Come along!"

Away I went, nothing loth, and it was a very touching service to have and share with our Allies. There was a large dining-room in which hundreds could sit down, with the meal already prepared and waiting only for the soup. The men were standing and looking towards the altar, which with its surroundings filled one end and had no screen except flags at each side. Some who were unable to move were lying on their stretchers in front of it. The priest came forward, embraced me, and bowing ceremoniously, turned at once to begin the service. Those who could sing went forward to form the choir standing at one side, the poor fellows lying down struggled up to a sitting posture if they possibly could, and the glorious Russian voices poured out, in petition and response, the thankfulness which all hearts felt that those poor wrecks of mankind had at least the happiness of being in the friendly Russian land once more. There was hardly time for the few words of congratulation and sympathy I wanted them to have, good-byes to the matron and nurses, a hearty "God bless

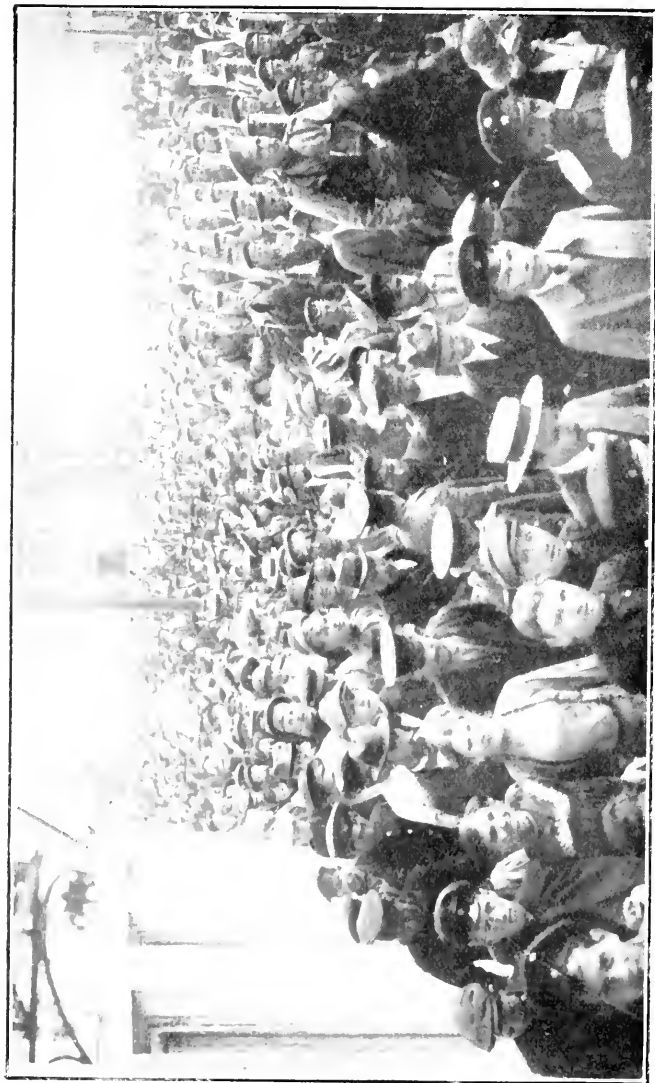
you, brother" to the priest, "and may He soon give us peace," before I had to hurry away and join the passengers who were certainly, as had been said, sitting very patiently in "Noah's ark." I think they were under the impression, however, that they were waiting till some official requirements had been fulfilled, and probably thought, as I hurried on board, that I was lucky to catch the boat at the very last moment.

Since my return I have heard of the enthusiastic reception accorded to the English armoured car men in Moscow. On the day I left for the visit to our submarine officers and men, I came across Captain Locker Lampson at the Embassy, and found he was just bringing his unit down from their winter quarters.

"Can't you come out and give us a service?" he asked as we talked together. "We have not had one for seven months, shut off as we have been from everything and everybody. We *should* appreciate it, I can tell you."

"What would I not give to have the chance," I answered, "but I'm just starting off for our submarine men at ——. How long are you here?"

"We are going on almost at once to Moscow, and then to the south."



ARMoured CAR UNIT ON THEIR WAY TO THE ENGLISH CHURCH IN MOSCOW.



