

and with the self-same purpose—to slay Goliath!

“O men with many scars and stains,
Stand back, abase your souls and pray!
For now to Nineteen are the gains,
And golden Twenty wins the day.”

As it is easier to deal with a subject in the concrete than in the abstract, I am going to describe the Canadian Schoolboy soldier in the person of that one whom I have known best, perhaps, of all the boys—between four and five hundred in number—who passed (many of them directly, some after an interval at college or business) from the study of history in my classroom to the making of history overseas. That one is the little lad to whom I showed mercy for his brother's sake some seven years ago. If I can succeed in drawing a faithful picture of him, I shall have succeeded approximately in describing the Canadian Schoolboy in general. And perhaps the picture may stand for the Schoolboy in a still more general sense, since (though I may be pardoned for thinking that there is no Schoolboy in the world quite like the Canadian Schoolboy) it is likely that the Schoolboy is much the same the world over; or, at any rate, in free countries, where he is allowed to grow up as a plant in God's own sunshine; where discipline at home or school rests more on moral than on physical force; where the stress is laid on the spirit rather than on the letter of the law; where a real comradeship