

"My Three Years in a German Prison"

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CHAPTER XX. Maclinks and Kirkpatrick.

The names of two prisoners, Maclinks and Kirkpatrick, recall to my mind one of the most tragic events of my prison life.

It might be condemnation to execution. Life had become intolerable in the presence of this emissary of the enemy—Maclinks.

One noteworthy feature of this spying business in Germany is that the authorities can never trust, but are constantly suspicious of the spies they employ.

Some months later they arrived at the prison a young Englishman named Russell. He had been arrested at his place of residence in Brussels.

"Put on your overcoat and hat, and follow me," was the abrupt order given him by the officer at the door of his cell.

The incident aroused an intense feeling among us. What had happened? Why had Russell been ordered away without a minute's notice?

On this same day one of the Kommandant's officers, Captain Wolfe, had visited the jail, and it was known that while here he had an interview with Maclinks.

Confident, perhaps, that Kirkpatrick would continue to be his friend in any event, Maclinks several days afterwards made a confession. He showed Kirkpatrick the copy of a letter purporting to be the one he had sent to the military authorities.

Maclinks as having been an spy in the employ of the British Government in Belgium. Kirkpatrick was more than amazed, but before he could make any observation, Maclinks explained that he was an officer in the reserve of the Austrian army.

The news quickly circulated through the prison, creating an atmosphere which is difficult to describe. The evening was very depressed as though our every action was being spied upon.

Kirkpatrick, who was the oldest prisoner amongst us, was much liked and highly respected—he was in fact, as we often told him, our "guide, philosopher and friend."

For example, he would see two or three of us sitting together at table partaking of canned beef and bread, and very seriously he would say: "Really, boys, I cannot understand how you can be so unfeeling as to enjoy such luxuries when the poor German people are on the verge of starvation."

It was the same Kirkpatrick who, on December 31st, when we asked him how he hoped to cross the threshold of the New Year, answered, "You will hear of me before tomorrow morning." We all wondered what he meant.

The patriotic hymn had scarcely ended when another window opened. It was that of the non-commissioned officer in charge of the prisoners, and he thundered forth an order for silence.

He stood up and threatened that if Maclinks did not leave his cell immediately he would throw him out. The news quickly circulated through the prison, creating an atmosphere which is difficult to describe.

If it were not for faith and anticipation there would be no need of tomorrows.

WHERE PHARAOH AND KAISER FAILED

By William D. Ellis.

"The International Sunday School Lesson for Jan 26th is, 'Israel Crossing the Red Sea.'—Exodus 14:1-15:21.

Coincidences great and small have been crowded into the war; as, for instance, the fact that both sultan and Kaiser came a cropper at the very spot where Pharaoh met disaster in his attack upon the Israelites.

The meaning of the word Hebrews is "the crossers"; and this significance is more deeply embodied in the history than in the name. From its beginnings in Abraham down to the present, Israel has been finding a way to cross streams and oceans of decision and peril.

For the larger Israel which calls Jehovah Father, there is here a dramatic re-enforcement of the ever fresh and practical teaching that somehow God makes a way for the feet of His own; and that by His dealings with His children He teaches the unbelieving His might and majesty.

The story is the story of a miracle. All the ingenious theories of lies and shallow and shallow seem foolish to one who has looked upon the site of this great deliverance. Let me quote from one of my own Lessons, penned a dozen years ago, while travelling from India to Egypt:

"At the minute of this writing I am sailing up the Red Sea, with the mountainous Sinai peninsula in sight on one side and the sandy shores of Egypt on the other. A strong west wind, such as drove the waters upon the Egyptians, is blowing and the sea is running high and heavy, dashing upon the rocks of the great ocean liner. For five days we have been ploughing swiftly through the Red Sea, which suggests how great is this body of water which some commentators would treat as if it were a shallow mill pond.

"Spoiling the Egyptians." The enslaved Israelites went not forth from Egypt empty-handed on the night of the Passover. When the Egyptians died at length, let them get rid of their slaves that they had been to retain them. So when the Israelites came asking for gifts—which is not a strange procedure in the eyes of one at all acquainted with the East—they were met with an attitude of "Take it and go; anything to get rid of you."

