

IN FLANDERS FIELDS
AND OTHER POEMS
BY
LIEUT.- COL. JOHN MCCRAE M.D.
WITH
AN ESSAY IN CHARACTER
BY
SIR ANDREW MACPHAIL



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111
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In Flanders Fields

McCrae

Publisher

1918

Printed

December 8th, 1918.

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In Klammern's Florida

McGraw

Publisher

1910

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JOHN McCRAE

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

IN Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place ; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe :
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch ; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

Punch,
December 8th, 1915.

Running Heads

In Flanders Fields *right*

and

John McCrae *left*

alternately.

in Cases in Character

Ships - Ital.

Animals - Not quoted

Sir Andrew Stephell

London

1918.

Journal

In Florida

and

John Macrae

alternately.

In Flanders Fields
and other Poems

by

Lieut.-Col. John McCrae, M.D.

with

an Essay in Character

by

Sir Andrew Macphail

Imprint

1918.

Little Lane

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IN FLANDERS FIELDS.

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch, be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

Punch,

December 8th, 1915.

throughout

IN WANDERS' TOWER.

In Wanders' tower the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Wanders' tower.

Take up our arms to win the fair:
To you from falling hands we throw
The torch, be yours to hold it high;
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Wanders' tower.

Pratt.

December 28th, 1915.

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THE ANXIOUS DEAD

O guns, fall silent till the dead men hear
Above their heads the legions passing on;
(These fought their fight in time of bitter fear,
And died not knowing how the day had gone.)

O flashing muzzles, pause, and let them see
The coming dawn that streaks the sky afar;
Then let your mighty chorus witness be
To them, and Caesar, that we still make war.

Tell them, O guns, that we have heard their call,
That we have sworn, and will not turn aside,
That we will onward till we win or fall,
That we will keep the faith for which they died.

Bid them be patient, and some day, anon,
They shall feel earth enwrapt in silence deep.
Shall greet, in wonderment, the quiet dawn,
And in content may turn them to their sleep.

Spectator,
June, 1917.

THE LITTLE DEAD

Q. Now, tell me, did you see the
above their heads the lanterns
(These lanterns were light in the
and did not know how the day had come.)

Q. I think you mean, pass, and let them see
The lanterns were light in the
then let them see the lanterns
to them, and answer, that we will see war.

Tell them, I know, that we have heard their
That we have heard, and will not hear
That we will answer till we win or fall.
That we will keep the faith for which they die.

Did they be in front, and some day, when
That shall feel each sword in its own
shall greet, in wonderment, the quiet dawn,
And in contact may find them to their sleep.

Editor,
June, 1917.

ISABELL WANA

Spartan courage, and through the smoke
The warrior's glory
A soldier's life
And a world of strife

101

THE WARRIOR

He wrought in poverty, the dull grey days,
But with the night his little, lamp-lit room
Was bright with battle flame, or through a haze
Of smoke that stung his eyes he heard the boom
Of Blücher's guns: he shared Almeida's scars,
And from the close-packed deck, about to die,
Looked up and saw the Birkenhead's tall spars
Weave wavering lines across the Southern sky:

Or in the stifling 'tween decks, row on row
At Aboukir, saw how the dead men lay:
Charged with the fiercest in Busaco's strife.
Brave dreams are his; the flick'ring lamp burns
low;

Yet couraged for the battles of the day
He goes to stand full face to face with life.

THE WARRIOR

He wrought in poverty, the dull grey days,
But with the night his little, lamp-lit room
Was bright with battle flames, or through a haze
Of smoke that stung his eyes he heard the boom
Of Bisher's guns: he shared Almeida's fears,
And from the close-packed deck, about to die,
Looked up and saw the Birkenhead's tall spars
Wave wavering lines across the northern sky:

Or in the stifling 'tween decks, row on row
At Aboukir, saw how the dead men lay:
Charged with the fiercest in Brasso's strife,
Brave dreams are his; the flick'ring lamp burns
Low;

Yet couraged for the battles of the day
He goes to stand full face to face with life.

