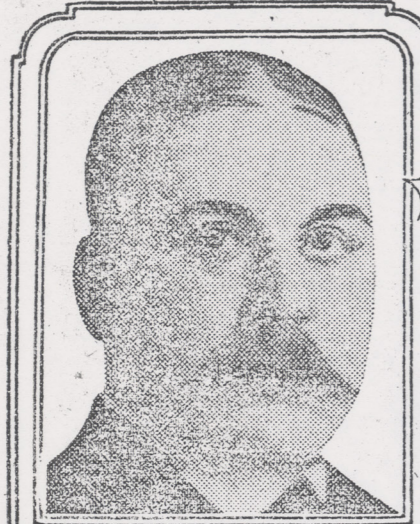


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Christmas Messages to "Lloyd's" Readers



The LORD MAYOR of LONDON

Photo. Vandry, Ltd.

LORD MAYOR OF SHEFFIELD.

To the glorious men of His Majesty's Forces serving at the Front:—The heartiest greetings of the City of Sheffield.

For their encouragement I am proud to inform them that we are fully alive to the necessity of keeping up the supply of munitions, and we are putting forth strenuous efforts to accomplish this object, in the sanguine expectation of an early triumphant victory.

Those who are wounded in the strife are the objects of our special solicitude; and such as we have in our charge are receiving the best attention and appear perfectly happy. I wish them a speedy recovery. To those who have made the final sacrifice in this righteous cause I wish God-speed on their progressive march beyond the trench and "no man's land" to the fuller life. All honour to them!

While to the sorrowing ones at home who mourn the absence of the lads who'll ne'er return I tender my heartfelt sympathy, with the confident assurance that, although their bodies have been slain, the lads are not dead, but will continue to live under better and happier conditions in those realms of peace where the turmoil of battle has for ever ceased and war is known no more.

BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

Far and wide throughout our country at this time there is kindling a great flame of enthusiasm, which is determined to burn out of England's homes all that contaminates them, whether of physical disease or of moral poison.

In the name of home and the glory of home we are planning a far-reaching raid on all the enemies of holy motherhood and pure childhood. Even the smallest child shines infinitely precious in the nation's eyes just now. But who first taught the world child-welfare? The Prince of Christmas Day, when the omnipotent and supernatural came to the world. The signal of His coming was found not in the storm nor in the earthquake, but in the cradle. "This shall be the sign; ye shall find a babe." And the significance of that fact is only now beginning to be realised. In the child we see the advance guard of the Kingdom of Heaven. In the child's spirit, the spirit that is ready to love and to learn.

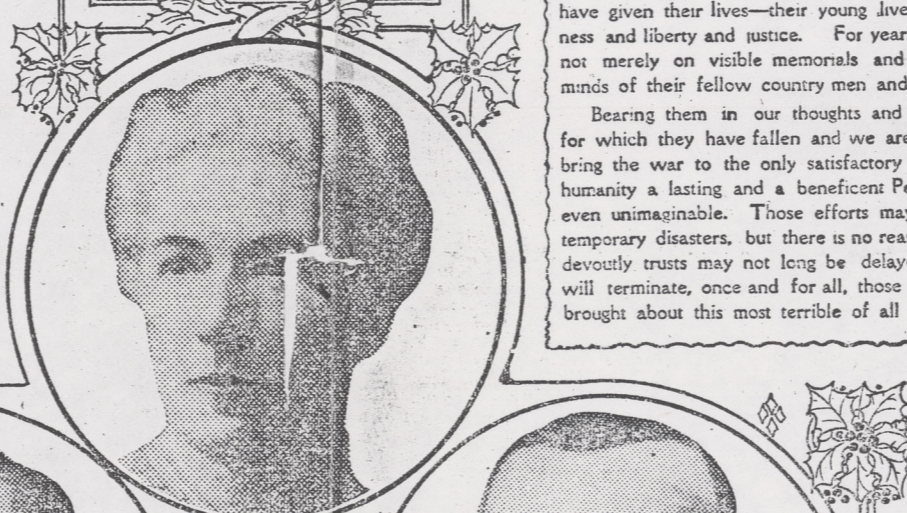
THE DAWN OF HOPE.

