

that said, "Sympathy is a thing to be encouraged apart from humane considerations, because it supplies us with the materials for wisdom"?

Whether it be our last Christmas or not, no pains are being spared to make it one of the happiest. War and all its attendant horrors—who cares?

Who lives if England dies? Who dies if England lives?

I sometimes think that too much is made of the soldier's endurance and sacrifice, and I am fortified in that belief after five months' training with the Canadian Contingent. Really, after all, there is little to complain of. Of course, hardships have to be endured, but then we made up our minds to endure, or at least we should have. True, we have at times disagreeable work, we have to wade through mud ankle deep, the food becomes monotonous, and there are the usual irritating concerns just as there are in every walk of life. But aren't these trivial compared with what the real sufferers have to endure? We have clothing and shelter, food and pocket money, congenial companionship; and what more need a man ask? When we complain, do we ever pause to think of the countless thousands who have to endure without the applause of the multitude? War or no war, ends have to be met, the dishes have to be washed, and the socks must be darned. Reduced incomes, anxiety as to the safety of the breadwinner—these are the hardships that have every claim on the bowels of our compassion.

But I am tempted to wander. It is just close on dinner time—and, by the way, did I mention the decoration of our hut? There were busy hands the day before Christmas, and the appearance of the hut was transformed: holly, mistletoe; in the centre the Canadian and Scottish flags—fit emblems. Instead of eating on the floor, we arrange one long table and decorate it as best we can. True, we have no tablecloth, but it is wonderful what a few newspapers will do. Everything is in full swing when we are paid a surprise visit by the Colonel. He drinks the health of the company, and wishes one and all the best of days. It is just the right touch, and we feel proud.