

evidence of hurried flight. The floors were littered with all kind of debris, broken pictures, underclothing, pots and pans, and lying alongside, almost as if in mockery, was a smashed image of the "Man of Sorrows." Sights like these wring your heart and bring to remembrance what causes we are fighting for.

But I must get back. If we chance to be billeted within easy reach of a town, a certain percentage per day are granted leave in order to purchase comforts they may stand in need of. You rarely find in villages what you are in search of, unless it be an *estaminet*. In the villages we have passed through almost every second house is an *estaminet*, *i.e.*, in plain words, a public-house. You wonder how they can possibly exist in times of peace. Here the men congregate for an hour or so of an evening—for they are very human—to discuss over a glass of beer the latest war news or speculate as to the next move, for at present we are a sort of travelling circus. But let there be no searchings of heart! The beer, if it can be called by that name, resembles pretty much what we used to describe in the north of Scotland as "spruce beer" or "penny ale." The wines are of the very lightest—a sort of syrup—and there is not the faintest chance of inebriation. Coffee is always on tap, and for a slight consideration they will cook for you the evening meal. There is no attempt to hamper the men in their enjoyments—in short, everything is done to make the respite comfortable and free, as far as possible, from the usual irksome concerns of everyday life in camp or the nerve-racking work of the trenches. Colonel Leckie is assiduous in this. That the men enjoy the rest is more than obvious. They are ready of resource, and the time flies only too quickly. As I write this they are in the thick of aquatic sports in the — canal. To-morrow, however, to the trenches and the difficult path of sacrifice.

Where we are stationed now there are some glorious walks. All nature seems to leap for joy, and the crops give promise of a rich harvest. Only one thing jars—the distant roar of the cannon. If you are philosophically inclined you may ponder on the biting irony of it all. Over yonder scientific murder is being perpetrated—for you