

CANADIAN HOSPITAL

NEWS

VOL. 2.

OCTOBER 7, 1916

No. 12

The Sentry.

A BRASIER fire at twilight,
A thousand stars ashine,
A searchlight sweeping heaven,
Above the firing line.
The rifle bullet whistles
The message that it brings
Of death and desolation
To common folk and kings.
A sentry at his station
Upon the trench's rim,
Has thoughts that draw souls nearer—
And you are there with him.

Patrick MacGill.

The Canadian Soldier In England.

Most of us are looking and longing more or less eagerly for the warrant that shall send us back to the blessed Land of the Maple. And yet, not so numerous months ago, we were impatiently anticipating the trip across the Atlantic which would bring us to old England. There were not a few to whom that trip involved only a return to the land from which they had emigrated. But to most of us it meant our first direct acquaintance with Europe, our first sight of our fathers' land. There are thousands of Canadians who, it is safe to say, would never have seen the British Isles but for the Great War, which has diverted private plans, and swept athwart national as well as personal prospects the world over.

Our horizon has been advanced almost over night, into another hemisphere. We have been projected by shiploads into a new, and yet very ancient environment. Kent and Hampshire have become almost as well known to Expeditionary Canadians as their own Ontario and Saskatchewan. Every Maple Leafsmen who has ever drawn a week-end pass speaks as familiarly of London as of Winnipeg or Toronto. Those who have spent a crowded, concentrated eight days' leave from the trenches, in England or Scotland