ISANDLWANA

Italics

Scarlet coats, and crash o' the band,
The grey of a pauper's gown,
A soldier's grave in Zululand,
And a woman in Brecon Town.

My little lad for a soldier boy,
(Mothers o' Brecon Town!)

My eyes for tears and his for joy
When he went from Brecon Town,
His for the flags and the gallant sights,
His for the medals and his for the fights,
At home in Brecon Town.

And mine for the dreary, rainy nights

They say he's laid beneath a tree,
(Come back to Brecon Town!)

Shouldn't I know? - I was there to see:
(It's far to Brecon Town!)

It's me that keeps it trim and drest
With a briar there and a rose by his breast, -
The English flowers he likes the best
That I bring from Brecon Town.

And I sit beside him - him and me,
(We're back to Brecon Town.)

To talk of the things that used to be
(Grey ghosts of Brecon Town;)

I know the look o' the land and sky,
And the bird that builds in the tree near by,
And times I hear the jackal cry,
And me in Brecon Town.

Italics

Golden grey on miles of sand
The dawn comes creeping down;
It's day in far off Zululand
And night in Brecon Town.

1841

collected

gentler south, and breath of the land,
The cry of a peasant's groan,
A soldier's grave in Zealand,
and a woman in Brecon Town.

My little lad for a soldier boy,
(Mother of Brecon Town)
My eyes for tears and his for joy,
When he went from Brecon Town,
His for the flag and the gallant soldier,
His for the noble and his for the brave,
It came in Brecon Town.

They say he's a laid beneath a tree,
(Come back to Brecon Town)
Shouldn't I know? - I was there to see;
(It's far to Brecon Town)
It's no that keeps it from me great,
With a better there and a rose by his breast,
The English flowers to like the best,
That I bring from Brecon Town.

And I sit beside him - his wife and me,
(We're back to Brecon Town)
To talk of the things that used to be,
(Grey bones of Brecon Town)
I know the look of the land and sky,
And the bird that builds in the trees near by,
And then I hear the jester cry,
And we in Brecon Town.

Golden eyes on miles of sand,
The dawn comes creeping down;
It's day in far off Zealand,
And night in Brecon Town.

collected

University of
February, 1910

THE UNCONQUERED DEAD

".....defeated, with great loss".

Not we the conquered! Not to us the blame
Of them that flee, of them that basely yield;
Nor ours the shout of victory, the fame
Of them that vanquish in a stricken field.

That day of battle in the dusty heat
We lay and heard the bullets swish and sing
Like scythes amid the over-ripened wheat,
And we the harvest of their garnering.

Some yielded. No, not we! not we, we swear
By these our wounds; this trench upon the hill
Where all the shell-strewn earth is seamed and bare,
Was ours to keep; and lo! we have it still.

We might have yielded, even we, but death
Came for our helper; like a sudden flood
The crashing darkness fell; our painful breath
We drew with gasps amid the choking blood.

The roar fell faint and farther off, and soon
Sank to a foolish humming in our ears,
Like crickets in the long, hot afternoon
Among the wheatfields of the olden years.

Before our eyes a boundless wall of red
Shot through by sudden streaks of jagged pain!
Then a slow-gathering darkness overhead
And rest came on us like a quiet rain.

Not we the conquered! Not to us the shame,
Who hold our earthen ramparts, nor shall cease
To hold them ever; victors we, who came
In that fierce moment to our honoured peace.

.....gathered, with great ease."

of us the conquered! Not to us the shame
of them that passively yield;
to us the shout of victory, the name
that vanquish in a sudden field.

at day of battle in the dusty heat
we lay and bore the bulwark with and
the harrier and the over-ripened seed,
and we the harvest of their gathering.

we yielded. No, not we, we swear
these our wounds; this trench upon the hill
where all the shell-strewn earth is heaped and bare,
is ours to keep; and lo! we have it still.

might have yielded, even we, but death
for our deliver; like a sudden flood
a crashing darkness fell; our painful breath
drew with us the earth the choking flood.

a roar fell faint and farther off, and soon
to a foolish humming in our ears,
is silence in the long, hot afternoon
our the whistling of the older years.

fore our eyes a boundless wall of red
of through by sudden streaks of jagged pain
a slow-gathering darkness overhead
rest came on as like a quiet rain.

we the conquered! Not to us the shame,
held our earthen ramparts, nor shall cease
held them ever; victory we, who came
that these moments to our hallowed peace.

