

THE WAR.

THE CAPTAIN.

I'm not the captain on the bridge,
I bear no sword of State,
No high commands are mine to give.
I only stand and wait.
The waves curl softly ridge on ridge,
The seas we sail are seven,
Oh gracious wind, compelling tide, lightly upon your
crest we ride,
Seeking the shores of Heaven!

The Captain stands upon the bridge,
He wears the sword of fame.
From mystic skies the sons of earth
Have learned His hidden name.
The waves rise wildly ridge on ridge,
The stormy seas are seven.
Oh trembling deck, oh straining spar, oh boisterous
wind which drives us far
Far from the shores of Heaven!

The Captain stands upon the bridge,
Out rings His order clear,
A silver trumpet o'er the mist
Of cowardice and fear.
The waves sink slowly ridge on ridge,
The seas we've crossed are seven.
The sun breaks through the veil of dawn a herald of
eternal morn,
And lo the Port of Heaven!

A. M. M.

The Queen Welcomes American Nurses.

Her Majesty the Queen has graciously received members of the Nursing Staff of the Harvard Hospital at Buckingham Palace. The hospital to which they are to be attached is nearing completion in Southern England. It is a gift sent from the United States and is a complete field hospital comprising nine wards, a laboratory, a laundry, a recreation centre, a fully equipped kitchen, a pathological laboratory, and accommodation for full medical and nursing staff. The doctors and nursing staff will consist entirely of American volunteers. It is an all-American hospital, the roofs, floors, walls, every bolt and screw, and every bit of interior furniture and equipment having been shipped from America as a gift from the American Red Cross and Harvard University.

Premier Welcomes Torpedoed Nurses.

"Thank God you are safe and thanks for the generous impulses which brought you all over here," declared Mr. Churchill, when he received 15 American Red Cross nurses at 10, Downing Street. Eleven of the nurses were survivors of the torpedoed ship *Maasdam*.

St. John Ambulance Brigade Entertains our American Colleagues.

Mrs. St. John Atkinson, Lady Superintendent-in-Chief of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, entertained a party of 20 American nurses at tea at the Ladies' Carlton Club recently. Each nurse was presented with a copy of the History of the Order of St. John.

No Expeditionary Force from U.S.A.

Miss Dorothy Thompson, the famous American woman journalist, is here. From her replies to questions we gather that President Roosevelt hopes to keep the War out of the Western Hemisphere, and not to send an ex-

peditionary force to Europe. This is hardly news. Anyway, the British intend to win this war for the sake of humanity. Our cause is righteous, valour inspires the British people in every quarter of the globe.

Our King is an inspiration, our Prime Minister a giant of pluck and patience, and we may take it as read that we women are determined that there shall be no appeasement in the day of reckoning.

Our best beloved have died valiantly for honour, and the salvation of the world, and we demand that their blood shall not be shed in vain.

"We Have Got to Win the War Together."

Mr. Herbert Agar, editor of *Louisville Courier-Journal*, is an advocate of American participation in the war, and everything he said at a luncheon in London recently, given in his honour, will we hope be re-echoed in U.S.A.

"We have got to win the war together," said Mr. Agar. "In God's name, then, do not encourage us to indulge this fancy that if America supplies the guns, tanks, and aeroplanes somebody is going to win the war for us.

"We have to realise, and make all the American people understand, that this is a definite revolution on a world scale against civilisation as it exists. It aims to kill everything that stands for freedom; and there is no hope unless we think in terms like these."

Evidently Mr. Agar has greater faith in blood than in "bundles." Naturally, Mr. Agar received a resounding ovation.

Cannibal Hordes.

I cannot find language to do justice to the enduring constancy of the Russian soldiers of all ranks.—SIR EVELYN WOOD: "The Crimea."

It has remained for M. Stalin, Prime Minister of the Soviet Union, to apply the most apposite description to the world's most barbarous enemy; he describes the Germans as "cannibal hordes," and that is, indeed, an exact description.

We are all following the news of war in Russia and recognise how splendidly the people are defending their Fatherland. Since the days of Napoleon "Moscow" has a sound of doom about it. May history repeat itself.

Greece at Starvation Level.

In no land are the people so hungry as in Greece. It was never a land of milk and honey, and now that Germans and Italians are in power, like locusts they devour all available food, and as there are a considerable number of British prisoners of war in Greece, numbers given are from 8,000 to 10,000, it behoves us to agitate by every means in our power to provide nourishing food. It is reported that the country is now almost at starvation level, and people can be seen fainting from hunger in the streets, and when summer supplies of fruit and vegetables cease it is feared that many Greeks must inevitably starve to death. After the heroic defence of their country, those of us who know and love Greece, and its people, are not content that such a result should be inevitable. Should it become so, surely, in part, the guilt will be ours.

"Greatest Harvest of the Century."

Loud cheers greeted the announcement by Mr. R. S. Hudson, Minister of Agriculture, in the "Commons" recently, that British farmers had produced this year the greatest harvest of the century. Britain could face the third year of total war assured of food supplies equalling, if not greater than, those of peace-time. Let us hope some of these supplies will, without delay, be shipped to our Greek Allies. We hope the Red Cross will bestir itself with the utmost dispatch.

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