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A Soldier of England.

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A SOLDIER OF ENGLAND.

LESLIE YORATH SANDERS.

A SOLDIER OF ENGLAND.

Memorials of Leslie Yorath Sanders.

Born July 5th, 1893.

Killed in Action March 10th, 1917.

DUMFRIES:
J. MAXWELL & SON, Printers and Publishers, High Street.
1920.

R
VARLAL

PREFATORY NOTE.

MANY friends closely associated with my boy have pressed persistently for a book to be published as a memorial of his life and death. With much reluctance, and with much of the pain which only a mother can understand, I have compiled this little book of selections from his writings, etc., in the hope that it will satisfy the requests of those admirers of my boy whose generous sympathy has never failed to be a matter of consolation and inspiration.

Lest there should be some who will read these pages with sadness, some mother whose heart is aching with longing for her son, some questioning souls who may ask: "To what purpose was this waste? Why was not this life, so rich in promise, permitted to come to full fruition?" To such there is a word that must be said.

Being human, we know the anguish of empty arms and eyes that ache with desire to see; but, in spite of that, we know a far higher thing. We know that *there is no death*. Leslie lives—a vivid, radiant life—free from all the fetters of time and sense, he lives and works and loves, as he could not do in this Time life; and we are content, and glad, and proud.

AGNES J. SANDERS.

LYNDHURST,
NORTHBROOK ROAD,
LEE, LONDON, S.E.

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LIEUTENANT L. Y. SANDERS.

From a Memorial Notice contributed to "The Magazine of the Wesleyan Methodist Church" — August, 1917.

BY

Rev. C. F. HUNTER, B.A.

Lieutenant L. Y. Sanders.

By C. F. Hunter, B.A.

THE cost of the war in money and materials becomes more staggering every day; but even more deplorable are the losses that cannot be tabulated: the loss to young wives and children who will have to live out their days without the love and care of husband or father, and the unimaginable loss to the world of the work that would have been achieved by those who are cut off so prematurely. No one can estimate the value to the race of a young man of genius. All England mourns for Rupert Brooke, and all the Churches are the poorer by the death of James H. Moulton. A young officer of only twenty-three, Lieut. Leslie Yorath Sanders, has also fallen, whose gifts and personality were so remarkable that it is not inconceivable that he might have attained a place among the world's Immortals.

He was the elder son of Mr C. J. O. Sanders, of the Board of Trade, now Director of Shipbuilding Work in the Ministry of Shipping. Up to five years ago, when they removed to Lee, the family lived in the East End of London, in order that, in addition to his work at the Board of Trade, Mr Sanders might devote his evenings and Sundays to social work amongst the poor; so that it was an uncommon home in which the children grew up—indoors, an atmosphere of culture, refinement, and Christian service; outside, all the squalor and degradation of the Dock area.

From the first Leslie showed exceptional ability, and at six he was saving his pennies to buy such books as Clodd's *Story of Primitive Man*. His special bent was towards science and mathematics, but at St. Olave's Grammar School, Southwark, where he spent six years, he took prizes in almost every subject, including

the English Verse prize for a really notable poem on Sir Philip Sidney. The versatility of his mind was quite as remarkable as its originality. His masters used to say that in Higher Mathematics, without studying the standard proofs, he almost invariably hit upon solutions of his own shorter and neater than those of the text-books. If his thinking was astonishingly clear, quick and nimble, he was equally ready in the expression of it; he loved to write, and some whose judgment carries great weight expected that he would find his life-work in literature. Any little joke in the home was promptly turned into nonsense verse, and he contributed copiously to the school magazine—serious articles, travel sketches, parodies, and occasionally a dainty sonnet, which, as he puts it, seemed to leak from his pen.

He went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1912. At the earliest possible moment he was put upon the foundation as a Senior Scholar of Trinity, and a few months before the war broke out secured a First-class in the Natural Sciences Tripos. He had previously obtained Honours at London University. His old Form Master writes: "He was undoubtedly the most brilliant science boy who has passed through my hands during the last fifteen years, and I feel that his death is a loss both to this country and to the world, for he would undoubtedly have had a most distinguished career, and in a very special degree have done much for the progress of science."

With all his rapidly accumulating honours, Sanders was wonderfully modest. He could not fail to realise that he had gifts above the common, and he rejoiced in them as others rejoice in height or strength; but he was absolutely free from conceit. And in spite of all his achievements there was none of the overstrain and premature exhaustion so often seen in the clever schoolboy; indeed, he did not even wear glasses. He was the most fascinating boy I have ever met, the very embodiment of youthful vitality—fresh, eager, light-hearted, and interested in everything.

On successive visits one Long Vacation I found him vamping accompaniments for a group of old school-fellows; making experiments in cookery; taking his bicycle to pieces; designing an improved sleeping-tent for cycle touring; and finally, cutting out and making the tent with a sewing machine.

To a remarkable mind he added a most striking personality; and letters from former masters and college Dons, brother officers and old school-fellows, some 250 of them from acquaintances all over the country, all lay stress on the extraordinary impression produced by the honesty, purity, charm, and force of his personal character. At home he was just a warm-hearted boy, loving and lovable, with a wealth of affection for the family circle. More than any boy I have known, he seemed to be "without guile," with a disposition unwarped by any sordid ambition, and a mind almost virginally clean. A few weeks before he died he bade his mother "give thanks for the sins unsinned." Yet his innocence was not the innocence of ignorance, for he grew up in the East End; nor the innocence of a cold-blooded nature, for he was radiantly alive; nor, again, was it a merely negative virtue—his purity was a positive force that kept many a school-fellow and college acquaintance the cleaner.

He was deeply religious, though latterly he was inevitably compelled to fight the battle of belief. It says much, both for mother and son, that it was in correspondence with her that he thrashed out his difficulties. Yet no speculative difficulties had any power to affect his personal character or his ideals of service. An old school friend writes:—

"Some time after Leslie left school, I remember there was a case of a boy who had gone very far wrong, and it almost seemed that the only thing that could restrain him was the discipline of a prison reformatory. I asked Mr Rushbrooke (the Headmaster) if nothing could be done to save him; and his reply was: 'I know of nothing, unless I could get somebody like Leslie Sanders

to be with him constantly.' And then a whole flood of memories came flooding up: of Leslie at camp, with several small boys listening to his talk—boys whom perhaps others would not have noticed; and of Leslie at school, always working steadily and spiritually in secret places."

As a boy of twelve he received the Royal Humane Society's medal for saving a child from drowning, and the passion to save the weak dominated his life more and more. He was an enthusiastic member of the Alliance of Honour, and he had the very rare gift of dealing successfully with those who were beginning to yield to impurity. He had a growing interest in Eugenics as one of the great hopes of the future, and would probably have devoted himself largely to that aspect of social reform.

When the war broke out he was home for the Long Vacation, and neither he nor his brother would wait for commissions. They enlisted instantly, and went out together in February, 1915, in one of the first contingents of the New Army. The following extract from a letter written to his mother on the eve of sailing reveals much of his attitude towards life, and of the spirit in which he faced the great sacrifice:—

"I estimate my chance of getting wounded at one in four, of getting killed or totally disabled at one in ten. These are pretty heavy averages, and I should be foolish not to go out prepared for the worst. In a sense, therefore, I count myself already dead. Wear no mourning for me if I am killed; if I die, I die gladly. I have lived longer than many; and life has been very good. Pleasures innumerable, sweet and high and pure, have surrounded me all my days. I have learnt to take delight in the greatest works of man, in music, and literature, and art. I have had strength to follow the hard road of learning, in its austerest track, to that deep valley of humiliation where all the mighty scroll of human knowledge dwindles down to an ill-formed question-mark, and whence coming no one ever again thinks that he knows anything

in the whole wide world. All that I have asked of life I have had; I am well content to die whenever it is demanded. And if not death, but something worse should fall—well, I am prepared. The only thing I fear at all is the loss of both hands or total blindness. Both of these are improbable contingencies. If a bullet gets anywhere near your eyes, it usually goes into your brain. Still, it does happen sometimes; there have been so far twenty-two cases of men blinded in the British Expeditionary Force. Well, that risk had to be faced before I enlisted. Was I, or was I not, prepared to enter on life as a blind man? You know how I answered that question. The cause is worth even that sacrifice. And I have had so pleasant a life heretofore, that, even if the rest of it is to be passed in darkness, the balance will be on the side of pleasure."

He was wounded in the great fight on Hill 60 in April, 1915, and also suffered for a time from slight shell-shock. Both he and his brother were pressed by their C.O. to accept commissions in their own regiment, the Queen Victoria's Rifles, and he was gazetted in July, 1915. It was discovered that he had a quite exceptional gift for teaching signalling, of all things, and his work in this direction was so valuable that he was transferred to the R.G.A. at Woolwich, and orders were issued that he was not to be sent abroad, the War Office itself seeming to shrink from exposing him to the risks of the Front. But though his work was congenial, and he was in daily touch with those he loved best, he hankered after what he called "a man's work" in the firing line. While at Woolwich he helped to elucidate some very intricate and highly confidential scientific problems, and on a call for similar work at the Front he insisted on going out in November, 1916. On 10th March, 1917, the headquarters of his division were shelled. Others were ordered to the dug-outs; but two officers and a private were needed to continue this special work, and Sanders went on calmly with his calculations until a shell burst in the room and killed all three.

Among his papers were found several letters, one of which

is a haunting description of noble love for father and for fatherland, and serene acquiescence in death for the great cause.*

No one can say how much such a man might have achieved, though it is clear that he might have reached high distinction in any one of a dozen different careers. Yet, the very ending of such a life, with its rich promise still unfulfilled, deepens the conviction that death cannot be the end. As one of his friends said of him long ago: "It will take more than a bit of German lead to stop Leslie!" Somewhere, in enterprises nobler than any we can aspire to here, such a spirit as his must "carry on."

* Printed at page 136.

Articles and Editorials contributed to "The Olavian."

The Magazine of St. Olave's Grammar School.

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Articles and Editorials contributed to "The Olavian."

The Magazine of St. Olave's Grammar School.

Seed and Sapling.

(December, 1910.)

TO a casual observer the scene was one of perfect repose. No sound reached the ear save the distant cry of birds. No trace of the quivering life with which the valley was crowded met the eye. Mellow sunlight streamed over the glowing tints of a semi-tropical vegetation, and filtered through the leaves of olives and pomegranates. The river, its surface obscured by a thin bluish haze, rolled silently through a broad tract of swampy ground covered with dense undergrowth. On either side rose low hills, clothed for the most part with forest trees, but dotted here and there with natural clearings occupied only with bushes and grass. Beyond, a varied country, now hilly, now marshy, now park-like, stretched out of sight; and all over brooded a tremulous warmth which seemed the fitting environment for the rich colours of the landscape.

Upon the summit of one of the southern hills was a clearing somewhat larger than the majority, free from undergrowth except for some bushes at one end. Concealed amongst a clump of these, a man lay looking down upon the Thames—for the scene, so greatly altered by the lapse of ages, was no other than the neighbourhood of Windsor. The man was a shaggy being some five feet tall. Broad-legged, with curved thigh-bones, his shambling and gorilla-like walk proclaimed his immediate ancestry; but his erect posture and well-developed hand were evidences of the long distance he

had travelled towards a barbaric civilisation. His long skull had a low, receding forehead, with overhanging eyebrows furnished with bushy hair. The nose was flat, the nostrils wide; the ears somewhat pointed; the large and heavy jaw projecting and "snouty"; the chin very small and retreating. His powerful frame was covered with copper-coloured skin, and the greater part of the surface was further protected by quantities of long straight hair.

The man, concealed with superb woodcraft from the eyes of the prowling denizens of the forest which he knew to be around him, crouched motionless whilst he scanned the valley for signs of his prey. Every sense, sharpened to the uttermost by the constant struggle for existence, was on the alert; but apparently his scrutiny was unavailing, for he turned from the valley, and with the patience of the savage, settled himself to wait for the approach of some living thing he could kill by a blow of his hand.

An hour passed slowly away before the man's increasing hunger impelled him to go forth in search of the game which had not come to him. As he rose to his feet, however, he slipped, and would have fallen had not his hand encountered a stout stem of a bamboo-like plant, which broke in his hand with a loud crack. His neighbourhood thus betrayed, he followed the natural instinct of all wild animals to remain rigid and silent until the danger should have passed.

But meanwhile another inhabitant of the woodland had approached. The breeze, gentle as it was, had sufficed to carry the man's scent to an old wild boar who haunted a thicket some distance away. Stealthily, with infinite caution, the latter had made his way towards the man's lair; for he knew that the average human being, though almost helpless in fight, was more than a match for him in a race through the aisles of the forest. Now, seeing the man off his guard, he dashed upon him with a ferocious roar. The startled man, turning, realised that the time for escape had gone by, and struck out wildly at his assailant. Forgetful

of the branch he still held in his hand, he aimed a terrific blow at the boar's head. The latter sprang aside to avoid it; and in the very act the stick caught him with tremendous force between the eyes. Half-stunned by the shock, he continued to fight in a dazed, mechanical way; but the man was quick to follow up his advantage, and in a short time the boar lay dead upon the ground.

An everyday encounter, that ended contrary to expectation. A microscopic struggle had disturbed for a moment the brooding peace of the scene. The golden light still caressed the luxuriant vegetation of the valley long after the man had satisfied his hunger and his inarticulate pæan of victory had ceased to echo from the hills. A little time, and the carcass would decay, and be seen no more. A little longer, and the man himself would die and be forgotten. Ages would pass, and no detail of the scene would escape the innovating hand of Time. The climate would alter, the river would be diverted, the very hills would change their forms.

But the man carried away the stick.

The silent heavens, frosted with a glittering dust of stars, seem to rebuke the earth. Sound, clamorous and incessant, besieges the ear. Hiss of steam, roar of blast, clank of engine, crash of machinery blend into a riotous tumult of noise, filling the great steelworks. Outside, in the cold glare of electric lights, locomotives move to and fro among grotesque piles of rusty scrap-iron, which throw contorted shadows on to the uneven ground. Upon an elevated bank within, gleaming weirdly in the alternations of flaming light and dense shadow, a great electric machine rolls backwards and forwards before a long row of furnaces where blue-spectacled men peer into lakes of boiling fire. The mouth of a furnace is thrown open; the machine pauses in the stream of blinding light which shoots forth; green sparks snap; the pigmy human figure at the back is borne forward and upward, the ram in front enters the mouth, and a fresh charge is emptied into the glowing depths.

Further on a spouting flood of white-hot metal falls thunderously, with a spray of countless sparks, into a gigantic bucket in which it may be conveyed to the converters or the casting-moulds. From the hissing, roaring, coal-devouring boilers to the big dynamo humming its perpetual monotone, apparent confusion disguises a scene of organised activity.

Somewhat apart from the rest of the work stand the rolls. Here, conveyed by a long series of revolving rollers, come thick ingots of red-hot iron. Backward and forward through the mighty jaws they rush, crushed and squeezed and rolled, thinner and longer after each passage; streaming faucets spurt cold jets at them as they go by, but fail to quench their ardent heat; steam-clouds drift, the rollers crash, the ground shakes; until at last the iron, battered into flaming ribbons fifty feet in length, slides away upon a second line of rollers.

One man rules over this mass of mechanism—a dirty little man in oily blue overalls, sitting pale-faced on a quivering iron bridge—but an unacknowledged god. Beneath him are huge engines, mighty cylinders, titanic frames of steel. A motion of his hand, and gleaming piston-rods, like gigantic cat's-paws, are whirling ponderous cranks amid a welter of movement and a chaos of sound. He sports with naked power; fire and water are his slaves. Steel does his bidding, and deafening noise wraps him round. The strong things of the earth bow to his will; he beats the iron flat with his hand.

They pay him two pounds a week.

Aspects of the Yellow Fever Problem:

A Chapter in Human Progress.

(July, 1911.)

It is an immediate consequence of the operation of natural selection that in a state of nature no such thing as disease exists. The onslaught of a disease on any species of organism is followed by one of two alternatives: the species acquires immunity or at least tolerance, or else it becomes extinct. But with man, and the animals and plants which are constantly associated with him, the case is far otherwise. Civilisation has removed in great measure the pressure of the struggle for existence. To be inflicted with a disease no longer necessarily entails death; indeed, in many cases definite curative efforts are made on behalf of the sufferer. The natural result of this policy is a great and increasing liability to disease; and the more highly civilised a race is, the more numerous and the more virulent are the diseases which afflict it. Fortunately, civilisation provides a partial remedy for this state of affairs in the shape of curative and preventive medicine. One of the most dramatic, and at the same time one of the most beneficent of recent advances in this direction, was made by Walter Reed in 1900—an achievement no less than the virtual conquest of yellow fever.

For four centuries this disease has ravaged the tropics. It attacked Columbus' sailors when they landed at San Domingo. It met the Spaniards in their first attempts to conquer Mexico. In 1509, at Vera Cruz, a band of 780 soldiers under Diego de Nunes was reduced to 60 by its agency within fifteen months. These, the first disasters, were but a foretaste of the deadly scourge whose existence they announced to Europe. In its original seat, the islands and coast of the Gulf of Mexico, the malady has raged ever since. Epidemics have radiated thence in various directions. Some attacked the Bermudas and the Atlantic Coast of the United States;

some spread to the Pacific Coast of Central America; some reached the Guianas and Brazil; sugar-laden vessels from Cuba carried the fever to Europe; slave ships returning from the Antilles infected the west coast of Africa. These epidemics were only extinguished after fearful ravages; and in two cases, those of Africa and Brazil, the disease encountered such a favourable habitat that it became endemic and has persisted ever since. Of the two secondary centres of infection thus formed, the African source dates from the middle of the eighteenth century, and is located in the Gulf of Guinea, between the mouths of the Niger and the Congo. The Brazilian source was not established until a much later date, but yellow fever is there so firmly entrenched that Brazil, rather than the West Indies, must now be called the true home of the disease. The exact manner in which the country became infected has been ascertained. In 1849 a single ship, the *Brasil*, brought the fever from New Orleans to Bahia, and thence another vessel, the *Navarre*, carried it to Rio de Janeiro. In that region of alluvial marshes, intense heat, and excessive humidity, it is not surprising that the contagion, once started, should spread with unexampled rapidity, and persist with unabated vigour.

As soon as regular communication was established with the New World, the disease attacked Europe. The eastern parts of the Continent, having little maritime relation with the centres of infection, have enjoyed almost complete immunity. The only outbreak of any gravity occurred in 1804, when fifteen hundred lives were lost in Italy. Spain and Portugal, however, have been invaded on many occasions and with deadly effect. The epidemic which raged from 1800 to 1804 claimed eighty thousand victims, and though many years have now elapsed since a serious attack, it is only the strictest of quarantine regulations which have kept the disease at bay. In France and England, although infected ships have arrived times without number, yellow fever has never exhibited zymotic properties. The slight outbreaks which occurred at

Marseilles in 1821, at Saint-Nazaire in 1861, and at Swansea in 1865, deserve more detailed mention.

During a violent epidemic in Spain, the brig *Nicolino* left Malaga for Marseilles. On the day of departure a yellow fever patient died on board, and a second case appeared during the voyage. On arrival the vessel was detained in the quarantine basin, and the patient sent to a hospital at Pomegue. While health officers on board the *Nicolino*, sailors on neighbouring ships, and others who entered the vicinity of the vessel contracted the fever, no cases originated either from the homes of these men or from the patient at Pomegue. The paradox appears all the more startling when we contrast this with the state of affairs then prevailing in Spain. On the one hand, Marseilles—old, insanitary, yet almost immune; on the other, Barcelona—new, clean, and plague-stricken.

The outbreak at Saint-Nazaire was more serious. The *Anne-Marie* sailed from Havana on 12th June. Between the 2nd and 12th of July nine sailors were attacked by yellow fever. On the 25th she arrived at Saint-Nazaire, and "twenty days having elapsed since the last death, and thirteen since the last case of illness," was admitted to free pratique. On August 5th and 6th—not till then—many labourers who had been unloading her were attacked; and at curiously irregular intervals sporadic cases declared themselves on board the craft which had occupied the berths in her neighbourhood. As at Marseilles forty years before, the primary infection soon spent itself, and the patients themselves seemed incapable of spreading the disease. Similar phenomena attended the arrival of the *Hecla* at Swansea. At intervals varying from six to twenty days after her arrival, some twenty people of the town who had been on board the *Hecla*, and the crew of a small vessel lying alongside, were taken ill, and thereafter the epidemic died a natural death.

Such instances of immunity, which might be multiplied almost indefinitely, are not the only puzzling features of the disease. It

has been shown that whereas the incubation period is usually three, and never more than six days, a house to which a patient is carried does not become infected until from fifteen to twenty days have elapsed. When in 1898 the United States assumed the government of Cuba, the American authorities effected an entire reform in the sanitary administration of the island. As a result of the vigorous measures taken, the general health of the population was greatly improved, and the death-rate fell rapidly; yet not only was yellow fever unchecked, but, with a higher proportion than usual of unacclimatised visitors, more rife than it had been for several years.

For centuries this mysterious and terrible disease was explained on the vague hypothesis of two-fold infection by "contagion" and "miasma." Deadly exhalations rose unobserved by every anxious sense from the rotting swamps and stagnant marshes of the Caribbean shore. Once begotten by this fatal agency, the fever spread from man to man with erratic but inevitable doom. Men went down to the Spanish Main as into the shadow of death. The sensuous beauty of that tropical land harboured lurking terrors which could make the boldest of them blench; they went in fear of their lives, meeting with folded hands of helplessness "the pestilence that walketh in darkness" and "the destruction that wasteth at noon-day."

After Pasteur's brilliant discovery of the relation between micro-organisms and zymotic disease, this theory was superseded by the more exact assumption of yellow fever to the action of some microscopic parasite. What parasite, however, remained unknown; and save that the malady was robbed of some of its dread mystery, the practical situation was little improved.

Such, in brief, was the state of affairs when in June, 1900, Major Walter Reed, a distinguished surgeon of the United States Army, was sent to Cuba as president of a board of medical men commissioned to study the infectious diseases of the country, and in particular the scourge of yellow fever. Associated with him

were Assistant-Surgeons James Carroll, Jesse Lazear, and Aristides Agramonte. The most widely accepted theory at that time was that of Sanarelli, which ascribed yellow fever to the bacillus *icteroides*. Some years previously, however, Reed and Carroll had shown that this organism was widely disseminated in the United States, and accordingly this hypothesis was not considered probable. The first proceeding of the commission was a patient, thorough, and laborious bacteriological study of the blood of yellow fever patients, as a result of which it was conclusively demonstrated that the bacillus *icteroides* had not the slightest connection with the disease.

