

you carry from 60 to 70 lbs.), and it will surprise you how little you can get on with—the proverbial toothbrush. At — the Battalion moves off. The tramp is fairly long, and to some trying, for the burden is heavy. On all sides the reapers are busy, for harvest is in full swing; and this, by the way, reminds you that it is already autumn and there is much to be done. But we won't think of that! Rather let us throw ourselves into the spirit of the march—endless laughter and singing; away in front you can hear the refrain of the "Maple Leaf," again it is the "Banks of Loch Lomond." Never cast down, onward, those brave fellows march—spreading gladness. But we are nearing the firing-line and we must march in absolute silence, and in like manner the relief is made. Only the sound of stray shots, or, perhaps, the whirr of a belated aeroplane breaks the silence. All commands are given in a whisper. It is weird! If it is your first experience in the fore-front of the trenches your curiosity knows no bounds. You are sorely tempted to take just one peep at the German lines, but if you are wise and prudent you will bear in mind the very sad record of first-day curiosity. Let me tell this story, and I can vouch for its authenticity. A youth only in his teens—fresh, curious, impetuous, took what we call a peep. He was fired at, for the enemy are tireless in their vigil; they missed, and he signalled back a miss. He did not live to signal another. But this is all too sad; if you are curious you will find many safe outlets for your curiosity. On one side of you is the fire trench, on the other your dug-out, the shelter from shell fire, and the abode of innumerable rats and lice—another phase of the struggle for existence. There is nothing of beauty about the trenches, for they are the work of man's hands. But if you glance overhead you will see on the banks countless poppies—a weird place, you may say, to find them. But little they heed the din of battle. They seem almost to look down in pity, reminding us that we may be after all nature's laughing-stock. Strange, isn't it, in this place, to meet or see things other than those that spell death, and cruelty, and maiming? It is the intolerable darkness of it all! Someone said the other day, "This is no time for the pealing laughter of