

darkness into light? Ah! my brothers, scant the glory we for toil and labor reap; yet, we'll onward, brave and fearless, let our records angels keep. In the battle smoke and thunder, facing death with dauntless breast, striving in thy sphere and duty, take thy glory—or thy rest.

“He enlists who takes the shilling,” and the result is well illustrated in “*Qui prend s’engage*,” of which Una Artevelde Taylor is the authoress, and was published by the *Westminster Gazette*, but a more elaborate description of the work of press-gangs can be found in the classical works of Tobias Smollett, M.D. (1721-1771), especially in “*Roderick Random*” and “*Peregrine Pickle*”: Morning and Maytime. The sungold glinted through larch-grove and oakwood all bathed in dew. On woodspurge and windflower, lilac-tinted, on crimson of orchis and hyacinth blue.—“*Qui prend s’engage!*” We took the King’s Shilling! In days to come, beat of the drum, dust of the road, long noonday marches, a flag to follow, glad or unwilling, defeat or, maybe, triumph arches. Reaped the cornfields, late poppies redden in withered grass where the dim mists rise, the laggard twilight is grey and leaden, in larch-grove and oakwood the rose-dusk dies. “*Qui prend s’engage!*” We wore the King’s Color! A thirsty land of drought and sand, white tents at night and a hot wind fretting, sleep, when the blare of the camp grows duller, a brief, brief dream when the sun is setting.

Autumn and nightfall. My old playfellow, the owls are hooting in larch-grove and oak, a sleepy moon hangs, round and yellow, over the field where the weed-fires smoke.—Deserted, we two!—Wrists bound, wounds aching, a last parade with the King’s Brigade, beat of the drum, the King’s flag flying, a stain on the turf when the day is breaking—“*Qui prend s’engage*,” living or dying.

These lines by Miss Taylor were sent to me in 1897 by Sergeant Anderson, King’s Royal Rifles, Chaerata, India. It cannot be said in the words of Kipling, that the surgeon, “lifted up my ’ead, an’ ’e plugged me where I bled, an’ ’e guv me ’arf a pint of water, green.” No! It is not on record that either deserter made this statement.

In this our copy relative to the surgeon in warfare I recall the assertion of Homer, who tells us Patroclus, from the thigh of Euryphylus, “cut out the biting shaft; and from the wound with tepid water cleansed the clotted blood; then, pounded in his hands the root (mandragora) applied astringent, anodyne, which all his pain allayed; the wound was dried and stanching the blood.”