The suggestion that the cause of yellow fever was to be sought in the bites of mosquitoes had been made by Dr. Beauperthy as long ago as 1854, and had been advanced in a more detailed form by Dr. Carlos Finlay in 1881. This theory Reed determined to test, but he was met at the outset by the difficulty that no species of animal was known which was susceptible to the disease. The ordinary method was thus inapplicable, and arrangements were made to conduct experiments on volunteers from the United States Army. Meanwhile, Dr. Carroll allowed himself to be bitten by a mosquito which twelve days before had filled itself with the blood of a yellow fever patient, and in consequence suffered from a severe attack. Dr. Lazear also experimented on himself at the same time, but with negative results. Some days later, however, he was bitten by a mosquito while in a yellow fever ward, and carefully noted the fact. He acquired the disease in its most virulent form, and some days later died with a high courage and a confident hope of ultimate success. This was the only fatality of the inquiry.

An experimental station, christened Camp Lazear in honour of the dead comrade, was constructed four miles from Havana. Here two doctors, three nurses, and seven other non-immunes voluntarily submitted to a series of experiments remarkable alike for the danger with which they were attended, the bravery with

which they were entered upon, and the rigid accuracy with which they were performed. The inhabitants of the camp were first put into strict quarantine, and ample time allowed for any disease brought from Havana to declare itself. Careful precautions were taken to exclude accidental infection. The mosquitoes used were specially bred from the eggs, and kept in a building screened by wire netting. When wanted for an experiment they were sent to a yellow fever hospital, and allowed to bite the patients. They were then purposely applied to the inmates of the camp at varying intervals. Bites from other mosquitoes were carefully guarded against. The experiments were made in winter, when the disease is least prevalent; in fact, the mosquitoes used had to be kept alive by artificial heat. On the occurrence of the first recognisable symptoms of the malady the patient was removed to a hospital. These precautions were completely successful, and in no case did yellow fever appear except at the will of the experimenters. Their conclusions as to the conditions under which it is produced are therefore beyond criticism.

The simplest and most convincing demonstration of the part played by mosquitoes was afforded by an experiment in which a mosquito-proof building was divided into two by a wire screen, and infected insects liberated on one side. In the untenanted half two people slept for thirteen nights without injury to health; one person remained in the other half long enough to be bitten, and was attacked by the disease. The only difference in conditions was the presence of the mosquitoes; the difference in result was the development of yellow fever.

One of the most important experiments was made to test the current belief in the transmission of the disease by fomites. A frame house was erected which had been expressly designed to shut out the sunlight and fresh air. All openings were carefully screened to exclude mosquitoes, and for sixty-three days the average temperature was maintained at about 76 degrees Fahr. Boxes

filled with sheets, pillow-slips, blankets, &c., contaminated by contact with cases of yellow fever were placed in the house. In all, seven different persons occupied the house. Dr. R. P. Cooke and two privates of the hospital corps lived in the room for twenty days, unpacking the infected articles each night, and re-packing them in the morning. The health of all the subjects was absolutely unaffected; and this was not due to any natural immunity, for several of them were subsequently infected by mosquito bite. One can scarcely repress a shudder at the thought of that ghastly house. The men who endured the deliberately unhealthy conditions; who daily handled the filthy and revolting fomites; who voluntarily entered upon the experiment with the full knowledge of the possibilities involved, knowing the terrible character of the lingering death they faced, and knowing also the impotence of the physician before its onset; who did this, not in the hope of reward, but to lift the curse of hideous pestilence from the groaning tropic lands; these men more justly deserve the admiration of the world than the facile hero of the battlefield, who in the excitement of the conflict delivers a comrade from danger, and risks but a swift and painless death.

The epoch-making conclusions on the commission may be briefly summarised as follows:—The immediate cause of yellow fever is the invasion of the system by a hitherto undiscovered micro-organism which feeds on the fluid part or plasma of the blood, and not, like the malaria parasite, on the red corpuscles. It is believed that this organism does not affect the transparency of liquids, can penetrate most filters, and remains invisible to the highest powers of the microscope at present available. It may be communicated to man by infection of blood drawn from a yellow fever patient during the first three days of the attack. Outside the clinical laboratory, however, the only method of infection is by the bite of a single species of mosquito, a species originally christened "*culex fasciata*," formerly called "*stegomyia fasciata*," but now more

widely known as "*stegomyia calopus.*" Before entering the human body the fever germ must have passed a period of incubation in the tissues of the mosquito, where it causes slight and temporary derangement of the functions. In the same way the mosquito can only be infected by contact with the disease in man. There is no danger for either party when a healthy mosquito bites a healthy man; and neither the human nor the insect sufferer is dangerous to his fellows.

The importance of these researches in the prophylaxis of the disease is obvious. If the whole of mankind could be kept free from yellow fever during the maximum life-time of *stegomyia*, the disease would thenceforth be completely extinguished. As many of the negro races have acquired a fair degree of tolerance of the parasite, this course could not be pursued even if otherwise practicable. Attention, therefore, centres on the mosquito.

Fortunately for us, *stegomyia calopus* is peculiar amongst mosquitoes for the rigorous precision of the conditions necessary to its life. The optimum temperature at all stages is about 82 degrees Fahrenheit. Temperatures of 100 degrees on the one hand, and 60 degrees on the other, rapidly prove fatal to the insect. It bites with energy only above 75 degrees, and the eggs are only laid between 80 degrees and 85 degrees. In spite of this, it is widely distributed in the warmer parts of the globe, and has been found in India, Japan, the Malay Archipelago, and other places which have not so far been visited by yellow fever. It can hardly be doubted that serious danger exists in any country falling between the wide limits of about 43 degrees north and south latitude.

Like the common fly, *stegomyia* is a household insect. It protects itself from the cold to which it so readily succumbs by taking refuge in kitchens, bathrooms, and other warm spots; on shipboard it often resorts to the neighbourhood of the engine-room or smoke-stack. It is sedentary in its habits, and of its own accord never travels more than two or three hundred yards from its breeding-

place. There is no risk of wind-carriage, for *stegomyia* dreads the wind, and will not trust itself out of doors in the gentlest breeze. It can, of course, be carried indefinite distances when its home moves; it frequently travels in a ship's bilge. It is comparatively long-lived, and specimens often attain an age of four or five months. The eggs are laid in stagnant water; and puddles, cisterns, flower vases, gutters, tubs, and sinks are among the favourite situations. The larva is aquatic, is obliged to come to the surface to respire, and in favourable temperature conditions develops into the imago in nine days.

These facts at once explain the puzzling circumstances which have been noted above. In Spain a case of yellow fever infected the native mosquitoes, and a prolonged epidemic resulted. In France and England the opening of the hold of a ship might liberate a few insects which would infect persons in the immediate neighbourhood of the vessel; but by no possibility could the disease spread, and the outbreak would be limited in duration to the ephemeral life of *stegomyia calopus* in the inhospitable climate of the country. The protracted period which elapses between the arrival of a yellow fever patient at a house and the occurrence of a second case is due to the twelve days of incubation in the mosquito which precede the three days of incubation in the human body. Finally, it will at once be seen that general sanitary measures are of no avail against the disease.

The steps which are now being taken against yellow fever naturally vary in different countries. In England, where *stegomyia* is not native, it is sufficient to place all infected or suspected ships in quarantine until the mosquitoes and their larvæ have been destroyed. In the tropics a direct attack upon the pests is necessary. This stupendous task is only rendered possible by the peculiar habits of the insect. Effectually to destroy the imago is manifestly impossible. The measures adopted aim at killing the larva, excluding the imago from human habitations, and prevent its infection

with the microbe. When the Yellow Fever Commission presented its report, the American authorities initiated a campaign of extermination against the mosquitoes of the Cuban towns, under the leadership of Colonel W. C. Gorgas. As far as possible, all pools of stagnant water in which eggs might be laid were drained. Where this was not practicable, drains, swamps, puddles, and other possible breeding-places were covered with a film of oil. By preventing safe access to the surface for respiration, this acts as a highly efficient larvicide. Regulations were issued requiring all cisterns and water-butts to be covered with a close-fitting lid or with wire netting. The windows and doors of dwellings were fitted with screens of fine gauze; and by isolating every fever patient and surrounding him with mosquito netting, the few remaining insects were prevented from carrying infection. The success of these precautions was immediate. At Havana, where for a hundred and fifty years the disease had never failed to appear annually, not a single case occurred. There was a slight recrudescence under Cuban control, but for practical purposes yellow fever has been stamped out in the island. The same story applies with hardly a change to Rio de Janeiro, the Isthmus of Panama, and many other former hotbeds of the disease. In short, it is not too much to say that yellow fever is now completely within human control, and henceforward its prevalence in any civilised country will be considered as much a disgrace to that land as it is a menace to the world.

A generation ago Louis Pasteur, whose name ranks high among those of the benefactors of humanity, pronounced these words: "It is in the power of man to cause the parasitic maladies to disappear from the face of the globe, if, as I am convinced, the doctrine of spontaneous generation is a chimera." The passage of time has only served to strengthen and confirm that proposition. Of the many varied triumphs of bacteriology, the most striking and the most valuable have been gained in the field of medicine. The advancing years have seen the scourges of mankind one by one

yield up their secrets before the microscope and the hypodermic syringe. The history of yellow fever is only an example of what has been accomplished by the patient and devoted labours of scientists all over the world who have made the study of bacteria their life-work. There can be no reasonable doubt that the record of the past will be eclipsed by the discoveries of the future. Great have been the achievements of private research; vaster conquests remain for the far-off but inevitable day when publicly controlled laboratories shall commence the organised and systematic extension of human knowledge. Even now much might be done. With our present information it would be as plain and simple a piece of work to stamp out tuberculosis in England as it is to build a battleship. Of the two it would probably prove the less expensive; yet we cheerfully lay down our two or three Dreadnoughts a year, while we relegate the prevention of consumption to the half-hearted regulations of the local authority, and the valiant but ineffectual efforts of the private physician. The spectacle would be ludicrous if it were not so unutterably pitiful; men dying by the thousand and the million every year, yet striving with weary toil to kill and to destroy. I see the kingdom of man laid waste by swarming hordes of savage and invisible enemies. I see him tortured by agonies which mock the paltry torments he contrives. I see his limbs robbed of their strength, his brain robbed of its vigour, his death robbed of its peace. I see science come to him with gracious brow and winsome eyes, and say: "Lo, I will give thee deliverance from these thine adversaries, and from the evils which oppress thy heart; I will win again thy ravaged kingdom, and multiply my blessings upon thy head." I hear his harsh reply: "Go, bring me the tools of destruction and the keys of death"; and I see Science turn reluctantly away, and set her fair hands to grind the powder and to groove the cannon's throat; I watch the slow tears gather in her eyes, and catch her sigh: "I would have given life unto them that perish; but Man hath chosen death unto them that are yet alive."

For They Know Not What They Do.

(July, 1912.)

You had always lived in the little upstairs room; ever since you could remember. You knew every article it contained almost as your mother herself. For one thing, there wasn't very much in the way of furniture altogether; and then, when you were a baby, you had investigated what there was very thoroughly indeed. Your mother's copper kettle, which was a wedding present, and which she used to have time to keep polished in those days, was one of the first things to fascinate your wondering blue eyes. You used to listen to the clink of crockery, when your mother washed up, with the same awe as, later, you listened to a barrel-organ in the street. When you were older you crawled about the floor (that too was always clean, although it was mostly nothing but bare boards), and chewed the hearthrug, and anything else you could reach. Perhaps you remember learning to walk; how you used to pull yourself up by the leg of the chair that was all right, and, gathering your courage, make a frantic toddling dash for the chair that had no back. You knew your mother's bed, and which was the rickety leg, and how to put it against the wall. And you knew the orange-box in which you slept very well indeed; you had lain there so often in the daytime, with nothing to do but notice every knot and marking of the wood, while your mother mended your clothes.

You had been very happy in that little room. If you hurt yourself, there was always mother to comfort you. You wore enough to keep you warm. When you were hungry, there was always enough bread to eat and condensed milk to drink; occasionally, for a treat, a ha'p'orth of fried potatoes from the shop. It was funny your mother sometimes wouldn't join you at the feast; but then she told you she preferred the cup of tea that often enough formed all her meal—and there was no accounting for tastes. Yes, you had been happy; but, oh joy, to-morrow!

To-morrow you were going to leave the little room and see the big world; to-morrow you were going to school. Not that you had never been out of the room before; it was only that you had never really joined in the outer life. You knew the stairs, and Mrs. Smith who lived on the floor below, and the street outside. Sometimes, even, your mother had sent you to the little shop at the corner for a penn'orth of flour to make paste for her match-boxes. And last time, you remembered, you had broken the paper bag, and lost nearly all the flour. You had expected to be punished; but instead, when you told your mother, she said nothing at all; only she turned away quickly, and you saw two big tears well up in her eyes, and overflow, and trickle down her cheeks. After that she bought her own flour.

So you were a very happy little boy as you went to sleep that night. The light of the gas-jet fell slanting across your face; for there were long hours yet to run before your mother would go to bed. She must finish her tale of matchboxes that night, so that they might be dry in the morning. To-morrow she would take them to the factory, and they would pay her twopence-halfpenny a gross—no, she was forgetting; it was only twopence-farthing now. Her weekly rent was due to-morrow; would she be able to scrape together the necessary two shillings? She would have to get you to help her with the boxes in future. She used to think you had a right to enjoy your childhood; but, after all, you were growing up now; besides, other people's children were made to work when much younger than you. You were costing more to feed, and now this reduction.... Her glance encountered your sleeping form. A little dream-smile was hovering about your lips; one tight-shut hand lay out upon the coverlet. For a moment the weary hands lay idle in her lap; for a moment the aching brain left the realm of hard necessity and entered the green land of mother-love. But—time flies: so, back once more to the monotonous task.

Do you remember that to-morrow? Ah! your mother did! How she took you in the morning; what teacher said to you; what you had to do; who else was in the class, and how you liked them—you told her the whole story as she sat eagerly listening, and sympathised with every childish joy. The glorious days that followed! The other boys were older than you, and not very anxious to make friends; but gradually you became a humble member of their circle, glad to be admitted on any terms. You had rather enjoyed your lessons in school, but your new companions talked of them as a nuisance. When you were allowed to join the games they played in the streets after school was over, you understood why. You simply revelled in them, one and all. There was Jimmy Nacker and Overbacks and Egg-cap; Revenge, whose rules you found so hard to learn; and Sago, a very exciting variety of Hide-and-seek; and Hopscotch—only that was looked down upon, because girls played it as well. And sometimes one of your heroes would bring out a rope, and four or five boys would tie themselves together and sweep the neighbourhood. Oh! it was grand—romantic! What flush of ambition attained, what dizzy heights of undreamt joy, when you were included in the magic four!

In playing such games you occupied yourself after school every day. You would go home to tea, and then out again till it grew dark; then you would come in, tired and happy, and go to bed. Somehow, your mother didn't get you to help her with the boxes after all. You were glad of that, because you knew another boy who had to, and he was hardly ever allowed to play. When you came in, your mother never forgot to ask whether you had enjoyed yourself, and she seemed glad when you said you had. Only, sometimes, she would hold you very tight and kiss you, and then suddenly let you go with a sigh that was almost a sob; and that was rather annoying when you were in a hurry to get out to your games. You didn't kiss her back, because the other boys said kissing was unmanly.

There were other games too. "Gobs"—played with five little pieces of earthenware—was another girls' game, so you didn't play that; as a matter of fact, you had no money to buy gobs. But there was a most exciting game with cigarette cards and tram-tickets, the object of which was to pitch one card on top of or near another. It was great fun to go up to the main road and stand where the people got off the trams, and ask them for their tickets; or to wander about asking every young fellow you met for a cigarette card. It was still better to win cards from other boys by good play.

You discovered there were seasons in games. One day, when you proposed the card game, you were mortified to be told that this was the time for peg-tops and nobody played cards now. This was a great blow; for while tram-tickets could be had for the asking, the only source of tops, seeing you had nothing to swop, was the toyshop. You simply had to get hold of the money somehow; or else the reputation you had gained would be gone for ever. What a pity you could not make a grotto! If you had been a capitalist, or could have joined a syndicate, you would have built an erection of bricks or boxes against a convenient wall, and made it gay with coloured paper and any other ornaments your ingenuity could suggest, illuminating it at night with little candles, two for a farthing. On the strength of this you would have invited contributions from passers-by; and it would have been surprising how many halfpence would have been collected, and what a large dividend declared. But such operations of high finance were out of your power; it remained to ask your mother. So, one evening, you explained to her just how much you wanted a peg-top, and what a beauty there was in Mrs. Cole's window. You didn't get the refusal you expected; in fact, even before you had really reached the point of asking, she sent you off to buy that top, her face as she watched you dart away reflecting some of the eager joy in yours. Only, you weren't awake to notice how late she worked that night.

It was just when peg-tops were almost over, and the season for buttons drawing on, that your mother began to get ill. One day she told you she was feeling queer and more tired than usual, and asked you to go to the factory and bring her a supply of materials for matchboxes. You offered to kiss her and make her well; but, of course, you couldn't go to the factory, because you had promised to have a final game of tops with Willie Green. So she went after all, and you had a splendid evening.

In the days that followed you learnt to play buttons, and of all the games you had met with you enjoyed this the best. There were two varieties—"Bangers," played very much like the card-pitching game; and "In the Ring," which bore a faint resemblance to marbles. Various kinds of buttons were ranked as oners, twoers, and so on; and the distinctions were not altogether easy to learn. You remember the first time you ever saw the game played. You longed to join in, but you had no buttons to stake; so you went and worried your mother into giving you two bone buttons from the box where she kept her scanty store of mending stuff. Your heart beat high as you hurried back to the scene of action; but oh! the humiliation when you were scornfully informed your precious buttons were oners; and when, playing with the rashness of the novice, you were bereft of both. Your reputation suffered a terrible blow. There were no more buttons to be had at home; and had it not been for the unexpected kindness of a Scout anxious to do his good turn, who gave you a small stock of buttons, you would never have become the adept at the sport you soon became.

Meanwhile, your mother seemed to grow worse and worse. You were never able, afterwards, to form a clear image of all that happened. There came a time when she really could not go out, and then you had to visit the factory for her perforce. Later, she seemed unable even to work at the matchboxes; and then, one morning, she didn't get up. She told you to get the loaf, and have your breakfast, and go to school without worrying about her; and

so you did, and stopped away all day playing buttons, so as not to disturb her. When at last you came home you found Mrs. Smith in your room, who rated you soundly for not being earlier. That made you cry.

And then you have confused memories of the time that followed, with visions of a short-tempered doctor, and a district nurse, and games in the street, and Mrs. Smith, all jumbled up; and your mother all the time lying still in her bed, and getting whiter and feebler every time you saw her. Once you listened at the door before going in, because she was calling out and asking for you; but when you went in she just kissed you, almost fiercely, and asked you if you were happy, and sent you back to play. And you have a queer memory of Mrs. Smith telling your mother that she ought to have picked up with some church and then she would have had money given her now; and that the Baptists were better than the Methodists, and didn't ask so many questions; and that you ought to be sent to Sunday School. You were sorry to hear that—Sunday School seemed to be rather a dull place. The boys who went would only tell you, when you asked what they learnt:

> "You won't go to heaven when you die
> If you don't wear a collar and a tie,"

which was not encouraging. On the whole, you preferred to play in the streets.

Once—it must have been near the end—you came into the room (forgetting, as usual, Mrs. Smith's injunction to go quietly) and, finding only your mother there, complained to her of what Mrs. Smith had been giving you to eat. She never answered, not a word; only lay there breathing gently, with her eyes shut, very white and still. That frightened you; because up till then, at the least sound of your voice, she would always look up and try to smile.

And then there is just one more memory: your mother's death. You were not there when it happened; you had kept away in case she might ask for you to stop with her. You cried when they came and told you, because buttons were just giving place to hoops, and now you would have nobody to buy you a hoop.

Editorial.

(October, 1911.)

By the time you vouchsafe a hasty and indifferent glance, dear reader, at these few prefatory words which custom demands, the summer holidays will already have faded from your more immediate remembrance, and only the afterglow of memory will illuminate their happy scenes. But you will forgive us if, as we write, our thoughts linger upon wood and field and summer sea, upon return, upon reunion, upon the stir and bustle of recommencement. Some there are to whom this opening term brings no return, because it is their first. Some there are to whom there is no return any more; who go from us that know their worth to the ampler life where it must yet be proved in upright walking and in knightly deeds. And many have left the days of boyhood far behind, and are bound to the old school only by the strong cords of love; they, too, will not return. But you, to whom we now address ourselves —you at least have come back. Back, it may be, from Camp; from its mirth-making inconveniences, its genial comradeship, its happy unconventionality. Back from the southern smiling landscape, with its harvest-gilded fields and soft rich colours, glowing languorously through a purple haze of heat. Back from the pleasant woods, the dusty road, the warm and lazy Downs; and back from the voluptuous sea.

Back from the East—perhaps from the fen-country, with its far-seen churches, its meadows, and its winding waterways; or perhaps from long stretches of chalk cliff and shingly beach; where stout-built groins defend the shore, and twinkling piers reach seaward into the night.

Back from the North—from the open, wind-swept moors, the tender purple of heather, the golden glory of gorse. Back from the bare and spacious hill-tops, and the sequestered dales; from the

sudden mountain brook, and the silent heaven-reflecting tarn; from glinting sunshine, grey mist, and summer rain; from great slopes of fragrant upland, pasture for majestic cattle or for timid flocks of sheep; and from deep gorges where tall pines and fir trees grow, and woodland flowers spring underfoot, and dripping greenery deepens down to a little, stony, foaming river.

Back from the West—where the long Atlantic rollers thunder on iron cliffs, or break into gleeful wavelets on some shelving sandy beach. The fresh, salt breeze that brought the rain an hour ago, and now sets the pulses throbbing with keen joy, tips every wave, far out to sea, with restless white. Upon the vague horizon dip and sway the brown sails of a fishing boat. To right and left rise verdant hills clothed with short springy grass; where also grow the creeping bramble, and much bracken, and the wind-tossed harebell. And there, en-isled by the risen tide, squats a huge grey rock, buffeted by an endless train of looming waves. The parted waters surge madly past its gleaming sides, towering higher and higher, pouring in wild cataracts from each ledge, bursting into flying spume on every projection; swirl in overhanging billows round its base, and meet again with battle-thunder and the shattering crash of strife; roll, raging, through a boiling welter of scum and weed; and fling themselves with a hoarse pebbly roar upon the boulder-sprinkled beach. At a distance stretch the tawny sands, fringed with a sharp white line of surf; and a lurid sunset splashes ruddy gold upon the green and foam-laced sea.

