



ence, they always sought a practical end. He was an Imperialist, but no jingo word escaped him in my hearing. On the contrary, his soldierly reticence was based in enthusiasm for personal endeavour. "The Empire is kept going by character," he said on one occasion, "not by shouting." He had read much in modern literature; liked Rudyard Kipling "where he resembled Whitman," he said, and Whitman "where he resembled Kipling." Then he pulled himself up as though concerned at having convicted himself of a thing he loathed, namely, modern verbal cleverness. I reassured him, knowing his robust tastes. That was the man. He would talk, long and well, but the note was sincere rather than brilliant, and generally impersonal. I failed to get him to talk about himself. His two immediate wishes were to get to the Front, where his comrades were fighting with undying heroism, and to have his poems published. Both wishes have now been gratified; but Sergeant Brown lived only to enjoy the first, and that only for a few brief hours, for he was shot during his first day in the trenches at St. Eloi, on February 3rd, 1915.

Sergeant Frank S. Brown was born in Canada. His father is the Rev. S. G. Brown, of Almonte, Ontario. His interests combined a love of outdoor life and intellectual pursuits. He was a good horseman and first-class shot, as well as a musician and a writer of considerable promise. A part of his life was spent in the great West of the Dominion. Just before the War he was an enthusiastic worker in the Boy Scout movement, having become a scoutmaster in the Quebec district. Helpful and cheerful, he won many