IN this third Christmas-tide of war-time there come to all our readers, and to all warriors and war-workers in the great cause, and to their helpers and dependants, messages of hope and encouragement, messages from the leaders of thought and action—in the churches and in statesmanship, in the fighting services and the supply services, and in the departments of social and economic life. While the senders of these messages view the work before us from different standpoints, they all alike foresee (when the tiger is muzzled) the end of war and war-work in a World of Peace, where must and shall be realised the vision of the seer of Locksley Hall:—

"Every tiger madness muzzled, every serpent passion kill'd
Every grim ravine a garden, every blazing desert till'd,
Robed in universal harvest, up to either pole she smiles,
Universal ocean softly washing all her warless isles"

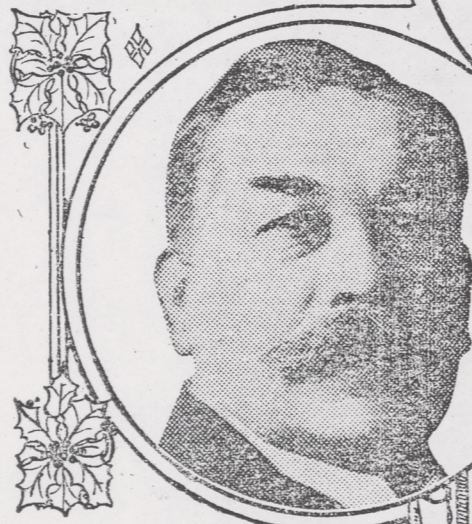
The dominant notes of the messages are belief in the justice of our cause, a firm conviction that the might of Right is mightier than the might of Wrong and the assurance of final victory when the end of the war will mean the beginning of the end of all wars. From all quarters come such sentiments as those which the Prime Minister has quoted from Abraham Lincoln:— "We accepted the war for an object—a worthy object. The war will end when that object is attained. Under God, I hope it will never end until that time."

HOPE NOW, VICTORY and PEACE LATER.



Mrs HUMPHRY WARD

Photo. Miller Barnett



MR. JOHN HODGE, M.P.

Photo. Swaine

Right Hon. JOHN HODGE, M.P., Labour Minister.

Many, like myself, are far beyond the fighting age; but not too old to inspire the weak amongst us, to encourage those who are giving of their best in the production of munitions, who are helping to comfort the sorrowing and to provide for those who come back broken, but cheery. Our hearts are full of gratitude to those who have made the supreme sacrifice, and we are determined to make full provision for those they leave behind. I believe that these things have much to do with the



MR. ARTHUR HENDERSON, M.P.

Photo. Swaine

Right Hon. ARTHUR HENDERSON, M.P., Member of the War Cabinet.

A hearty Christmas Greeting to the men and women of every land, especially to our heroes on land and sea. The purpose and meaning of Christmas lose none of their force and significance by reason of the mighty conflagration still raging in the Eastern hemisphere. In large measure, the struggle for supremacy, though contested by modern weapons of warfare and mutual methods of human destruction, nevertheless has, as its ideal, the creation of a world-wide, enduring peace.

LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

IT affords me pleasure to join in the messages of hope and encouragement which are being expressed at this particular season.

First and foremost is the feeling of intense gratitude to our gallant men in all the battle-fronts and on the seas for what they have done and suffered and sacrificed for their King and the Empire throughout this prolonged and detestable war. To our loyal and devoted Allies similar recognition must be cheerfully rendered. With special fervour we must remember all those who have given their lives—their young lives—in this supreme conflict for righteousness and liberty and justice. For years to come their names will be enshrined—not merely on visible memorials and rolls of honour, but in the hearts and minds of their fellow country men and women throughout the world.

Bearing them in our thoughts and recollecting the just and righteous cause for which they have fallen and we are fighting, we must redouble our efforts to bring the war to the only satisfactory conclusion which will ensure to troubled humanity a lasting and a beneficent Peace, rendering future wars impossible and even unimaginable. Those efforts may entail privations and hardships and even temporary disasters, but there is no reason to doubt that, in the result, which one devoutly trusts may not long be delayed, the triumph and victory of the Allies will terminate, once and for all, those crafts and assaults of the Devil which have brought about this most terrible of all calamities.