Back from the glowing landscapes, morning clearness, twilight glamour; from sweet contentment with the idle hours; sheer joy in might of thew, the strong pull at the oar, the cunning hand on the helm; from country lanes and sea-girt cliffs—to dim, smoky, brick-and-mortar London; to oncreeping winter, and rain, and mud, and fog—to St. Olave's, and a new year of work. Yet it is good to return. Home-coming is sweet, and to see again the dear familiar things; and the call of duty rings truer in our ears than

the siren voice of pleasure. So we enter on the coming days, and take up once more the half-forgotten tasks, with no regret; knowing that this our happy boyhood time draws swiftly to an end, and every hour of it is precious; resolved to do our best in work and play, and to maintain with jealous care the high traditions that have forged for Stogs* her loved and honoured name.

Editorial.

(December, 1911.)

"In the sunlight"—we quote from *Three Men in a Boat*—"in the daytime, when Nature is alive and busy around us, we like the open hillsides and the deep woods well enough: but in the night, when our Mother Earth has gone to sleep and left us waking, oh! the world seems so lonesome, and we get frightened, like children in a silent house. Then we sit and sob, and long for the gas-lit streets, and the sound of human voices, and the answering throb of human life."

And, as with quick passage of the hours and days, so our feelings alter through the ampler revolutions of the years. In summer, when in the pitiless glare of the sun the scorched streets put on their ugliest aspect, while the green magic of an English countryside swells like a great tide of beauty to its utmost, perfect loveliness—then we say we are lovers of Nature, and then, forsooth, we go out to take our pleasure in her fair places of delight. But when the northern blasts begin to howl through the leafless tree-tops, when wet mists come up from the streams, when chilling rain turns the grey fields into a wilderness of sodden clay, we crowd once more into our great cities, and tread thronged ways again with a glow of satisfaction.

* St. Olave's Grammar School.

For in truth we Londoners love our mighty dwelling-place. At times, seduced by rival charms or repelled by some unlovely feature, we may falter in our allegiance; but ever our hearts turn back to the stirring, vibrant life, scarce knowing why. There are so many different aspects of London, and in turn we love them all. Sometimes she is a wizard city of darkness, full of haunted nooks and corners. Hard by the populous thoroughfares, are deserted spots where the sullen waters of a canal stagnate in inky gloom, or lap with weird bubblings and plashings round ancient piles. You may find dim places, neglected lumber-heaps of civilisation, so mean and withal so strange that you think you must be following after Browning's *Childe Roland*, and look at every step to light upon the Dark Tower itself. Or, from some eyrie of her buildings, you may look down upon London glimmering in the moonlight, black and vast; and, for a little space, know something of her mystery, and how she is exalted to heaven, and abased even to the deepness of hell.

But sometimes she is gay with flaming lights and sparkling jewels, and a pleasant hum of beauty and refinement floats from her palaces of wealth and luxury. Sometimes she is very sad, and a ceaseless cry of weariness and hunger goes up from her hovels and her gutters. Anon she is a city of giants, toiling amid noisome vapours, sweating before huge furnaces, wielding mighty tools such as Archimedes never dreamt of, and working marvels that eclipse the magic of Egypt. And again she queens it, anxious and busied with affairs of state; her citizens, they who daily walk her busy pavements and thread the labyrinthine corridors of her offices, sway the very ends of the earth with an authority no less real because its official documents are bills of exchange, and no less potent because its royal sceptre is a pen.

We might go on to describe the monuments of London, and her history; to talk of the wonder of her endless traffic, and admire the dexterity of its units; to point out the strangeness of London

travel ; to dilate upon London's enormous size ; to tell of libraries, and museums, and parks ; to discourse upon the Cockney dialect ; to speak of Postal London and Water London and Electric London ; to discover new aspects and new charms when the wet pavement glistens in the lamplight, or the delicate snowflake melts into slush, or the heavy fog-cloud blinds the street. But here is material for many an article in our pages ; and far be it from us to trespass on the domain of our contributors. Enough if we have expressed, however feebly, our love for the great city ; and if we are permitted to wish all those who read these lines, whether under foreign skies or here in London, the old wish of the midwinter festival : " A Happy Christmas and a Bright New Year."

Editorial.

(March, 1912.)

FEBRUARY ! Month of the snow and the snowdrop ! Fair winter maid ! Thou bringest, in truth, good store of grimy days ; yet, here and there, a blithesome hour that might have strayed from April, hints rarely at the opening spring and the glowing summer beyond. Season of damp discomfort, as thy detractors call thee ; season rather of mounting hope, when——we beg your pardon, really. We quite forgot. These sentiments !—we must admit that a critic well versed in English literature might be tempted to deny their originality. It is even possible that something of the sort may have appeared in our own pages. We would not be understood as confessing to a charge of plagiarism ; we have but captured and reclothed a thought that anyone might share. You think we displayed an unseemly and reprehensible indolence ? Pardon us : we cannot agree. We thought we had made it plain that it was in a moment of forgetfulness we penned the words to which

you take such exception. And then we did not continue to annoy you; we desisted immediately we realised the nature of our act. Did you but know the magnitude of our task, performed as it is in hours snatched from a school life not altogether innocent of other claims, you would perhaps judge more leniently a momentary yielding to the temptation to set down what first entered our mind. On second thoughts, we feel inclined to withdraw our apology. After all, why should you object to our indulgence in rhapsody? You are well accustomed to see the editorial barque "set sail for dim infinities"; you have grown callous by frequent witness of our uneasy voyage; the waves of fancy and the winds of chance have had their will of us too often for you to care; our safe arrival at our Utopian port, the discharge of our heavy freight of nothing, are become merest matters of course to you. My good sir, you simply have not the right to be captious. You give us no consideration; neither will we you. We will write what we choose. Read it, you, if you wish; or disdainfully pass it by—but understand we write to please ourselves alone. We have tasted the delights of absolute power; we will not lightly surrender our autocracy to such as you. February shall be our subject, and he must needs be bold that would prevent us.

It occurs to us that this is the March number. . . .

Editorial.

(April, 1912.)

"HEERE be dreames!" Apt legend on the ancient sundial! This old-world garden, bathed in the kindly sunshine of spring—these venerable buildings, mellowed by the touch of age—emerald slopes far away, and the blue verge of distant woods—the river that flows between, clear and bright—breathe unutterable peace, and set

the tranquil spirit free from the bonds of space and time. The violet-scented breeze, rustling faintly in lilac and juniper, murmurs of sleepy days and years. Softly, softly, the river is babbling of his youth in the dawn of time. He whispers of steaming landscapes, uncouth monsters, a strange luxuriant vegetation. Seasons wax and wane; centuries, millenniums roll by; unnoticed change succeeds unnoticed change, till scarce a detail of the scene remains unaltered; only the river ripples on, constant from age to age. And now he chants the coming of Man, and the growth of an empire over brutes. The song rings loud and wild as he tells of savage deeds, of woodcraft and hunting, fierce passions, stark fighting with hands and teeth. He sings a thousand tales of ancient wrong, and the evil wherein men take delight; till the pagan heart within us stirs to the singing, and we too exult in nameless torture and reeking blood. We drink deep of primitive joys. We march to war with our peers, rejoicing in strife; the lust of battle flames in our eyes, at each mighty stroke we laugh aloud, we glory in the rending of hostile flesh. Suddenly the song breaks off. The glow of anger cools; clenched hands relax, drawn brows are smoothed, the panting breath and the throbbing heart grow calm. The leaping forms of naked warriors fade from our eyes; the utter quiet of the garden dawns on us once more.

"Heere be dreames!" The westering sun lights up the stately pile, glancing on lichened wall and red-tiled roof. The brain that planned, the hands that wrought, are dust long since; hundreds that have dwelt here have followed them through the grave. Elizabethan ladies, beruffed and stately, have trodden its broad staircases, jesting with gallant courtiers in silken doublet and hose; stern Puritans in their black coats and steeple hats have thronged its corridors; "buck" and "Corinthian" have flourished here—handsome, reckless dandies, fighting their duels, swearing their great oaths, enjoying their cruel sports; and many a languishing maiden in Victorian crinoline has crowded the noble bow-windows. These

walls have seen men born and seen them die; within these precincts they have rejoiced and mourned, loved and hated, envied and sympathised; these chambers have resounded to happy laughter, and witnessed the chill apathy of despair; here one has sat all night at cards, and another has knelt all night at prayer: in all the long drama of human life, there is no scene which has not been rehearsed within this house.

"Heere be dreames!" O magic of the twilight hour! The pomp and glitter of sunset have passed away, and left the beauty of tender skies. A dull band of smoky red yet lingers on the horizon; but all the rest is blue—delicate, ethereal blue, clear and transparent—fading above and around, dusking and darkening into the violet dimness of the East. A single star shines calmly from the limpid depths, like a tiny jewel bathed in liquid light; and everything is very still. The hushed earth waits; no ripple, no murmuring leaf breaks the expectant silence. O faery hour! Once again, as in the gloaming long ago, Damaris walks the shadowy garden paths. Primrose and daffodil nod to her as she passes, gleaming palely through their odorous gloom; the rosebud grieves, and the lavender sighs, to think they cannot blow for her; and the wallflower's scent grows sweeter where she stays. And toward her, through the purple evening, comes one upon whose brow the modest years have set their stamp; and his countenance is lifted up, and his eyes are full of reverence and joy. And when they two meet, weary years will seem as though they had never been, and the pain of parted toil will be counted a very little thing; but of that meeting we may not dream nor speak.

The darkness gathers apace, and soon comes the kindly night. The garish day is over; night lays her cool hand on the brow fevered by its strain and strife, soothing the anxious brain, binding up the wounded heart, strengthening the downcast spirit. Even for us, to whom the day brought not care but lavish gifts, she keeps a greater. Veiled in her mantle, the things of earth are blotted

out; the glory of the heavens is revealed. At the sight of the majestic skies, shimmering with a dust of stars that elude the gaze, blazing with the huger lights, all petty thoughts, all ignoble desires, drop far away. The spirit roams through untravelled realms and ages yet to come. The quick dreams crowd upon us; the sorrow of the past, the hope of the future, come hand in hand to meet us. Glorious vision follows close on glorious vision. We see a radiant earth, fair with new beauty. A fresher joy informs her dawns; a richer glow quivers in her sunsets. A nobler race walks her sweet glades and lovely woods. Her warring peoples are at peace. The countries of the earth are one; and its name is the Land of Lovingkindness.

"Thou fool! Away with thy dreams and visions! Dally no longer with thy idle thoughts; arise, and live!"

O blind, and more than blind! Know ye not how a dream is stronger than iron bars, and mightier than a tyrant's power? Stout hand and cunning brain avail nothing, save a dream inspire them. The lilt of a song can cast an empire down; the light of one man's vision can change a nation's purpose.

"We are the music-makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams;
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams:
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems."

Scorn us not, then, you that dream no dreams and see no visions. Go hence—and play football; but leave us in peace. "Heere be dreames!"

Editorial.

(June, 1912.)

"'WHEN you say "hill,"' the Queen interrupted, 'I could show you hills, in comparison with which you'd call that a valley.'

"'No, I shouldn't,' said Alice, surprised into contradicting her at last; 'a hill can't be a valley, you know. That would be nonsense——.'

"The Red Queen shook her head. 'You may call it "nonsense" if you like,' she said, 'but I've heard nonsense, compared with which that would be as sensible as a dictionary!'"

Her Crimson Majesty, as every one knows, was accustomed to speak her mind; and if we follow her example in that respect we can only call her argument balderdash. But none the less we enjoy it; in fact, it is its delightful lack of logic which appeals to us. Few of us, if any, are at all times completely sensible; in the words of the poet:—

> "A little nonsense now and then
> Is relished by the best of men."

And why not? A world without nonsense would be a dull place. The wisest people—such as little children—have always shown a due appreciation of the value of nonsense; and even the ignorant multitude feel a measure of its charm. This kindly feeling for nonsense, cherished by all save the pedant and the prig, is in our opinion a true instinct of human nature. For ourselves, we are prepared to maintain that nonsense is a branch of literature. One attesting characteristic is that already recognised by the august and rubicund personage who introduced the subject—there is good nonsense and bad nonsense. Again, all art consists of falsification. A photograph is not a work of art, because it is true to reality.

A work of art idealises its subject, leaving out all incongruous or merely unnecessary details for the sake of concentrating on the desired impression; and this is true of literature as of any other art. Even when the "realist" demands, to use the jargon of the day, "*une tranche de la vie,*" he means by the phrase a picture of the ugly aspects of life unrelieved by any of the fairer elements which, in the actual world, leaven its baseness. (To the captious:—The above sentence contains a comprehensive mixed metaphor, of which we are very proud.) A faithful transcript of life as it is would be unutterably tedious. Literature omits, subdues, changes, emphasises; and is good or bad according as the alterations are well or ill carried out. Nonsense is only an exaggeration of the same tendency. Up to a certain limit we may improve on nature without outraging our sense of probability; beyond it, we call the result nonsense.

When the Mock Turtle was little, and went to school in the sea—to quote once more a classic of nonsense—he was first taught Reeling and Writhing, and then the different branches of Arithmetic—Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision. We had not the advantage of a marine education; but since we began writing editorials we have become painfully familiar with the Arithmetic of Nonsense. The first stage, that of Ambition, occurs immediately after the publication of an *Olavian*, when we review our handiwork disconsolately and resolve "our next editorial shall be a noble and glorious production, uniting within the compass of a printed page the virtues of delicate humour, tender pathos, apt description, and stirring sentiment." The period of Distraction supervenes, during which we search for a subject; then comes the most miserable process of all, Uglification. For a moment we have caught a radiant vision of the future editorial as it ought to be; and when we strive to imprison it in our own poor words, sullying its fair perfection with the gross stains of our unhallowed ink—although we know our solicitude is wasted on the hapless essay,

unread and unappreciated, which custom decrees shall introduce this magazine—we cannot help feeling the poignant contrast between our dream and our achievement. As for Derision—need we enter into any explanation ? Happy thought ! Let us for once anticipate this final stage ; and (since she would take it in any case) let us give the Red Queen the last word :—

" You may call that an editorial if you like ; but I've read editorials compared with which it would be a genealogical table !"

Editorial.

(July, 1912.)

(On leaving the School for Trinity College, Cambridge.)

ONCE, long ago, we planned to write an article for this magazine. The theme was to be a panegyric of the pleasures of cycling. We would have told, in such poor words as we might, how sometimes the call of the road comes to him whose ears are attuned to it ; and how he must sometimes toil all day in the crowded city, though his pulses are throbbing to the song of the wheel ; but how sometimes he is free to obey that magic calling, and what joy is his as he mounts and hastens out to the open sky and the kindly face of Mother Earth. And then we would have discoursed sagely of roads and routes, and told you, had you wished it, how best you might slip away from London in the freshness of the early morning, while the day is still young. We would have devoted a paragraph to the excitement of riding in traffic, the exultation in overcoming all obstacles by one's own personal skill, the fearful joys of shaving through openings where no other vehicle can follow, with a ready hand on the brake and a wary eye on the tramline slots. We must needs have spoken also of the rapturous delights of speed ;

how sometimes, most often at the end of the day, when the well-planned homeward run begins, the mood will seize upon the cyclist in which the hills seem like level road, and the level road seems to leap at him of its own accord; and the miles go flying by, while the evening darkens around him, and the swish of his tyres sounds musically from beneath. Or sometimes, when he has climbed, mile after mile, to some great upland tract, he will flash of a sudden down a long and steep descent; and the road will be wide and empty and good, and he will set no brake; till, as he nears the bottom, he is clinging to his handlebars, crouched against the buffeting of the well-nigh solid air, the wind of his own speed clamouring in his ears, and in his heart a triumph and a glory whereof he cannot speak. But always we should have returned to the truer joys, and told of the open road, and the pleasant by-ways, and the charm of the hedgerows. Our title would have been "The Winding Road"; and we should have dwelt much on how no English road is straight for long, but is always opening out in alluring vistas; and how we go on and on, with ever a corner to turn and a new landscape to see. And then we should have drawn the obvious parallel, and called this human life a winding road; and said that no man, however happy he may be, would willingly stand still; that the zest of life consists in going forward, and each one of us desires nothing more earnestly than to see what lies beyond the bend.

All this was long ago, and, fortunately perhaps, that article will never be written. Yet we cannot help recurring to the old plans and the old simile; for we to-day stand at a turn of the road. We feel a little sad. Our happiest days, we are assured, have all been lived. Many a familiar duty and pleasure, that long custom has wrought into our being, we are conscious now of doing for the last time. Soon the doors of school will close behind us, and in their clang we shall hear a solemn "Nevermore"; before us lies the Unknown. And so, although we respond with gladness to the

onward call, we pause a moment, while yet the old landmarks are in sight, and look back over the way we came; for we would fain fix each detail in our memory, and truly appraise the landscape that we know, ere we turn to the fresher scenes that await us. We remember the first days at school, when we wandered lonely, ill at ease, through the precincts that are now and for evermore a part of our life. We remember the liberal influence, the gracious gifts of heart and mind, that moulded us. We remember the irksome task, and see that it was good; we remember many a restriction of old days, and understand the loving wisdom that imposed it. We recall the passage of the happy years, the healthy rivalry of classroom and playing-field, the golden dawn of lifelong friendships. We hear the organ pealing as we heard it long ago; we see with younger eyes the pictures on the wall, turn the glowing pages of the hymnal with less reverent hands. We trace the gradual entering into us of the high traditions of our School, the gradual growth within us of an availing love for Her. Aye, and we remember how often opportunity was wasted, how often we fell short of the ideal we knew; and we feel that we shall hear the poignant words of the last hymn of term with a fuller heart than ever before. "Slender fruit of thriftless day"—sadly we acknowledge it. Yet it is ours to pray, "Turn to gold our things of naught"; yet we can give humble, earnest thanks that there is fruit at all, and that Her care for us has not been all in vain.

So we make no apology for this farewell. Many an abler pen than ours has sought to take a worthy leave of Her. Yet, because our spirit burns within us and we may not be silent, we too strive all clumsily to set forth a gratitude that is above the power of speech. We have come to the turn of the road. No longer can we walk with Her; we must venture out upon the wider, dustier track alone. It will be sweet to us to round the bend, to set forth on the quests which She has shown us; yet we linger a little at Her side, and we rejoice that we shall not wholly lose the sight of

Her nor the sound of Her voice in our ears; that weekly our old comrades will pray: "May those who have gone forth from our midst be true and upright in word and deed, loyal to their brother men and worthy sons of England, knowing neither fear nor reproach." Dear Mother of us all! Farewell! Our words are cold and weak, but do Thou hear them in love, and forgive; and grant us Thy blessing for the way; that our faltering steps be turned to strength, and on the path of life we may indeed fare well.

Obituary Notices.

Noel Hamilton.

From " THE OLAVIAN.—*A Tribute to his friend and fellow-Captain, Noel Hamilton ; killed in action,* 14*th July,* 1916.

" ALL our losses are, in some sense, public losses ; but in that he was Captain of the School, we mourn more than a comrade in Noel Hamilton. We cannot think of his death without thinking also of all other Olavians who have laid down their lives for England ; and especially we remember his own Sixth Form, and those two of their best who have gone before. It is as if he, who had so often led them on the green English fields, must needs go to captain them on the fields of death. . . . It is as if the gallant dead welcome him to his own place.

" We that are left remember him as a scholar, a sportsman, and a gentleman. Somewhat delicate of body, it would not have been surprising if his triumphs had been solely those of the study and of the schools. But few knew better than he how to combine work and play in their due proportion. He excelled in all sports, not so much from natural aptitude as sheer love of the game ; but especially and characteristically in cricket. Withal, he served the School faithfully. He was a great captain, with a light hand on the reins, yet knowing how to assert himself when necessary ; sensible of the dignity of his office, yet not making it a pedestal for his own pride. And this is sure : save for the last privilege of dying in England's war, he counted no honour life brought him dearer than this, that he was once Captain of Stogs.

" How vividly the old days rise again ! Memories of his rare but happy speeches in the Debating Society ; memories of the minute book of the Representative Meeting, that became in his hands a sparkling chronicle ; memories of the Greek Testament

lessons, when I shared his desk, and eked out my slender store of Greek from the vessel of his scholarship ; memories of that summer when he led a historic eleven from victory to victory. I remember him at Cambridge too ; his interest in Varsity sport, and his own share in it ; his comfortable, quietly-furnished rooms, the narrow passage and quaint stair that led to them ; his tales of college rags ; his deep interest in all things Irish, and particularly in the corner of Ireland where he spent his vacations ; his unassuming modesty, and his genial hospitality. And one other memory I have, a very precious memory to me : a chance meeting in the train when he was on short leave from the front. Just a fleeting five minutes ; a few light words on the pleasures of occupying a mined trench ; a parting wish, ' Good luck ! I'll meet you in Berlin ' ; and he was gone. That is ever the English way, to hide calm courage with a jest : he faced death even as he had faced life, a sportsman and a gentleman.

" I shall not meet him in Berlin, or in any other city of the earth, and he would not have had it otherwise. He enjoyed his life to the full, but he laid it down with a will. Not as loving war, but well knowing it to be a black and unspeakable horror, he took up arms, and marched steadfastly into the blackness. For in his heart there blazed a white fire, and his shield was stainless, and he bore unknowingly the white flower of a modest and chivalrous life. So he died with a high courage and a good will, as one coming into his kingdom ; he arrayed himself in purple—the purple of his blood. Never was he more an Olavian than in the hour of his death. He had won his colours in the sternest game of all ; the purple, the black, and the white."*

L. Y. S.

* The colours of St. Olave's School.

Donald Ryley.

