

Through rain and slush and snow, through death and wounds and hunger and misery, the British had worked up to this point. It was a thrust into the enemy's front. From this point a grave attack that would help the final victory would be delivered . . . if the British could only hold on.

NO AMMUNITION LEFT.

The British knew very well that by all the laws of war they could hold on. Cheerfully they met the lunging advance of the grey men, with their bitter outpouring of rifles. The grey men died in swathes, but over the bodies of their brothers they came running. That did not matter. Presently the vicious fire of the rifles would pull up that rush by its sheer consistence of fire. It was because the Germans would lose over every inch of ground that they would be driven off. It was a matter of bullets. The Germans came on and died. The British Tommies fired at them steadily. They were gaining the upper hand. Then they began to call for cartridges. Their stocks had become exhausted. "Cartridges!" they yelled. "Cartridges! for the love of heaven!"

There were no cartridges. Somewhere behind the line the ammunition had come to a blank space in its output. The idle rifles ceased to speak. The Germans ceased to die. They came on swiftly, pouring into the trench. The British had to fall back. As they retired the Germans slew them with savage volleys that they could not answer. Fifty more men joined the heroes on the roll of honour in that affair.

"You've 'ad enough, Tom," said the aproned expert. "You go 'ome."

Tom went 'ome. As he staggered across the streets of the world, he asked why he shouldn't have his little pleasures. Why?

DESTRUCTION OF FOOD.

From the beginning of the war to September 30th, 1916, the food destroyed in Britain in making beer and spirits (excluding alcohol for munitions) amounted to 3,250,000 tons. This would have been enough for the 7½ millions residing in London all the time. The waste represents 11b. of food for every home in the country for every day of the war.

Correspondence.

(The Editor is not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents.)

(To the Editor.)

Madam,—A troopship Y.M.C.A. Secretary writes that the men are so fond of chess that the limited number of sets on board were in constant use. There is a distinct shortage of chess sets, and we find it impossible to obtain any in the shops, so that we are unable to meet the demand by the soldiers.

We will be glad, therefore, if you will place the matter before your readers, many of whom doubtless have sets which are not greatly used, if at all. If anyone who can spare a set of chess-men, with or without board, will kindly send it to the Y.M.C.A. National Headquarters, Baker's Buildings, Featherston Street, Wellington, it will be put on a troopship to help relieve the monotony of the long sea voyage.

Thanking you, and your readers, in anticipation.—Yours faithfully,

E. C. BROWNELL,
General National Sec., Y.M.C.A.

(To the Editor.)

Dear Madam,—The following resolution was passed at the last meeting of the Canterbury Women's Institute:

"The C.W.I. is amazed to learn from the daily papers that the Minister of Defence confesses himself unable to ascertain the whereabouts of the fourteen conscientious objectors who were picked out from a number of exactly similar objectors and deported from New Zealand last year."

It views with intensest anxiety and indignation the admission of Sir James Allen that he has so completely surrendered his responsibilities in regard to New Zealand born subjects. Letters from England show that, at the time of writing, men deported as conscientious objectors from New Zealand were in irons at Sling Camp, and that they had been subjected to innumerable persecutions, including the horrors of the "bull ring"; that eight of them had been sent over to France, where there was grave danger of them being shot "for refusing to obey orders in the presence of the enemy." The C.W.I. would urge on the electors of New Zealand the necessity of making strong protest against such delegation of responsibility on the part of the New Zealand Government. If it be considered by the people of New Zealand that the military authorities should exercise the power given them by the Army Act, to shoot conscientious objectors to military service, the sentence should be carried out publicly here in New Zealand, and not in an underhand manner, for which the New Zealand Government

does not dare to assume responsibility.—I am, yours faithfully,

SARAH SAUNDERS PAGE,
Hon. Sec. C.W.I.
50, May's Road, Christchurch,
Jan. 23rd, 1918.

"WITS' END CORNER."

Are you standing at "Wits' End Corner,"

Christian, with troubled brow?
Are you thinking of what is before you,

And all you are bearing now?
Does all the world seem against you,
And you in the battle alone?

Remember—at "Wits' End Corner"
Is just where God's power is shown.

Are you standing at "Wits' End Corner,"

Blinded with wearying pain,
Feeling you cannot endure it,
You cannot bear the strain,
Bruised through the constant suffering,

Dizzy, and dazed, and numb?
Remember—at "Wits' End Corner"
Is where Jesus loves to come!

Are you standing at "Wits' End Corner,"

Your work before you spread,
All lying, begun, unfinished,
And pressing on heart and head,
Longing for strength to do it,
Stretching out trembling hands?
Remember—at "Wits' End Corner,"
The Burden Bearer stands.

Are you standing at "Wits' End Corner,"

Yearning for those you love,
Longing and praying and watching,
Pleading their cause above,
Trying to lead them to Jesus,
Wondering if you've been true?
He whispers at "Wits' End Corner,"
"I'll win them, as I won you."

Are you standing at "Wits' End Corner,"

Then you are just in the very spot,
To learn the wondrous resources
Of Him who faileth not!
No doubt to a brighter Pathway
Your footsteps will soon be moved,
But only at "Wits' End Corner"
Is "the God who is able" proved!

—Psalm 107:27.

COMPENSATION.

When breweries do not manufacture beer, they are turned to other more useful purposes. The following figures show how closing the breweries throws employees out of work:—

The Rainer Brewery, of Portland, Ore., which as a brewery employed 150 men, now gives employment to 1600 men as a tannery.

The Portland Brewery, which employed a hundred men in making beer, now gives work to 500 men in making furniture.