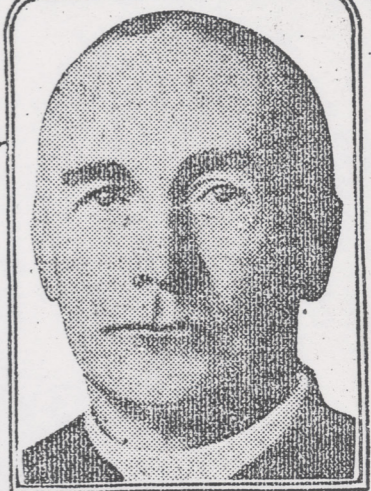
MR. G. J. WARDLE, M.P.

It would be easy to repeat old saws—such as "It is the darkest hour before the dawn," and others of a similar nature, but I think that, notwithstanding appearances, the confident hope which I possess of the final victory of the Allies is built upon a much more solid basis than that.

I am confident, because I believe in the unconquerable resolution of the British people, in their bull-dog tenacity, in their determination that "having put their hand to the plough they will never turn back," in their unflinching purpose. It is our proud boast that we never know when we are beaten, and though events at present can be made to look black, I do not believe they are half so black as they are painted, and that the military, the naval, and the domestic situation are all capable of a much more hopeful interpretation than is commonly put upon them.

It is the armchair critics who are down-hearted. It is not our soldiers and sailors. It is not the brave fellows who are facing peril on land and sea. They are buoyantly confident amidst conditions the reverse of pleasant. They shame the civilians. It is the latter who require a message of hope. And for them Browning's lines, "Baffled, but to fight better," are surely applicable.

If a message of hope and cheer is to come with any grace to our brave soldiers and sailors, it must come from their knowledge that behind them lie the whole of the resources, as well as the unshakeable will of the whole of the British people. They may cherish that hope. The faint hearts are few. The stout hearts are many. We shall hold on till we conquer.



The BISHOP of LONDON.

Photo. Swaine

BISHOP BOYD CARPENTER.

We are beginning to feel the pinch of the war; we must be prepared to bear privations and hardships more than we have hitherto been called to bear. There is no reason for alarm or for doubt; the cause for which we fight is a right one—yes, a righteous one. Nothing has happened—nothing can happen—to alter the clear issue which made it impossible for us to shirk the call of duty which came to us in 1914: there is no room for doubt. There is no reason for alarm; our country has faced dangers worse than those which confront her to-day.

Recall one scene: it is a room in a house near the Abbey Church at Bath; on the sofa lies a statesman, admired and loved; he is now emaciated and pale through long illness; brave and wise men, leaders of English life, are gathered round him. Dangers great and many threaten the nation; realise them. England is fighting alone; her last Ally has deserted her; public confidence has begun to waver; the funds have fallen to 50; the Bank of England has stopped payment; Ireland is in revolt, and the English Fleet is in a state of mutiny. Shall England continue the struggle or shall she, hard pressed on all sides, make peace? These thoughts press upon the minds of the little company in that room at Bath. It is quite natural that they should; but listen to the dying man as he strives to raise himself from the sofa. This is what he says:

"Never succumb. It is a struggle for your existence as a nation. If you must die, die with the sword in your hand; but I have no fears for the result. There is a salient living principle of energy in the public mind of England, which only requires proper direction to withstand this or any other ferocious foe. Persevere, therefore, till this tyranny be overpast."

So spoke Edmund Burke: his faith in British endurance and in the cause for which England strove forbade him to use words of doubt or despair. Let us cherish the words and his faith—"Never succumb."

LORD MAYOR OF HULL.

Although it is a sad commentary for Christmas that the lands of Europe should be saturated with the blood of the sons of

fellowship. And in the Child we see Him Who alone can guarantee that the great destiny of righteousness and peace shall at length be reached.

O little town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by.
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

They are indeed! Across the deep of this fierce conflict there shines the beam of Christmas Day. Let all men of goodwill come out into the light of it, and then give themselves to the holy task of focussing its rays in Home and Country. Like a flash-light in the dark street, let each true man radiate as he walks the brightness of Christmas Day, and thus, in town or village, in city or church, make his contribution to that Fellowship and Peace which is surely a fact of the future as Christmas Day is a fact of the past. And only through the inspiration of that past shall we reach that future.

BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

"A message of hope and encouragement . . . in the present stress," so says the Editor.

Yes, I think we can find this, and with confidence, if we look for it in the right place.