From "THE OLAVIAN."—*A Tribute to his friend, Donald Ryley, missing, and believed killed* 16*th February*, 1917. *This was received by the Headmaster from him a few days before his own death, and was printed in the same issue as those tributes to his memory which are recorded later.*

"IT was in a little French village that the letter came, telling me of his death. A squalid little place, for the most part, but as yet singularly little scarred by the devastating hand of war; and I looked out over a stretch of grass to a wood whose trees stood tall and black against the sunset. Everything was very still. The sky was softly luminous, with a clear, grey light; the kindly veil of twilight beautified even that unlovely countryside. No gun fired; the war seemed very far away. Only a kite balloon swung high in air—sinister, moveless, vigilant.

"The time was fitting. Such peaceful moments come but rarely; and to him, more than most, they would bring comfort and vision amid the sordidness of war. I think I know what memory would have come to him—just such an evening of early March in Cambridge, and just such stillness; the river gliding by; and the banks of the ditch between John's and Trinity—his college and mine—starred with narcissus and daffodil nodding palely through the chestnut gloom. For he loved all lovely things with a deep, shy passion; and especially the magic of the twilight hour.

"Not to every one would he show that side of his nature; but there can be none that knew him that did not admire and love him. He was so big: great of stature and great of heart. All pettiness melted away in his presence. He was wise, and hardy, and gentle, and strong, and brave. I have never met any one so absolutely indifferent to his own interests. Whatever he under-

took he carried through, regardless of the cost to himself. He excelled at every form of athletics and sport, and largely because of this trait. He never played for himself, but always for his side; and in that cause he was willing to give the last ounce that was in him. At Cambridge he made something of a mark in rowing circles; and I have heard it said it was not because he was a stylish oar, but because of his great strength and the indomitable will that could force exhausted muscles to another stroke, and yet another, when lesser men would have given up altogether.

"Perhaps he wasn't brilliantly clever. I don't think he cared much about passing examinations: it savoured a little of self-advertisement. But he was a scholar, with a real feeling for the Classics and for English literature. It was largely an inarticulate love, and he was in some curious fashion half-ashamed to show it. It was the same with his love of Nature. Few that knew him only on the football field, or as leader of some jovial rag, would suspect that he found his greatest pleasure in a solitary country walk. But in him there lived the old Greek spirit: Music and Gymnastic were not disjoined, but one. To him was granted in liberal measure both the love of books and the love of all things out of doors. Yet —for fear, perhaps, of any shadow of sentimentalism—he spoke but rarely of the things nearest his heart. By acts, not words, he would be known. Those that cared would see, and understand; to the rest he was a good comrade and a kindly friend.

"He had no gift of speech. I have heard him sometimes at the Debating Society, on the rare occasions when he spoke, flounder miserably for words; yet always he had some real and vital contribution to the debate to make. And in private talk he was often at a loss to express himself. In part it was the accident of temperament; but largely it sprang from his great reverence for words. He had the heart of a poet. He could not bear misuse of language; for him there was the inevitable word in the inevitable place, and if he could not immediately come by it he was silent.

When he chose, or perhaps I should say when he dared, he could write noble verse. No praise of mine can avail with those that never knew his work; but those that have heard his all-too-rare music will mourn him as a poet.

"So great of heart, and so modest! To us, the dwindling band of that Sixth Form, it seems as though our best were gone before—leaders still at the gates of death. We do not pity them of whom the stake we have all risked has been demanded. For our loss we are sorry, and for the grief of those to whom they were dearer than to us; but they have come with honour to their end. We that are left can ask no more than that: be it soon or late, we would end our lives with swords unstained. Their examples are with us, potent for courage and knightliness. Dead and living, we are one company; and they repeat with authority the words we all strive to say:—

"Draw near, my friends, and let your hearts be high;
Great hearts are glad when it is time to give;
Life is no life to him that dares not die,
And death no death to him that dares to live.

Drink! to our fathers who begot us men,
To the dead voices that are never dumb;
Then to the land of all our loves, and then
To the long parting, and the age to come."

L. Y. S.

POEMS.

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POEMS.

The Diver.

Erect upon the river's marge I stand,
Preparing now, with inspiration deep,
To dive. A moment ; then through air I sweep
Toward the stream, whose waters, zephyr-fanned,
Cool, bubbling waters, touch my outstretched hand :
To half-seen dim-lit shimmering caves I leap,
To green worlds where the frightened fishes peep
From nooks of weed-grown rock and silver sand.

The river flows o'erhead in cadence sweet :
The ripples' gentle music on the shore
Blends with the lark's new song. To these I rise,
The sunshine and the air I haste to meet ;
With bounding spring I leave the river's floor,
And rise from waters deep to deep blue skies !

JUNE, 1908.

Sir Philip Sidney.

Nay, sweet ; my pain grows fiercer.
Gentle Wife,
Come near and raise me higher ; for my life
Draws nigh the end, and I would see the sun
Sink to his rest, his long day's duty done,
As oft as may be ere I die. The dawn—
O'er hill and valley, homestead, lake, and lawn,

A great glad angel scattering dust of light,—
I long not so to see ; for on my sight
A greater glory soon shall break ; and I
In this my end of days, would rather sigh
O'er dying evening than rejoice at morn.

The day burns out in colour of ripe corn
And tints of Autumn leaves. The level beams
That faint upon this pleasant place of streams,
This Arnhem, where the first low foothills rise,
And seem like mountains to the plainsmen's eyes,—
Have passed o'er Penshurst in their wingless flight,
And thither turn my thoughts ; O would I might
See Penshurst once again ! There at this hour,
While sways the hilltop pine, while shuts the flower,
While falls the dew, while birds take homeward wing,
While down the lane the gentle cattle swing,
Brown noses nuzzling sleek brown flanks,—such peace
Steals into weary hearts, and makes to cease
All clamour and all inward strife, as I
Shall never know again, until I die.

How soon the oft-repeated mercy seems
A right, not claiming gratitude ! My dreams
Are lulled by thy sweet presence ; I have friends
And leeches to my need ; a roof defends
My weakened frame : yet, with these blessings mine,
And much—so much—beside, can I repine !
For every pang I feel, a hundred rend
A hundred hearts that have no cheerful friend,
No couch save sodden earth, no shield from rain,
Nor easement out of weary pain :
And yet, forsooth, mine eyes crave Penshurst sights !

Us, who with plottings stir these arduous fights,
The game of war allures with eager charms ;
Ours are the morning sun, the clash of arms,
The blare of trumpets, and the valiant shout,
The grip of sword, the flying horse, the rout,
The streaming glory of the swift pursuit.
But what of these reck they, whom our dispute
Has dragged unwilling to the battlefield,
Has bidden slay, has armed with sword and shield,
And now abandoned where the dead are stark
And brave men lie a-dying in the dark ?

I saw at Zutphen, as I gained my tent,
A soldier wounded sore, to whom I sent
A little water : cause that word be brought
Of how he fares ; his face lives in my thought,
And if he stand in need of any thing,
I would supply him.

Dear one, wilt thou sing
To me once more that song I made ?* But nay,
I do forget that thou through all this day
Hast ministered to me, and weary art ;
I will not ask it of thy willing heart.

Soft falls the tender gloaming on the land ;
The sky is dark, save that an amber band
Still lights the peaceful west, where late the sun
Sank to his rest, his long day's duty done.
And I, too, sink to mine eternal rest.
O would that my self-questioned heart confessed

* While he lay sick at Arnhem, Sir Philip Sidney wrote a short poem of which only the title, " La Cuisse Rompue," now survives. By his orders it was set to music and sung at his bedside.

That blessing, "Duty done!" But I look back
Upon a waste of years, that had no lack
Of noble purpose, great ideals; yet still
Their golden hope could raise no smallest hill
Of fair achievement o'er the empty plain;
They but a dreary waste of years remain.
Unto the dust, O Lord, I bow my head,
Unto the dust, where all men's hopes are dead,
Unto the dust, whence only Thou canst raise,
For all the wasted mercies of my days.
And yet not altogether fails my strife:
What good soe'er, what evil fills my life,
What good soe'er, what ill men speak of me,
This I affirm: though, in attempts to see,
I oft-times failed, I never saw the right
And, seeing, did the wrong.

How much delight,
How small a taste of sorrow, I have known!
If love grew cold, if every bird were flown,
If stars burnt out, if flowers forgot to bloom,
If each day closed in grey and sullen gloom;
If no sweet voice of harp or viol or flute
E'er smote the ear, and they who sing stood mute;
If no bark e'er departed hence alone
Sailing to wondrous seas and shores unknown
In hope of endless fame; nor any met
To talk of all things that shall be yet
When greater knowledge God hath granted men;
If books were all destroyed, none used the pen,
And poetry were lost;—in such a day
My feet might deem they went an evil way.
But I give thanks that here joy piled on joy

Is mine, pure pleasures that can never cloy,
And grave delights of soul.

Yea, life is sweet !
Death lures me not : I long with passionate heat
To end my work ; at least, to see the flight
Of these ambitious Spaniards—and to-night
My uncle holds a feast, at which indeed
Some plans may be discussed, but none will heed
How that in idle shows our time we spend
And waste our small supplies, while for her end
Spain toils and schemes.

Wild words and foolish ! Hark !
The night-wind stirs the trees ; now, too, the dark
Hath one by one lit Heaven's lamps. This hour
When Night puts forth her mystic healing power
Upon the sons of men, rebukes and shames
My hot impatience ; trumpet-voiced proclaims :
" Though empires fall, kings from their thrones be hurled,
And warring armies over-run the world,
Yet reigneth God, and God defends the right."

His will be done ! If, then, in His clear sight,
I have lived long enough, I am content
To quit the warm flesh wherein I am pent.
There are more joys yet, there are more worlds waiting me,
More heights to climb and better things to see,
More knowledge to garner, more wisdom to attain,
More hopes to hope, more inward peace to gain,
More service to render Christ, more strength to spend,
And greater bliss than man can comprehend.

JULY, 1910.

Parted.

Lady ! Hadst thou been there !
The dear road shimmered in the sun,
The flowers danced happy, every one,
All things had perfectly been done,
Lady, hadst thou been there.

Lady ! Hadst thou been there,
I had not wandered through the wood
Lonely, scarce recking where I stood,
And careless if 'twere ill or good :
Lady, hadst thou been there !

Lady ! Hadst thou been there !
The gracious sun had smiled more bright,
The elfin breeze had kissed more light,
A deeper peace had calmed the night,
Lady, hadst thou been there.

Lady ! Hadst thou been there,
I had been glad ; but since thou art
Far better where thou dwellst apart,
I cannot find it in my heart,
Lady, to wish thee there.

JULY, 1912.

To His Mother on her Birthday

(December 7th, 1913).

Dear Lady of the understanding heart,
I have no skill to praise thee as is meet,
No words of mine can worthily impart
Thy gracious kindness ; nay, though long and long

I sought out lovely words and sayings sweet,
Of all the ages chose the tenderest song
And gave it thee, I should but do thee wrong.

Rough are my rimes and harsh my halting verse,
And all amiss is all that I have done :
Save that in silence were a wrong far worse,
How should I venture to miscall thee fair ?
I am a painter that must paint the sun,
A sluggish tortoise matched against a hare,
A wretch whose only wisdom is despair.

So let thine eyes be gentle toward these lines,
For then their very faults are their defence ;
And deign to take, if so thy grace inclines,
This humble gift of love's sincerity.
The foiling lines confess thine excellence ;
The gift is nought, as any gift must be :
Because so poor, I offer them to thee.

To His Mother on her Birthday

(December 7th, 1914).

Some poor and unworthy token
  Must be offered before thy face ;
Some stumbling word must be spoken
  Telling thy wondrous grace.
Nought is my gift or my giving ;
  Thou needest no praise from my line ;
Highest art thou of all living,
  O mother of mine.

Ah ! but I gave thee another,
  A gift as heavy as lead,—
Stealing a son from a mother
  To give to a nation instead.
And since thou hast tasted that bitter—
  So sinister, mocking, malign
Seems this gift that to keep it were fitter,
  O mother of mine !

Yea, but thou gavest me gladly ;
  Pain-reckless, thou settest me free :
Small is the heart that gives sadly,
  Greater is thine than the sea.
Therefore I send thee a token,
  Therefore I give thee a sign,
Therefore this word hath been spoken,
  O mother of mine !

Extracts from Private Letters to his Mother.

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Extracts from Private Letters to his Mother.

Extract from a Letter from Cambridge.

May 3rd, 1914.

Full term indeed, and May to boot! Flowers and flannels, tennis and the river, girls and glowing weather—with just a whisper of "Trips" in the air, for spice to the enjoyment—Cambridge in carnival, a term-long revel waxing daily to the culminating gaieties that end the academic year!

And I? Oh, I am very solemn and decorous! Did I not last Friday don the dark clothes and the spotless shirt, the white tie and the bands; did I not present myself in academic dress at the Master's* Lodge, at twenty minutes past one of the clock? And did not the Master receive us in state and a petticoat gown; did he not read over our names, and in his courtly way address us thus: "I have sometimes been able, on these happy occasions, to say a few words about the historic room in which we find ourselves; but alas! a vote in the Senate this afternoon compels us to make our business as brief as possible"? Did he not nevertheless refer to the Jacobean age of the room, and point out the portraits "of Mr Pitt; who was never himself a member of Trinity: but he represented the University in Parliament, and was very often here"? "And there on the other side"—real sympathy in the aged voice—"is Mr Percival, our only other Prime Minister; and he, you will remember, was assassinated."

"This smaller drawing-room is Elizabethan, and some twenty years older than that we have just left." (Ha! D'you see the *Christian Science Monthly* on that couch?) "I beg of you to notice as we descend the stairs—some of you will have observed

* Dr Butler.

it before—the clock of Sir Isaac Newton, which he gave—not bequeathed, but gave—to the College." "And now we will go to the Chapel, where we shall find some others awaiting us."

So the little procession straggles uneasily to the Chapel porch and halts awkwardly in the ante-chapel; and the dons are seated and the book is brought forth; and one by one we stand out and read aloud the undertaking:—

> "I, A.B., elected Senior Scholar of Trinity College, do hereby promise that I will in all things obey the authorities of the College, and will set an example of order, diligence and good conduct to the other Students."

Some read boldly, others with awe; some voices are deep and full, other quaver a little; and one of us chokes over that "good conduct." But each and all we sign the book, and kneeling humbly before the Master, our hands together and clasped in his, are accepted of him—

> AVCTORITATE MIHI COMMISSA ADMITTO
> TE IN DISCIPVLVM SENIOREM HVIVS COLLEGII.

And from the blazoned windows the shadow of the great ones of the past falls athwart our bended heads; and a wandering beam strikes unwonted colour on the ivory skin and time-worn countenance of him to whom we kneel: a very perfect gentleman, now come "to reverence and the silver hair."

Extract from a Letter received the night before he went to the Front.

February 13th, 1915.

I estimate my chance of getting wounded at one in four; of getting killed or totally disabled at one in ten. These are pretty heavy averages, and I should be foolish not to be prepared for the

worst. In a sense, therefore, I count myself already dead. Wear no mourning for me if I am killed; if I die, I die gladly. I have lived longer than many; and life has been very good. Pleasures innumerable, sweet and high and pure, have surrounded me all my days. I have learnt to take delight in the greatest works of man, in music and literature and art. I have had strength to follow the hard road of learning, in its austerest track, to that deep valley of humiliation, where all the mighty scroll of human knowledge dwindles down to an ill-formed question-mark, and whence coming no one ever again thinks that he knows anything in the whole wide world. All that I have asked of life I have had; I am well content to die whenever it is demanded. And if not death but something worse should fall—well, I am prepared. The only thing I fear at all is the loss of both limbs or total blindness. Both of these are improbable contingencies. If a bullet gets anywhere near your eyes it usually goes into your brain. Still, it does happen sometimes; there have been so far twenty-two cases of men blinded in the British Expeditionary Force. Well, that risk had to be faced before I enlisted. Was I, or was I not, prepared to enter on life as a blind man? You know how I answered that question. The cause is worth even that sacrifice. And I have had so pleasant a life heretofore, that, even if the rest of it is to be passed in darkness, the balance will be on the side of pleasure.

* * * * *

From the same Letter.

What, then, is the theory of conduct by which I propose to live and, maybe very shortly, to die?

I lay it down as a self-evident proposition that it is always our duty to do what is right—that "there is an unconditional

obligation on us to be virtuous." But two difficulties arise. Firstly, How is one to know what actions are in fact right ? As far as ethics are concerned I hold that an action is right if in itself and in its consequences it possesses greater intrinsic worth than any possible alternative. Secondly, How if inclination does not coincide with duty ? Duty must be done even in such a case, and this result will be attained if a habit of preferring duty to inclination is formed. I believe that the greatest good a man can get is a noble character, and in my simple creed the doctrine of the intrinsic—*intrinsic*—worth of good deeds commands my enthusiastic assent. It is a doctrine for which no evidence can be produced, and it does not follow that a belief for which no reason can be given is unreasonable.

I personally am willing to put my trust in this belief, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, through sickness and health ; till at the end comes not unwelcome Death, and afterwards the poppied sleep, or else—whatever good or evil fate there be in store. And through it all there will be for me that zest of going on, that joy in the turn of the road I have written of elsewhere ; so that I will hope to run my course with a good courage and reach the end " content and weary, and undishonoured."

In England again, after being wounded.

October 6th, 1915.

While I'm in this garrulous mood, I should like just to enter a protest against an expression in your last letter in which you more or less accused me of " materialism."

I, of all people ! I, who have preached that right should be done though the heavens fall ! I, who hold that if there be no God, no heaven, no hell, if there be no future life, and if there be no reward of Virtue in this life whatsoever, even then it is better to be kind

than cruel, honourable than mean, brave than a coward, chaste than sensual! I, who have declared that if all mankind are but shadows and phantoms, and I—myself—the only thing that exists; or if all the power of choice I seem to have is but a mocking illusion; that even then it is better to deal uprightly with those shadows, and to make a show of choosing good rather than evil!

Oh! Mother o' mine, if words have any meaning at all, you were surely never further from the mark than that!

Well, Good-night, dear angel o' mine. It's getting late; and I've to be up in the morning, and it's o-o-o-oh so cold, I'm shivering as I write.

Good-night once more.

In Camp.

December 20th, 1915.

When I claimed that I was a more or less moral person I didn't for a moment intend to suggest that it was really I who performed the feats in question, or that I did them unaided.

Of *course* I didn't. As I regard my mental make-up I seem to see a bundle of muscle-fibres adjusted to respond to the appropriate stimuli; and I can trace how each was set in its place, some at home, some by the school, some from my reading, and so on. It is my training, not I myself (if there is any such thing) which is responsible for these acts.

Oh, Mother, how can I thank you for your part in that training? Earliest, most constant, most loving and sure of all influences; setting my feet on the road, teaching me the knowledge of Good and Evil, upholding my feeble steps, checking my wanderings, inspiring me with desire of the Quest—ah, Mother o' mine, it was not I that fought with the lions in the way, but if any, you.

Mother Mother, it's a very little boy that comes to you to-night.

He has grown in some ways and learnt many clever things; but still knows where a shamed face may be hidden, and a sore heart comforted; and is still your son.

In Camp.

January 25th, 1916.

For my practical working creed is one which might be called "Meliorism." I look with sober optimism for the coming of a higher life on this earth. I anticipate—not in the immediate or the near future, but in far ages—an earthly paradise where such a life may be lived as goes almost undreamed of now, whose very sins would be deemed virtues now, where the hard mechanical part of life may be reduced to the smallest limits—a life not without effort and stress, not relieved of difficulty, but in which the main energies of mankind will be liberated from the mere struggle for subsistence, in favour of occupations as yet unguessed at,—so that, ere the inevitable end, there may be lived for a space on this planet a life no longer animal but entirely human, of a beauty and serenity and fortitude and quiet peace such as wakes a heartache to conceive. And with that vision before my eyes I am well content to lay down my life, if so be that I can hasten the time by one day—whether by actual sacrifice of the bodily life or by giving up its days to the service of the vision.

And so I cannot take much interest in those kindly and pitiful agencies which seek to gather up the maimed and broken lives our clumsy civilisation leaves in its track and give to them a measure of peace. Such are entirely needful, the ungracious least our social order can do for its victims. I may (and do) assist them with my substance; but as regards personal service, my place is elsewhere. When so few are at work it is all the more necessary that one's efforts should be spent to the best advantage. Not merely to work to the

limit of one's powers, but to do the most useful work one can, is required. It is the forward movement that I must be helping on. If any work is to suffer, it must be that of the narrower charity. But it will not: for there are many whose hearts are tender toward actual suffering, but few who have seen the vision and to whom the pain of all the future ages outbalances the agonies of the present. The individual matters little; the race is everything. The soldier in battle cannot stop to succour his wounded comrade; he must callously press on to the attack. So also I: let others palliate the bitterness of the fruit, but I must strike at the roots. I must be about my human business.

Shall I, then, fail in life? Will this creed not suffice? I do not know. This much is sure—I cannot, ever, close my eyes. Not because I trust my powers of reasoning—not because I think myself to have discovered, or to be capable of discovering, truth—not because I believe my thinking logical—but because the light of reason is the only glimmering ray vouchsafed to me, I will not let it go. I will gaze clear-eyed at all. And if the slow years take their toll—if the vision fades, and the footsteps falter, and in comfortable sloth I reach an inglorious end: even in so mean a failure there is something noble, something tragic. Is there any guarantee against like failure in the faith? . . . If I fail I fail. At least I am forewarned; and in spite of all, I have good hope of the future.

What may that future be, I wonder? I know well enough of course that there's more than a chance of my being killed or blinded or totally disabled, in which case there isn't much future. But assuming I come through the war all right, shall I follow the course which seemed to be laid down for me, I wonder? You see, before, I knew I was good at certain things, mostly of an academic nature: now, I have proved (to my own satisfaction anyhow) that I am also good at several other things which are widely different. I am satisfied that, within certain limits, I have sufficient ability and versatility to attempt almost anything with a fair prospect of

success ; and consequently the field of choice becomes immensely wider. I am not referring of course to auxiliary and, as we say, voluntary work. I should probably run a Boy Scout troop, and join the Eugenics Society, and so forth, in any case. But in choosing the main occupation of my life, which is a far more important affair, I want especially to use my gifts to the best advantage.

In Camp.

August 13th, 1916.

I have just heard of Noel Hamilton's death. Another gone from the old circle ! Jack Gill, Didi, Noel. . . . Why, why am I here in the comfort and safety of England ?