“Moscow!” I exclaimed. “That’s all right. The chaplain there is just the man, and he’ll come out at once, and give you all you want. You’ll find him the right man in the right place.”

He was glad to hear all this, of course, and found it just as I had said. Our Moscow chaplain (the Rev. F. W. North) gave them services and also saw what an opportunity a military service in church, with a preliminary march through the principal streets, would be in the eyes of our Allies who had never seen British troops before.

It was a great day! The streets were crowded with a greatly excited and enthusiastic people, and many soldiers. The gendarmes who kept order were as eager as everybody else, and, though cheering is left as a rule to the soldiers, for once the people cheered as well. Flowers were thrown to the men, wreaths, bouquets, and single flowers, from all sides. The wreaths they put round their necks, and with the flowers stuck into their belts, and the bouquets carried, they entered into the general warmth and good feeling with equal zest and enjoyment. It must have done a world of good in Moscow. They could have no doubt that we were “doing something” when they saw our troops

marching through the streets, and could reflect that British soldiers were in Belgium, France, and Salonika also, as well as in their own country, while we were protecting our own island and possessions without asking help from any one outside the Empire.

A friend of mine looking on told me of a charming little incident which occurred that day. When the men went into the English church for service, their rifles were stacked up outside and left in charge of an officer. Shortly after, a Russian general drove up to join the service, but seeing the rifles, went aside to look at them, never having seen those used on armoured cars before. The young officer, of course, all eagerness to explain, and show all he could, worked the breech, handled the rifle, and did everything else smartly and well—a keen, bright; young Englishman. Probably the general had not seen a young English subaltern before, and I can imagine how admiringly he would look at him and all he did. When his inspection was over he thanked him warmly, and then putting his hands on his shoulders, kissed him first on one cheek and then on the other. I still remember, very vividly, what I felt when that was first done to me by a bishop beyond the Urals, and I can imagine what our young countryman felt also. "He



looked very much taken aback,” my friend said, “but recovering himself at once, he too put his hands on the general’s shoulders, and kissed him back in the same way. The old general beamed with pleasure and everyone looked pleased.” Can we doubt, knowing our own traditions in such matters, when a young Englishman so readily grasps and conforms to the Russian point of view, that we and they, as I have so often said, are specially fitted to get on together and understand each other?

Their ideas are so often expressed by the common people just as some of our own modest fellows have expressed themselves in France, in those bygone days when so conscious of a superior enemy,

“They have everything better than we have, sir, except *pluck*.”

So at the Russian front Mr. Stanley Washburn told me how one of the men had “voiced” what the others felt of the enemy’s superiority in so many respects, and yet could keep serenely confident as to the final issue :

“We haven’t their machine guns, their artillery, nor kits or splendid equipments. We haven’t had their military training. We’re only very simple fellows who have not been taught a great deal, but who have

just simple ideas of faith and duty; *but*," significantly, "there are a hundred and seventy millions of us."

As I draw to a close the news has just been received that Roumania has come in. I was quite expecting it, for I had been assured in Russia, at place after place, that she was quite ready in the early summer, and almost straining at the leash. "We can't let her come in yet, however, nor until it will take about three or four months to finish the war in that direction." I may not say yet, perhaps never in print, *why* she could not be allowed to come in until then, but many, perhaps all, my readers will understand without being told. It will be very interesting—I write at the beginning of October—to see whether their calculations are right, and the war over, as far as Austria is concerned, before Christmas comes again. I have always thought, and said, the issue would be decided in the Balkans. In my quarterly pastorals to our clergy and their congregations, I have always repeated it, and in my last in June I wrote again: "The war still drags on, though there are not wanting signs, some of us think, that the end is approaching. It has been longer than I for one expected, but the explanation is to be plainly seen in the

Balkans, and there, as our brethren know, I have always felt was most plainly to be discerned the beating of the pulse of this appalling struggle and effort to attain.” I’m so very glad that the advice given me and my own attempts to understand the situation have not led me wrong, and I sincerely hope that with Austria brought to surrender, as she was the really guilty party, our principal enemy may quickly determine to bring this appalling struggle to a close by throwing herself upon the generosity of her victorious foes.

