

full of the sappy, clean robustness which camp life in the English countryside brings to all.

For fifty yards or so, and at a foot pace, the two contrasting trains of King George's soldiers glided side by side, in an uncanny silence. The writer watched them from an office window overhead, and could plainly see in the faces of the untried troops their eager interest, their profound respect for their comrades who had been tried. A strange light, a radiance, shone out from many of the eyes in those fresh faces. Hard to describe, the light was quite unmistakably a pledge; a dumb promise. The assured pride, the easy fearlessness of the man who has already proved himself in the teeth of Death; this was marked in the faces of

the w
Silent
tried
tried,
slowl
their
by sl
of n
eyes.

Su
voic
tion,
the
—wl
and
cried
“

A
seen