Motherkin, don't you see ? To every man there comes the call to self-sacrifice. In this day, as never in England before, it is easy to obey ; and so such a response has never been seen before. And some, the gallant dead over whose graves is written *pro patria obiit*, have paid the full price. But we who are left have yet to pay, and the payment is hard. If only, like them, we could in one moment, by one generous act, give ourselves over to England in such wise that we could not draw back if we would. But there is no escape ; day by day, hour by hour, we must resolve anew ; and the vision fades, and the call comes faint, and we know not what She would have us do ; and with slack hands and fainting hearts we fail. It is not for the fear of living that we stretch out hands of a lover to Death ; but for the fear of failure, and for clean desire to give.

Do you not understand, O Mother of Honour ?

Extracts from his Letters from the Front in 1915.

(He went out with the Queen Victoria's Rifles 14th February, 1915, and returned wounded 25th April, 1915.)

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Extracts from his Letters from the Front in 1915.

February 18th, 1915.

I believe Reg,* in the letter to be posted with this, brings the tale of our adventures down to last night. How up to Saturday we had the big hall at Mount Pleasant to sleep in, but how on that day draft after draft from every regiment one had ever heard of poured into the school, so they shifted us out of the hall in favour of 250 Welshmen, and put our 100 into two rooms which would have been comfortably full with thirty apiece. How on the Sunday we finally embarked, and how many other drafts and one complete battalion did the like, so that we had not less than 2000 troops aboard besides horses a great many. For whom was little or no room, and in the night when a squall arose, and the ship began to roll gently from side to side, then many fell sick, and also the horses made much clamour. Wherefore few or none slept, for below decks was no space, not so much as to lie down for the multitude already there (and for that they were so many, and the horses there also, the smell thereof was not like unto Mitcham), and above decks the cold wind and iron deck made ill lodging. Natheless there were some who preferred the cold above to the stink below, and if so be they might find a steampipe on the deck, curled up beside it, and many walked the deck all night. Now hath yours truly espied him a waggon heaped high with goods, and going thither he doth most illicitly loose the canvas cover thereof and creep beneath. And there he dozeth uneasily, till at eight bells the lights of Havre are in sight, and they cast anchor. Now when morning was fully come and the day was fair they delayed long, but at the last weighed anchor

* His brother.

and stood in for the river's mouth. And now arose great noise from everyone, to see French names upon the shops, and advertisements in a strange tongue; and while we were yet amazed with these things and thought presently to see the countryside upon the banks, lo! we were within a dock and already making fast to the quay. Thereafter quickly came another transport and made fast to us, and no long time afterwards the Ninth were ordered aboard of her. Now, among the drafts at Mount Pleasant and on board the first vessel (which hight the *Manchester Importer*) was one from the Artist's Rifles; and they thought not to embark until Tuesday. So, on a sudden, on Sunday arose a hue and cry throughout Southampton for the Artists, and all the men were found; but the officer, having gone to Bournemouth, could by no means be found. Wherefore they left without him, and, till he should catch them up, attached themselves unto us. So both the Ninth and the Twenty-eighth went aboard the second boat, and being with some few A.S.C. already on the ship not more than 200 men, and the vessel full as big and more commodious than the last, they were by comparison very comfortable. (On shipboard are many steampipes and thereon cocks not a few, so if ye beware the seamen's eyes ye may get good store of boiling water to wash in or to shave—but tell no man of this, not thine own friend, lest too many practise it, and the good practice be made an end of.) Here, then, we stayed in the dock all day expecting momentarily to move, and a sentry being placed to stop the access to the land. Now at nine of night a pilot came aboard, and they cast off, and a tug towed us into the river, and we, not doubting that by morning we should reach Rouen, addressed ourselves to sleep. And he that writeth these words found a boat, and gat therein, and covered him with a sail, and so slept in great content. But in the morning, waking while it was yet dark, behold the vessel at anchor, and the lights of a town abeam. And first him thought it was Rouen, but ere long he perceived the town was Havre, and the ship was still at sea. So now, as he writes, the boat is steaming

up the river, to his no small joyance, for the day is bright and sunny, and he seeth on either bank the fair green fields of France, and of what may come hereafter he knows not, save that if it takes six days to journey from Crowborough to Rouen, then should many more elapse between Rouen and the firing line. Here endeth the lesson.

Bruyeres Camp, Rouen,
February 19th, 1915.

At last behold us, actually in Rouen, in so-called "Rest Camp!" You know how we hung about at Southampton. Embarking on Sunday, we crossed to Havre, and lay at anchor off Trouville till daylight, when we took a pilot on board and entered a dock. We were not allowed to land, however, but were transferred with the Artists to another boat and spent the day in dock. Being now only about 200 aboard, as against 2000 on the other vessel of equal size, we were fairly comfortable. I, for example, secured the bottom of a boat to sleep in—rather cold, but at least one had fresh air and was not disturbed. Others were even more fortunate, securing a place above the engine-room sheltered from wind; they even rigged up a tarpaulin roof. About 9 o'clock we took another pilot aboard and cast off; and the last sound in my ears as I dropped off to sleep was the pilot cursing away in voluble French because they wouldn't open the swing-bridge barring our way to the river. Of course, I fully expected we were off to Rouen. I remember waking up some time in the middle of the night and taking a turn up and down the deck to warm myself, and noticing the lights of a town abeam. Towards morning I woke again, lifted my head above the gunwale,—and there were the same lights. We were at anchor, and when day broke we found we were once more in the roads and still off Havre. We were in no hurry to be off, but at length we started up the Seine—a voyage of pure pleasure. The day was one of those glorious days February sometimes borrows from April.

The river, brimming to flood, now carved its way through limestone cliffs, now wound through an alluvial plain. The hills, clothed with woods and crowned with chateaux; the trim villages, often with houses wholly or in part hewn from the living rock; the strange aspect of a landscape without hedgerows; tall avenues of spindly trees—here and there a stone crucifix—and everywhere the peasants hailing us with pathetic enthusiasm. Out of his scant earnings scarce a villager but had made shift to hoist a flag, which must needs be frantically waved in our honour to the accompaniment of piping cheers or cries of "*Vive l'Angleterre*"—piping, for there were none but women and children to give them. At one big house a maid came running out and pulled madly at the rope of a big bell; in another place a woman waved a live chicken by the legs, and her friend beside her nearly did the like with a baby—but bethought herself in time. At last we came to smoky Rouen, and made fast to the quay. But go ashore?—oh no. Another night on board—and there on the quay was a barrow with *patisserie* of the most *ravissante,* at least to us who had been living on army biscuits (the hardness of which is like unto a deal board). But Tommy was not to be denied. Some weird attempts at French, little understood on either side; but soon a merry trade was plying, dockside urchins throwing the *gateaux* up and we throwing our pennies down till the ship was wellnigh cleared of coppers. Some inventive genius lowered a mess-tin on a piece of string, but that lacked the sport of catching the cake, where if you missed your dainty morsel it fell into the dock. And then came a bareheaded French girl with a basket of apples—and oh! the grace with which she threw the apples up, or spread her apron with a half-courtesy and a little *moue* to catch the penny! No wonder the pastry stall was soon deserted in favour of mam'selle!

At eight o'clock this morning we came ashore and marched about four miles or rather less into this camp. It was raining unpleasantly, we had had no breakfast, and our packs, increased

with the ammunition served out yesterday, seemed never so heavy. So we were not sorry to arrive and get some more to eat. Far as eye can reach, nothing but tents in endless lines. Here and there wooden huts, much like those at Crowborough, which serve for dining rooms. Some also are called ablution sheds, of which I tried six this evening—all fitted, *mirabile dictu*, with *eau chaude* and *eau froide*—but alas, no water in the taps. So I was reduced to washing in a trough I found. Everywhere is mud as of the horrible pit and miry clay—in fact, it's very like Crowborough during that first week. We're sleeping ten in the tent to-night, but we've plenty of blankets and the food is good, so "carry on."

In the Trenches,
March 2nd, 1915.

Yes, actually here! There, visible and tangible before me is "The Line"; for a few hours I myself, in my own proper person, am holding a few inches of the Allies' two hundred mile front.

After all, there isn't much to see. The country is very flat and dreary. Some hundred yards or so of our trench can be seen snaking away on either side. In front, if you look over the parapet, is our wire entanglement, an abandoned cart, a dead horse or two, a long puddle gleaming in the moonlight, and there, three hundred yards away, a dark smudge that marks the German line. Behind, a flat and horribly muddy field, innocent of any blade of grass. Six yards immediately in rear of our section, two shallow graves, at the head of each two boards nailed crosswise, each with an inscription in blue pencil, "Pte. ——, —— Regt.; killed in action." A hundred yards behind, the support trench can just be made out; away in the distance, a farmhouse, fired by a German shell, is burning brightly. The enemy keeps up a desultory fusillade all night; we, on the other hand, scarcely fire a shot. But we are awake most of the night. We keep a sharp look-out for an attack, which

we stand by to repulse. Every few minutes one side or the other fires a rocket which casts a bright light on the No Man's Ground between the lines. Besides, we take advantage of the darkness to smuggle in our water and rations into the trenches, and we spend a good deal of the time in improving the trenches and dug-outs. By day we mostly divide the time between eating and sleeping, and scarcely stir from the dug-outs, for comparatively few observers suffice to spot an attack by daylight, and of course we are ready in a moment should one be made. Another reason is that by day our position is often shelled, and the additional protection of the dug-out is worth having. It seemed a bit funny at first to be lying safe and snug in the dug-out and hear the bullets flying overhead, but one soon ceased to notice them. Again, when we were digging, we soon got used to the stray bullets flying about. If two or three come close to you, you get under cover for a bit on the chance that some sniper has seen you, but the greater number are fired quite at random and you just take your chance, knowing that there isn't much more likelihood of being hit than of being knocked down by a taxi in crossing the Strand. In fact, we are not fighting the Germans so much as the weather. It so happens that this time we have had a very easy time in this respect; there is a bitter wind, but we have only twice had rain or sleet. I don't know how long it will be before we are relieved, but, of course, this letter won't be posted till then. Neither shall we get any letters or parcels of yours; we hope to find a nice budget waiting for us when we march back.

The battalion has never been in the trenches longer than six days before, and the old hands tell us that in other ways we are having a pretty good taste of things. They shelled us rather heavily all day Thursday—knocked in the dug-out next to ours and several others; blew some sand-bags off our parapet, and upset our telephone. But the net result of about sixty shells was one man slightly scratched on the face by a splinter, so it was hardly worth the waste of ammunition. Being daytime, we were asleep most of the time, and

took precious little notice of it—except that we had to work hard that night repairing the damage. Meanwhile our artillery was pounding into them, and has been ever since—shells are going overhead as I write, though rifles, as usually in daylight, are pretty quiet. The other night the Germans got very excited; I don't know whether they thought we were doing an attack, or what. Anyway, they started firing wildly all along the line. In the trench opposite us I should think they must have blazed away 10,000 rounds or so in ten minutes. So far as I know, none of our people were hit; but our machine-gun, trained on their parapet by daylight, was sweeping it all the time, and ought to have bagged a few of them.

I wonder whether you'd recognise me now? The only clean thing about me is my rifle (that, of necessity, must be kept clean and oiled). I havn't had my trousers off since I left Southampton, or my boots since leaving billets; I'm smothered in mud from head to feet, and I havn't washed, shaved, or brushed my hair for a week. When I come home you'll have to let me sleep in the scullery. Just fancy taking off all your clothes and getting between cold sheets—ugh!

For the rest, in the billets we live a lord's life. We get up when we choose (breakfast isn't till 8.30); we have only a few minutes parade for rifle inspection, and we go to bed when we choose. No more need for lights out at 10 p.m.! We can nearly always get permission to go to "X," and everywhere there are estaminets, where, by the expenditure of 10 cents on a wine-glassful of coffee, you can get the unlimited use of a table and the warmth of the stove.

In Trenches,
Wednesday, March 17th, 1915.

Here is a fuller account of what happened the other day. After doing our long spell in the trenches, we thought we were going to have a good rest. We were quartered in a very comfortable barn

about twenty minutes' walk from the centre of " X " ; the Colonel had engaged a recreation room for us ; company concerts were being arranged—in fact, it seemed as if the rumours of a shift had passed away. But on Saturday night we were warned to stand by next day ; nevertheless arrangements were made for an early celebration. About three a.m. new orders arrived : reveille 5 a.m., breakfast 5.30. At nine o'clock we paraded, marched into "X," where the battalion assembled, and then set off, first along a main road, and then by devious lanes to a little village. Here we bivouacked for five hours, and finally marched off again to another section of trenches. We passed through some wooded country—quite the most picturesque scenery we have yet come across in this monotonous and muddy plain. It was still too light to relieve the battalion in the trenches, and we again had a long halt by the roadside. At last we went forward two miles or more, the last mile on a road parallel to and not far behind the trenches. The German starlights seemed wonderfully powerful and well-aimed here, and they were using them very frequently ; one felt extremely conspicuous every time one went up. Their rifles, too, had a most disconcerting crack ; the danger was trifling, but it took steady nerves not to jump at the noise. One very quickly gets used to stray bullets flying around ; they make the most various sounds. Some hurtle violently into the distance ; some go " crack-plud !" as they bury themselves in a parapet ; some whine plaintively, some shriek overhead, and some have a most vicious hiss. Several times I have seen a bullet hit stones or bricks near me, making a trail of sparks. Then there are machine-guns, which go " tap-tap-tap-tap-tap." Shells, unlike bullets, travel more slowly than sound, so you can hear them coming—all except the trench mortars, which give no warning but just go " zip-bang." Other sorts make a sort of whistling noise, not very loud or suggestive of speed, which increases and culminates in a most resounding " pom," almost musical in tone. If it is a shrapnel you can also hear the bullets

after the shell explodes. It is most interesting to sit in a trench and hear the shells gradually working towards you; they begin at one end of the line and work steadily along, getting louder and louder until, when it hits your own parapet the very ground shakes and a shower of earth, or even whole sandbags, splashes up and falls on top of you. After that the explosions get less and less, and you go to sleep again. There seems to be more variety in the British Artillery. One sort drifts very gently overhead, making a sort of quavering whisper as if it were wobbling about in the air and going, oh, so slowly; but at the end it rewards you with a most ear-splitting bang. I have been told this is from a nine-inch gun. But the most impressive sound is to hear a battery of smaller guns loosing off in quick succession six hurried reports, and then an iterated fiendish shriek overhead as of infurated harpies racing on a blast from hell.

All this is rather a digression. The point is, that when at last we reached the line, and some of the —— had already come out of the trenches, we suddenly heard the order: " —— return to trenches. All reliefs cancelled;" and, for ourselves: " About turn —lead on." So back we went again through the starlight glare, and over the cobbles, and into the wood; and then we halted for another couple of hours, while, I suppose, our officers tried to find billets for us. At last we got under way again—back again, stumbling over the stony road, a very silent company with tired backs and aching feet: not marching, but trudging along, with continual unexpected halts in which you run into the back of the man in front and fervid swear-words are offered up. At last—at long last—a barn looms up in front. Many others have done so, been hopefully, even wistfully, regarded by a hundred pairs of eyes, only to shift round to the flank and the rear. But this one remains in front: we halt, move on, form single file, and at last enter the deep darkness of the interior and fling ourselves down upon the straw.

Billets,
March 19th, 1915.

The rumour was true after all, and on Wednesday night we were relieved. We marched all the way back to "X," not arriving at our billets till nearly 2 a.m. We had a long halt in one place, where tea was served—close to the line and well within sound of the firing, but very comfortably in dead ground. The scene was picturesque—the long snake of the whole battalion covering nearly half a mile of road, a medley of packs and rifles by the wayside, men lying down or sitting drinking tea, a cheerful buzz of talk; all along the line the clear flames of candles burning steadily in the still night: in one place the red glow of the field-kitchen fire, and for background the sombre depths of the wood. We marched at first by devious by-roads in three's, two's, or even single file: here and there men were carrying candles stuck on bayonets' points, so that the whole procession looked rather like a torchlight tattoo. But when we reached the main road, and formed fours—well, we were tired, but we'd spunk enough to set a decent step and to make the night hideous with marching songs—you know the sort of thing—"Sing a song of Sixpence" to the tune of "*Adeste Fideles*," mingling a violent discord with "You great big beautiful Doll" or other music-hall ditties current six months ago. As we passed through the sleeping hamlets not a soul took any notice of us. Only a mile or two behind the line—but secure! I couldn't help thinking of George Nigots' graphic description of what happened when the Germans marched through his village at night. We were relieved at 8 p.m., and as we did not reach our billets till about 2 a.m. it was bad marching, for I don't think we covered more than eleven or twelve miles; but then we were heavy laden, and at least fifty per cent. of the battalion have frost-bitten feet. You can understand we were very glad to reach our destination; and almost the first thing to greet us was the accumulated post of the past few days, neatly laid out by platoons. Tired as we were,

there was not a man but claimed his mail, lit his candle, and settled down to read his letters and open his parcels.

Rest Camp,
April 15th, 1915.

Night marches are not popular—at least not near the line, where they are most in vogue. For instance, the last occasion we were in the firing line was only for twenty-four hours (previously we had been in supports), and when we went into the communication trench it was ankle-deep in water ; but all those twenty-four hours a keen drying wind was blowing, so when we were relieved that trench bottom was filled with mud which had reached a maximum of adhesive power. Further, that trench was so narrow that one's rifle scraped the side on the right, and one's haversack on the left, while occasionally a bit had to be wiggled through sideways ; and it twisted and turned in a fashion all self-respecting trenches have, but which is none the less disconcerting when the night is so black you can scarcely see the man in front. Now, under circumstances like these, at a juncture when you have just succeeded in extricating your left foot together with seven pounds of mud, and a resounding "gluck" when you have put it down in an unexpected hole, with the result that moisture at last penetrates your boots and putties, while your shoulders become wedged, and you cannot by any means shift your right foot ; when the whine of a bullet over the low parapet mentally, and the impetus of the man behind barging into your back through your stoppage physically, admonish you to "step lively, there"—how, I say, can you be expected to keep a cheerful face and a silent tongue ? It isn't reasonable. But to night marches, as to most other sublunar phenomena, there comes in time an end, and as old Horace somewhere remarks, "the memory of past discomforts is very pleasant."

After one night at a billet in "K," we came on to this camp, where the current of existence flows even more smoothly, if more

pleasantly, than when we are haunting the immediate neighbourhood of the line. Reveille is nominally at 6.30, but as breakfast does not appear till 8, one is free to interpret that regulation according to one's own ideas. At 11—having performed our own toilets and (more important) those of our rifles—we parade for an hour or two's drill. Thereafter we can do as we like for the rest of the day, provided we stay more or less on hand in case of a sudden call. We live in comfortable and dry little huts holding about twenty men. There is plenty to eat in the way of army rations, and there is a so-called grocery bar where we can supplement them. There are also vendors of oranges, eggs, and such-like, whose Flemish is incomprehensible, and whose English—doubtless taught them by some wag—is limited to such phrases as "Pepramint for the ches! Shocolat for the belly!" Thanks to you and Mr Roe and Auntie Alice and Uncle Ernie there is also plenty to read, and in a camp there are always innumerable small jobs to be done, so time by no means hangs heavy on our hands. This morning we had a bath. It is a really marvellous organisation, by which every man in the army gets the chance of a hot bath and clean underclothes every three weeks or so, and, of course, you don't expect the standard of the Bath Club. In fact, it's rather funny. You march three or four miles to the bathing station, usually a brewery; you undress and give in your underclothes; in some places they also iron your trousers while you wait. Then you go mother-naked into another room where rows of wooden tubs stand on the floor and streams of hot water descend from roughly improvised pipes and roses up aloft. The air is thick with steam and laughter, for naturally the water soon gets into your eyes and your gropings for the soap are apt to be ludicrous; also every one is in good spirits. You return to the dressing-room, receiving clean underclothes in return for those you gave in, and so march back a cleaner soldier than before.

14th General Hospital, Boulogne Base,
British Expeditionary Force,
April 23rd, 1915.

Don't be alarmed because I am writing this with my left hand; I dare say I could use my right, only the injury to the shoulder makes it a bit awkward. Until they hear the result of the X-ray examination it's not certain what the extent of the damage is. It's quite a small flesh wound, but I believe the bit of shell is still in, and if so, it may mean an operation and a sizable cut to get it out. In that case they would probably send me to England, otherwise, most likely to Rouen. Either way I am not likely to stay here long.

There can't be much harm in telling you what you doubtless guess, that I got this wound on Hill 60. The battalion went up to the supports on the morning of 19th April, lay in supports under continual shell fire till the night of the 20th, went up to reinforce the firing line on the Hill about 10 p.m., and passed the night in desperate fighting. I was wounded about 6.30 a.m. on the 21st, and I am told the remains of the battalion were relieved half an hour later. Not before it was time; when I left we were hanging on by our eyelids. It may be regimental conceit, but I verily believe we saved the Hill. This statement is intended to supplement my last letter home from the Front, posted on Saturday, 17th April, 1915. The battalion was then in rest camp at Canvastown, *i.e.*, in wooden huts in a field by the roadside between Vlamertinghe and Oucherdom. It had remained there since the night of the previous Saturday; Reg had been sent to hospital on Friday. On Friday night also, A and C Companies had marched up to the neighbourhood of the Hill in order to carry boxes of ammunition, left by waggons on the roadside, up to the magazine in the railway cutting. I was not needed for this work. Many evidences of preparation for battle were to be seen beside the accumulation of ammunition—the arrival of many machine guns, for example.

(1). *The Assault of Hill* 60.—A very large mine had been constructed under the Hill, and about 8 p.m. on Saturday it was exploded. A violent bombardment by our guns immediately commenced, to which the German artillery of course replied. In its intensity this lasted about three hours; from our position in camp we could see the flashes of the guns as well as the exploding shells. It is said that the two battalions which on the explosion of the mine rushed forward and seized the Hill only lost three men in doing so.

