

away front, that was the last farewell. Little did she realize that it was given to her to produce one of the heroes of the empire—one who, at all cost, could nobly do his duty, and, when the time came, knew how to sacrifice himself for Comrade, Queen and Empire.

And Sussex! and Moncton! Why, the places seemed to be on fire, and the people gone mad. (Say, you fellows, do you remember Bruce kissing the girl at Moncton? He leaned out of the window and seized her by the shoulders, then lifting her up, greeted her with a smack like a pistol shot.) How the people cheered! Then the great-coated parade to the Brunswick for supper, and the start again, with the 74th battalion band, which had accompanied us from Sussex, doing its best at the "Girl I Left Behind Me." Chatham Junction next. (I tell you "Mac," the tailor, has not a girl at the Junction—she lives at the station. He cut me out, so I ought to know.) "What's up with Newcastle at this unearthly hour? The station's on fire! No, it's a bonfire in honour of her boys." "Who is Bert talking to? Well that beats me! there's a tear running down Charlie's cheeks—caught a cold in his head, I suppose. My, what faces he's making! I'm blowed if he isn't crying."

Away again, past Campbellton, who, in its wild enthusiasm, forgot that winter was coming on. Away into Quebec, and by and by into the city, where "Old England" shed her blood for us. Now we were on our way to pay the debt, perhaps with a heavy interest.

We were quartered in the immigration building. Here we remained until the companies from the West arrived.

On Sunday, the 29th, we attended divine service in the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity. The celebration of the holy communion occupied some time, as again and again the table was filled with soldiers.