There will be one great Power at least at the Peace Conference which prizes, amongst many other character-making traditions, a rooted objection to hitting a man when he is down, and which has also been taught in its boyhood to fight and be good friends afterwards. I have addressed many, many gatherings, school boys, schools girls, mixed audiences, and men only, but whether it has been what is called a drawing-room meeting, or little children, soldiers’ wives in a Lord Roberts Club, a mixed gathering at Moscow, or an inspiring lot of strong-looking men at the British Club at Petrograd, I have never once felt conscious of an unworthy spirit towards our enemies or any wish to pay back, or rub it in, if we should issue victorious from the war. Nor

will there be such a spirit in Russia. They will do their utmost to keep the enemy from the economical exploitation of other days, and have for some time as little to do with them as they possibly can, except in those international relations which are absolutely necessary, but they will neither have bitterness, rancour, nor spirit of revenge. It is as foreign to them as it is to ourselves to bear malice once we have had it out.

It is quite extraordinary, and most impressive to note the entire absence of bitterness in Russia towards the enemy, even amongst those who have suffered most. We read in the papers how in Poland, in the last advance, the unfortunate peasants who could not flee embraced each other and then entering their little huts set fire to them and perished, rather than fall into the hands of those they called the "devils in grey." But amongst the refugees in Moscow, Petrograd, Sergi Troitska and in the great towns beyond the Urals, there is the greatest reluctance to talk of the enemy. There is a terrible sense of a great wrong, but it is so great they feel it must be left to God to right it. There is a piteous longing to be back and see their homes again and the countryside, but this one feels with a saddened heart can never be. The

country they have known is, for the most part, for ever changed and can never be the same again, as used to be quoted from Joel ii. 3 of the Danish invasion of our own land in bygone centuries :

“At morn the garden of Eden they find,  
And leave it a desolate waste behind.”

“If only I could go back home just once,” moaned an old peasant woman at Petrograd, “and see my little home and the garden, and my cow, and the trees and fields and the neighbours again, then I could die happy at the thought of being laid in Polish soil.”

If ever she does return there will be nothing by which she could possibly find her way to anything she has ever known.

They have a wonderful power of expression these Russian peasants, and win the hearts of matrons, nurses, and doctors, and all who attend them or visit them. At the Embassy at Petrograd, Lady Georgina Buchanan showed me numbers of letters from those to whom she had sent her parcels of clothing and other comforts. At first they used to snatch like wolves if clothing was offered them, and one poor woman apologising for her eagerness, explained that she had not been able to change one single thing she wore since they had fled from their home more than six weeks ago.

Here is a letter from a Russian soldier at the front :

" I humbly thank your High Excellency for the help you have rendered my wife. Your presents my wife received on the 9th January and she informed me and I knew of it on the 24th January. How to thank you I do not know. May the guardianship of God be with you in all your ways. Glory be to you and to the whole British nation. I cheer your army from the highest in command to the least of your soldiers. Long life to those of your land who help us. Your High Excellency, for us in Russia it was impossible to greet the festival (Christmas) properly ; my wife and children had nothing to wear almost : then suddenly the parcel from you arrived, they opened it and fell on their knees and burst into tears before the ikon of the Mother of God and put up prayers for you—this is what my wife tells me. . . .

" Please accept a soldier's gratitude and may the Lord lengthen your life. Pass on my gratitude to the British nation. I beg you to send me a small souvenir and I will share it with my brothers in arms and also your portrait and one of His Excellency. I would like to have an English national medal. I

have a French one. I received it while serving in the Emperor's own regiment in Tsarskoe Selo. Live long, the Lord be with you, my helpers, although you don't know me all this is true.

“IVAN BARDIN.”

Here is another from a soldier's wife after a parcel of clothing :

“With the greatest joy and with great amazement I realised that I was the recipient of such a reward from you ; it is as if I had dreamed it, and now I bring you my great gratitude for your condescension to my children, they were greatly pleased, and they thank you very much. Your presents were received in full on January 3rd, 1916. Dear Giver of Gifts, I would also ask you whether you would not send me perhaps, your portrait for the festival (Christmas). I would like to send you some presents as soon as you say I may do so, whatever it is, fresh butter or anything you would choose, I know not what to send you.”