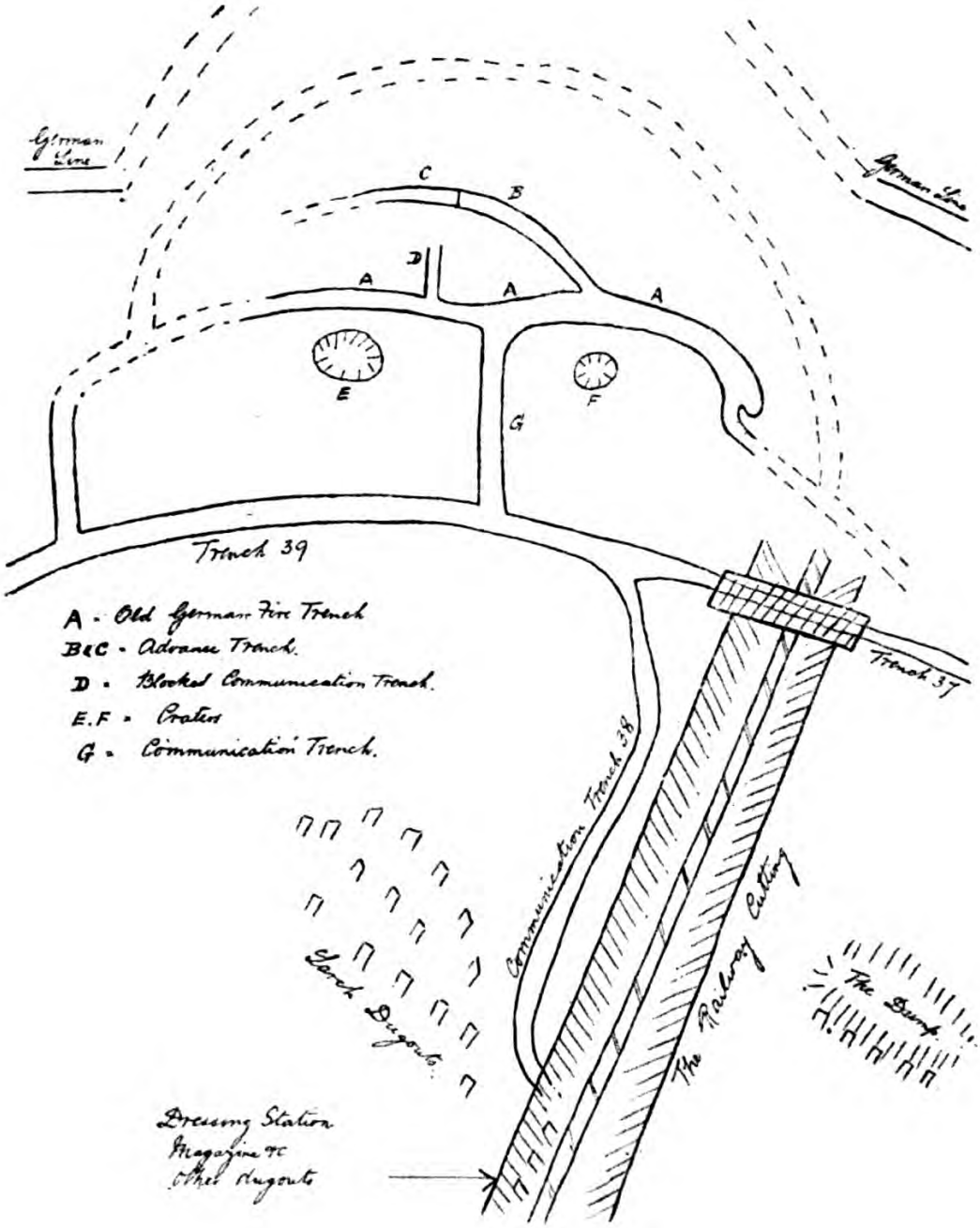
(2). *We are moved up into reserve.*—The following morning, Sunday, we were roused at 7 a.m. and told there was a chance of our moving, and we had therefore to make preparations and clean billets. For some time contradictory rumours prevailed, but at length definite orders came to parade at 9 a.m. We accordingly marched into Ypres, and after some delay A Company occupied their old billets in the convent. We were, however, shown bomb-proof shelters under the ramparts, which we were to make for if the town was shelled. We remained in these billets all day, one or two at a time being allowed out for short periods. The life of the town seemed normal. D company, we heard, instead of going into billets, had gone up to the line on fatigue duty. At 7 p.m. we were suddenly ordered to parade with rifles and bandoliers. We found the job was to carry boxes of ammunition *from Ypres* all the way to the magazine in the cutting. The road, and especially the cutting, was being shelled, but we returned without casualties, reaching the convent at about 1 a.m. The blankets and our mail had arrived during our absence, so it was late before we went to sleep.

(3). *We are moved up into support.*—At 7 a.m. next morning, *i.e.*, Monday, 19th April, we were waked and told to get on parade in five minutes. Rations were hurriedly distributed, but water-bottles were not re-filled. A and C companies then made their way to the line, taking a new route across the fields and endeavour-

ing to avoid being seen by German aeroplanes. They occupied "Larch Dug-outs" in the larch wood on the left of the cutting. It was reported that C company lost six men by shell fire on the way. In these dug-outs we lay all that day, through the night, and until nearly dark next day, being shelled continuously, but not heavily, the whole time. The Germans were planning their fiercest counter-attack (the fiercest of the first struggle, that is), and prepared the way for it by bombarding all our positions with extreme violence. This violent and unremitting shelling commenced about 4.30 p.m.

(4). *The events of the night.*—About 8 p.m. there was a lull in the fire, and Sergeant Pulleyn came round to me and ordered me to fall in with rifle and bandolier. I am not sure of the numbers of the party which assembled near headquarters' dug-out. It could scarcely have been as much as forty, and comprised some men from C company. Lieut. Upwood was in charge, but I did not see him till later. It will be well to note diagram illustrating the relations of the various trenches as far as I saw them. My impressions of the trenches on the Hill are, however, very confused. I cannot reconcile what I saw on my first visit to the Hill with what I saw later, and when daylight broke. This may well be due to the changes caused by the enemy's artillery in the meantime. At all events the impression I now retain is shown in the accompanying sketch. The position of some trenches whose existence I merely guess at is shown by dotted lines.

The fatigue party had to take the boxes of ammunition from the magazine dug-out in the side of the cutting, through Trench 38 into Trench 39, and thence, by means of the newly-dug communication Trench G, up to the Hill, some of it being piled at the point where G meets the old German fire trench, and the rest taken along somewhere to the left—where, the darkness would not let me see (for of course the trench, or rather path as it had become under high explosive, was very tortuous, and as you went along you soon


German Line
German Line
C
B
D
A
A
A
E
F
G
Trench 39
A - Old German Fire Trench
B&C - Advance Trench.
D - Blocked Communication Trench.
E.F - Craters
G - Communication Trench.
Trench 37
Communication Trench 38
The Railway Cutting
The Bank
Dressing Station
Magazine &c
Other dugouts

lost direction). Returning from this fatigue, the party assembled one by one in G, at the end nearer the British position. Here a Major was loading hand-grenades and apparently superintending operations. This major, having asked who we were, told us we should have to reinforce the troops on the Hill, and sent me to find Lieut. Upwood. I did so, and Lieut. Upwood went to speak to the Major. What happened after this is not clear. Two or three incidents I remember, but I cannot place them in sequence. Half a dozen Bedfords came bolting into G from the Hill, under the impression that the Germans were attacking from the left. Again, other Bedfords went up to the Hill, and we, as we lined G, had to pass up hand-grenades and give them to the Bedfords as they passed. Also I rather think we ourselves carried some hand-grenades up at one time. But the next thing I remember clearly is—going up to the Hill and finding ourselves amongst A company, somewhere near the junction of A and G trenches. We were a very long time trying to find out the proper direction to fire—the trench B being then held by the East Surreys. There was a conference of officers somewhere near me—something about retirements on the left, and finally a plan to occupy trench C., *i.e.*, a few yards, part of the same trench as B, separated from it by a sort of sand-bag barrier with, however, a space underneath through which one could crawl. I understood at the time that all No. 1 Platoon were to go forward under Sergt. Pulleyn; actually, I believe only sixteen men started. Two men had previously gone out to reconnoitre, and reported that the trench was empty. Sergt. Pulleyn tried first to make use of Trench D but found it hopelessly blocked. We therefore sprinted right across the open, starting from somewhere near the junction of A and G. We arrived at C—some of us—but as a trench mortar was delivering bomb after bomb into it, it had to be evacuated. Sergt. Pulleyn, Corporal Hooper, and myself got over the barricade into B; others found the way underneath. What became of them I do not know; I seem to remember being about the only Queen

Vic. firing side by side with the East Surreys in B. Ultimately the order came for Queen Vics. to make their way to the right and so back to their old position. By this time a general retirement had taken place, and A had become our fire trench. I believe B was the only trench in advance of this we now held. German hand-grenades were being thrown from a point apparently on the dotted lines I have placed to the left of C. Our grenade throwers replied, and by a steady fire the rest of us tried to prevent the enemy from taking proper aim with his missiles. He was using mostly jam-tin bombs. During the rest of the night no important event occurred. I only recall little incidents, such as the man next to me trying three rifles and finding them hopelessly jammed. At dawn Major Lees, who had so far been in command, was killed as he went across to rally some men on the extreme right. Soon after daybreak the Germans ceased to reply with bombs, and it is my belief that they, too, had retired, or else all been killed. We also had been compelled to evacuate B, and were in expectation of a sudden rush on the enemy's part down it; a captain of the East Surreys had his revolver ready for such an attack. With the coming of the longed-for light came also an enfilading fire from the right. These were not shrapnel, but small high explosive shells, probably from a mountain gun placed in one of the enemy's fire trenches at such a distance as to take advantage of the curve in the lines. Soon after daybreak, also, a machine gun had been brought up to our position and opened fire to the left of the Hill. A shout of "Reinforcements coming" was raised—not before it was time, for now only a handful of men were left to defend the position. Soon after, I was wounded slightly in the right shoulder by a shell which burst a couple of yards away half-right. I went into the crater E to investigate the wound; another shell came over my head as I did so and burst a yard or two in front of me, without, however, damaging me. The marksmanship displayed by the German artillery was not brilliant. Finding the damage slight, I made

my way without much difficulty to the dressing station in the cutting; Trench 38 had been so smashed up by artillery that I followed instead a path along the edge of the cutting.

(5). *The Red Cross Service.*— An iodine dressing having been applied, I walked back to Ypres; luckily no shells fell near me during the walk. A straggling procession of walking cases were following the same path. In Ypres I was astonished to find the shops only just opening. I and three others went into one place and had a cup of coffee, then made our way to the main hospital. Here the wound was re-dressed, and I was inoculated with anti-tetanus serum. I was then, after some waiting, put on board a motor ambulance and taken to the clearing hospital at Poperinghe. I had a meal here, and about 3 p.m. the motor ambulance came again and conveyed us to the railway station, where we went aboard the ambulance train. After many waits and very slow progress between whiles, we reached Boulogne about 10.30 p.m. Once more the motor ambulances were waiting, and I was carried to the Casino at Wimereux.

Extracts from Letters from the Front, 1916-17.

(He went out again 18th November, 1916, to a Field Survey Company attached to the Royal Engineers, and was killed 10th March, 1917.)

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Extracts from Letters from the Front, 1916-17.

Monday, December 4th, 1916.

You will have anticipated from my message that I was about to move shortly. Our orders came on Friday last, but we didn't start until Sunday. I was to proceed to 4th Army, P—— to another army. By rights I should have gone by rail, and as there is no through connection, and the trains are *very* infrequent and slow, it would have taken me four days at least. But they were able to put P—— through in a car, and so I went along with him.

So all through the morning we drove through frozen France. We flashed through a score of towns and a hundred villages ; through open hedgeless fields, past colliery wheels, and once, for seven miles, without turning to the right hand or to the left, one long unending vista of tall poplars in violent perspective. And all the time we were meeting an army. I suppose it was only a division really, but it seemed as if all the guns and all the men and all the horses and all the lorries in the world were on the roads. Besides, at every town khaki swarmed, the traffic was thick, and military police directed the stream. So at length we drew in to P——'s army headquarters, and there we encountered a hospitable Major who—though I had no earthly claim on him, and though I was travelling by an irregular route—bore me off to lunch at his mess, made me out the necessary movement order, and set me off to the station,—where I discovered I had missed the one train of the day by about ten minutes, and must needs wait for to-morrow's.

Wonderful magic of the Army ! In this predicament I found a house opposite the station, which hight " Officers' Rest House." And in it was a good fire, books and magazines, tables and writing

materials, and a rough but comfortably furnished bedroom for me—all for nothing!

So I sat down and had some tea, and was just about to write to you, when an orderly came hurriedly in search of me. I was to come to the Major at once. Duly I went, and he hailed me: "Ah! Sanders, I've got a car going into ——, and they'll land you at Fourth Army as they come back. Now don't say a word, old boy; just get your kit together and go." It's perfectly amazing the kindness everyone shows one here. I've been living in other people's messes for the last day or two—absolutely freely proffered.

Once again we drove through the bitter air—this time on a swift car, plunging headlong through the darkness. And again we met troops and troops. An endless bridging train came by, pontoon after pontoon in long succession, drawn by great mechanical tractors—pontoons enough to bridge the Rhine twice over. And motor lorries! You could not believe there were so many motor lorries in the world as we saw that night. Lumbering on their errands through the night, sleeping in long lines by the roadside under the charge of a solitary sentry, or packed in fields—streets, and avenues of lorries.

After much messing around at the town of ——, due to the errand of the officer on whose account the car was sent (or rather due to the fact that nobody knew anything about him), we got under way again, and reached my destination. I duly reported, and again the army showed its kindness. Late as the hour was, they carried me off to the mess, raked a meal together for me, and then produced a billet (somebody's else, by the way) complete with a real bed and real sheets and a batman. So I established a record by making a four days' journey in one.

To-day I completed my journey. A car once more carried me and my belongings from the little headquarters town to —— as far as the road was fit for cars, or rather a goodish bit further. This is strange country—great naked rolling uplands, like nothing in

England so much as Salisbury Plain. And through this we forged, past gangs of Hun prisoners mending the roads, through a largish town where scarcely a single house remained intact (yet still swarming with khaki), and out into such a stream of traffic as you can scarcely imagine. Two endless lines of every kind of vehicle, men on foot, men on horseback, pack animals, waggons and limbers and guns, cars, motor cycles, lorries, winding away for miles and miles and miles; and, here and there, picturesque figures amongst the turmoil, mounted policemen armed with lances riding in and out and keeping the vast concourse moving. And everywhere, more incessantly as we proceeded, men mending the roads—white men, brown men, Germans, mending the roads. . . .

As we drew near there was a new development. All this country is an old battlefield, but the traces of the conflict had been erased by the activities of the victorious army. Here and there shell-holes not yet fallen in, entanglements not yet pulled down, or maybe a wood all blasted and splintered and bare; but for the most part new roads and light railways and a far-flung tangled net of telephone wires had obliterated these remains, and, above all, the tents and shelters that covered the plain as far as eye could reach. And still the road wound on, now between continuous lines of road-menders, whose efforts completely failed to prevent the surface going to pieces under the steady grinding of a hundred thousand hoofs and wheels. Presently we were in what had once been Boscheland —no mark remaining of the long-drawn-out struggle that had been waged; indeed, one only knew because the names on the graves were in German now. "Hier ruht in Gott . . ."

We reached the limit at last, and my kit was loaded into a G.S. waggon and vanished into the distance. Meanwhile, at the invitation of a perfect stranger who commanded a salvage company on the spot, I had lunch in the neighbouring camp. Later they found me a guide, and I walked the last stage of my long journey.

By now the road was appalling, but the traffic—now, except for the despatch riders, wholly horsed—still continued. The distance couldn't have been more than three miles, but going was so hard that it took me an hour and a half to cover them.

Behold me, then, installed in the deepest and biggest dug-out I've ever seen, complete with staircase, sleeping apartment, office, and mess-room. I've a corner to myself, where I sleep in my own blankets on my own bed. The cooking is quite marvellously good for conditions so primitive as must prevail in country so recently occupied, where every mortal thing has been levelled to the ground and the whole surface is churned and ploughed beyond recognition. In short, I'm thoroughly comfortable, and I've had my wish. I'm attached to a new section that's only just beginning to get together. But more of this presently.

Thursday, December 7th, 1916.

I haven't any particular news to give you, for at present I've very little to do—indeed, I'm at some loss to fill in my time. I shall be busy enough in a few days I expect, but at present we're just waiting.

I spend my time mostly in our quarters here, for neither the country nor the weather is alluring. The latter has been cold, rainy mist for the last day or two; the former is the very abomination of desolation. I live in a dug-out—a deep underground house of several rooms, solidly constructed of timber. It's surprising how comfortable we are, for though we're a long way from the line, we're also a long way from decent civilisation. And we've a cook who is a perfect marvel. The meals he serves us wouldn't be out of place in a first-class restaurant—honestly. We eat with indifferent cutlery from enamel plates, but the food itself is really extraordinary.

I expect soon however we shall be moving nearer our own

scene of operations, and I don't suppose we shall be quite so luxurious there. However, one never knows.

December 9th, 1916.

I haven't anything to write about, at least anything that I'm allowed to write about. For the annoying thing is that all the things which happen and are of any interest are also forbidden subjects. I'm afraid I've rather strained the regulations in what I've said before. I'm supposed to maintain a deathly silence as to conditions on this side; I'm not supposed, for instance, to describe the dug-out I write this in, nor the state of the roads, nor the features of the landscape, nor anything except perhaps the weather —which is cold and rainy.

December 22nd, 1916.

You see, in modern warfare the actual troops themselves count for less and less. Given the right sort of officers, you can make almost any physically efficient human material perform almost any task. If they are naturally brave, they need little but leading; but with stern discipline and driving, timorous troops can be made to do just as well. The difference lies in the planning. War, as the French wage it, is an exact science. The flight of a shell is calculable, more or less: that is to say, it can be affirmed with certainty that it will not fall short of one mark nor over another. The amount of damage a shell will do is similarly calculable, within limits. The rate of fire of a battery is known—within limits. So also other factors, if not exactly calculable, can be known from experience; on the average of large numbers, they are constant. The amount of shelling required to demoralise a battalion, *i.e.*, to kill or disable a certain proportion of its effectives and reduce the remainder to a condition of helpless fear, is known approximately from experience, and does not vary much with different troops.

The amount of water required by troops engaged in fighting is known. The approximate casualties in the water-carriers, with a given method of supply, and therefore the proportion of water which will not be delivered, can be estimated beforehand. For troops advancing in a given formation under given conditions of ground and obstacles, supporting fire, and counter-battery work, the proportion of casualties per yard of ground covered can be foretold within certain limits, and therefore the number of men who must start in order to deliver a given number of bayonets in the enemy's trench can be calculated. The length of time it takes a certain number of men to put a trench pounded by barrage fire into a state of defence is again known—within limits. And so on, *ad infinitum*. Successful Generalship means, therefore, in the first place, a clear envisagement of the object to be obtained. It demands, next, an elaborate consideration of the means necessary to produce the desired effect, in which it is possible to calculate with precision the minimum which *might* be successful and the maximum which *must* be successful. And it is then the business of good Generalship to provide that maximum—or else give up the attempt altogether. Now, all this the French do very coolly and thoroughly. They are not afraid to pay the price. In war you must always pay for whatever advantage you gain. You must always expend munitions; you must always undertake labour, hardship, and extreme discomfort; you must almost always sacrifice life. It is for the good General, first to obtain the mysterious thing called initiative; then to invent a scheme; and after that—not merely hope that the operations will cost the enemy more than his own side, but make certain that the damage to the enemy will in any case be worth the maximum cost; or else drop that scheme altogether. It is as simple as that, and also it is the mightiest task that can be presented to the human intellect.

Well, I think I've rather let my pen run away with me. But the historians are right in filling their pages with the records of war. It is the most interesting of human phenomena.

December 27th, 1916.

A little while ago I stood at the entrance to my dug-out. A slender moon was setting in the west, and faint glow lingered there —tender, delicate colouring. Elsewhere the sky was limpid with the colourness of twilight ere the stars begin to peep. The grey veil of nightfall mercifully hid the desolation of the landscape. The great expanse of brown and naked mud, the overlapping shell-holes, the loathly pools, the spindly, shattered stumps of trees, the indescribable medley of rusting wire, broken tools, unexploded shells, rotting sandbags, and rubbish of every sort—the kindly cloak hid all these. The lurid green flashes of the guns which later would stab the darkness like lightning were not yet so apparent as to catch the eye. No battery near me was firing, and only a distant rumbling and occasionally the cheerless sound of a shell passing overhead could be heard. The traffic on the road near by was still. Two men were talking quietly. The murmur of their voices came to my ears; somewhere a fire began to twinkle. . . . One's eyes went to the peaceful west. The darkest day was past; already it seemed lighter at this hour than it had been, and there floated the slim crescent of the New Moon: the New Moon with the Old Moon in its arms. . . . The darkness deepened; far away the first star-shell of the evening flared up and lit the battlefield. . . . Somewhere a man died. . . .

* * * *

I don't quite know why I have set all this down: except that perhaps in one little incident, if I can by any means give you to see it with my eyes, you can more clearly realise my surroundings than by pages of description. Am I in a "comparatively safe spot"? Why, yes. Of course, there is a certain amount of shelling, but the Bosche is firing in the dark, and little damage is done. We get a round or two in our neighbourhood most days, but they usually

just go into the middle of nowhere, and we have excellent dug-outs in which to take cover in case they do come near.

24th February, 1917.

DEAR FATHER,

It was a week ago when last I wrote to you, but it has flown like an hour, for this week our troubles seem to be over. No lines went "dis." The weather was favourable, and every one is now beginning to get the hang of the work. Consequently we've been delivering the goods in quantities. And that has meant long hours of hard work for the office staff. Several days we scarcely had time to snatch a meal all day, and were up far into the night clearing up. We work the 24 hours round now, but not much comes in after 10 p.m. as a rule.

It's a curious feeling on such high-pressure days; quietly, steadily forging through the work as it comes in, at any lull going back to clear up anything that may have been put aside in order to deal at once with the more urgent stuff; punctuated by occasional moments of excitement when, your own calculations finished, you take up the telephone and speak the quiet words that set other brains far away to work on mathematics of their own—with speedy issue, violent enough. But mostly it's just steady, unhasting, unresting activity; culminating at various times of the afternoon and evening as our daily reports to this and that high authority become due.

For the rest—well, the war wears the same air of expectancy to us who are in it as it no doubt does to you; stirring out so little, we don't see much by direct vision. But mathematics are no bad substitute for eyes sometimes, and anyhow, being a branch of "I" ("Intelligence," you know), we get to know a little more than the ruck—a very little—of what's going on.