Harder than the slave's task of making bricks without straw was that which fell to Moses in leading on a victorious way a people whose spirits had been broken by subjection to tyrannous masters. Sorely as the Egyptians had smitten the Israelites in their bodies, more sorely had they smitten them in the spirit. They bequeathed to Moses a company of craven hearts.

"I HAVE PROVED" Zam-Buk invaluable for eczema, both in the case of my baby and myself," says Mrs. L. Bonin of West Arichat, N.S. She adds: "Baby's skin was badly broken out, but repeated applications of Zam-Buk entirely cured it."

"They Shall Not Pass." It is easy to be brave, as all braggarts are, when no enemy is in sight. But the truly courageous are they who can stand fast in the presence of danger.

Keep the Home Baking Safeguarded. Housekeepers who have always used Royal Baking Powder with utmost satisfaction are sometimes importuned to use other baking powders because they are cheaper. It is not economy in the end to use other baking powders because they cost less. They almost always contain alum which is derived from mineral sources. The laws of Great Britain and France prohibit the sale of baking powders containing alum. Royal Baking Powder is made from cream of tartar which is derived from grapes. It contains no alum, leaves no bitter taste in the food and is absolutely pure. "We always use Royal Baking Powder because we know when we use it we are not using anything injurious."—[From an unsolicited letter.] MADE IN CANADA

the war chariots, that the Israelites first described the approach of Pharaoh's army. It followed in their track, and came approaching them from the north, there was no escape in that direction. Flight was impossible; defence seemed madness. Once more the faith of Israel signally failed, and they broke into murmuring against Moses. But the Lord was faithful. What now took place was to be not only the final act of sovereign deliverance and God's arm alone, nor yet merely to serve even afterwards as a memorial by which Israel's faith might be upheld, but also to teach, by the judgments upon Egypt, that Jehovah was a righteous and a holy Judge.

Even a disciplined army is cumbersome in its movements; those who have seen a great unorganized mob of people know how difficult it is to handle. So the leadership of this raw company was no small task for Moses. The Israelites were each carrying such of his meagre possessions as he could bear away, and the whole were encumbered with flocks and herds and the inevitable impediments of an army of families.

Interposed Cloud. "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward," cried Jehovah to Moses. The divine programme for humanity is progress. That is God's message to every individual life and to the race as a whole. To emphasize it, He often mercifully shuts all paths except the one that means advance. True, real progress is not always along the line of the least resistance; there are Red Seas to be crossed in every experience. But when God points the way He also prepares it.

The Great Miracle. And wonderful weapons He wielded. Since He holdeth the winds in His fist, it was easy for God by a great east wind to pile up the waters of the turbulent sea, so where the fishes had swum the Israelites walked dry shod. This passage of

the Red Sea was a miracle; why try to minimize it or explain it away? Only the direct interposition of the Lord of creation could have wrought this mighty wonder, making a way of escape for the Israelites, hemmed in on all other sides. Dozens of great ocean liners may now anchor in what is commonly regarded as the site of the crossing; water like this does not naturally become dry land for a night. God did it; it was but one of the countless unguessed tactics which the God of war has at His command.

The wall of water on either side—the simple statement of inspiration is majestic—made an impression upon the marching Israelites; even as it has made an impression on all who have heard or read the story since. It was a rampart such as only God could build; one of the highways of help for His own which the word of Jehovah obliges Him to build whenever there is occasion. But what is help for friend may be hurt for foe. When day broke, the Egyptian army, with its six hundred picked chariots, essayed to follow by the same path. But what had been easy going for the Israelites proved a snare for their pursuers, so that the latter were soon crying, "Let us flee from the face of Israel, for Jehovah fighteth for them."

The Song of Victory. Therein the Egyptians, ere they were engulfed in the grip of the God Whom they defied, showed an understanding of the significance of the whole matter. God was caring for His own people and vindicating His own name. That is the point of the whole story, as it appeared in the song of victory which Moses sang; and in the later song of the Psalmist (10: 7-12):

On Saturday the death occurred at Hamilton of Miss Etta Wilton. She was a native of Leeds county. Don't argue with the man whom you know in advance you can never convince.

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WAR PUZZLES. SEVEN GERMAN TORPEDO BOAT DESTROYERS. Sunk by a British flotilla in a sea battle off Zebrugga, two years ago today, January 23, 1917. Find a gunner. YESTERDAY'S ANSWER. Right side down nose of chin.