

nothing to do but head west—every mile requiring an additional mile's trudge back when once the obstacle was passed. At last a railway bridge crossed the stream and I passed over, climbed the face of a tunnel,—and found myself with another river facing my return. There was no time for thought. I slid somehow down the banks, waded the stream not quite waist deep, and, since *fortuna favet fortibus*, I saw the white inn gleam through the dark a hundred yards in front of me.

So far, so well. But a quarter of an hour's cautious stalking discovered no enemy, and the inn keeper could assist only with refreshments, not information. Could the enemy have passed on, and occupied the castle, empty some two centuries except for occasional gypsies? That was the next point. So, after four or five miles weary trudge, about one a.m. I struck the castle, crept cautiously up to within fifty yards, heard voices, saw uniforms, apparently of our force, challenged—and found myself a prisoner. Down in a grimy dungeon, unused for at least two hundred years, I found the main body of my captors, students of another college, frank, honest, and uproariously jubilant over my seizure, fortifying themselves with cocoa and biscuits. They were waiting until two o'clock to begin the attack, and as I was out of the game, they proposed that I should come to see my own position attacked.

It would take too long to describe the exciting approach, with no sound but the rattle of stray cartridge cases, the twang of a wire fence, or low cl—rs as men tripped over stones or tore their tunics on barbed wire entanglements; the sinkings of the heart as my sentries failed to challenge, and then the blaze of a volley as the enemy reached—point fifty yards from my entrenchments. Only the eastern farmers know the deeds perpetrated there, but if we left few bodies to betray our losses, one man at least got close enough to the fortifications to be scorched with cordite, and every man concerned in the skirmish longs to this day to have another chance at his opponents.

By three o'clock the enemy was in full retreat; by half past three I was once more a free man, and by four, just as the sun rose, I returned to camp, wet, dirty, tired, and sleepy, to shiver in soaking breeches and putties till eight and then to forget my sorrows in the heartiest breakfast the cook could furnish. All that day we pushed the enemy north, and when hostilities ended in the evening, and my men entrained for Glasgow we voted our enemies, our allies, and ourselves the best fellows we had ever met, and wen went back to sleep through our classes for the next two days, and plan some new resumption of hostilities.

I doubt if any of my old company will ever forget this, and half a dozen similar, if less exciting experiences, as volunteers in Glasgow University; and my own eager desire is that in "Queen's" we should refuse to leave the Department in peace until they have consented to let us play our part in the defensive organization of the Empire. Military training for defensive purposes is our pure duty, a privilege to be demanded as a right, and one of the manliest and most fascinating forms of recreation.—J. L. MORISON.