THE CAPTAIN

6

Here all the day she swings from tide to tide,
Here all the night long she tugs a rusted chain,
A mastless hulk that was a ship of pride,
Yet unashamed: her memories remain.

was Nelson in the CAPTAIN, Cape St. Vincent far alee,
With the VANGUARD leading s'uth'ard in the haze,-
The Jervis and the Spaniards and the fight that was to be,
Ninety-seven Spanish battleships, great bullies of the sea,
And the CAPTAIN there to find her day of days.

But into them the VANGUARD leads, but with a sudden tack
The Spaniards double swiftly on their trail;

Jervis overshoots his mark, like some too eager pack,
Will not overtake them, haste he e'er so greatly back,
But Nelson and the CAPTAIN will not fail.

As a tigress on her quarry leaps the CAPTAIN from her place,
To lie across the fleeing squadron's way:
On ev'ry odds and heavy onslaught, gun to gun and face to face,
The ship a name of glory, win the men a death of grace,
For a little hold the Spanish fleet in play.

And now the CAPTAIN'S battle, stricken sore she falls aside
Holding still her foemen, beaten to the knee:

The Vanguard drifted pass her, "Well done, CAPTAIN,"

Jervis cried,

For the cheers of men that conquered, ran the blood of men
That died,

And the ship had won her immortality.

Lo! here her progeny of steel and steam,

A funnelled monster at her mooring swings:

Still, in our hearts, we see her pennant stream,

And, "Well done, CAPTAIN," like a trumpet rings.

Here all the day she swings from side to side.
Here all the night she swings a wretched strain.
A restless half that was a whip of thistles.
Yet punishment: for no more terrors.

At Nelson in the CAPTAIN, Duke St. Vincent far else,
At the VANGUARD leading a'head, and in the rear,
To Torvis and the Gascarian and the light that was to be,
The seven Spanish battalions, great bulwark of the sea,
At the CAPTAIN there to King her day of days.

Into them the VANGUARD leaped, but with a sudden shock
The Spanish double swiftly on their trail;
Torvis overshoots his mark, like some too eager hawk,
Will not overtake them, waste he'er so bravely back,
At Nelson and the CAPTAIN will not fall.

A thunders on her quarry leaps the CAPTAIN from her place,
The course the fleeing squadron's way;
A shot and heavy onslaught, gun to gun and face to face,
As she a wave of glory, with the men a death of excess,
A little hold the Spanish fleet in play.

Now the CAPTAIN'S battle, stricken were she falls a side
Lining still her foremost, backed to the front;
A VANGUARD killed her port, "Well done, CAPTAIN,"
Torvis cries,
The sheets of sea that conquered, ran the blood of men
That died.

The ship had won her immortality.

Let her be progeny of steel and steam,
A rammed monster at her mooring swings;
Still, in our hearts, we see her pennant stream,
And "Well done, CAPTAIN," like a trumpet clang.

THE SONG OF THE DERELICT

Ye have sung me your songs, ye have chanted your rimes,
(I scorn your beguiling, O sea!)
Ye fondle me now, but to strike me betimes
(A treacherous lover, the sea!)
Once-- I saw as I lay half-awash in the night
A hull in the gloom - a quick hail - and a light,
And I lurched o'er to leeward, and saved her for spite
From the doom that ye meted to me.

I was sister to TERRIBLE, seventy-four,
(Yo ho, for the swing of the sea!)
And ye sank her in fathoms a thousand and more-
(Alas! for the might of the sea!)
Ye taunt me and sing me her fate for a sign!
What harm can ye wreak more on me or on mine?
Ho braggart! I care not for boasting of thine-
A fig for the wrath of the sea!

