

What thoughts at heart have you and I

We cannot stop to tell ;

But dead or living, drunk, or dry,

Soldier, I wish you well.

At seven-thirty we reached our camp at Salisbury Plain, pretty much "all in." Here we have settled down to rigorous training. There is much I could add to this description—the kindness and consideration of our officers—the fine stamp of men one is thrown in contact with—the *esprit de corps*—all this, as you will readily understand, goes to oil the wheels of strict military discipline. Of the men—there is scarcely a public school that is not represented, Eton, Harrow, Loretto, Fettes, and the best of the public schools of Canada. Of the physique of the men, is it not a significant fact that only 5 per cent. were rejected as medically unfit—and that unfitness was deficient eyesight? Of course, I am not foolish enough to suppose or to affirm that everything goes smoothly. Just as in every other walk of life, there are the ups and the downs. You meet, as you do in every regiment, the born critic and objector—and nothing in God's earth was ever accomplished by him. You meet those who air their grievances in the public press, sneaking under anonymity—to them even the Archangel Gabriel would give offence. But enough.

After all, what does all this mean? Is it to end when Germany is crushed, or is it to be the beginning of fuller national greatness—of closer unity? If that is so, then this war may be a blessing in disguise. There are worse things than war—national lethargy, national decadence. Closer imperial unity—that, among other things, is what we are striving for. This should be the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, and what is more likely to bring about this consummation than this great and terrible crisis? The late Joseph Chamberlain, trying to impress the fact that the day of small nations and small ideas had passed away, and the day of Empires begun, urged us to think imperially, for the sense of greatness keeps a nation great. And so we from Canada, if in God's providence we are spared to return, will, I trust, do something towards the cementing