

that spark, away down at the bottom of the heart, seldom fails to be aroused ; it glows and blossoms forth into true, simple heroism.

The testing time is not the hour when bullets are flying, or when shells are screaming and bursting overhead. We have often read that the novice, no matter how brave, trembles and blanches when first stepping on to the battlefield. If such ever were the case, it has ceased to be so now. My own experience, coupled with what I have learned from that of others, enables me to say that the first sensations are almost identical with those felt by a youthful athlete when he walks unto the campus for his initial game in senior company—a little nervous, a little apprehensive, and a great deal excited.

At Israel's Poort we were climbing a wire fence under fire, when a friend of mine, some distance away, rose from the position where he had been lying, and looked around ; almost instantly he fell. It was not until some hours afterward that we learned that Joe Defoe was dead, shot through the throat ; then the reaction came, and we missed Joe.

So it always is. After the battle, when the wounded are brought in, when friends are reported missing, when the " Fall in ! " sounds and the soldier finds himself in a new place, shifted to fill a gap—then he feels sad and lonely, and then are performed the innumerable little golden deeds which, in spite of his faults, make us love Tommy Atkins in war time.

An instance may be given—an instance in which the two actors were very good friends of mine. Big, honest John Smith, of Thamesford, the finest non. com. in the regiment, was shot through the thigh at Paardeberg. John, by the way, was Corporal of the right half of number three section, " B " Company, in which half section Harry Lane, of Woodstock, and I were privates. Lane heard of Smith's wound, provided himself with a canteen of strong tea, and took his stand in a position where the wounded would have to pass as they were brought in from the field. For hours he waited, until, finally, his patience was rewarded, and he had the pleasure of quenching John's thirst, and of making a staunch friend for life.

We all suffered a loss when, at Zand River, a bullet found its way through the left shoulder of George Leonard, passing close to his heart. When I saw the marks of agony on his face (he was not then dead) I felt sick and sad at the whole thing. Well do I remember one wet, cold night in Bloemfontein, shortly after our entrance into that city. Lane, Leonard and I were sleeping under a shelter, built of two blankets and two rifles ; the rain was pouring down, and the water