

with glory in this action. Just before Christmas he was stricken with appendicitis and taken to England. Writing from an Epsom war hospital on Dec. 25, he says, with a touch of the humour that was part of his Celtic heritage: "This is the biggest hospital under one roof in this country. It was, before the war, the London County Insane Asylum; so, you see, I have at last found my level—I am an inmate."

In March of 1917, almost an exact year from his departure, he came back on a well-earned furlough. Shall I ever forget that Saturday morning when, answering a tap which I took to be that of the janitor, I found him at the door of my little flat? One fears almost as much as one hopes to see these lads again; but a single look was enough to show me that he was the same clear-eyed and clean-souled boy who had gone away—the war had not coarsened or corrupted him in the least. In fact, he seemed quite unaltered that day; but, within twenty-four hours, I noticed a great change come over him. For the very day after his arrival news came of the death of his beloved Commander, Col. Beckett (who had been like a father to him); and, though he received the word with stoical composure, he was greatly affected by it. He scorned to speak of nerves, but to those of us who knew him well he could not help betraying himself occasionally; and I have reason to know that he spent many a night, in a terrible