

desired by an old Poet who, with all his strength and fineness, was scarcely a Combatant, and never, surely, a real Boy. Rather the death desired by another Poet who was "ever a fighter," and, even in old age, something of a real Boy still. I seem to hear a voice from Marathon and from the market-place of Athens. It is the voice of young Pheidippides, the runner, the soldier, shouting his exultant *χαίρετε νικῶμεν* in the very moment of a death the most beautiful surely, with the One Great Exception, that past history records. And now the voice changes to one dearer and more familiar, one that I have heard on many a hard-fought Rugby field. It is a little raucous, yet it makes music to my ear. It comes from Bourlon Wood and from Cambrai. It uses a language less melodious but not less virile than the ancient Greek, the language of Britain and of Canada and of that America of which Canada is a part. It is the voice of the Schoolboy in the War, shouting as exultantly as did the young Pheidippides, but with an added note—"Rejoice, we are victorious! Oh, Death, where is thy sting?"

Almost at the moment of Alan's death came his latest photograph; and, sharing as I do that sweet Celtic fancy that wherever one's picture goes, something of oneself must needs go with it, I feel as if the spirit of our boy, when his body was struck down, winged its flight back