

we mourn for those who have fallen asleep, we do not mourn as those who have no hope. The Dominion who sent them will send others like unto them. It was just the Canadian Scottish gift to the Empire.

Grateful praise is due also to Dr. Gillies and his staff for the untiring care of the wounded. Between three and four hundred received first-aid at their hands that night—an almost impossible task. The quickness with which the wounded were dispatched to the various hospitals reflects honour on those responsible for the ambulance work.

We deplore the sacrifice; but is it after all to be deplored? What is our life compared with the great heritage of freedom we shall leave to generations unborn? To the youngest of us it is only "as a watch in the night." In this terrible crisis there can be only one attitude—self-abandonment. Then will war and its horrors appear in an altered guise.

And if, perchance, this article should be read by those who are still living in inglorious ease while their fellow-countrymen are fighting like Paladins and dying like heroes, let us trust it may move them to activity. The very existence of their country is at stake while they stay at home. Can't they see the vision? While I write this I have no copy of Henley's poems by me, but these lines, which I perhaps quote incorrectly, sometimes haunt me:—

"What is that voice of strange command
That's calling you and calling me,
Calling, until you cannot stay,
Over the hills and far away?"

Before this war is over every man eligible for the fight will have to abandon his own petty concerns—he must gird himself. Ultimate triumph will assuredly come, but it will only be brought about by unbounded zeal and the hard path of sacrifice.

And so, if I have in any way paid tribute to the Canadian Scottish, it is done in humility, admiration, and reverence, and to the memory of those brave fellows who have gone before us in the battle.