One more from a soldier who has returned on leave :

"Greetings to your Excellency. I send you heartfelt wishes and bend to you from the top of my height down to the damp earth; and I have to inform you that I arrived home safely and was very glad, and my family rejoiced with me. We all shed tears of joy there was so much gladness in the reunion; it is difficult to express with the pen all our feelings. My wife and children send your Excellency many greetings and very many thanks for all your kindness in that you have felt and sympathised in our sorrows and in our poverty and great need—and once more I bow my head and thank you, and I would ask your Excellency to send me an answer to this letter."

Finally a very touching one from four little boys :

"1915, October 23rd, is the date of the letter from the orphans to whom you sent the presents and for which we thank you, merciful lady. Receive our deep gratitude for the present which gave us great joy. When we put on our shirts it felt as if we had seen our mother, and we began to cry and we did not know what was the matter with us—we cried and cried. Again we thank you, honoured madam."



It may be noticed that there is a great sense of consciousness of the high rank of the lady to whom they write, and yet they feel she is human like themselves, as when a man from the front writes to her, using royal titles as he addresses her, and finishing up—she had sent him some tobacco—by saying: “When I smoke my pipe I shall think of you every whiff I draw.”

As I conclude I feel I must recommend my readers a book and an article. The book is *Russia at the Cross Roads*, by C. E. Bechhofer, which gives us the secret of Russia's slow advance in civilisation, and sketches the difference the war will make to that vast empire. The article is by Professor Bernard Pares, in the *Edinburgh Review* for July 1916, on “Russian Hopes and Aims,” and deals with them as being realised in the Anglo-Russian Alliance.

It would be easy to speak in exaggerated terms of Russia's future, and some of us are charged with doing so. I have been accused, by at least two reputable English papers, of having nothing but indiscriminate praise to bestow, all through my book on *Russian Life To-day*. I do not think the charge is deserved, though I own to writing then, as now, in a thoroughly sanguine and optimistic spirit, and

have never expressed myself in any other, not even in those dark days in July, August, and September last year, when brother bishops and others used to ask me "What do you think of your Russians now? As confident as ever?"

"Yes," with great energy, "quite."

"What, you think they'll be able to keep the enemy from Vilna and Petrograd, and perhaps Kieff and Moscow!"

"Yes, I do think so. Still, who knows? They may fall. But I shall still be confident about Russia's military future, and our own, side by side with her."

We who love and appreciate the innate good qualities of her people, and realise her vastness, know perfectly well that certain evils which have been so much in evidence in the past, and even now, are just phases and nothing more. They will pass away and leave no trace, just evaporate into the air; but the other, the simple loving nature of a vast people full of friendliness and true humanity, with strong impulses of loyal faith and duty, these will remain. And they are going, please God, to contribute their part, and a real contribution that part will be, to the coming time when the world is a better place to live in than it is now or perhaps has ever yet been,

with a new social life, strong and permanent, because delivered from the menace of war, and when we and they “bring the honour and glory of our nations into it.”

Very few mischances have come to me in all my goings to and fro by sea and land during the last two years. I have listened to very different experiences from others. Now and then there have been narrow escapes, as when going first to Holland and a submarine on the prowl showed itself near the North Hinder lightship just after we had passed, and the last time I crossed over to France when the submarine which we believe destroyed the *Sussex* lay in wait for us. We were held up for a day, and instead of getting us it was sent to the bottom itself by a little flotilla of French and British patrols, with six of its crew, while the rest were carried off into Havre as prisoners. One of the Paris clergy was on board the *Sussex* and the terrible stories he told me—they haunted him for days—made me deeply thankful that I had escaped similar experiences. He had been magnificent in helping the unfortunate sufferers, and mercifully was too busy to realise the horrors about him till afterwards. When he had pulled himself together after the shock, and went in the direction of the groans in the

wrecked dining-room, he saw two legs severed below the knees; and the first poor fellow he helped, lying buried under débris, cried out pitifully: "Be careful of my legs, they must be badly injured from the pain they give"; but on getting down to him there were no legs below the thighs! It is hard to listen to these stories of the destruction and maiming of helpless civilians. There was no military person of any kind on the *Sussex*, and there was no warning. An American looking out to sea and seeing the spray cried suddenly: "Here comes a torpedo!" and the next moment they were struck.

