

dream life, roaming up and down No Man's Land, vainly searching for the body of his lost leader. He should not have gone back for a long while, if at all; but, when I spoke to him about the matter, as I was asked to do in a letter from his brother Wallace, who was then in France, he said decidedly: "I could never look George and Ray and the other fellows in the face again if I didn't go back. I *must* go."

And so, one evening in June, I saw my Boy Benjamin for the last time, when he ran in for a few minutes to say Good-bye. He was cheery and brave, as a matter of course, only saying, in answer to some inane remark of mine: "Yes, I know what I am going to, but I've got to go. Don't you see that I have got to go?" And I did see that to a lad of his mettle there was no staying at home, no accepting of the "cushy job" that I knew had been offered to him in Canada. So I could only summon up my poor pennyworth of Irish and say to him, "Dia Leat!" explaining that it had more virtue than its nearest English equivalent, "God bless you!" or "God be with you!" "'Leat' is a Dative, Alan," I remember saying, and I had a queer subconsciousness of how absurdly pedagogical were my last words to the boy—a little lesson on Irish grammar. Oh, the smiles we put on just to cover our tears! Oh, the poor little trivialities with which we camouflage our love!

He had scarcely left our shores before news