



A New Year's Eve Thought.

Through the ether clear, from the solemn sky
The New Year beckons, and makes reply:
"I bring you, friends, what the years have brought
Since ever men toiled, aspired, or thought—
Days for labor, and nights for rest;
And I bring you love, a heaven-born guest;
Space to work in, and work to do,
And faith in that which is pure and true.
Hold me in honor and greet me dear,
And sooth you'll find me a Happy Year."
—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

"F" Company,

BY CLAYTON DUFF.

Along the iron road of war
A bright battalion wends
Beneath the sun, beneath the stars—
My Company of Friends.

The armies of the world go down
In dim, grey legions led,
But these are marked mid the host
As though they walked in red.

No Captain leads, no watchword's passed,
No muster call is heard,
But every morn I cry them "Hail!"
With dawning wind and bird.

And every night when silence falls
Around the evening lamp,
Within my sheltered thoughts I light
The watch-fire of their camp.

They may not know the ranks they keep;
Their ways lie far apart;
They never meet except within
The bivouac of my heart.

Yet in my love their lives are bound,
They march beneath my star—
My little company of friends
Upon the road to war.
—In University Magazine.

Through the Eyes of a Canadian Woman in England.

NOVEMBER.—The "saddest month of all the year" has come round again, and the November of 1917 has many more claims to that doleful title than the fact of its falling leaves and sunless days. Our gallant men on the western front have been fighting against fearful odds, such as mud to the knees and constant rainy weather; England has again been raided by the deadly Hun; Russia is still disorganized, and now Italy is having her dark hour. In spite of all this the optimist (and what should we do without him?) presents the silver lining to the cloud, and dwells upon the splendid gains of our men in Flanders; the marvellous manner in which our air defences met the German raiders, thirty of them on a recent attempt to attack, and prevented all of them from reaching London except two which did no material damage; the fact that the Russian navy have been at work destroying German ships; and that Italy's losses are greatly exaggerated by the enemy, for it is said they only retired in order to assure themselves of a more strategic position, and will before long, with the help of the Allied troops who are being rushed to their assistance, be able to withstand the invasion. In the meantime our legislators are preparing for the approaching winter by a systematic rationing of all foodstuffs, and we are in a better position than we were this time last year. The allotment scheme proved most successful, and there is no scarcity of potatoes or other vegetables. So let us join the optimist and say, as our fighting men do, "Are we downhearted?" "NO!"

The Canadians, who have already given such signal proofs of valor in France, have again distinguished themselves. They were the first to break the formidable rush into Passchendaele and occupy positions there. We are told that they were obliged upon entering it, to form a sort of square so as to face on all sides at once the Germans who seemed to spring up from all parts. Furious hand-to-hand encounters took place near a church. Three times the Germans, with bull-dog tenacity, returned to the struggle, for they had been given orders to take that church and hold it to the death, and large numbers fell in the attempt. Then our men had to fight from house to house, and were compelled to shell the residence of the mayor. The Prussian major who had been in command there had made himself very comfortable in it, and was living in a dugout twenty metres below ground, consisting of three rooms panelled with wood. When they discovered this nest, a cup of coffee was still steaming on his marbled table, and everything in confusion testified to the haste with which he had fled. In running up the sixty steps leading from this retreat, the major had dropped his iron cross, and one of the Canadians picked it up. Nearly nine hours after our men had captured Gondberg, a little hamlet nearby, they came upon a "pill-box" which contained a surprise. When its iron door swung back there walked into the rain two Prussian colonels and the officers of their staff. They were waiting there, hoping for a counter-attack which would drive back the Canadians and set them free; but that did not happen and they were caught like rats in a trap. Gloomily and with angry faces these battalion commanders held up their hands and announced that they surrendered. The taking of Passchendaele will make an exciting story to tell in days to come. We are filled with pride that our men have made such a name for themselves, but the pity of it is that so many of them, in doing so, have been called upon to make the supreme sacrifice. An English soldier was speaking to me of them only this morning and concluded with these words: "We know what soldiers the Canadians are, for we have fought side by side with them!"

SINCE last writing there have been changes in my ward in the hospital, and some of the patients have gone on to convalescent homes. I was sorry to say good-bye to them, for they were a cheerful lot—even "the corporal," who, I regret to say, was disliked by the other men. (Tommy never wants a "superior" in the ward with him). They used to say in his presence, "We love our corporal, nurse," in most sarcastic tones. Finally the day came for the corporal's departure. He went down to the kit-room to pick out his belongings, and while he was out I happened to enter the ward. To my surprise I found all the men who were up and about working with nervous haste polishing their shoes. Even one pale lad in bed was rubbing away at his, and they were all so engrossed that they did not notice me until I enquired, "Why the excitement about shoes? Are you all going to a party?" and I had to laugh heartily when one of them, the ringleader, in broad cockney, replied: "Our corporal's going away nurse, and this is his boot polish!" In a few days some of these same men are to be sent to the convalescent home where the corporal went, and they will, I suppose, continue to make life a burden to him.

It is a real pleasure to see these wounded men improving day by day, and I was so thankful when I went in this morning to hear the poor lad, whose eyes have been bandaged so long (he was burned with mustard gas, and may never recover his

sight) humming a tune. Now we have a dear Canadian boy who has trench fever. He is enjoying the clean, white bed. He had not been in a bed for weeks, but was compelled to snatch what sleep he could in a shell-hole. He has told me all about his home in Alberta, to which he hopes he may have the good fortune to return some day, "when the war is over." There are many castles being built in the air for that happy time.

