

# CANADIAN HOSPITAL NEWS

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## A Soldier's Wish

Oh ! to be a sailor on the sea !  
Oh ! to be as blithe and gay as he !  
And oh ! to be as happy,  
When the waves are cross and snappy,  
He walks the deck and whistles merrily.  
Oh ! to be the skipper on the bridge,  
He winks his eye and counts it privilege  
To toss upon the billow,  
While I upon my pillow—  
Let's draw the veil, this story please abridge.

O. C. J. W.

## EDITORIAL

Isn't it all too true that we are prone to look upon the work of the other fellow and his position in life as much better and grander than our own? That way lies unhappiness, often spelled with a huge capital. For happiness consists in being in perfect harmony with one's surroundings. There is great reason to emphasize the thought that we must not seek to get to do the thing one likes, but to like the thing one has to do. Thus the soldier who wishes he were a sailor finds that there are disappointments and discouragements, ay! and death, too, upon the ocean wave as well as upon the field and in the trench and dug-out. In these days when our dear boys have voluntarily given up the comforts of home and their life work across the sea in Canada to do their bit in the service of the Empire we must remember to live each day as it comes, harmonious with the duty that lies to our hand. We cannot live in the past. We dare not live in the future, not knowing what destiny may strike for us. But we can live in the Now, contented and happy with Duty well performed. We are living in a grand and awful time. Each one has his place in the battle line. However humble, our work is necessary. Let us be happy.