

stillness of the night. The ranks begin to march towards the old wooden bridge. You hear the heavy boots resounding upon the timbers. A voice from the crowd cries "Vive l'Angleterre," and from the ranks a voice answers "Vive la France." A woman sings the chorus of the forgotten "Tipperary," and the lilt of it comes strangely, reviving old memories.

And then suddenly there breaks out, like a great cry upon this night silence, the wailing of the pipes of Lochiel that the Cameron men may march worthily to their ordeal. . . . It is such an hour as men dream of but are seldom privileged to live in; an hour when a man's heart is called forth in full flood and his spirit is glorified within him.

Oh, do you hear the pipes wailing and storming their way through the grey streets and by the dark, bastioned walls? Do you hear them take the road that is the road of glory and of death? Do you hear the calling of them from the heights that lie over against the battle?

They are telling of a new world, these pipes of the men of the new Army. They are telling of a world of stirring faith and high endeavour, of great adventure and of fair chivalry. The young men have indeed seen visions who follow the pipes through the streets of the French town, and who will follow them to the bitter trenches and the stricken field. The old order is already changed, the old values already discredited. All things are become new. It is the dawn. . . .