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Boys and Girls

Dear Cousins,—

Before I left Canada I promised to write to you from England once or twice, didn't I? Well, here comes my first letter—rather a long time after I landed, but if you knew what a lot there is to do and to see, you wouldn't be surprised that I had found no time to write before. I suppose I must tell you about the voyage first.

It was long—three days longer than we expected—but we saw so many beautiful things that really we didn't mind much; and all the time we were sailing across I kept thinking how different it was for us to be travelling in safety, all our lights blazing, while for four years the boys had had to sail over in darkness, not knowing, from minute to minute, whether a submarine would see and destroy them. The boat I sailed on had been attacked by a submarine, and carried the marks of shells, and one night, when I was up in the forward end of the ship, I began to talk to one of the engine-room boys, who had come up from below for a breath of air, and he told me that during the war he had been torpedoed twice in the Mediterranean Sea. He told us all about it—the explosion—how he ran on deck, how he was thrown into the water, and swam about for hours till somebody picked him up. Great adventures for a 17-year-old cousin, weren't they? The captain had been torpedoed three times, and so had several of the officers, so we could feel that, after all, the war wasn't very far behind us.

We had on board, too, some soldiers who were coming back from Siberia, and they could hardly wait till the boat reached England, they were so eager to be home again. We used to sit away in the stern of the boat sometimes, behind the big gun she still carried, and watch the wonderful colours in the wake as the water streamed away from the sides: deep blue, and purple, and green and white, all sparkling in the sunlight; and one day, after we had watched the sailors haul in the log line to see how many miles we had made that day, a big liner came in sight over the horizon, bound for Canada. We all watched her so eagerly, and, as she drew nearer, the sailors hoisted a flag at the stern of our ship to salute the other as she went by. Then she hoisted hers in return, and a man on board—a soldier who had fought in France and been besieged at Kut-el-Amara—told us that during the war ships that met at sea didn't dip their flag to each other—they just went on about their own business—no time for little ceremonies.

Everybody on board felt as though they were going home to celebrate peace, and there were so many little cousins of mine who were being taken home for the first time to see grandpa and grandma that the boat seemed full of them.

It wasn't all sunshine and beautiful sea, though. After we left Newfoundland behind—indeed, before that—we ran into fog, and had to go so slowly for four days that we began to think we'd stay for ever in the middle of the Atlantic. You see, there were lots of icebergs about, and the captain was afraid of running into one if we went fast. We did see a huge block of ice tumbling about in the water not thirty yards from the boat, and from time to time would see a great iceberg sailing slowly along. Sometimes they looked like castles; one looked like a church, another like an enormous white bird lying on the water, with its wings stretched out, and another like two old women standing up facing each other. They were beautiful to see, but, oh! how cold they made the water. It was just like mid-winter on the ship, and

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we began almost to long to be back in Toronto, hot though it was in June.

However, we left the ice and the fog behind, and arrived in England at last. Then I began to get busy watching everything and everybody to see what changes war had made. First thing I noticed in Liverpool was the telegraph girls, young, vigorous-looking cousins in navy blue uniform, who rush about in much the same way as the telegraph boys used to before the war. The boys have been doing other work—men's work, sometimes—so the girls had to step in and fill up their place.

Then I got back to the little village where I was to stay first, and a girl

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