

CANADIAN HOSPITAL

NEWS

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A Journey.

(In three months we have gained seven miles on a nine miles front)

Seven miles in Picardy.
Not a longish way you say,
But these miles were bound to be
Dreary, weary, all the way.
Through the fields of Picardy
British Boys have won the day,
Though 'twas bitter hard to see
Comrades fall, and freely lay
Lives and fortunes willingly
At the feet of Freedom. Say!
Think you 'tis a hardish way
Seven miles in Picardy?

O. C. J. W.

EDITORIAL

It is a long, long way and a dreary. Two years and more we have been travelling this road. It is indeed a Via Dolorosa, for no matter how Victory may smile, this pathway is strewn with shattered hopes and bathed by women's tears. Mighty men have contested this road, inch by inch, and no wasted lives are entered along its borders. Every life laid down has been for a great and holy cause, every step gained has carried us nearer a glorious goal. Seven miles in Picardy. How we rejoice! How men exult in spite of their blasted hopes! How women smile through their blinding tears! What pride thrills us because of the heroism of our dear boys facing a devilish foe. Yes, it's a hard, hard way made sacred by the blood of Britain's noblest sons. Freedom has demanded a tremendous price. We gladly pay if the coming years see a disenthralled Humanity. If our children enter a holier, happier era it will have been worth while. Seven miles in Picardy. But Picardy is not the goal. We shall not be satisfied until our Flag floats over the ruins of the archfiend's palace at Potsdam. And having travelled the long, long weary way, those who remain will humbly bow over the graves of their comrades-in-arms and dedicate themselves to labour for a universal Peace, a truly Golden Age. Seven miles in Picardy. It's not far, but it means progress, and for that we thank God.