

Therefore, though the best is bad,
Stand and do the best, my lad ;
Stand and fight, and see your slain,
And take the bullet in your brain.

But enough. I have seen Christmas Day in Scotland, England, France, Switzerland, Egypt, South Africa, and Canada, but never have I enjoyed a Christmas like the Christmas spent with the Canadian Scottish on Salisbury Plain. The cheerfulness and pluck of these fellows gathered from all quarters of the great Dominion may be regarded as the best augury for the work they will accomplish in the trenches. "They may be dear to friends and food for powder," but they are metal! But I listen. The bugle. Lights out.

The night at Thy command comes ;
I will sleep, and will not question more.