Some night to the lee of the land I shall steal
(Heigh-ho.' to be home from the sea!)
No pilot but Death at the rudderless wheel
(None knoweth the harbour as he!)
To lie where the slow tide creeps hither and fro
And the shifting sand laps me around, for I know
That my gallant old crew are in Port long ago
For ever at peace with the sea!

THE SON OF THE DREAMER

... have seen in your eyes, you have wanted your eyes
I mean your beautiful, (the seal)
... fondle me now, but to strike me, (the seal)
A treacherous lover, (the seal)
... I saw as I lay half-awake in the night
... in the moon - a pale half - and a light
... I turned over to the wall, and saved her for
... the room that he asked for me.

... was sister to ... seventy-four
... for the wing of the seal)
... and you wish her in London a thousand and more
... about the night of the seal)
... found me and sing me her love for a while
... that I can be weak more on me or on mine?
... I care not for boasting of mine
... fly for the wish of the seal.

... the night to the top of the land I shall stand
... light - to be here from the seal)
... I did not begin of the mysterious wheel
... the lowest of the barons as fell)
... the where the slow the creeps hitting and fire
... of the shifting sand have no ground, for I know
... at my brilliant old crew are in four long ago
... never at peace with the seal.

London Magazine,
November, 1913.

8

Q U E B E C

1608-1908

Of old, like Helen, guerdon of the strong,
Like Helen fair, like Helen light of word,-
"The spoils unto the conquerors belong
Who winneth me must woo me by the sword."

Grown old, like Helen, once the jealous prize
That strong men battled for in savage hate,
Can she look forth with unregretful eyes
Where sleep Montcalm and Wolfe beside her gate?

University Magazine,
October, 1908.

Q U E R Y

1908-1909

Of old, like Helen, Gordon of the strong,
Like Helen fair, like Helen light of word,
"The spoils into the conquerors belong"
Was written as well was by the sword."

From old, like Helen, once the jealous prize
That strong was battled for in savage days,
And she look forth with unregretful eyes
While sleep Montezuma and Wolfe beside her lay.

University of Michigan
October, 1908

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THEN AND NOW

Beneath her window in the fragrant night
I half forgot how truant years have flown
Since I looked up to see her chamber-light,
Or catch, perchance, her slender shadow thrown
Upon the casement; but the nodding leaves
Sweep lazily across the unlit pane,
And to and fro beneath the shadowy eaves,
Like restless birds; the breath of coming rain
Creeps, lilac-laden, up the village street
Where all is still, as if the very trees
Were listening for the coming of her feet
That come no more; yet, lest I weep, the breeze
Sings some forgotten song of those old years
Until my heart grows far too glad for tears.

Massey's Magazine,
1895.

Beneath her window in the fragrant night
 I half forgot how transient years have flown
 Since I looked up to see her chamber-light,
 Or catch, perchance, her slender shadow thrown
 Upon the easement; but the nodding leaves
 Sweep lazily across the mill's pane,
 And to and fro beneath the shadowy eaves,
 Like restless birds; the breath of coming rain
 Groups, linn-laden, up the village street
 Where all is still, as if the very trees
 Were listening for the coming of her feet
 That come no more; yet, lest I weep, the breeze
 Since some forgotten song of those old years
 Until my heart grows far too glad for tears.

10
UNSOLVED

Amid my books I lived the hurrying years,
Disdaining kinship with my fellow-man;
Alike to me were human smiles and tears,
I cared not whither Earth's great life-stream ran
Till as I knelt before my mouldered shrine
God made me look into a woman's eyes;
And I, who thought all earthly wisdom mine,
Knew in a moment, that the eternal skies
Were measured ^{but} in inches; to the quest
That lay before me in that mystic gaze.
"Surely I have been errant: it is best
That I should tread, with men their human ways."
God took the teacher ere the task was learned,
And to my lonely books again I turned.

