

sacrifice of our many comforts and pleasures. Let us all continue to work, pray and give fervently.

**DIOCESAN CONTRIBUTIONS TO**

**31st DECEMBER, 1939.**

	1939			1938		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Auckland	444	13	10	596	6	5
Christchurch	840	15	1	628	11	7
Dunedin	461	11	6	379	13	11
Nelson	446	10	5	291	18	5
Waiapu	361	2	5	472	3	11
Waikato	139	18	6	96	11	10
Wellington	738	10	5	768	15	4
Extra Diocesan	2	14	6	11	18	5
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	3435	16	8	3245	19	10

**ARMISTICE DAY AT THE FRONT.**

**Simple Ceremony Held On Hallowed Ground**

Under a grey sky and in chilling rain the French and British Armies observed the twenty-second Armistice Day and honoured the dead whose task it is for us to complete. Allied ceremonies were held on three great battlefields of the last war, while the rest of the two Armies stood watchful in their lines, waiting for the onset of the enemy, who, beaten once, has risen in arms to trouble the world again.

Every now and then our faces turned to the heavy blanket of grey cloud hanging low over the countryside. It was our assurance that the day's rites would not be disturbed by the enemy attack which some had thought likely. Nevertheless, precautions were taken. Cars were parked well away from each other, and there were guns inconspicuously posted to deal with any attack.

The ceremony which I watched was short and simple. It was held in a French cemetery on a low hill, once the scene of a battle which filled all France with pride and sorrow. The fine flower of a generation fell on its slopes and now lie in their ordered thousands, rank by rank, on the plateau which they died to win. Today a British guard of honour in steel helmets and battle dress stood in

rigid ranks before the cemetery's central shrine, and near them another guard of French chasseurs in dark blue.

A little procession arrived—the British Commander-in-Chief and some of his officers (including the Duke of Gloucester), the chief of the French Military Mission and several of his staff, a French priest in black cassock, and one other civilian, the prefect of the department.

**Lovely Call Unrolled Itself.**

A guard of honour presented arms and British buglers blew the "Last Post." While the lovely call unrolled itself on the heavy air a little group of the living stood as silent as the vast company of the dead around them. One's eyes strayed to the noble verse graven on the monument near by and settled on its last line, the call of the dead soldier to the living, "Peuples soyez unis, hommes soyez humains."

When the last note of the buglers had died away and released us from our thoughts, Lord Gort, the head of the French Mission, and the Prefect of the Department stepped forward to lay their wreaths at the shrine. Lord Gort signalled to the Prefect to go first, and himself went last of the three. The British wreath was of poppies with the inscription "L'Armee Britannique aux glorieux morts de la guerre." and the French military wreath was identical with it apart from the difference of name on the inscription. As soon as the three men emerged from the shrine the buglers blew the "Reveille" and the ceremony was over. It had taken no more than a few minutes.—E. A. Montague, "Manchester Guardian."

**TOWNSEND HOUSE AIR RAID SHELTER.**

**Gallant Work by G.F.S. Staff.**

The week immediately before the outbreak of war was a busy time for those in Townsend House, the headquarters of the G.F.S. in London, for they had just received the news that most of the basement would be needed by the Westminster authorities for a public air-raid shelter. The whole contents of the store rooms

had to be moved, but by the 1st of September the basement was practically clear. Then on Saturday came the news that the shelter must be open day and night, and that the G.F.S. must be responsible for staffing and controlling it, and this only just twenty-four hours before the outbreak of war! Those who worked through those hours will not readily forget it—the preparation and darkening of the shelter, the darkening of rooms where helpers and watchers could spend their nights, the hurried planning of a rota of those to be responsible day and night for the opening of the shelter, the reception of those wanting sanctuary, and the cheering of the frightened. By ten o'clock on Sunday morning all was ready, and after a last look at the shelter those in charge slipped out for a few minutes to the Abbey, where, in company with a small group at the Unknown Warrior's Tomb, they could hear the beautiful echoes of the men's voices singing the Psalms so appropriately fixed for that morning.

**The First Warning.**

Then back to Townsend House to hear the Prime Minister and to know that our work had begun, and less than ten minutes later the first air raid warning and the opening of the shelter to any who wanted it. And in they came, by twos and threes—some from houses near by, some from churches where the morning service had been interrupted, some from the street—all thankful and surprised to find so much space and a welcome. Happily, the "all clear" signal went in less than half an hour's time, and the helpers were left again to their watch; but at 2.30 a.m. the following morning the shelter was again in use and again two days later. By this time it was becoming a second home to some, who had even staked out claims to certain seats!

May we ask for the prayers and good wishes of all G.F.S. friends for the Townsend House shelter, and for those who staff it day and night? Miss Mytton or Miss Pierson is always in charge at night, with a regular rota of helpers; while in the day our invaluable porter and some of the staff are on duty when needed.—In "G.F.S. Review" for October.