

ing on, the same thing is practically impossible in a large hall where the writing rooms are shut off, and billiards, quoits, bagatelle, etc., are in full swing. It can be done, of course, but I repeat, not with edification or justification — to use the word in a non-Pauline sense. Men do not come into camp mainly with the idea of being the centre of revival meetings, though well-meaning outsiders often seem to suppose so and expect the Church routine to be mapped out accordingly. And for a chaplain to take advantage of his position to impose what amounts to a compulsory Church parade at inopportune moments seems to me to defeat its own purpose. I have constantly before my mind the memory of a pious lady who at ten o'clock every evening used to send the butler to the billiard room with instructions to take away her husband's cue and tell him to come to prayers. Apparently a husband could be found weak enough to stand this sort of thing, but would you or I? And if not, why should we expect soldiers, who are men like ourselves, to welcome their games being stopped peremptorily by an untimely summons to devotion? What would your devotional attitude be like? I know what mine would be, but as this periodical has to be kept fit for family reading, I am not going to tell you.

The provision of a quiet place where those who wish to do so can retire for meditation or prayer supplies a want which our Lord implied was a perfectly natural one. It is not easy to pray in a crowded tent or hut even though the effort may be good for oneself or one's tent mates. The soul naturally seeks the quiet suggested by our Lord's words: "But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thine inner chamber, and having shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret (Matt. vi. 6, R.V.). A place set apart specially for private devotions is then entirely scriptural, because entirely natural. It may be objected that such facilities may not be provided at the front. No, dear brother, they will not, neither will table-napkins. But we use them when we can, don't we? And there are such means of Communion with God as mental and ejaculatory prayer, are there not? We can always fall back on these, especially if we have trained our-

selves to pray when greater opportunities were ours.

Before leaving the subject of prayer, I often wonder if those who provided the special forms of war prayers have not repented long ago of their well-meant efforts to improve on the Prayer Book version of the prayers for use "in time of war." In the latter we are bidden to pray, "abate their pride, assuage their malice, and confound their devices," words which seem to me to sum singularly well what we feel, and I invariably use them. But these words are omitted in the modern version. Have the gentle compilers realised that we are not exactly fighting a chivalrous foe? or have the new Kultur, the pirate submarine, and the poisoned gas now convinced them that this mediaeval prayer is very much to the point to-day?

Another of the authorised prayers also irritates me and I have ventured to make it more logical in sequence and to supply the requisite mention of the airmen and the slain. A use extending over very many years of the Prayer Book makes one very sensitive to the rhythm and structure of modern forms of prayer, so I trust the presumption will be forgiven.

R. I. Stevenson (who I understand was not a Bishop nor even an Archdeacon) seems to me the one man of the century who could write prayers which did not grate on the ears of those brought up on the great masters of the art in bygone ages. His "Morning Prayer" is easily adaptable for use in camp and might run something like this:—

"Almighty God, Who hast safely brought us to the beginning of this day, defend us throughout it with Thy almighty power. Help us to play the man and to perform our duties with laughter and kind faces. Let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely about our duties, even the most petty and irritating, throughout its working hours, and bring us to our resting beds weary and content. When night falls grant us the gift of sleep for the sake of Jesus Christ Thy Son our Lord. Amen.

This needs polishing, but I think the right material is there.

In response to my appeal I have received three parcels of modern

music, £5 from Mr Percy Holt, and a good gramophone (now en route) from Miss Hutchinson, H.B. I would now ask for an altar cross for the large hall, fittings for the side chapel above referred to, and also for a large American organ capable of leading 1500 or more voices. The small instrument now in use will be most useful in the chapel. The instrument required would cost from £60 upwards, but it may be some reader has one which he would be glad to give for such a good purpose. A member of the recent Synod has just been in my den and tells me the needs of the Institute will be well looked after. I am glad to hear it, for it stands to reason, the upkeep of these Institutes, the fabric, stationery, lighting, amusements, provision of motors for concert parties, etc., are big items. Many people like making individual gifts and that is why I mention some special needs. And I have no scruple about asking either, for it must always be remembered that nothing is too good for the men who have come into camp to place their lives at the service of their country, and who in many cases have given up ease, independence, or lucrative occupations to do so.

By the way, anyone who conducts camp services will realise how much we have lost by relegating Gregorian Chants to obscurity. Anglican Chants are in place in Cathedrals and in Parish Churches where they can be adequately rendered, but even then can scarcely be called congregational, for few men can follow their vagaries if they have to sing the melody. But to ask a large body of men to sing the Te Deum, Psalms, and versicles to Anglican music when they can only sing the melody with its wide and often impossible range is to ask a great deal, and all the time we possess, laid up in our ecclesiastical lumber room, the simple Gregorian settings, with their small compass, and these are ideal for unison singing. The drawback here is that each body of men are such a short time in camp that it would be quite impossible to teach them in the time and there is no nucleus of men left behind big enough to carry on the tradition. And I am bound to admit that Gregorians want a talented accompanist, unless, indeed, they are sung unaccompanied, when there is always a tendency