Canadian Magazine,
1895.

UNREVISED

Amid my books I lived the hurrying years,
 Disdaining kinship with my fellow-men;
 Alike to me were human smiles and tears,
 I cared not whether Earth's great life-stream ran
 Till as I knelt before my mouldered shrine
 God made me look into a woman's eyes;
 And I, who thought all earthly wisdom mine,
 Knew in a moment, that the eternal shines
 There measured but in inches, to the quest
 That lay before me in that mystic gaze.
 "Surely I have been errant: it is best
 That I should tread, with men their human way."
 God took the teacher ere the task was learned,
 And to my lonely books again I turned.

Madison, Wisconsin, 1895.

THE HOPE OF MY HEART

Delicta juventutis et ignorantiae ejus quaesimus ne
memineris Domine.

I left, to earth, a little maiden fair,
With locks of gold, and eyes that shamed the light;
I prayed that God might have her in His care
And sight.

Earth's love was false; her voice, a siren's song;
(Sweet Mother-earth was but a lying name)
The path she showed was but the path of wrong
And shame.

"Cast her not out!" I cry, God's kind words come,-
Her future is with Me, as was her past;
It shall be My good will to bring her home
At last.

Varsity,
February, 1894.

THE HOME OF MY HEART

Believe in the love of God, and you will find it in the love of your neighbor.

and again.

I left, to earth, a little maiden fair,
With looks of gold, and eyes that shined like stars;
I prayed that God might have her in his care

and again.

Earth's love was false; her voice, a siren's song;
(Sweet Mother-earth was but a lying wench)
The path she showed was but the path of wrong

and again.

"Ours is not our Father's house," I cry, "God's kind words come,
Her future is with me, as was her past;
It shall be my good will to bring her home

At last.

Verily,
February, 1884.

PENANCE

My lover died a century ago,
Her dear heart stricken by my slandering breath,
Wherefor the Gods forbade that I should know,
The Peace of Death.

Men pass my grave, and say, "'Twere well to sleep,
Like such a one amid the uncaring dead!"
How should they know the vigils that I keep,
The tears I shed?

Upon the grave I count with lifeless breath,
Each night, each year, the flowers that bloom and die,
Deeming the leaves that fall to dreamless death
More blest than I.

'Twas just last year - I heard two lovers pass
So near, I caught the tender words he said:
To-night the rain-drenched breezes sway the grass
Above his head.

That night full envious of his life was I,
That youth and love should stand at his behest;
To-night, I envy him, that he should lie
At utter rest.

SONNET

My lover died a martyr and
her best heart broken by my midnight breath
Therefore the Gods forgive that I should know
The Peace of Death.

How deep my grave, and deep, my flowers will to sleep,
Like such a one and the remaining breath,
How should they know the virgin that I keep,
The tears I shed?

How the grave I stand with lifeless breath,
Each night, each year, the flowers that bloom and die,
Because the leaves that fall to greenish death
More than that I.

Was that last year - I heard two lovers pass
I heard the tender words he said:
"Above the rain-drenched passage way the grass
Above his head."

At night full of the memory of his life was I,
My youth and love should seem at his delight;
In-midnight, I envy him, that he should live
At other year.

SLUMBER SONGS

i

Sleep, little eyes

That brim with childish tears amid thy play,
Be comforted! No grief of night can weigh
Against the joys that throng thy coming day.

Sleep, little heart!

There is no place in Slumberland for tears:
Life soon enough will bring its chilling fears
And sorrows that will dim the after years.
Sleep little heart!

Ah, little eyes!

Dead blossoms of a springtime long ago
That life's storm crushed, and left to lie below
The benediction of the falling snow!

Sleep, little heart,

That ceased so long ago its frantic beat!
The years that come and go with silent feet
Have naught to tell save this, - that rest is sweet.

Dear little heart!

Sleep, little eyes

That pain with childish tears and thy play,
Be comforted! No grief of night can weigh
Against the joy that crowns thy coming day.

Sleep, little heart!