That place is nowhere outside of "the stress" nor after "the stress," but right in "the stress," in our experience of it. We may find encouragement, I suggest, just in the experience, the feeling that we have in us, that life is ever so much more worth living now than it was. Some of us used to be much more comfortable before "the stress," and life was pleasanter; but it is not in comfort and pleasantness that life gives out its best. Many others in all ranks enjoyed themselves, or tried to do so, much more before "the stress" than now.

Yet life counts for more now than it did then. Now there is a blend of many flavours in it. There is the eagerness or hope, the excitement of fear, the tension of anxiety, and the earnest strain towards victory; there is the challenge to live, and live nobly; there is the sense of being at work and of counting for something—the glow of service; and there is the strong taste which sorrow blends with life; and, deeper yet, there is that fullest meaning of life which is never known till it is sacrificed. Is not this, I ask, what "the stress" has brought? May we not take courage as to what it will bring? We may have very rough times; but a rough life is a richer one. There are big possibilities ahead. Some of them may be dark, but others are bright; and where hope and fear challenge each other the eagerness of life runs high. There may be great opportunities for each and all of us.

"Be of good cheer!" Thus "out of the stress" the word comes ringing out. But it is an old word; it is a favourite word of Christ. It comes to us from Him Who made plain to a world overcast with gloom the great law that life through death, out of death, and after death, is life indeed.

Yes! With our faces towards duty and patience, and with our trust in God, the ancient word and our own fresh experience unite to bid us "be of good cheer."

LORD MAYOR OF LIVERPOOL.

On behalf of Liverpool I send to all the fighting forces on sea and land, in heat and cold, the heartiest Christmas greetings. We are proud of you beyond words. Hard though the fight is, and slow though the progress sometimes seems, you are surely winning the victory on which the freedom of the world and the maintenance of our Empire depends.

day, a spirit which is born of faith in God and love for Jesus Christ.

BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM.

This is the most serious Christmas which our nation has known within the memory of living man, and it is the first since the war began of realisation by the people generally of what international strife may mean. We are beginning to feel the necessity of self-denial, and we are bracing ourselves for it.

Those of us who have been out with our armies and have seen what our men go through at the front; those of us who have walked through devastated towns and villages; those of us who have ministered to maimed bodies or who have attempted consolation to bereaved souls, have sometimes wished for something to happen which should make the careless folk understand war's meaning.

It is only that the imagination of our people is not very active; it is not that their hearts are cold, or that their willingness to bear is sleeping. Our foes will find greater determination on England's part as more and more is demanded of us; and there is nothing so likely to shorten this terrible war as that Germany should know that our Empire, whilst hating strife greatly, loves righteousness so utterly that it will endure to the end rather than allow wrong to triumph.

The great encouragement of this Christmas is that for the first time we are all on fire for God, for King, for noble issues, and, unless all signs are deceptive, the next Christmas should find us, at least, expectant of a Peace which shall ensure the great ends we and our Allies aim at, and which shall enable a nobler Germany to rise out of the ashes of a selfish and criminal militarism.

An innocent Child was born on the first Christmas Day; He had to develop through unmerited suffering; He had to be beaten for a time by wrong, but He went on, sure that He was doing God's work, and at last He triumphed over death, and in His victory He saved even His enemies. Be it ours in our time to be faithful to our cause, as was the Christ Child; may we be unflinching in our efforts for the right, and may we realise in the end that which is the confident hope and expectation of all that is best in the nation—namely, a future in which war shall be regarded by the common feeling of humanity as no longer the way by which human disputes shall be arranged. May this war kill war for all time! God of His goodness, help us all to be led by the road of Christian brotherhood into the realms of union and peace.

BISHOP BURY.

As I think of the spirit of our men at home and abroad, specially that of the new Armies which have caught something from the old Army and yet made a contribution of their own, as I think of the spirit of our gallant Allies, as I think of the wonderful way in which God is already bringing so much good out of evil and showing us that the most terrible war in all history has its brighter side for those who have the eyes to perceive, I cannot but send to all those who care to have it a real message of hope and encouragement at this time. I know how very difficult the outlook is just now for every one of the belligerent Powers without exception, but yet I do feel so sure that those who are trying their utmost to bring the right spirit into everything that they do and reject and cast away altogether the unworthy, as I believe we are doing in every part of our vast Empire, can do nothing else at this time but thank God and take courage, as they feel perfectly confident that the "spirit" which has shown itself so clearly from the first, will have its triumph in the end. "Not by might nor by power, but by My spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."

fronts. Let us, then, renew our efforts in all these directions; no one of us can be too grateful; no one of us can do too much for them. The more we do, the greater the inspiration for the accomplishment of the glorious deeds of our boys on land and sea—greater the world has never known.

