

THE FOURTH YEAR BEGINS.

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As the fourth year of the greatest war of the world is beginning, it is well to pause for a moment and count <sup>our</sup> blessings; so many times have we counted the tally of what we have lost. For three years the war at sea has been waged with unceasing ferocity --- for more than two our men have griddled and fought in the pitiless waste of Africa. In this series of campaigns, and in those of the Far East, in Malaya, with the fall of Singapore, and in Burma, our losses have been heavy --- the hardships <sup>+ trials</sup> ~~of the service~~ are such as to baffle imagination. In the greater part of the world at war, horrors unprecedented have been commonplace --- young and old, strong and weak have suffered indiscriminately. The shattering experience of bombardment is a well-known thing in hundreds of communities that were peaceful until 1939.

The bombs have struck at every kind of home from the highest to the humblest; the war has brought its tragedies to nearly every family.

What we have suffered has been multiplied many times in conquered countries; they endure the misery of oppression and the hopelessness of hunger; they face the prospect of yet worse to come before the day of liberation.

In the beginning of the fourth year ~~of the second world war~~ our thoughts <sup>as with our men who are</sup> ~~go to our soldiers and sailors and airmen and our~~ prisoners in enemy hands; <sup>with</sup> those who have been released because their poor bodies are no longer any use as a cog in a war machine; those who every hour face death or mutilation.

Through the furnace of these years of trial we have come to this fourth year; and we who are here looking back upon the past, must feel how many there are whose suffering cries out for our compassion; how many millions of our fellow creatures there are who are so much worse off .....