

the wooden bridge, surging from the hospitals to the hotels and the stations. And so you scarcely notice these things. Your eyes are fixed rather upon the great flares that they are lighting now upon the quay-head to be a guide to the brave feet that will so soon be set ashore upon this land of France.

And as you wait there comes a sound of marching that is like the sound of waves beating pleasantly upon the shore. And then into the ring of the dancing light, like dream figures, they emerge, rank upon rank, regiment upon regiment, the young men of the New Britain that is awaking overseas and stirring itself towards mighty endeavour. The light gathers them, as it were, within a golden circle, picking out their faces beneath their caps and their knees where they shine white below swinging kilts.

A thrill goes through you for very joy of this great spectacle.

What men these who have given themselves freely to the service of their country, not as conscripts, but as saviours! The very of them are a triumph and an inspiration, lean hard; that glow in the red light with the beauty of strength and health. The faces of such a breed of men as this world has but seldom known in all its ages.

They are forming up quickly into two long lines that stretch away to the utmost limits of the circle of the light. They stand stiffly at attention, heads raised, bodies erect; they have all the pride of a great people in their eyes; and all the modesty of boys who are but just come to manhood. Their officers move about amongst them, arranging and inspecting.

Suddenly a sharp word of command rings out in the