

Life Outside the Trenches.

It must not be supposed that life in this terrible struggle is all "greatly dark." There is much, if you have the open eye, that compensates for the deadly work in the trenches, much that compensates for weary days of vigil. Of course, we are apt after an engagement, when those with whom we have shared the good and ill, have been cut off in the midst of their days, to rush into print and perhaps exaggerate its magnitude, forgetting altogether the other side. But for the other side—the lighter side—life would be well-nigh intolerable. It might be timely, therefore, if we gave some space to the life of the men outside the trenches. To dwell too much on the pathetic is unhealthy; to fail to record the brighter moments would be to give a false impression. It is the intention of this article therefore to give some idea of how our soldiers live in a country at our door, so to speak, and yet as different from our own in national habits and characteristics as it is in language. I am not foolish enough to suppose that this description is characteristic only of the Canadian Scottish. The same spirit permeates the whole of the British Expeditionary Force. It is this spirit of cheerfulness and of "playing the game" that will bring Germany lower than her knees. There is much truth in the saying that Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton.

We have heard much and read much of life in the trenches. What is life like for the private in France or Belgium outside of the trenches? As a rule the men have alternately six days' work in the firing-line, and six days' rest, a welcome and much-needed rest, for the