"When will the war end?—for of course, you, being amidst

it all, must know?" Not at all. I don't know: I don't think anyone knows; for what it's worth, my own opinion is, "not this year." As I have remarked before, the conditions of modern war are as strictly calculable as the number of pennies out of a thousand tossed in the air that will come down heads. (*As* calculable, no more: there's always the chance of the unexpected in both cases.) There's little scope now for individual bravery; even Generalship, in a manner, hardly counts. The army runs like a great business concern. Very efficient as regards interior organisation; very inefficient, like all armies, as regards its object—the destruction of the enemy. What I mean to say is, that war has become a routine. New departures there are, of course, and the nature of the routine varies from time to time, but it remains a routine.

Consequently two things follow, which have been exemplified over and over again in this war: the offensive can always be pressed provided you care to pay the price in munitions, and in men; the defensive can always be maintained provided you care to pay the price in munitions, in ground yielded, and in men. Now, the munitionment of either side is equal to its task. The Bosche has plenty of ground to yield without placing himself at any military disadvantage; and so it comes to the question once more of men. Victory will come when the Allies are willing and able to pay the cost of an offensive in men, but the Bosche is unwilling or unable to pay the similar cost of the defensive.

The campaign that is opening now, it seems to me, will be the bloodiest in history. For nearly three years both sides have been straining every nerve to perfect and accumulate the means of destruction. They will be expended now with the most lavish prodigality. All horrors in history—the siege of Jerusalem, the year of the Great Plague—will pale into insignificance beside the hell that will rage over Europe during the fair days of the coming summer. I don't pretend to foretell the issue of that struggle. It is possible that there and then the Bosche will be either unable or

unwilling to pay the price, and a decision in the military sense will have been secured—though even then much must be done before the mistake results in obvious defeat. More likely, it seems to me, he will resist. Then, as the mud of winter once more renders the arena too slippery for the combatants to remain at grips, there will come the lull of exhaustion. Both sides will be exhausted, *but the Bosche far more, and with far less material for recruitment.* In the years that follow, I imagine, there can never again be the same intensity of effort there will be this summer; but though the Allies grow absolutely weaker, yet relatively they will grow stronger and stronger until at last, if only their will to win remains, they can overwhelm the Bosche in hopeless ruin.

There's the rub!—if their will to win continues. For in this case "they" does not mean their armies, it means their civilian populations. The war has hardly touched England yet. If English people want to win this war, they must be prepared for things scarcely dreamed of as yet—for starvation rations; for unremitting labour of man, woman and child; for death in every home in the land. These things may not come, but unless they are faced and accepted in spirit, we cannot truly win.

I dread beyond most things a peace brought about by any other cause than military victory. The Bosche knows as well as we that our ultimate victory is certain. If he staves it off, in whatever way—*even by granting our terms*—it is a victory for him. Our own terms, and those at the point of the sword—then and then only will he be cured of his love of the sword. I shall be sorry if he is starved into submission. That would give him a leg to stand on. "It wasn't our army's fault: it was our cursed populace, that didn't know how to take up a hole in their belts." And so our son's sons get the job to do again, and the blood of those who have perished up to now is betrayed.

"The War that will end War?" Perhaps. And may be not. For of a surety my experience will be that of thousands. We

used to hate the name of war. We have seen its reality, grimmer than ever imagination dared to paint it before; and we have discovered that flesh and blood can brave its worst terrors. We have realised that valour and discipline are things well worth having, even at such cost; and therefore, if ever again England finds herself confronted with a righteous quarrel, be sure there will be no pusillanimous hesitation to draw the sword.

I see the armies of England—England! What a name!—by the light of one vision. It was not long after I joined the ranks, and the battalion paraded for night operations in Hyde Park. Darkness had not yet fallen, and we waited in the twilight. I for one shall not be likely to forget that evening. Rank by rank we stood there, a motley crowd—in uniform and out—that could scarcely march in step. But the spell of war, though it was but a dream and a far-off whisper to our ears, reached out and held us. Four-square, in long and rigid lines, we stood to attention; there was a silence of a thousand men. Around us the hum of London swelled and rose. Curious passers-by gathered and peered at the waiting ranks. The evening darkened, and in the fading sunset one great star came out.

Well, sir, this is a strange and rather disconnected letter I've written you. You may think I'm writing for effect, but really it isn't so. It's only that I can always think better on paper than any other way, and so sometimes my correspondents get made the victims of my meditations.

At all events, I havn't much to complain of in regard to my share of the war. I've interesting work to do, and plenty of it. I run the risks that anyone living within easy range of the Bosche guns and the Bosche gas must do, but they're not great; I have comfortable quarters and decent feeding. So please don't waste any commiseration on,

Your affectionate son,

LESLIE.

Sunday, March 4th, 1917.

Just a few lines of greeting from France—only a few lines, for it grows late ; but I know how welcome the postman's knock is when there's even a note from this quarter of the world.

I'm still pretty busy. Last night we were up till 1.30 this morning, to be Irish ; but since N—— has come back there isn't the same urgent pressure of work. This afternoon I managed to get out for a walk of three or four miles. It was a gorgeous afternoon—cold still (it's not been over five degrees since the beginning of January), but brilliantly sunny. And this part of France is as yet singularly unscathed by war. The fields are tilled up to a marvellously short distance from the line, mostly by women, only they don't wear breeches and have their photographs in the papers. It was an unlovely country to begin with; but the shell-holes don't show up until you are close to them, and there's little visible of warlike preparation, and the place is at least green—so, by comparison, it's quite beautiful.

We saw the most thrilling fight in the air I've yet witnessed. The first we noticed of it was the rending crack of Archies somewhere near. When we were out before they always used shrapnel against aeroplanes, the report of which is only a " pouf " ; but now they've found H.E. more effective, and air-burst H.E. gives a most resounding detonation. We looked for the target, and there was a Bosche plane impudently skimming along scarcely 500 feet up. There was a high wind, and he came slantwise almost over us —the shells bursting almost over our heads. Then from somewhere one of ours came driving up, and the two machines swung round in giddy spirals, manœuvring for position. Far away two more of our machines came racing to join the fray, and then the fight swirled off down wind and grew small in the distance.

There's one thing air fighting has done—it's brought back something of the old delight of battle to war. Do you remember that passage in—I think it's " The Crown of Wild Olives "—where

Ruskin confesses his two thoughts of war? The practical, that war is an evil to be avoided at all costs; and the other, forced on him by his study of history, that there is no noble state or nation that is not frequently at war, and that in peace, if it be long-continued, even a noble nation degenerates in moral fibre. And his conclusion of the matter is that war under certain conditions is an eminently good thing. "Under certain conditions"—namely, that the arbitrament should not be of the accumulation of the means of destruction either side is able to compass, but a test of individual or collective valour, of personal skill in the management of one's weapons. That is what aerial warfare means at present. There, in the swift battle that flashed by us this afternoon, two men staked their lives upon their own skill and judgment; creatures of glorious power, freed from the trammels of earth, whirlwind-charioted in the eye of death. And in that there is nothing mean.

The last home letter—written to his Father.

Thursday, March 8th, 1917.

DEAR FATHER,

Just a few hasty lines to let you and all the folks know that I'm going back to Q Section to-morrow. They expect to lose one of their officers soon, so I've been ordered there to be available as a replacement.

I suppose you in England have heard something of the withdrawal of the Bosche now in progress. It's an infernally clever move on his part. He's going back very slowly, fighting a rear-guard action with great skill, moving when and how he chooses. At one blow he secures a shorter line of communication, a shorter line to hold, of his own choosing and very strong, and stultifies all our preparations for an offensive. *Eh bien, nous verrons ce que nous verrons.* Incidentally, I daresay we shall be getting a bit of extra

work in consequence in a few days' time. It's late, and I must close. Give my love to the folks.

Yours affectionately, LESLIE.

Extract from the last letter he wrote. It was written to his Betrothed, and was found unsealed after his death.

March 9th, 1917.

Yet, you know, I've never regretted coming out here—not, at any rate, since I've had a job of work. There at home, in comfort and safety—well I suppose I was doing useful work enough, and I was glad enough to do it, so long as it was at another's bidding. But here I am doing a man's work.

Extract from a letter from his Colonel to his Betrothed, enclosing his last letter.

March 11th, 1917.

Yesterday a shell fell in the headquarters of Q Section, and a gallant and faithful young officer met his death, where he would have found it—at his post. This letter was the last he wrote, and indeed it was as I send it you, just finished and not even closed. Then shelling started, and he went at once, quietly and efficiently, about his work. . . .

Remember that we thought very much of him, and would like to add any sympathy that you have room for.

Letter from the Colonel to his Father.

March 11th, 1917.

DEAR SIR,

Your son was killed yesterday, and died as fine a death as any could here. During a heavy bombardment of the Headquarters

where his work lay, he worked on cheerily and quietly till a shell exploded in the room itself, and killed him instantly. Such men can never be replaced, and leave behind them a gap in the affections of all who knew and admired him. I saw him buried to-day in a quiet spot some way from the line—a photograph of it is enclosed. I wish it were possible to add any comfort of any use in your bereavement.

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

W. S. J. WINTERBOTHAM,
Lieut.-Colonel, O.C. 3rd Field Survey Co.

General Sir Ivor Maxse wrote expressing his appreciation of the gallant way in which he met his death, and said :—

"This was indeed a fine performance, and displayed a magnificent sense of duty."

Letter from Capt. Nuttal, the O.C. of P Section.

March 21st, 1917.

DEAR MRS SANDERS,

I feel I must write and express my deep sympathy with you in the loss of your son. He had been in my section two months, and had hardly left us 24 hours when we heard of the calamity which had befallen his new section. He left us about 12 o'clock on the Friday to join Q Section, a few miles south of us, and at 1.20 the following afternoon a shell burst in the Headquarters Office and killed your son and one linesman outright, very badly wounded the O.C. Q Section, who died a few hours later (Lieut. Langdon), and slightly wounded a third officer, Lieut. Bosanquet.

Your son and Langdon were buried next day (Sunday) at about 3 p.m. I haven't seen the grave yet, but will go over in a day or two. Whenever I get to England again I will bring you a map and show you the exact position of his grave. All of us at P had grown quite fond of him, and he himself was very sorry to leave us. We little thought it was the last time that we should see him. He was so keen and such a hard worker, always bringing forward some new idea; one of those who responded at the very beginning to the call. What a pity that he did not live to see the end of the struggle! On behalf of the officers and men of P Section, I express our sincere sympathy.

Yours sincerely,

J. M. NUTTAL (Capt.).

Letter from Lieut. Worsnop of P Section.

DEAR MRS SANDERS,

I had your letter of March 16th, and felt very much ashamed that you had to write, as I had fully thought that any particulars which were available about the last days had been already sent. He was with us at P Section from within a few days of leaving 4th Army till the day he went to ——. The following day the whole thing happened. As far as I can tell you, the happenings were as usual for that part. The Huns were shelling, and for our particular type of work one feels one has to go on. So what they did at Q was to send the bigger part of the men into the dug-out and the officers carried on with the help of two men. Then at 1.20 on the Saturday one unlucky shell dropped right into the front of the office. This was the one which did all the harm to the people there. If there is any consolation in this dreadful affair, it will be perhaps that he was killed instantly. There's no doubt he would have no pain at all. At the same time the telephonist on duty was

also killed instantly, and the O.C. of the Section, Lieut. Langdon, was very badly wounded, and died on reaching the Casualty Clearing Station.

Yesterday I was at this place and visited the graves of all three. The sun was shining over the little cemetery when we arrived there. They have the wreaths sent by the Survey Co. there. This makes them stand out from the majority. The graves are at the road-end of the cemetery, which is stationed at Warlincourt, which is not far from Pas in Artois, about ten kilos from Doullens on the road from Doullen to Arras. The little graveyard is on the left of the road going towards Arras, and stands back about 100 yards from it. I can readily understand how you all must feel about it, and you will forgive my somewhat clumsy way of expressing sympathy, which is nevertheless sincere. When he was first at P he shared my room, and was engaged on practically the same work as myself. The times he had with us I'm sure were happy enough, and, as I say, the whole time for him seemed to be the same. While he was here he made a few little additions to our apparatus, and generally was full of energy to tackle all the things that came along.

The place where the whole thing happened, I think I can tell you now, was Pommier. It was in the final shelling of villages before the Hun retired. The final service was at 2.30 on Sunday, and there were representatives of all the Survey Co. there. I hope this letter gets through uncensored, as I can well imagine that to know these places is to relieve your mind, if only a little. Now I must finish this letter, as I must do some work. Hoping most sincerely that this might be of some small value in putting at rest some of the many questions you must be asking yourself about it. If there is anything I can tell you in addition, or do out this end, I will be only too ready to do it if possible.

Yours sincerely,

BERNARD L. WORSNOP.

APPRECIATIONS.

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APPRECIATIONS.

From his Tutor to his Father.

Trinity College, Cambridge,
19th March, 1917.

My Dear Sir,

May I respectfully express my very great sorrow at the sad news I have just heard of the death of your son, and my deep sympathy with you and yours in your bereavement. Your son was not only distinguished intellectually, but remarkable for a deep and true Christian character. He is a loss to his family, his College, and his country.

Most truly yours,

W. Dampier Whetham.

From his Tutor to the Headmaster of St. Olave's Grammar School.

Trinity College, Cambridge,
19th March, 1917.

My Dear Sir,

The Master has told me the sad and distressing news about Leslie Yorath Sanders which you have sent to him.

I am deeply grieved. Sanders was one of those among my pupils who impressed me at once, not only by his intellectual ability, but also by his sterling fineness of character, supported in his case by deep religious feeling.

As you will know, he converted the Entrance Scholarship, with which he came into residence, into a Senior Scholarship in March, 1914, and was placed in the first class in Part I. of the Natural Sciences Tripos in June of that year. Had fate allowed,

I am sure he would have amply fulfilled this promise of scientific distinction.

When the war began, he was among the first to offer his services. With the prospect of some little delay in getting a commission, he enlisted as a private, and saw service and was wounded in the ranks. Thus, when he was gazetted to a commission in July, 1915, he and his friends could feel that it had been won nobly on the field of battle.

The last letter I received from him contained the news that he was engaged to be married. Not only has a promising life been cut off, but a prospect of great happiness destroyed.

His name should always stand high on the rolls of honour of his School and his College.

Yours very truly,

W. C. DAMPIER WHETHAM.

From the Senior Dean.

Trinity College, Cambridge,
20th March, 1917.

DEAR MR SANDERS,

I feel I must write and tell you how deeply I sympathise with you in the loss of your son. I got to know him well when he was here, and had a great liking for him. I was greatly touched and pleased at the splendid way he threw himself into military service when the call came, and the high spirit and efficiency with which he acted. It will be a great loss to us, with all his promise of intellect and character. But I grieve still more for you and all his home.

With very kind regards.

Sincerely yours,

K. ST. JOHN PARRY.

From Mr F. A. Beesley, B.Sc., of St. Olave's.

22nd March, 1917.

DEAR MRS SANDERS,

As Leslie's old form master, I feel I must send a few lines to express sincerest sympathy with you in your great loss. His death was a very great blow to me personally, so that I may perhaps be able to conceive in a small measure how great your own loss must be. He was undoubtedly the most brilliant science boy who has passed through my hands and through the Science Sixth during the past fifteen years, and I feel that his loss is a loss both to the Nation and to the world, for he would undoubtedly have had a most distinguished career, and in a very special degree have done much for the progress of science. He has cheerfully given to his country much more than falls to the lot of most men to give, and we are all very proud of him.

With our united sympathy,

I am, Yours sincerely,

F. A. BEESLEY.

From the Headmaster of St. Olave's (Mr W. G. Rushbrooke, LL.M.).

Leslie Sanders was sent to us from the George Green School in September, 1907, and secured, as he would have secured at any school, immediate recognition of his remarkable qualities. His career was one unbroken advance in intellectual power and in personal influence. I have known no boy so slightly equipped to all appearance with physical strength whose moral force was more penetrating and irresistible. Nor have I ever had in a Sixth Form a brighter mind or a maturer intellect that it has been my privilege to attempt to teach. His impromptu answers to unexpected questions in Literature lessons often astonished me, not only by

their precision and clearness of phrase, but by their fullness of thought. His presence in the class was a continual stimulus to his contemporaries, and the effect of his presence in the School has been transmitted to generations of those who knew him not.

With nothing in his character to incline him to war, he was one of the first to respond to the call for volunteers, and he and his brother Reginald were very soon at the Front. Leslie was wounded in the fierce fighting for Hill 60 in the early days of the combat, and came back to England for the needed treatment in hospital. Later he was employed as an instructor at Woolwich and Bostal Heath, positions for which his gifts of clear statement and sympathetic understanding pre-eminently fitted him. But the recognition of his special qualifications led to his being sent to carry out scientific work of great importance to the Army in France. "Yesterday," writes his Colonel on the 11th of March, "when shelling started, he went at once, quietly and efficiently, about his work, till a shell exploded in the room itself and killed him instantly. I saw him buried in a quiet spot behind the line." Of the nature of his work it is too early as yet to speak, except to say that it was such as few could accomplish, and that it needed the clearest thought and the coolest brain.

The last letter which the present writer received from him—and apparently the last but one he wrote—was a brief accompaniment to a noble appreciation of a schoolfellow who had been killed at the Front. Both appreciation and accompaniment are written with perfect neatness and precision, without flaw or erasure, and with the most exact punctuation. A few sentences may be quoted: "I'm sending you with this some few words concerning D. A. G. B. Ryley. It's a poor tribute for so fine a man, but as you have asked me to write, I send you the best I can compass . . . Your letter was delayed a fortnight, and when I did receive it my time was fairly well occupied; and moreover it isn't easy to set one's mind to writing for publication, and particularly so difficult and delicate

a task as this, amid the distractions of war. So please forgive me, and amend whatever you may find amiss. I should be glad if you would verify the quotation from Newbolt's *Sacramentum Supremum* with which I have ended: I have no copy here and my memory may be at fault. As you know, I'm engaged in special work, and it's an exceedingly interesting job. We get our share of the shelling, of course (and latterly a little more than our share), but we don't have to do attacks, or other little diversions with the suicidal flavour; and we've comfortable billets, and usually get to bed o' nights. We've plenty to do, of course, but that's rather an advantage than otherwise; altogether it's a case of war de luxe. With every good wish for the School and yourself,—Yours affectionately, Phi."

In the same envelope that contained this letter and the tribute to which it refers was a brief note from the O.C. telling of the writer's gallant and fearless death while carrying out his work under a heavy shell fire.

The following are Tributes from three of his Friends at School.

Looking back over the last six or seven years, I am more than ever convinced that there is something in the atmosphere of Stogs which conveys to all who breathe it an intellectual and moral stimulus different in kind from anything I have found elsewhere, and this indefinable quality makes Olavian idealism at its best a thing distinct from any other form of public school spirit. Nor is this my judgment alone. It is a fact attested with strongest certainty by those who now in the eyes of all have shown themselves "true and upright in word and deed, loyal to their brother men, and worthy sons of England, knowing neither fear nor reproach," and who, themselves informed at School by the current modes of thought and conduct of their day, were also, all unknowingly, foremost in shaping the character and ideals of their con-

temporaries. Recent numbers of the *Olavian* have been rich in such testimony, culled from the words both of the living and the dead; but Leslie Sanders paid what was probably his greatest tribute while still a boy at the School, and before the passage of a single year had begun to mellow the disappointment and success, which both befell him, to one harmonious recollection. And if I speak of him first in connection with his work for the magazine, it is partly because it was here that his personality made contact with the widest circle of Olavians, and also particularly because I know how singular a joy it was to him to render homage in his writing to the Mother School which saw his first enthusiasms ripen and take form.

I remember vividly the era of literary activity whose beginning dates back to the editorial reign of Watts and Gladding, nearly twelve years ago. These two, writing with complementary gifts, but both with exceptional originality and insight, initiated a cult of high thinking and pregnant literary form which has been sustained with varying success until the present time. But "Phi's" own work was as unique as a distinctive mental outlook and equipment could make it. With scanty formal training in letters, he found it no easy task to maintain the high standard of work at which he insistently aimed. Every word cost him effort, and the total of hours devoted to his articles would astound a more facile writer. So gifted in the direction of physical science as to show promise of the highest distinction, he nevertheless betrayed no trace of nascent materialism in his writing: to those who read it with intimate knowledge of the author, it was suffused with a red-heat of moral earnestness. He would impart his scientific knowledge with infectious enthusiasm to all who cared to share it with him; but it was seldom that, even to his closest friends, he laid aside the reserve which hid his feeling in regard to the things that seemed to him to matter most. Once at least, however, satisfied that he would find no more adequate expression for it, he gave to Olavians

the secret of a devotion which he could contain within himself no longer. I should be glad to think that some readers of this memorial would take the trouble to refer back to the issue of July, 1912, and there to reacquaint themselves with his last editorial composition, enquiring the while what manner of School it must be that could compel such a prayer of filial devotion from the writer of a farewell address. He begins this final essay—curiously enough, some may think—with a description of a cycle ride in the country, but the connection with his theme will be recognised as vital by all who know the open-air side of the Olavian tradition, of summer and winter games in the old field, bathing off the old Sussex coast, boating on the historic river, camp-song jollity, the hush of evening prayer, sleep under the stars and " the golden dawn of a new day of unalloyed happiness." It is here that his idealisation of a particular institution and order of upbringing may find clearest echo in the sympathy of some chance readers who, knowing little of the School, yet derive, with all lovers of the open, a common inspiration from the memory of loyal fellowship in storm and calm, of moorland and sun-lit hills, and of the wind from the sea.

I have alluded to his specialist knowledge. Of course, he was precocious. Entering Set X. on his first day at the School, young, boyish-looking for his years, and in a light sailor-suit, he began at once to discuss questions of the Calculus with a zest which was soon equalled by his knowledge of the subject. Mathematics and physics fascinated him from the outset, and in the early days he did not hesitate to assert against a considerable opposition that those who had a mind to use were justified in cultivating it intensively at the expense of the body, since a legacy of new truth revealed was the finest a man could bequeath to posterity. This was only a phase, but characteristic of the boy, and one which discovered him first in the role of expositor to all (and they were not a few) who owned a kindred interest in science and the politics of the day. His nickname " Phi " arose in this connection, and referred to the

Greek functional symbol he was using in some midday demonstration at the board. It was probably at camp that he first completely realised the worth of a bodily physique in full tune with a vigorous mind. He discovered, with all of us, how subordinate in value are most of the artifices of civilisation, and learned that fresh air is the finest cure for mental weariness, while comradeship in the open is a spiritual tonic without price. With mind never so alert as in that holiday away from books, it was as natural a thing for him to discuss a differential equation or an arrangement of Hinton's tessaracts, while tying up a tent-flap or scrubbing potatoes, as for most of us to weigh our prospects in the next cricket match, and this without any trace of aloofness from the common interest. Keen with the keenest, a famous Littlehampton victory found him anxious to perpetuate it in heroic prose, and he would weigh one purple phrase against another to the delight of sundry small boys whose cycle punctures he never tired of mending. One might do worse than try to think of him always in this typical attitude of cheery helpfulness.

