

victory is achieved, unless, perchance, it is laid down before the Deliverer. My GOD—that is the spirit—it was that spirit that won Agincourt—it was that spirit that drove back the Armada—and that same spirit, still manifest, will make the oppressor lick the dust. But night is on us and they are about to mount the guard. It is not exactly the night Henley describes in that glorious piece of verse:—

“Night with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep.”

But to the object of this article—“The Night Watches,” or in other words, my experience of “Listening Post.” I think the Psalmist must have known something of what it meant when he wrote, “My soul waiteth for the Lord, more than they that watch for the morning.” Like the night guard, it is mounted without formality, and we go in pairs. It is imperative if you are new to the work that you be accompanied by someone having experience. One man at a given place would be sufficient, but it would be utterly unsafe to send a novice out alone. The tension is exceedingly great, but you take confidence in companionship. You are marched off in absolute stillness; not a whisper, no smoking! You are gravely warned to avoid noise of any kind or description. Through a sort of tunnel you pass from the safety of the trenches to the open—no man’s land, as someone puts it. About halfway to the listening post a flare goes up from the enemy’s lines—a whisper from the sergeant, “crouch”—and in a half-crouching attitude you reach the listeners you were out to relieve. Your orders are plain and emphatic; you are given a certain area to watch—you are to watch for any movement that might reveal spies, listen for the slightest sound that might betoken the presence of the enemy. On suspicion of either you must signal. For an hour—for that is about the most you can stand at a stretch—you keep vigil. The thought of imminent danger never seems to trouble you; the whiz of a stray bullet over your head you take as a matter of course. On my first watch the moon had not risen, but there was one continual series of flares lighting up everything around. The scene was weird