It was by sacrifice that our liberties were built up, and it is by sacrifice that we are maintaining them.

We at home dare not listen to the blustering proposals of peace made by Germany—to do so would be a crime against those who have made the supreme sacrifice, and only result in giving Germany breathing space for a renewal of the conflict.

SIR WILLIAM OSLER, Regius Professor of Medicine, Oxford.

There was a famous paradox in antiquity—a grain of wheat falls noiselessly to the ground, the same thing happens with the second, the third, the fourth, and so on, for the thousands of grains that make up a bushel. But collect the grains again, and drop the whole bushel, and behold! a great noise. It seemed difficult to explain how the sum of many thousands of silences could result in one great sound.

The silent unit, the single grain, will win the war. In this world's crisis it is the spirit of the individual worker—in trench or camp, factory or farm—that keeps the mouth shut, the heart fixed, and the hand steady.

The call is for silent sacrifice, of time, of habits, of comforts, of friends, and of those dearer than life itself—the sacrifice of sanctification in the old Hebrew sense. It has come. Do we not feel in our heart of hearts that only a rich anointing of the spirit of the Fathers could have so stirred the Empire from centre to circle? My blood was thrilled the other day by the Honour Roll of the Consumers' Gas Company of Toronto—386 men at the colours from one corporation, of whom twenty-five have been killed, thirty-seven wounded, and eight taken prisoners! Why? The answer is in the words of the Prophet-Poet of Greater Britain:

"Because ye are Sons of the Blood, and call me Mother still."

Let this message be heard above the din of battle and the clash of machinery, the silent unit will win—"In quietness and confidence shall be your strength."

DR. CLIFFORD.

Of all the dark days since August, 1914, this is the darkest. Women and men are weary of the war. "We are faint, yet pursuing." We must carry on. We cannot escape. We are held in the grip of duty. We know we must stick at our task, and dismiss our faintness by the steadfast will, the unflinching courage, the mighty faith that God has given us this work to do for Him, for His Kingdom, which is the might of righteousness, the strength of peace, and the joy of justice and freedom and holiness. The Sun of Righteousness will arise. The clouds hide His beams; but righteousness will break through the cold gloom of a tyrannous night, with healing in its wings. God is telling us that we need Him!

We need a religion. The nations need God. "Ye who are spiritual," who see into the heart of things and have a vision of the eternal realities in the midst of time, are called to "restore" God to the nations by your devotion to the right and the true and the good.

That is the teaching given to the world in this tragic hour. It is for us to heed it, and go forward with courage and hope.

Do we here at home and in the Dominions, realise—have any conception of what France has suffered?—France, who

BISHOP OF LONDON.

THE great thing for the country now is a spirit of hopefulness and fortitude. Our cause is so manifestly righteous, that if we only have unity and sacrifice in the Nation, we are bound to win the War.

has been under the brutal menace of Germany for forty years; France, who accepted the Conference which Great Britain urged, when Germany declined it; France, who promised to respect the neutrality of Belgium when Germany refused; France, who withdrew her troops ten kilometres within her frontiers in the critical days before Germany's declaration of war, lest there should be any excuse for aggression, when Germany at various points was already across the French frontier? Do we, in this protected England, think often enough of the ruin that has been wrought in France—beautiful, historic France—by a ruthless and barbarous nation? "War—the fortune of war!" say the Germans, contemptuously. But by what right are the Germans in France at all? What excuse is there for one of their outrages—for a single item in the massacres, the burnings, the horrible sufferings inflicted on the civilian population: for the ruin of Rheims; for the destruction of towns that belong to the patrimony not only of France but Europe?

The Germans willed the war; they are in France because they have plotted war against her for a generation; and now they try to make their crime its own excuse. But it is ineffaceable—without forgiveness—it cries to Heaven, and will so cry through history.

And what the Germans have done to France, they would do to any other country at war with them had they the power. With a spirit such as theirs there can be no peace—without victo

A LORD MAYOR'S WAR HYMN.

