

while watching the movements of the nurse who prepares the instruments that hurt but heal. And this was the song and his motto:

"I've gotter motter  
Always happy and bright.  
Look around you and you'll find  
Every cloud is silver lined.  
The sun will shine  
Although the sky's a gray one.  
I've often said to myself says I  
Cheer up Chully you soon will die;  
A short life but a gay one.

I believe that "Bruce in Khaki" is being sent in large numbers back to Canada. May I say in this short article a word or two to the folk at home. I know that many hearts are exceedingly anxious concerning the welfare of their soldier boys. A big handsome soldier told me the other day that his mother had been in bed two weeks all because of her worry over his going to France, and he added "If our folks at home could only be as cheerful and bouyant as we are, how much better would it be for them, and how much easier for us."

The soldier's concern is not for himself or his own safety, but for his dear ones and their safety. If you have a boy on His Majesty's service you are proud that the blood of chivalry has not dried out of his veins. If you have a husband or friend at the war, you are proud to own him, for he went out voluntarily at the call of his country to fight for the fairest land of the most rugged people God ever called into being, Canada, our home. Then knowing that in faith of duty and honour and righteousness there is a safety, why are you fearful? Why do you worry over the news you dread to hear? That one "love" is the explanation. It is also the explanation also of your soldier's presence at the war, "for greater love hath no man than that a man lay down his life for his friends." He who said those very words was a young man. He

held in his hand the chalice of life full to the brim. Into it's sparkling contents he looked, and in it there were friends, home and career and ideals, honor, luxury, beauty and a world of God's good things. How did it attract him? He could have drank it to the very dregs but he refused the cup of life. He dashed it from him and the cup he took up was a cup that taken redeemed the world. The same cup of life is held by your khaki boy and you have seen as he has, in that cup brilliant future, splendid career, hopes, ideals, loves, home friends, but your soldier is doing what his great Captain has taught him to do. He is willingly dashing to the ground the chalice so full of sweet. The cup he drinks may bring bitterness to you, but it will bring redemption to the world, and undying lustre to his name and fadeless crowns to his brow. I wish I could show you anxious mothers and wives back there in fair Ontario where to pillow your heartache if you do not already know.



#### AN INVITATION.

Men of the 160th are invited to take part in the Saturday afternoon rambles of the Canadian Y.M.C.A., Godalming. These rambles are to all the places of interest and to the beauty spots of this locality, giving our men an opporounity of seeing something of the better side of English country life. The following is the list of outings for November:—

Saturday, 3rd—High Barn, by invitation of The Hon. Mrs. Stuart Pleydell-Bouverie. Games, music, etc.

Saturday, 10th—Old Guildford, by invitation of Councillor W. Shawcross, Mayor of Guildford.

Saturday, 17th—Berthorpe, Puttenham, by invitation of Mrs. Tuckwell. A Zoo in the Garden.

Saturday, 24th—Sutton Place, by invitation of Lady Northcliffe. Old Tudor Residence.