There is no place in Himmelsland for tears;
This soon enough will bring the chilling tears
And sorrow that will fill the after years.

Sleep little heart!

III

Ah, little eyes!

Dear blossom of a springtime long ago
That life's storm crushed, and left to his below
The consolation of the falling snow!

Sleep, little heart!

That ceased so long ago the fragile heart!
The years that come and go with silent feet
Have taught to fall away this - that that is great.

Dear little heart!

THE OLDEST DRAMA

"It fell on a day that he went out to his father to the reapers, and he said to his father, My head, my head. And he said to a lad, Carry him to his mother, and.....he sat on her knees till noon, and then died. And she went up, and laid him on the bed And shut the door upon him, and went out."

Immortal story that no mother's heart

Ev'n yet can read, nor feel the biting pain

That rent her soul! Immortal not by art

Which makes a long-past sorrow sting again

Like grief of yesterday: but since it said

In simplest word the truth which all may see,

Where any mother sobs above her dead

And plays anew the silent tragedy.

THE OLDEST DRAMA

"It fell on a day that he went out to
his father to the reservoir, and he said to his
father, My head, my head. And he said to a
lad, Carry him to his mother, and... he was
on her knees all night, and then died. And
she went up, and laid him on the bed
and shut the door upon him, and went out."

Immortal story that no mother's heart
can read, nor feel the biting pain
that rest her soul! Immortal not by art
which uses a four-part action of the main

like trial of yesterday; but since it said
in simplest word the truth which all may see,
where any mother come above her kind
and plays now the silent tragedy.

RECOMPENSE

13

I saw two sowers in Life's field at morn

To whom came one in angel guise, and said,

"Is it for labour that a man is born?

Lo ! I am Ease, Come ye, and eat my bread."

Then gladly one forsook his task undone,

And with the tempter went his slothful way;

The other toiled until the setting sun

With stealing shadows blurred the dusty day.

Ere harvest time, upon Earth's peaceful breast,

Each laid him down among the unreaping dead.

"Labour hath other recompense than rest,

Else were the toiler like the fool," I said,

"God meteth him, not less, but rather more

Because he sowed, and others reaped his store.

I saw two sheaves in the field at noon
 To whom came one in angel guise, and said,
 "Is it for labour that a man is born?
 No; I am sower, sow ye, and eat ye bread."
 Then gladly one forsook his task untaken,
 And with the sower went his swarded way;
 The other toiled until the setting sun
 With weary shadows dimmed the dusty day.
 At harvest time, upon earth's peaceful breast,
 Each laid his sheaf among the unreaping dead.
 "Labour hath its own recompense," the sower
 Said, "I was the sower like the fool," I said,
 "God reth him, not I, but rather care
 Because he soweth, and others reap his store."

16

MINE HOST

There stands a hostel by a travelled way.

Life is the road, and Death the worthy host;
Each guest he greets, nor ever lacks to say,

"How have ye fared?" They answer him, the most,
"This lodging place is other than we sought;

We had intended farther, but the gloom
Came on apace, and found us ere we thought:

Yet will we lodge. Thou hast abundant room."

Within sit haggard men that speak no word,

No fire gleams their cheerful welcome shed;
No voice of fellowship or strife is heard

But silence of a multitude of dead.

"Naught can I offer ye," quoth Death, "but rest!"

And to his chamber leads each tired guest.

The Westminster,
August 21st, 1897.

Westminster Magazine,
January, 1898.

MIRN BOSE

There stands a hostel by a travelled way.
 Like in the road, and Death the worthy host;
 Each guest he greets, nor ever lacks to say,
 "How have ye farred?" They answer him, the host,
 "This lodging place is better than we sought;
 We had intended farther, but the glass
 gave on space, and found us ere we thought;
 Yet will we lodge, though past abundant room."

Within sit passengers that speak no word,
 No fire gleams their cheerful welcome shed;
 No voice of fellowship or strife is heard,
 But silence of a multitude of dead.
 "Hauent can I offer ye," quoth Death, "but rest!"
 And to his chamber leads each tired guest.

