

for you," he said.

I tell you, it was wonderful. One of the others, also a rough chap, I must tell you about. He came shuffling up to me and said: "Can I speak to you a minute, Miss?" I said "Yes." He still shuffled. Then he said at last: "Would you mind coming over here a minute, Miss?" I began to see. Many a boy has before this taken me over to the edge of the platform and showed me with great secrecy and importance something which he ended up by stating, "You see, that is my girl." So I thought it was going to happen again; this man was so mysterious about it. So he drew me away from the others and then stood on one foot and afterwards on the other until I do not know which of us looked the silliest. Then he said in a sort of hoarse whisper: "Are you keepin' company wi' anyone, Miss?"

There's gratitude for you. So greatly had he enjoyed what I had done for him and the others that he thereupon offered his hand and heart to a poor unworthy travelling concert artiste. Oh, it was beautiful (laughter). No civilian dare do it (renewed laughter). We had our supper in a dark tent illuminated with stable lanterns, and as for a tablecloth I never saw one. But these rough men had made the table sweet and bright with sweet peas. They had, of course, not the slightest idea how to arrange them—they were placed on the table just like the Book of Euclid—the First Book, but they felt at the back of their heads that artists should have bouquets, and their idea of a bouquet was how many flowers they could get into it. There were thousands and thousands of them, rammed and jammed and squashed and packed together, and not only that, but they were wrapped up in a big white satin ribbon.

When supper was over we found them at the door of our car singing the regimental song which was "Here we go gathering oats and hay." A particularly rough-looking man said to the others: "Let's take the horses out and shove them." Now there were no horses, so they persuaded the driver of the motor car

not to start the engine and they pushed us for a quarter of a mile.

Someone has sometimes said to me: "Why are you going to France to entertain the soldiers?" And I have told them that if we can make Tommy forget the war even for a little while we shall be doing a good thing. I have felt that if we could do nothing else but just cheer up some little section of our army we should have done something worth while. Do you not think so?

Possibly you may not have heard of this concert work before; but I can assure you the men appreciate it quite as keenly as the parcels you send so graciously. The greatest tribute paid to our work is to be seen in the packed building, packed from floor to ceiling.

So you see there again is the note, "Go on; go on." In their determination that elementary right and justice shall prevail they will go on until they win this mighty conflict. When I went back to England and took up my work of lecturing in government prisons, the chaplain of one of them met me and said: "We have a very small audience," and I replied, "I have never been so glad in my life that there is a small audience." And then the chaplain told me they were closing the prison and turning it into a military hospital. Who would not be an optimist under those conditions? Gentlemen, I say to you, "Go on; Canada must say to the rest of the Empire: "Tell them we are doing our bit and that we will go on." Anybody can do their bit for a month; but it takes big hearts as well as big men to go on through the weary months and years. But those conscious of a righteous cause can do it. I tell you our cause is righteous. It is only a scrap of paper, but it is also a nation's pledged word, and it is up to you and to me to see that that scrap of paper is honored to the very last interpretation of it.

I conclude with the sincerest hope that I can express that our souls and mine may be as fit to mingle with theirs as they are fit to mingle with the sons of God."