I have had some very interesting conversations lately with air-men, and enjoyed a visit a day or two ago from a young relative from Prince Edward Island, who has been flying in France for the past seven months. He was almost too modest to be of value as copy, and did not tell me a fact which I have since learned, that he had brought down in that time seven Hun machines. Like all flyingmen he made constant use of terms belonging exclusively to that branch of the service, and I was obliged to ask him to explain as he went along. He flies a Scout machine, one of the smallest and most fragile as well as one of the fastest in use, and some of his experiences were wonderful to relate. Another acquaintance who is in the R. N. A. S. and who spent some months during the past summer in sea-plane work on the Atlantic coast, and has since been flying out of the big British base in France, has had equally wonderful experiences. His machine is the direct opposite of the machine mentioned, and is of the huge bomb-carrying type, its mighty cargo being sixteen eighty-five-pound bombs which can be dropped with a movement of the hand. He and his squadron have more than once, when on their way to bomb a German base, met an enemy squadron coming towards them for the same purpose. These men both assured me that we have the Hun "beaten to a frazzle" as far as air-warfare was concerned.

I have already mentioned the difficulties of travel here at the present time. Thousands of locomotives, vans and all kinds of rolling stock have been sent to France and the East, leaving this country greatly handicapped. Warehouses and yards are so piled up with freight that one never knows when goods shipped will reach their destination. Freight, or "goods trains" as they are termed here, have, of course, to give way to those carrying munitions and other war materials. War and the requirements of warfare take precedence over all other traffic; only a quarter of the trains are running now which were on the time-table in former days. The authorities and newspapers have been agitating for some time a cessation of the popular week-end travel, and many patriotic people have denied themselves the use of trains at any time except in cases of absolute necessity. Leave for the troops in England is now strictly forbidden if it calls for travel on the railways on Saturday, Sunday or Monday. Very few A-1 men are now left in railway employ, and in hundreds of cases men on the retired list, have again taken up this occupation in order to do their bit.

I must close this letter with a quotation from one of the lectures of Professor Cramb, Professor of Modern History in an English college—who died in 1913—which I have been reading lately: "If the dire event of a war with Germany—if it is a dire event—should ever occur, then shall be seen upon this earth of ours a conflict which, beyond all others, will recall that description of the great Greek wars:

"Heroes in battle with heroes,
And above them the wrathful gods."

And one can imagine the ancient mighty deity of all the Teutonic kindred, throned

above the clouds, looking serenely down upon that conflict, upon his favorite children, the English and the Germans, locked in a death-struggle, smiling upon the heroism of that struggle, the heroism of the children of Odin the War-god!"

SIBYL.

The Teacher.

BY "THE OWL."

Paper III.

THE Teacher (and be sure to spell the word with a capital "T") sits at her desk, looking at all the little bobbing heads, light and dark, as they bend over the work in hand. There is a temporary lull, for it is writing, practice lesson, and the whole school is at work making the continuous ovals and whirligigs that are the regulation dose for procuring proper arm-movement.

For just a few moments she is snatching a needed rest. It is nearly four o'clock, and all day long she has been "hard at it," smiling, or frowning, or raising her brows in surprise at the queerly-expressed opinions that betrayed something of the ideas that are taking form beneath the thatches of tidy and untidy hair. For our teacher is alive; she is ever on the alert for *Ideas*, knowing that *Ideas* count for so much more than the mere remembering of facts.

Yet—well it is no easy task to manage forty stirring children of all moods and in all stages of development—and she is tired—and a bit discouraged.

She is "only the teacher" in one little rural school, she thinks, "and results seem to come so slowly. What's the use? Why could it not have fallen to her lot to do some really worth-while work in the world?"

Ah for some good genius, just at this point, to give her vision to see—really see—all the teachers in all the schools, all the little bobbing heads in all the thousands upon thousands of schools in all the world—white boys and girls, black, yellow and red. Give her just one glimpse of the whole and then surely this one little teacher in one little rural school must catch her breath with the realization of her power. Surely then she must see that she is a part of a vast teaching machine that is moulding the whole future of the world.

"But that is setting the mothers and fathers aside," you say.

But no. The fathers and mothers have been, to a great extent, moulded by the teachers of a former day, and the teacher of to-day is with them moulding the mothers and fathers of the future. Cut out all education—leave only the mothering and fathering—and you will see what is meant.

Powerful? Yes, of tremendous power, this teaching machine—this vast machine stretching about all the earth, which turns out, not fabrics of wool and cotton, not hard, cold things of brass and steel and iron, but lives, aspirations, thought—the thought that is the father of Act, the inspiration that weaves dreams of gossamer that take form in glowing word, and gleaming color and music fit for heaven, to the delighting and moving of earth's peoples.

"Thought is the father of Act."—Think about that, teacher—think about it. Wise folk tell us that it was in the schools of Germany that the sinister powers of that brilliantly clever land brewed the brew that has brought upon this beautiful world the most horrible horror that it has ever known. I believe President Wilson was right when he refused to confound the people and the Government of Germany as one, perceiving that the people have been but dupes of their Prussian military masters. I believe that it was a few minds—ambitious, callous, selfish, anxious only for more power and more gain, that, during the long years, in-