

## THE BIVOUC OF THE DEAD.

An Impression.—By R. J. RENISON, C.F.

“THE Canadian Graveyard in Flanders (and France) is large, 'tis very large. Those that lie there have left their bodies on an alien soil, but to Canada they have bequeathed their memory and their Glory.

“On Fame's eternal camping ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
While Glory guards with solemn round  
The Bivouac of the Dead.”

(“Canada in Flanders,” Vol. I.)

Dominion Day was celebrated this year by the Canadians in France with an exuberance and intensity which is only possible to the exile. Nothing was wanting, from the presence of the Prime Minister, to the fireworks in the evening. The enthusiasm is partly due to the fact that we are so far from home, and the lamp in the shrine of memory casts a glamour over everything with the Maple Leaf trade mark, whether it be tobacco, bacon, nurses or holidays. But chiefly because of the growing conviction that Canada is making, and will make in yet larger measure, her own indefinable gift to the Empire and the world. We can see in dim outline the living soul of our country. The eve of such a festival ought to be a vigil. It was altogether fitting that the chaplains, with the hearty support of the commanding officers, should set apart Sunday, June 30th, for a service of memorial for our dead and the decoration of the graves (where possible) in every cemetery in France.

There is a sandy hill overlooking the sea in old Normandy where a field of wooden crosses marks the resting place of seven hundred Canadians, who sleep side by side with their brothers from every continent where Britons dwell. There is no grass, but the clean sand is weeded by a company of blue-eyed English girls, clad in khaki, with yellow boots, and with the initials W.A.A.C. upon their uniforms. They have already planted the paths with petunias and the ubiquitous scarlet poppies of “Flanders Fields.” I hope the day is not far distant when this holy acre will be lined with Canadian maples and the hedges blazoned with tiger lilies from Ontario woods.

In the centre of the ground there is a circle to which all the paths converge. Here a platform has been erected and covered with Union Jacks, while in front of the table there is a glorious wreath of red roses.

Early in the morning a “fatigue party” (a misnomer in this case) placed a bough of evergreens, a bunch of wild flowers, and a rose upon every grave. This labour of love was a lesson in Canadian