

acquire a new acquaintance with, and fresh affection for Blighty. (I recall a man from my platoon who returned to the Salient from his leave with the declaration: "The English are alright! And I don't mind coming back here to fight some more for their blooming country.") While those of us who have spent successive months in English hospitals and convalescent homes have come to know England and the English in a very personal and intimate way.

This extended and enforced, but by no means disagreeable, sojourn in the Old Country is bound to mean a good deal more to Overseas Canadians than visiting a few famous sights and historic spots, than seeing some big shows in London theatres, than viewing American films in British cinema halls, or than enjoying the chance company of some English "Janes." These may mark some animated evenings or enjoyable week-ends. But all the time we are absorbing, more or less unconsciously, impressions and experiences that we can hardly estimate at the moment, but which are educating us to a new viewpoint and understanding.

Our daily scan of the great London papers means a daily reading of the most critical chapter in the world's history, hot and plastic in the making. It is history in which the directing and prevailing part—as the enemy press fiercely points out, is being played by the little island we are quartered in. It is momentous history, in which we are both actors and spectators. All around us we have been watching a loose and unprepared democracy rising, serious but unfrenzied, first, to confront, and then to surmount a colossal peril. We have witnessed the inspiring response of a fighting, yet not a bellicose people, deliberately sacrificing confirmed traditions to meet the full demands of National Service. We have beheld the women of England proving their right to equal privileges by the unanswerable argument of equal sacrifice. We have looked on at the mustering and concentrating of the nation's mechanical, scientific and organising energies.

We have witnessed the fortitude of an air-raided country that yet refused to weaken its air service at the front for home defence. We have watched the nation grappling with, and triumphing over the unprecedented problem of aerial defence. We have shared the enthusiasm of a people that have seen the murderers of the night hurled to their doom, and have marvelled at the national temper that has given these same murderers a military funeral. We have, indeed, been feeling and sharing the very heart throbs of a nation in the gravest and most glorious struggle of all her history. And this is a privilege, we shall appreciate the more justly, the longer we live to look back upon it.

In the general hospitals of England we Canadians have lain alongside Imperial Tommies that we have come to know and knowing, to appreciate. We have chatted across the ward with Anzacs that were far more strangers to us than our non-British American