A battle hymn set to the music of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," has been written by the Lord Mayor of Sheffield.

Tune—Sullivan's "St. Gertrude."

While the battle's raging
In this holy strife,
Man with man engaging,
Sacrificing life,
Right with might contending
For the victory,
With a faith transcending
In its majesty.

CHORUS.

Vict'ry be our watch-word,
Marching on the road,
Ever pressing forward
In the name of God.

With the Cross exalted,
Emblem of our faith,
'Till the foe's defeated,
Fight we unto death,
For we are defending
Liberty and life,
All our hopes depending
On our sacred right.

Chorus.

Lord of hosts Almighty,
Bless our wounded men,
Succour them; we pray Thee,
In their hours of pain,
Those who life surrender
In this glorious cause,
Graciously remember,
In Thy bounteous love.

Chorus.

home, the presence of the crippled and the maimed, the terrible vision of missing heroes, and the equally ghastly spectre of sacrifices still to be borne, all shroud the great festival and deprive it of its princely glory. If we could but penetrate the gloom and discern the ultimate future of mankind and womankind, there would be observable a reign of peace and prosperity the exemplification of Christmas.

Your magnificent devotion to duty, your steadfastness in the hour of peril, your unflinching and unconquerable faith in the power of great ideals as against the ideal of unrestrained military force, are rendering the progress of civilisation such assistance as must presently overthrow the despotism which seeks territorial aggrandisement and the substitution of the sword for the noble instrument of fraternity and goodwill. The beacon light of confidence and hope is already visible on the horizon, and for many succeeding generations it portends all the inspiration and grandeur of an old-time Christmas.

So to all intrench or hutment, billet or barrack, palace or cottage, I beg to offer best wishes for Christmas.

SIR G. H. PERLEY, Minister of Overseas Military Forces of Canada.

Many things have happened during the past year to stir our pride and to bring us the assurance of final victory. We have placed in the field large armies of new recruits, who have shown the greatest courage and endurance and have proved more than a match for the trained soldiers of Germany.

We know that the enemy has passed the height of his power, and that his strength must from now on decline.

On the other hand, we are not even yet making use of all our resources. The people of the whole Empire now thoroughly realise the seriousness of this war, and are prepared to make every sacrifice necessary to win it.

Notwithstanding the submarine menace, we still hold complete control of the oceans of the world, and our vessels cross regularly, bringing with them needed supplies of food and munitions of war.

The peace proposals put forth by the enemy show that he is greatly feeling the stress and strain, and that our system of blockade is producing its effect. We do not wish to annihilate him, but the Allies must have guarantees that they will not be again subjected to the dangers of Prussian militarism, and that we shall all have the right and privilege of developing our resources according to our own ideas. Otherwise this great struggle will have been in vain.

The Dominions, as well as the Mother Country, are prepared to carry on this war to a victorious conclusion, and for that purpose to make all needed sacrifices, both of men and money. We hope we may see the end during the coming year; but, be the time long or short, we shall certainly not relax our efforts until victory is ours.

LORD COURTNEY OF PENWITH.

The only ground of hope in the survey of the present situation is that belligerents on both sides are possibly, or even probably, suffering so much want as to be driven by sheer exhaustion to a state of mind inducing them to come to terms. I believe that this must happen at some time, and I would be glad to be persuaded that it must happen soon.

COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

At this season, when, instead of rejoicing, so many of us are mourning, and when most of the high hopes we had formed have been dashed, I think, in the first place, we should remember that our Island Empire has known serious trouble before, though not in our time, and that the wisdom of her counsellors at home and the bravery of her sailors and soldiers in the realms of war have saved her from her enemies. Our strength and our good courage were never more needed than they are to-day, and that is one of the reasons why those should take heart again who have lost it.

We have to be worthy of our forbears and of the national history. If we had remembered this duty in the time of peace it would not have been so hard to fulfil in the stress of war, but a long price is demanded for surrendering England to social chaos, and we must pay to the full. Let us find comfort in the thought that our resources are unparalleled, even though we must needs husband them; that they will be vigorously directed; and, above all things, that our quarrel is clean.

