

THE WAR.

THE FAR HORIZON.

Youth's palace is deserted,
The key has turned the hasp,
The gun must fall from his shoulder,
The sword escape his grasp.
Far on the dim horizon
The sun in glory waits,
While twilight is donning her sombre cloak
Behind the western gates.

Arise and take the measure
Of self-enchanted years,
The hopes which we gaily scattered
Over the face of fears.
Low on the dim horizon
Time lays each gathered sheaf,
The shimmering spangles of pleasure
Bound with the cord of grief.

Yet lift, oh lift, thy spirit !
The stars have still to shine,
If the waters of Marah are bitter,
The chalice of life has wine.
High on the dim horizon
Hope with fulfilment blends
And down from the archway of heaven
The City of God descends. A. M. M.

"So, so together we go."

The whole world is now at war. Japan started war in the Pacific without notice, and thus at last the United States of America, in self-defence, has been compelled to take action. This is all to the good in so far as Great Britain is concerned; one wonders if America had helped Europe two years ago if the present turmoil would have developed. As it is, we all know now how we stand, "and so, so together we go."

At long last we have declared war on Finland, Hungary and Rumania, all of which little countries have been compelled to support Germany and kill our nationals. Let us hope our Government will take a firm stand with all aliens, thousands of whom are at liberty in this country—strict discipline will be as good for them as ourselves.

The necessities of life will day by day become more restricted; as it is, whilst foreign children have an ample supply of milk at school, our old people go short. Then our women have quite rightly been conscripted (a nasty slur on some of them standing idle) and one and all must use every ounce of energy they possess to make good the munitions we have hitherto bought from U.S.A. To realise national duty for the preservation of the Empire will, we have no doubt, be an inspiration. Also exploiters, those persons who in every war make their pile out of the country's necessity, should be severely punished. We must cease talking of our courage and patriotism, and just butt in as commonplace working-people. Then we shan't be long.

"Salute Them with Our Toil."

When we last month reported the tragic loss of husband and three sons to Mrs. Barnwell, of Bristol—on active flying service—we surmised such a tragedy would be unique—but alas! we wrote without knowledge of another mother's triple loss.

Lady MacRobert, of Aberdeenshire, has lost her three valiant sons, one after the other—Sir Alasdair, Sir Roderick, and Sir Iain MacRobert—and the sacrifice and courage of

this devoted mother have moved the world. Writing on the Day of Remembrance, in the *Star*, Lady MacRobert reminds us:—

"On that first Armistice Day, in 1918, I was happy. Peace had come, with what we thought was victory.

"As the mother of three fine boys, my heart went out in thankfulness to all who had fought and died to win the victory; to all who had endured and suffered to make the world a better place and ensure that following generations would never have to go through such years again.

"My thoughts were with those who had lost near and dear ones, who had made the great sacrifice—how great I know . . . now.

"We all said: 'We will remember them.' We determined then we would not break faith.

"Now we are at war again in a worse situation than ever before. The same tyrant's curse is over Europe and threatens the world. The same vile forces sweep forward like a plague under different banners; the same evil thing with a different name: the same Germany.

"I know the Germans. At school, in Germany, I learned long before 1914 how the Germans hated Britain and the British.

* * *

"Peace and victory will only be possible when Germany is utterly beaten—when Germans have been made to realise that war, and all the licence they take in its name, does not pay.

"The women of Britain have the chance to strike hard by working their utmost at whatever war job they have, while their men and boys give their lives on land and sea and in the air.

"Let us, then, remember; let the mighty sound of a world being reborn be the salute to the dead.

"Though no more sons have I to give,
I still can strike. Their spirits live;
The message echoes through the world,
Wherever free men have unfurled
The flag we love.

"For mothers, children, sweethearts, wives
Who carry on, men give their lives.
For peace and freedom, victory's end,
Fight on and labour, give and lend—
They watch above."

Lady MacRobert has given a bomber-plane, naming it "MacRobert's Reply." Alas! that the sons of such mothers should be lost to the world.

Nightingale Treasures.

Amongst the Nightingale treasures cared for at St. Thomas's Hospital was the old carriage used by Miss Nightingale in the Crimea, it was unique. Alas, during the raids on the hospital it received great damage, now it has been removed for careful restoration, and we may hope will soon again be on view.

M.B.E. Awards.

Sister Brenda Scarlett has been awarded the M.B.E. for conspicuous service in which she risked her life in an air raid to attend the injured.

With Special Constable Frank Norris, who receives the B.E.M., Sister Scarlett, officer-in-charge of a Portsmouth first-aid post, extricated a nurse from a bombed and burning hospital. The post was flooding with hot water, and the rescuers were choked by fumes from escaping chemicals.

Our thanks are due to these courageous people who serve their country without fail.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)