

Christmas on Salisbury Plain.

The Canadian Scottish have spent Christmas Day in camp on Salisbury Plain, and it may not be inappropriate to give some idea of what the day was like. Never, perhaps, has there been such a terrible Christmas, certainly not in the history of this country, unless we go back to the Coronation of William the Conqueror in the year 1066. But I do not wish to dwell on the misery and sorrow, and other evils that war brings in its train. At a time like this we would fain strike a note more cheerful. Let those who were anxious as to our Christmas in camp disabuse their minds of everything but one fact—it was a day full of fun and good humour—a day of happiness.

By the way, let me mention that many were absent from camp on Christmas Day. Each man was granted a week's leave on full pay, with a free railway ticket to any part of the Kingdom. The leave was divided into three parts, the week before Christmas, Christmas week, and New Year week.

Christmas Day with the Canadian Scottish may be said to have commenced with a voluntary church parade at midnight, on Christmas Eve, for the celebration of Holy Communion. This service, of course, is too sacred to dwell upon; but there was one thing that did strike home, and that was the singing of the well-known Christmas hymn:—

Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth and mercy mild.

"Peace on earth"—with Europe an armed camp! The words seemed almost a mockery. But enough! Reveille was sounded at 7.30, instead of the usual hour, and some wag in our hut—for we all live