

different to death, untiringly energetic, and unfailingly cheerful.'

#### AN AMUSING INCIDENT.

A special correspondent of the *Times*, in a message from British headquarters on June 3, says:—'An amusing little incident was told to me to-day by the officer commanding a clearing hospital which is now being used as a convalescent hospital. His hospital is housed in a Cistercian monastery, the monks of which have, for the most part, remained behind, although only one wing and the chapel have been retained for their use. This wing was, by arrangement, walled off from the rest of the building by wooden partitions, but, after one severe engagement a few weeks ago, these partitions were taken down and further encroachments made upon the monks' privacy.

Among the wounded were a considerable body of Pathans, who, after the manner of their kind, had no sooner had their wounds attended to than they began to wander about the building and explore what kind of place it was to which they had been brought. They chose for this amusement just the hour between 2 and 3 in the morning—when the monks were at compline. Some of them even went so far as to get into the monks' beds and settle down there.

In due course the monks returned and there was a scene of frantic excitement. The Pathans, seeing those white figures walking along the corridors and coming into the rooms, thought that the building was haunted by ghosts, while the monks, suddenly confronted by a crowd of black human shapes, became obsessed with the idea that their monastery had been invaded by a host of black phantoms. Each side began to shout with the fury of fear at the other. Luckily, they made such a noise that the attention of my informant was attracted and he succeeded in putting matters right.

#### A SUCCESSFUL RECRUITER.

Evidence of the continued success of the voluntary system of recruiting comes from all parts of the country. Thousands of volunteers, most of them in khaki, but many still in civilian dress, are to be seen drilling in the parks and commons of the metropolis, and the stream of fresh recruits flows steadily in. A London correspondent tells how, on June 7, he watched a recruiting meeting at the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral. A wounded Irish soldier, with one arm in a sling, was on the rostrum. With a rich brogue he lectured the young men around him on their duty. Then fixing his eye on a youth wearing a silk hat he invited him to come up. Without hesitation the young man stepped upward. 'What are you doing for your country?' he was bluntly asked. His answer was satisfactory—he was willing to serve. The soldier offered him his undamaged hand, and passed him on to the recruiting sergeant. This procedure was repeated again and again, the 'blarney' proving irresistible, and in a few minutes a baker's dozen were enrolled. One young man who was 'spotted' explained that he had been rejected because of a weak heart. But his father and brother had gone, and he was helping to look after the eight who were left behind. 'I'm proud of ye, my lad,' exclaimed the racy Irishman, 'and of your father and your brother.' The incident was highly pleasing to the crowd, and the soldier resumed his congenial task. His 'bag' was up to his expectations, and he remarked boastfully as he stepped down, that in Hyde Park on the previous Sunday he asked for seventy-two, and when he had finished he found that the number had reached eighty-six.

#### THE CASE OF SWITZERLAND.

In connection with the war (says the *Sacred Heart Review*), the case of Switzerland is interesting. There is no Swiss race. There is no Swiss language. The people of Switzerland are German, French, or Italian in race and language. But in patriotism they are all Swiss. Of the twenty-two cantons, fifteen are German, five are French, and two are Italian. Incidentally it may be mentioned that twelve of the cantons are

strongly Protestant and ten strongly Catholic. Yet there is absolute national unity. Switzerland stands solidly and harmoniously for Switzerland. The German Swiss of Schaffhausen are not for Germany; the French Swiss of Geneva are not for France; the Italian Swiss of Ticino are not for Italy; and this, in spite of the fact that these outlying cantons are almost surrounded by Germany, France, and Italy, respectively. Racial ties and ties of language may be strong, but the ties of patriotism are much stronger.

#### A LETTER FROM EGYPT.

Captain-Superintendent Cameron, writing from Abbassia, Egypt, to the president of the St. Mary's Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, Wanganni, of which he had been an active member, says:—

'I am not going to write about the war, because I know you are getting as much news as we are here. Our Colonial Forces have been very badly smashed in the Dardanelles, and Wanganni has suffered as much as any other centre. I am sure that quite half the New Zealanders have returned to Egypt wounded and many badly hit, while many a good man will never return at all. And we have only started the job. I have not even started yet, as you can see by the address. I tried hard to get fit to go to the front, but the hard training in Egypt found my weak spot, and, instead of getting fit, that unfortunate operation kept me down, and when the time arrived to go forward I was hopelessly run down, and a medical board declared me unfit for at least three months. The board suggested a trip to England, and I was just on the point of going when I was stopped and put into my present position, which is governor of the military prison of Abbassia. The barracks are a very noble pile of stone buildings, covering about five acres of ground, situated in one of the best parts of Cairo, and within about one mile of Heliopolis. I am the only officer, but I have a picked staff of about 50 to assist. There are, off and on, about 120 of the toughest characters that ever left New Zealand and Australia, with a few Imperial chaps now and again, to keep up the interest.

'I have splendid quarters, and a motor car as part of the furniture, and, having a fair amount of time, I get about a good deal. The prison should really be under the command of a lieutenant-colonel, but they are scarce at present, so they had to give it to me. There is extra pay and allowances attached to it, and a probable chance of promotion if I stick to it, but I would rather be after Turks than doing this.

The punishments on active service are pretty severe at any time, but once an individual gets into detention he very rapidly makes up his mind to play the game in the future. One good thing about it is that the unfortunate is made to understand what discipline really is, and he never wants a second lesson. But I was not cut out for a job like this, and I have to shut my teeth sometimes to make a success of it. However, it has its advantages, and it is a great experience for me.

The New Zealand hospital is only about half a mile up the street, so I go there a good deal. I try to do all I can for the wounded that are constantly arriving, and it helps to keep a fellow humane. Our clergy are doing good work in the many hospitals that have had to be established in Egypt, and they are the most favored of the chaplains. But all who are at all British seem to be doing all they can to make things as comfortable as possible for the wounded Australasians. Many find their way to private homes when they become convalescent.

'I often wonder how you are all getting on in Wanganni, and I can tell you, that often on a Monday night I think of you all gathered round the Dean, trying hard to get some one to go and take the Sunday school at Gonville or somewhere else.

'If I am lucky enough to get among the Turks, news will be scarcer than ever; and they are so narrow-minded about people landing in their country, that I will still have to beg that spiritual help that you have so generously given all along.'