As I came over the North Sea in June the captain said:

"You never know where you may be from one moment to another. We were coming over this part the other day, and saw smoke just as you see it from that steamer there astern, and a minute or two after some one cried out, 'Why, that steamer has gone,' and smoke and everything had disappeared. A torpedo or mine had got her, and we had just passed over that same place!"

For some of us in north and central Europe the words of the General Thanksgiving have acquired an intensity of meaning during this great time that we feel they can never lose

again as we bless and thank God for our “preservation and all the blessings of this life,” as well as the inestimable love He has shown us in permitting us to minister the Means of Grace and set forth the Hope of Glory.

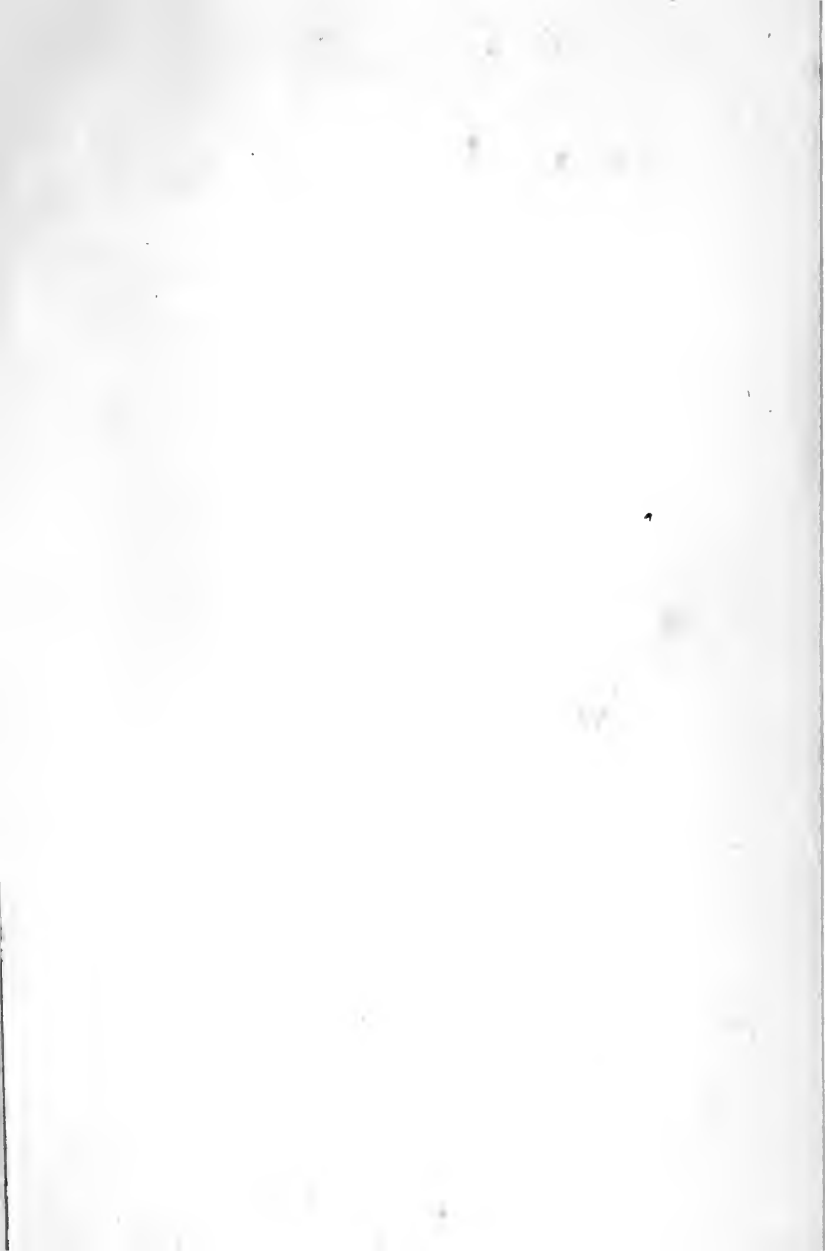


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