

suggest complete mastery of the house and he made not the slightest effort to condone the faults of the War Office. Then followed a short and earnest appeal to the Nationalists to subordinate everything to a vigorous prosecution of the war, and the Irish members listened very quietly and refrained from interruption. For adroitness and grace the speech was unsurpassed.

The closing addresses were in no way remarkable nor worthy of a memorable occasion. Dillon is now a spent force, a dead nettle. Samuel, spruce and polished, but cold and academic, still savours of the smart young man from college. So ended this great debate where it began. There was something of the frame-up about it. There was an atmosphere of unreality all around. This was but another move in the game of politics. The Nationalists had found in the occasion a justification and a vindication of their continued presence at Westminster and an effective rejoinder to the criticism that they had proved traitors to their trust. But the problem has yet to be solved. Nor will it be solved till Irishmen agree on a solution. "It's Ulster 'still."

A Letter from the Trenches

After thirteen months of training it was very satisfying to get across here at last, and in many ways it is a great life. Of course a fool mountaineer regards hardships about as might be expected of his kind. There is plenty to interest, even to amuse. Le Page, in his last letter, suggested that a sense of humor was almost a virtue and I agree with him. I know that my sense of humour is a most misguided one and I often hide a grin behind a grouch, not a wise practice with folk who do not know me well. But there really is a vast amount of humour afloat, though most of it is that illusive kind that depends so much on the man's personality. There really are men with faces like Bruce Bairnsfather draws, for we have seen a few. One, a Kiltie, suspected we were laughing at him, and turned round with a wry grin, saying: "Wot yer laughin' at? I'm as good as yer!"

Yesterday two of our boys were passing an Imperial Officer drilling a squad. "Rather sloppy," one remarked too audibly, and the smooth-faced little lieutenant called him back. "What division do you belong to?" he asked. The private told him. "Well," he said, "you should know enough to salute an officer on parade and not stare at the men. You belong to a damn good division, and it's up to you to justify it."

* * * *

This is a great life—a great life—man-sized work, though I suppose many of us are still partial failures, "but we throw loaded dice with Death, and call the turn on Fate," and I am glad, glad that I enlisted, even though I knew the end were at hand, for my heart is really very tranquil, and, though life for me has been mainly baulked desires, I have relished my few joys the more. Whatever belief one may pin his faith to, it seems to me that he need have no fear of what awaits beyond if he meets his end in a cause such as ours. However, I hope to be allowed to live for what I am ready to die for—and after all living is a thousand times more difficult than dying, that is living nobly.

Do not doubt the outcome. We shall win at last.