

"For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on thy people, Lord!"

In the afternoon I deserted the observation car and went visiting in the day coach among the passengers who were taking short trips between the intermediate stations. In this way I got an unconscious compliment that cheered me wonderfully. An exchange of newspapers with the man with whom a seat was shared gave an opening for conversation. Sticking to my resolution I did not introduce the subject of the war. We talked of the news of the day and all sorts of subjects. Suddenly my seat-mate gave me a searching look and asked:

"You are a farmer, are you not?"

He will never know how flattered I was. Being so far from home I felt that I could admit my nearness to the soil without being scoffed at. There is no doubt that in some matters Americans are much more discerning than Canadians — but let that pass.

We talked of the late spring, crop prospects,