



His name was not unknown to me, owing to the fact that he had submitted some of his work to the literary critic of the above paper, who had in turn drawn my attention to it. Brown had come to England with the first Canadian Contingent, holding the position of Sergeant in the Third Company of Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry. At the time of our correspondence his regiment had proceeded to France, but the soldier-poet, much to his disgust, had been left behind, temporarily unfit through an influenza attack. His first letters to me were written from Lark Hill Hospital, Salisbury Plain.

Fair, slight but sturdy, keen-eyed, self-confident but unassuming; such is my impression of the young soldier who came into my room on that grey January morning. He was the type of the British soldier: healthy, cheerful, untroubled by mental subtlety or overweening ambition, but willing to square brain and brawn with the general effort towards the attainment of an end known to be righteous and certain. All this was evident from the external view; but the intimacy of conversation revealed exceptional characteristics. It was evident that Sergeant Brown resembled the admirable average type of British soldier only by an effort of the will, born, probably, of an equally British and equally admirable objection to being thought remarkable.

On the three or four occasions upon which we met, I learned to value the mental qualities of this khaki-clad son of the Empire. His intellectual interests were wide, and, although backed up by a considerable bookish experi-