

was running through our beds in streams ; it was about four o'clock in the morning when a hand pulled back the blanket at my end, and shoved in a big, dried apricot pie—entirely unsweetened—but pie. I wakened the other two, and together we feasted as we had not done before for a long, long time. It was to Archie McColl, of the Toronto police force, that we owed that banquet.

Much has been written and spoken of the treatment of our sick and wounded in the field hospitals of Africa ; to me, it was always a cause of wonder that the arrangements could be so complete, and so well carried out as they were, wherever I had an opportunity of viewing them. Considering the difficulties to be overcome—difficulties of time, of distance, and of rapid movement—the field hospitals were much better managed and equipped than one should reasonably expect while on an active campaign. True, the orderlies were, as a rule, inveterate thieves ; but this is a circumstance for which those in authority cannot be blamed, and one which can only be remedied by a great deal of additional red tape—a remedy far worse than the evil itself.

Passing from Africa, with its rapidly shifting scenes, we were glad to put foot on board the *Umbria* for Southampton. On the voyage, an interesting little incident occurred. At St. Vincent, Cape Verde Islands, we stopped for coal, and lighters came alongside. A little three-foot black lad, standing on one of the lighters, looked up appealingly at the passengers far above him, held up some nicknacks on strings, and piped out shrilly “ Hi you, there ; buy shells ? ” How he hoped to deliver his wares was a mystery never solved.

VICTOR W. ODLUM, '03.

Cosmopolitan Citizenship vs. Patriotism.

Motto: Homo sum!

I AM fully aware that at the present time, when national feeling is running high in this country, it is rather unpopular to say or write anything against “ patriotism ” ; however, it will be evident from these lines that exception is taken only to a certain kind of patriotism, or rather to its excrescences.

If we define “ patriotism ” in a rough-and-ready way, we might say that it is love for one's country ; and, as far as that is concerned, no objections can be raised ; but, if we love father, mother, brother and sister, does it imply that we hate other people ? However, the element