

who are also hard at work in connection with military service of various kinds; we cannot refer to all, but we may mention that the three crack Toronto regiments, the Queen's Own, the 48th Highlanders and the 10th Royal Grenadiers, have lawyers as commanding officers. The writer would add that on a recent occasion whilst visiting the camp at Niagara, where some 13,000 men were under canvas, he was a guest at the officers' mess of one of the Overseas Battalions, and was pleased to see that more than a fourth of those present were of the same profession as himself: a retired Law Clerk of the House of Commons, the son of a deceased Chief Justice of Ontario, two sons of a Justice of its Appellate Court, the son of an ex-Minister of Justice, two sons of a Provincial Premier (also a lawyer), a member of a large legal firm, the son of one of the leaders of our Bar, and two law students.

But, whilst this is so, there has not been amongst the student class the enthusiasm that one might have expected. Some knowledge of the law is naturally a necessity for a law student, but, at present, a familiarity with military matters and a knowledge of drill are very much more important. Men are being judged now, and will be for many years to come, by the stand they take in this time of our Empire's need. Now that the legal mill is grinding again and students have returned to their studies we may surely expect to see a large number of them offering for that which will redound more to their credit even than a high standing in their classes. Their future patrons and clients will remember the former rather than the latter.

Letters from the front in these strenuous days vividly reveal the character and motives of men. May we quote a sentence from one of these, not written for publication. It is from a lawyer of ample means who left a luxurious home and a charming home circle to serve his country. He says: "Of course, I am not (speaking, of course, comparatively) happy here, but I would be perfectly miserable if I were not here." This breathes the true British spirit of Nelson's message, "England expects that every man this day will do his duty"; the spirit that makes our Empire unconquered and unconquerable.

Alfred Noyes in his great poem "Drake" sings thus:—

"Mother and sweetheart, England! . . .
 If my poor song
 Now spread too wide a sail, forgive thy son
 And lover, for thy love was ever wont