Finally, let us look forward and see over and beyond the horrid shapes of war a world in which all the nations shall work amicably to cultivate the fruits of the earth, and so to divide them that suffering, want, envy, malice, and the menace of strife are unknown in the United States of Europe.

SIR SIDNEY LEE.

Sursum Corda—Lift up our hearts! It is perilous to underrate our enemy's strength or successes. But it is imperative to bear in mind that we blunt and waste energy by either overrating our present difficulties or dwelling overmuch on past mistakes. We have a great battle still to fight, but we have the means of fighting it out to victory if we all work together with alacrity and resolution. Our cause is the glorious hope of lasting freedom and justice for the world at large, as well as for our Allies and ourselves. Such a cause should stir in us that "plain heroic magnitude of mind" which welcomes cheerfully sacrifice and suffering, and restrains the impulse to domestic recrimination and complaint.

Abroad we have in every neutral State faithful and determined friends, who look forward confidently to our final triumph, and cheer us with their impartial sympathy. At home, we have in power men of determined purpose, who are concentrating their strength of will and judgment on the future.

None of the discouragements which we have thus far encountered in this war are comparable for gravity with the long series of misadventures which pursued our arms and diplomacy through the middle years of the long Napoleonic conflict. Yet, slowly and surely, the clouds dispersed a century and more ago, by virtue of our ancestors' "persistent constancy" in adapting their means to their ends. Then, as now, the ruthless foe repeatedly masked his growing exhaustion with swelling pretensions of conquest and bragged claims of invincibility. History is repeating itself.

The staying power of the Entente, if it be prudently conserved, is bound to outlast that of the Germans and their Allies. The hour of peace may strike earlier than some calculate, if the leaders and the peoples of the Entente at this Christmas-tide drive misgivings from their minds and hearts, and dedicate for the coming year all their physical and intellectual capacities, in due co-ordination, to the single purpose of bringing the war to its only righteous end.

Christmas, our country faces a third Christmas at war with faith, hope, and confidence in the ultimate victory of Right over Might. The day will dawn when men shall regard their neighbours as themselves, and when our warriors shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks.

The demands of the times just now are such that all at home who cannot, for the adequate reasons of age or other unsuitability, personally engage in the active services of war, may yet be able to contribute their valuable quota to the ringing in of earlier victory over an unscrupulous and implacable enemy.

There are comparatively few, indeed, who cannot do something towards this end, since there has probably never been a time, although necessities are dear, when money was more plentiful. It is, therefore, the duty of everyone deliberately and carefully to place upon solid foundations their hope of and encouragement in the coming triumph of the Allies. Practical personal planning will include the following:—

Avoid waste in every form.
Discourage needless luxury.
Husband all surplus income by regular investments in War Savings Certificates.
Make presents of such certificates instead of expensive Christmas gifts.
Follow the King in becoming total abstinences for the period of the war.

What a marvellous national saving would result in a truly national abstinence from intoxicants!

Too much importance cannot be attached to the foregoing and similar measures, with a view to conserving all our national forces and resources for the supreme effort of the country and her Allies to achieve ultimate victory. Greater sacrifices may be called for, since the enemy is not yet beaten—but he must be beaten.

The HON. W. P. SCHREINER, High Commissioner for the Union of S. Africa.

A third Christmas-tide must pass without the presence of Peace on Earth and Goodwill among Men. Woe to the false prophet who would arrogate to himself the Divine right to send on Earth not Peace but a Sword! Woe to him when he impiously cries "Peace! Peace!" knowing that there is no peace, and can be no peace till the truth is confessed, and his false worship of himself as the God of Force Supreme over Right is acknowledged with unfeigned repentance.

Meanwhile, throughout the nations great and small allied to defend the world against Falsehood and Violence, throughout the British Empire and its wide-flung Dominions and Possessions, the New Year opens upon a clean, united resolve, growing stronger with the months and years, that at whatever cost they will persevere till Truth and Right are vindicated and a long reign of Peace and Goodwill may begin when the false prophets are condemned and renounced and all their idols broken.

SIR THOS. MACKENZIE, High Commissioner for New Zealand.

If all the resources and reserves of the Allies are marshalled and intelligently directed, and if they work co-operatively, there can be no doubt of the result of this war. Up to the present our success has been great, and time is on our side. Our nation at last realises the necessity for greater efforts than have hitherto been made, and we were never in a better position to make these efforts than at the present moment.