

and who saw the shores of England for the first time. What welcome had the Old Country for them? In this connection I can imagine nothing more appropriate than the welcome Lord Rosebery gave to the Colonial press delegates some five years ago. "After all, I may speak to you for hours, and I can only sum up what I have to say in the two simple words with which I began, 'Welcome Home.' Welcome home to the home of your language, your liberties, and your race. Welcome home to the source of your Parliaments, of your free institutions, and of this immeasurable Empire. Welcome home to the supreme head of all these dominions, your King. Welcome home to this and to anything besides that we in all brotherhood and affection can offer you."

Salisbury Plain I feel quite unable to describe; it would require the pen of a Thomas Hardy to do it justice, but there is one thing I should like to record *en passant*, namely, our first introduction to Salisbury Plain. We left Plymouth in the evening, and arrived at a wayside station about 3 in the morning—one of these cold, raw, English mornings. We were in full marching order. At this wayside station we were told the distance was only something like four miles. It turned out to be nearer fourteen, and to me it seemed about forty. For the first time I disagreed with Robert Louis Stevenson in his "El Dorado," that "to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive." Weird, indeed, was that journey—pitch dark, a few isolated houses by the way, and here and there a blind raised to learn the meaning of so much tramping. Again and again the lines of that little classic, which will never insult any Greek Anthology, "A Shropshire Lad," would recur:—

The street sounds to the soldiers' tread,
And out we troop to see:
A single redcoat turns his head,
He turns and looks at me.

My man, from sky to sky's so far,
We never crossed before;
Such leagues apart the world's ends are,
We're like to meet no more.