I do not know that he had formed any definite ideas as to the life-work which would have occupied his maturer years, but there was little risk that specialisation would blind his eyes to wisdom. His ambition was to serve, and the preparatory school of science was of his own choosing. He loved to identify the scientific and religious attitudes, and to trace to a common source the intuitions which nourish the growth of both mind and soul, so that in his view "*spiritus intus alit*" was a motto for the research worker as well as for the mystic, and "*magna est veritas et praevalebit*" a watchword for the most devout. He seemed to be gifted naturally with a sense of unseen powers around us working for good. "On the side of the angels" was another phrase often on his lips, as he sought to unite his purpose and activity with theirs. And who shall deny that his desire has been granted him? We share the sorrow of the home-circle that will miss him most, but it is less than half the truth

to say that he lives in his influence on those who still remain, for we can think of him as radiant and active yet, and even now addressing himself with swift eagerness to fresh tasks of high endeavour and new deeds of loving-kindness.

W. W. F.

* * * *

At the end of 1912 Noel Hamilton, Donald Ryley, and Leslie Sanders all went up to Cambridge, each leaving behind him a distinctive and remarkable school record, and each, despite the widest differences, characterised by quietness of accomplished power. Hamilton's was a nervous, subtle strength, while Ryley had a magnificent reserve, now dormant, now prodigally spent, and then again half-dormant. Sanders was in appearance the slightest and least noticeable of the three, but all his work was marked by a high tenacity of purpose and a singleness of spirit that is bearing fruit to-day in the hearts of others.

The last few months have joined the three again in the life that follows death. Of them, Leslie Sanders was the least understood. He had entered five years before, and throughout he had been working along hidden lines in his own unobtrusive way, or else in fields that do not fire a boy's imagination quickly. He had become captain early in 1911, and quietly extended his work—work that required the greatest moral courage in facing some of the most difficult of schoolboy problems, in laying aside the schoolboy's imperfect code of honour, and in living down ridicule, living down his own peculiarities; so that you could say of him, when he left, that the splendid legacy of his scholastic achievements was the least of the services which he had rendered the School.

Yet on that side a brilliant future lay before him. He had a genius for method and for most careful research, combined with an imaginative grasp of scientific subjects and a practical application

that had already won for him a high place at Trinity College. Those who followed after him can testify to his loving labour in many branches. In the Sixth Form room to-day are the neat records, the editorial minutiæ of his work for the Magazine and the Debating Society. He himself was our foremost speaker, and the *Olavian* finds a proper pride in those fine articles of his : " Seed and Sapling," and his last contribution, " For they know not what they do." That writing came straight from the heart, and is perhaps the keynote of his purposes ; for it shows his interest in social work and his desire to be a helper. The secret of his influence lies spiritually and his best deeds are known only to a few ; in each case they were deeds and influences in which only two could share, and in which the stronger was constantly lending a hand to and encouraging the weaker.

We called him Φ (it is believed because of certain mathematical wonders he had performed) ; but that will tell you nothing of him. A quiet, interesting face, sensitive, but seldom mobile with humour ; a neat figure, with an air of trimness and method and of orderly early rising about him that was the source of much fun at our picnic camps ; and a curiously boyish look in one who was really so old for his years and saw so deeply into life—all this again conveys to you little of the real man. But then perhaps you caught a glimpse of things behind and beyond. There may have been some unpopular course to take ; but you knew by the set of the mouth and the straightness of the eyes that it would, and must, be taken : or in easier moments you saw him of an afternoon at camp mending punctures for half a dozen small boys who needed help, and taking endless pains with their whims and troubles.

I can see him doing even greater things—now Elsewhere. There are some few who, when they have come within reach of the highest honours, have been faced with a conflict of principle and promotion. You know the decision. They have stepped quietly aside, given up everything, and have then without a word

set to work from the beginning to build afresh. It requires the very great to act so ; and that was the spirit of Leslie Sanders.

L. E. N.

* * * *

One more soul, known and dear to our generation, has crossed the line which divides the great society of the noble living from the great society of the noble dead. Leslie Sanders has gone to join Gill, Maybrook, Hamilton, Ryley, and the others whom we knew in common, and whose remembered presence still seems so real to us that we cannot yet believe we shall not meet them here again. I wish I had the power to write of him as faithfully and felicitously as he himself wrote, not long since, of the fellow-captain who went before him : no tribute less noble could do fitting justice to one who was the Galahad of our school-life, the living spirit of purity, the knight-errant of honour. To have been in the Sixth in the days when it was headed by Hamilton and Sanders is a memory which none of us who shall be left can ever fail to esteem as the most stimulating and uplifting that we could carry with us : and there is not one of us but owes them a deep debt of lifelong gratitude for the standard they set, the ideals they imparted, and the strength that comes of high example.

There is no need to speak of his brilliance as a scholar : his panel on the walls of the Hall bears the record of a career, at Stogs and at Cambridge, which climbed unerringly from height to height. There is little more need to write of his personality, for the record of that is indelibly borne upon the panels of our memory. It was not by the ordinary and obvious accomplishments admired by the schoolboy that he won his place in our hearts : by nature he was no great man at sport, although in one branch, that of swimming, he stood well to the fore. It was rather because he excelled in those finer and less ostensible qualities which the schoolboy, despite

the popular novelist, really admires most of all, that he became more popular than any mere footballer or cricketer ever could.

His talents were admittedly of the first order; but what we respected far more than his talents was his character. No one could have been more true to conscience than he. His conscience made great demands upon him, but he never shrank from its bidding. He knew well that this was not the shortest cut to popularity; but the fact that he was looked to as an ever-willing friend by boys in every part of the School, from the First Form to the Sixth, is ample testimony to the fact that, with the deepest sense of responsibility, he coupled a very winning personality. And his conscientiousness was not of the passive type which is satisfied with its own personal sense of integrity: his was that more virile individuality which realises that every man is his brother's keeper, and that strength of will and clear vision are given to the fighter in the battle of life, not only to wage his own warfare, but to help his fellows to issue victorious from the struggle. To this end he bent the best energies of his genial nature and his many-sided mind.

It would have been difficult to name a subject in which he was not interested; and where he was interested he was always well-informed. He took keenly to politics, and had much more than an average grip on the subject. All of us remember his speeches in the Debating Society and the School Parliament—he was an enthusiastic supporter of his great countryman—and what a sense of blankness there was in their meetings when he left us. His appreciation of literature and art was exceptionally vivid, and not a whit less fruitful source of enjoyment to him, because his normal sphere was "Stinks."

In connection with his literary leanings, one of the greatest debts Stogs owes to his memory is for his services to the *Olavian*, which he edited during his last year, and to which he contributed some of the most marvellous articles that a school magazine has ever published. And yet, despite his wonderful versatility, his

nature was one of such charming simplicity, that no one ever found any difficulty in cultivating his friendship. He was quite as prepared to apply his mental ingenuity to the mending of a youngster's bicycle at Camp as to use it in scoring big successes at Trinity.

In thinking of the past, it is always the days spent at Camp which rise most vividly before us. We used to ride down together —he was a great cyclist, and rode a wonderful machine, in which he had characteristically assembled a unique combination of the best ideas from all types. As we rode back from the last Camp, he spoke of his intentions. There was obviously not the slightest question in his mind as to his course of action. He had already determined, immediately on the declaration of war, that his place was in the ranks of those who were flocking to the defence of England's cause. Few can have been more averse to the idea of warfare, or have regarded the prospect of Army life, except as transfigured by the light of duty, with more distaste: very few can have had as high hopes in civil life to sacrifice: yet he was among the first to obey the call. I saw him once since; it was in hospital, when he came back after being wounded in one of the many fierce fights for the famous mound, dignified by the name of "Hill," within sight of which I write at this moment. It was a brief meeting—a cheery greeting, a cheery account of "how it happened," and a cheery good-bye. He was still the same as ever—laughing blue eyes under the curly hair which crowned a somewhat boyish face, sunny and serious by turns, and just a little more tanned and robust in token of days and nights in the trenches. He always knew what he had to face—he had weighed the cost and was content: he faced it with the same calm and frank confidence with which he faced the less hazardous, but, to him, all-important tasks of school-life. There is a temptation in contemplating his attainments and the brilliant promise of his opening career, to say that, had he lived, he would have risen to heights of honour from which he would have shed still fresh fame upon the School he loved and laboured

for. But now he has climbed the supreme height, where stands the congregation of those of whom Stogs is proudest of all, and whence he can see the influence of his memory, sealed and sanctified by his final sacrifice, living and growing in the hearts of all his contemporaries who remain now to remember the days when he and they were Olavians together. F. N.

From a Schoolfellow.

19th March, 1917.

DEAR MRS SANDERS,

A card from Mr Rushbrooke has told me of the sad news, and I find it so hard to write of him as I should like to; for the things I know of Leslie are so fine that they cannot be written down. They make the loss of him all the more terrible, and the little sympathy one can offer to his Mother and Father seems so very small.

We entered the school and Mr. Simpson's class together in 1907, but Leslie went straight ahead. What I admire about him so is his courage. He was always strong enough to take the unpopular course, a tremendous effort at a school where boys have a code of honour of their own. And better still was his quiet work into which two alone could enter, he always helping and encouraging, and the weaker boy learning a little of what real strength is. I know what that meant to many of us.

Some time after Leslie left school, I remember there was a case of a boy who had gone very far wrong, and it almost seemed that the only thing that could restrain him was the discipline of a prison reformatory. I asked Mr Rushbrooke if nothing could be done to save him; and his reply was: "I know of nothing, unless I could get somebody like Leslie Sanders to be with him constantly." And then a whole flood of memories came flooding up: of Leslie at camp, with several small boys listening to his talk—boys, perhaps,

whom others would not have noticed ; and of Leslie at school, always working steadily and spiritually in secret places.

Those who have followed after him at school recognise his handwork in all those branches of our life in which he took such an interest. In the Sixth Form to-day are the Magazine accounts and memoranda, the Debating Society's accounts, the Crippled Boys' accounts. They have been handed down from year to year, from secretary to secretary : but about 1910-12 they all became very neat and orderly : things were being set on a better basis then, and infinite care was being taken with every detail. It was Leslie at work. That was the foundation. The whole building has not been completed here, but I try to look back on the splendid structure that was rising. He was an idealist, and resolute and purposeful in everything. The Debating Society showed us that, and it showed us also his practical grasp and extensive knowledge of facts. And he was so keen on doing something for the people —a social worker. Our Magazine is proud of all his writing, proudest I think of such an article as his last : " For they know not what they do." That came straight from the heart ! And often lately I have wondered if Leslie was meaning to devote his life to social work.

It was like him to give up his signalling appointment, and go out again to the danger zone, because loyalty to the highest purposes marked him throughout. It is impossible to say more of such sacrifice ; for left unexplained, it is the most beautiful. I have been trying to accept it, and I feel that Leslie's has been a spiritual labour that will bear much spiritual fruit. But it must be hard for you to accept it, and I can only send loving sympathy to you all.

From yours affectionately,

LAWRIE NEAL.

Sealed Letters written to be Delivered in the event of his Death.

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Sealed Letters written to be Delivered in the event of his Death.

To the School.

A Farewell Letter from Leslie Sanders.

If ever you read these words you will have first heard that I am dead. And their purpose is just to say farewell to all of you. I cannot write to every one of my old friends: and some of you, perhaps, remember me whom I never knew. And so I have to send my last message to you in this fashion. But I want each one of you to imagine he has seen me once more. Imagine, please, that we have been talking together and recalling old days together, days of work and play, failure and achievement, few tears and many smiles. Of course, you will not all remember me in the same way. Some of you will remember me only as a little figure in a blue gown that called for cheers on Speech Day; or just a name on a tombstone in the Hall. Some will think of the few sports I used to take part in—fives after school; paper chases at Court Farm; swimming for my House, and, once or twice, water-polo for the School. Some will remember me at the Debating Society, always making long-winded, cocksure speeches on big themes, with never a joke to help the halting flow of words. And others will recall the pleasant evenings when we met other schools at chess, and drank much coffee, and fought out mighty conflicts on the board. Many will remember me best in the class-room and the labs, an eager, rather bumptious student and a dull comrade at the dinner-table and in the class-room talk.

Some few will remember evening walks across the Tower Bridge, and long rambling arguments that came to nothing but pleased

us both immensely. But most, I suppose, will think of golden days at camp—rambles across the downs, fun on the beach and in the waves, lazy afternoons on the Arun, sing-songs in the evenings (have you forgotten yet the Science Sixth Greek Play ?), and that close friendship that is bred in camp. And some will think of jolly country walks when we met at Purley (and once at Orpington !), and will remember the pleasures and the happy converse of the day, the quiet return and deeper talk in the twilight and the dark.

Imagine, I say, that we have been thinking of all those vanished days ; and at the last, because this is our final interview, we have touched in some few awkward words on our deepest bond, the love we bear in common towards the School. Of any petty distinctions that have come to me in other fields I take no heed ; but of this one thing I am proud, that once, however unworthily, I was Captain of the School. And now the time has come to part. Farewell, old friend ; I am going away. Clasp hands once more—the grip that serves when our tongues are silent. One final word : let there be no sadness in this parting. The years that would have parted us and left our friendship in ashes are frustrate now ; howsoever you judge of my life (and its failings were many), I have come to a good death ; and howsoever life was sweet to me, remember this : I died content. "PHI."

To my Father.

This is a final message for you to read when I am dead. There will be so little else—just the brief official notification "The Secretary of State for War regrets . . ." ; maybe a belated letter or two, speaking only of the small happenings of the day ; perhaps a tale of a brother officer as to how I fell ; beyond that, nothing. And therefore now, beforehand, I say farewell.

There is no need of many words. But I want first to thank

you as your son. You have been to me the best father a fellow could wish. I want to thank you for the gift of a clean and strong and vigorous and healthy body, straight limbs, and thews that could serve England at her need. For the gift of a powerful intellect and a discerning mind—thank you. For the long years of self-denial that made my education possible; for the guidance and teaching that kept me straight in the days of youth; for the counsel and help ever freely proffered when I asked; for all noble things in your example—again and most earnestly, thank you.

Secondly, as to my death. Inasmuch as we be men together, there is little need for words. It is in a good cause that I lay down my life. All the things that I hold dear in life I willingly give up since it is required of me. I am proud and glad to be one of those whom England takes, one of those who in their bodies pay the price of her honour. And though in your heart there will be sorrow, you will also be proud, and you will not grieve overmuch.

All good things be unto you. May the coming years bring wider fields of service, honour and honourable work, strength and wisdom to perform it, and in the end peace, and contentment, and quiet rest. Your son, a Soldier of England, salutes you! Farewell!

To my Mother.

I am writing a last message for you to read if I am killed. There will be so little else—just the few things that mothers keep: the locks of baby hair, the first childish letters, school reports, photographs, letters. Last the brief official intimation of my death, and memories . . . memories . . .; so I want you to have just a word of farewell.

There isn't much to say. We didn't always find it easy to speak freely on the deepest things, but I fancy in our many letters we laid bare all that was in our hearts. You won't find any new thing

in this letter. Its purpose is to say Good-bye; and in the main it must be filled with the love I bear you.

I had reason indeed to love you. Surely, never did anyone have mother such as you. The loving care in all my early years, the patient discipline, the self-denial, the wonderful oversight guarding me before and behind; the help and guidance and understanding ever ready at my need in later years; your forbearance many a time when I have hurt you: . . . ay, and a hundred other dear and lovely things—Mother o' mine, was there ever aught you failed in or forgot? If there was anything worthy in my life or in my death, it was in the main because of you.

It was little you thought when you bore me, when you nurtured me and schooled me, when you set my feet upon the Path and bade me walk therein, to what end I was coming. Does it seem all in vain? Has all your long endeavour gone for nought?

Ah, not so. You know, better perhaps than I do, how far I kept the Path and how far I strayed. You know that at least I always tried to keep it; and you know that it was by following it that I now lie dead.

You will not grieve overmuch at my death. Life was very sweet to me; but you will know I laid it down with a good will. You faced the possibility of my loss long ago, and gave me freely to my country's service; and in that knowledge I have gone proudly and gladly ever since.

I would even bid you rejoice in my death. For it was very well. You know why I died; you know that for England and for the hope of all noble causes on the earth it is a proud and honourable thing to lay down one's life. And I went of myself—I knew what I was facing. I had never put before you in vivid words the horrors of war, but I had seen; . . . yet I went very willingly; for what does a limb or a life more or less matter, so long as England lives? Rejoice, O Mother o' mine, that your son was privileged to die for England!

Rejoice, too, for lesser things. So much worse might have happened. To be blinded—made helpless and deprived or almost so of the help of books, deprived of the means of clear thinking, rendered a useless burden to all around one—that, indeed, were hard. But to die is easy and merciful: I say, Rejoice. . . .

And you know the faults and failings of my life. You know how easily I might have come to mean and ignoble ways; how the years might have brought sloth and sin, and all honourable motives, all clean ideals, all generous impulses departed from me. That cannot happen now. Death claimed me before the first warm glow had faded, while yet "the outflung heart of youth" throbbed with noble purpose and clean desire of Right. For the sins not sinned, for the dreams not dishonoured, again I say, Rejoice.

Do not grieve because I die young. Life has been very good to me. Think of the happy, happy days of childhood. "You children have had a happy childhood, haven't you?" you used to ask, a trifle wistfully, and indeed it was a wonderfully happy time. The glorious holidays at quaint, quiet places—the picnics—the boating—the engineering on the sands—how we revelled in every minute; and, with you to help, schooldays were good as well. Of course, there were some tears. Do you remember how sometimes nothing would go right, until at last the tears so hated by the awful pride of childhood would not be denied, and you turned comforter, and we sobbed ourselves back to equanimity in your arms? But the smiles were more than the tears, and the time was very happy.

Surely in few lives has there been so much of the *best* things of the world. I have known the exultation both of the athlete and the student. I have lived through golden childhood days, I have spent happy years in a great school, I have been a member of a great and honourable college. My home life was, past all knowing, wonderful. I have learned to appreciate the arts, and

have seen the beauty of the world. And last of all there came to me . . . love. My life has been singularly rich and full, and save for the one thing withheld, the gift of fatherhood, I die content.

Mother, O Mother—how shall I take leave of you? Wise, wonderful, patient, best of mothers, I love you. Forgive me for all the trouble I've given you, all the hurts I've inflicted, all the selfishness I've shown towards you.

. . . Mother dear, I love you; remember I love you.

Good-bye, O Mother o' mine. Good-bye and good-bye!

Prayers Found in his Diary.

Prayers Found in his Diary.

Sunday Evening, 16th Oct., 1910.

Almighty God, Maker of dust and Lord of infinite space, I praise Thy omnipotence. Through all the years of my life, by wondrous ways in such manner that I knew it not, Thou hast led me, and leadest me yet. I thank Thee most humbly and heartily for Thy marvellous dealings with me in the past; and I beseech Thee not to cease Thy loving operations until Thou hast fashioned me to Thy will. Bless, I pray Thee, the writing of this book, and grant that it may tend to the widening of my spiritual and intellectual life.

Sunday Evening, 15th Dec., 1910.

O God, Who knowest the hearts of men; look into mine to-night. Purge away all self-glorying; cast out all idols which may be there, and dwell therein. Increase my faith, I pray Thee, and give to me power to live a more Christ-like life.

Lord God of Power, Who hast wrought so mightily upon my character, I most earnestly thank Thee that to-night I now call upon Thy name; and I beseech Thee to guard and bless my spiritual welfare in the days to come.

Lord God of Wisdom, Who seest all the motives of the mind, keep me from bigotry. Bless, I pray Thee, my endeavours after truth, but may I recognise that they are but crude guesses, and that those with whom I disagree may well be right.

Sunday Evening, 11th June, 1911.

O Merciful God, my first feeling is one of gratitude for the way Thou hast cared for me in the past. I thank Thee for the light

Thou hast granted me; I praise Thee for the will to serve Thee. I acknowledge my manifold failures and transgressions; I regret them, and I feel Thou wilt pardon them. I beseech Thee to inspire me to Thy service; and if, in the days to come, at any time I should turn from Thee, and lower my ideals, and cease to desire Thy inspiration; then because I ask it not, O come to me with power.

Sunday Evening, 28th Jan., 1912.

Grant me, O Lord, this fervent prayer: that I may walk in utter purity, white in body and soul. And may what I now do be undertaken in the right spirit and to Thy glory.

Sunday Evening, 11th Feb., 1912.

Lord God, give unto me Thy wisdom; both to understand rightly these things of which I write, and to govern well my thoughts and deeds. Amen.

Sunday Evening, 25th Feb., 1912.

Lord God, implant in me a deep and noble chivalry. Make me, I pray Thee, to be at all times a true knight. May I ever honour and reverence womanhood, and may my every hour build up the modest years.

Prefixed to a Study of the Gospels.

A Diatessaron.

13th October, 1912.

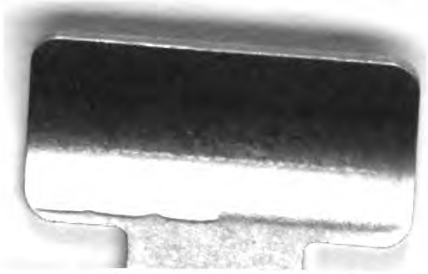
O Unknown God, to Whom many bear confident witness, grant that this undertaking may bring me nearer to Thee; and that in the end Thou mayst be no more unknown; but that I also may know Thee.

From his Diary.

Sunday, 16th Feb., 1913.

Lord, I am naked before Thee. Thou seest my pride, my selfishness, my lack of love, my mad conceit, my vanity. Open my eyes, I pray Thee, that I also may see. O Lord, come in.

Sunday, 23rd Feb., 1913.

Tender and loving Father, Who hast made the world so glad on this joyous afternoon of spring, and of Thy great mercy hast made my froward heart sad and weary, grant to me, I beseech Thee, the grace of deep humility; that I may truly acknowledge my sins, and repent, and come to Thee.

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