

was strained in an excessive desire to reach home at the first possible moment.

I landed at Halifax one week before the disaster, and suffered some more demonstrations, during which I occupied a front seat.

From there I went to London, Ontario, and was given leave at once, arriving home on the morning of November third.

It seemed to me as I came into Blenheim that all the people, living and dead, who had ever inhabited that community must have been assembled at the station. I was shaking with my pent-up feelings like a man with shell-shock as I got off the train, and the uproar of the crowd did not suffice to quiet me any. I couldn't talk, so they just boosted me into an auto and took me home, and, as I stepped over that threshold I had not crossed for nearly three years, the sudden full realization of what the world is fighting for to-day took possession of me, and I whispered—HOME.

In the quick torture and the blinding death
Where duty must forever lead the brave,
Life's glories are so sure and safely won
There is no need to mark the Hero's grave.

Thoughtless of self in their grand sacrifice,
For all that man has loved and honored most;
The Sons of Canada have set her Flag on high,
In far-off Flanders, 'gainst the traitor host.

And through the years to come, a thankful world
Shall bless their courage and their faultless might,
That would not let them stand supinely by
While others died for honor and for right.