Westminster,
 21st, 1897.

17

EQUALITY

I saw a King, who spent his life to weave
Into a nation all his great heart thought,
Unsatisfied until he should achieve
The grand ideal that his manhood sought:
Yet as he saw the end within his reach,
Death took the sceptre from his failing hand,
And all men said, "He gave his life to teach
The task of honour to a sordid land!"

Within his gates I saw, through all those years,
One at his humble toil with cheery face,
Whom (being dead) the children, half in tears,
Remembered oft, and missed him from his place.
If he be greater, that his people blessed,
Than he the children loved, God knoweth best.

EGUALLY

I saw a life, who spent his life to wear
into a nation all his great heart thought,
Detailed work he should achieve
The grand ideal that his manhood sought
Yet as he saw the end within his reach,
Death took the sceptre from his falling hand,
And all men said, "He gave his life to teach
The task of honor to a world's hand."

Within his gates I saw, through all those years,
One at his humble toll with steady face,
Whom (belonging) the children, half in tears,
Remembered oft, and missed him from his place,
If he be greater, that his people blessed,
Than he the children loved, God knows best.

I saw a city filled with lust and shame,

Where men like wolves, slunk through the grim
half-light;

And sudden, in the midst of it, there came

One who spake boldly for the cause of Right.

And speaking, fell before that brutish race,

Like some poor wren that shrieking eagles tear,

While brute Dishonour, with her bloodless face

Stood by, and smote his lips that moved in prayer.

"Speak not of God! In centuries that word

Hath not been uttered! Our own King are we,"

And God stretched forth His finger as He heard,

And o'er it cast a thousand leagues of sea.

I saw a city filled with love and peace,
Where men like wolves, slunk through the grim
half-light;

And sudden, in the midst of it, there came
One who spoke boldly for the cause of right.

And speaking, fell before that British race,
Like some poor wren that shrieking seeks for
While brute Diablow, with her bloodless face
stood by, and scote his lips that moved in prayer.

"Speak not of God! In centuries that word
Hath not been uttered! Our own lips are we,"
And God stretched forth His finger as he heard,
And o'er it cast a thousand legions of men.

DISARMAMENT

One spake among the nations, "Let us cease
From darkening with strife the fair World's light,
We who are great in war, be great in peace,
No longer let us plead the cause by might."

But from a million British graves took birth
A silent voice - the million spake as one,
"If ye have righted all the wrongs of earth,
Lay by the sword! Its work and ours is done."

Toronto Globe,
January 10th, 1897.

DISARMAMENT

One speaks among the nations, "let us cease
from darkening with strife the fair World's light,
We who are great in war, be great in peace,
No longer let us plead the cause of right."

But from a million British graves look forth
A silent voice - the million speaks as one,
"If ye have righted all the wrongs of earth,
Lay by the sword! Its work and ours is done."

Toronto Globe,
January 10th, 1897.

70

THE DEAD MASTER

Amid earth's vagrant noises, he caught the note
sublime:

To-day around him surges from the silences of
Time

A flood of nobler music, like a river deep and
broad,

Fit song for heroes gathered in the banquet hall
of God.

University Magazine,
December, 1913.

THE DEAD MASTER

And earth's variant noises, he counts the note
sublime:

To-day grows him wiser from the silence of
Time

A flood of nobler truths, like a clear deep and
broad

The song for heroes gathered in the conquest fell
of God.

University of Michigan
December, 1912.

21

THE HARVEST OF THE SEA

The earth grows white with harvest; all day long

The sickles gleam, until the darkness weaves

Her net of silence o'er the thankful song

Of reapers bringing home the golden sheaves.

The wave tops whiten on the sea fields drear,

And men go forth at haggard dawn to reap:

But ever 'mid the gleaners song we hear

The half hushed sobbing of the hearts that weep.

The Westminster,
May, 1898.

Some business clouds of mist in creeping lines
That drifted through the tree trunks, where the light
Danced through the arches of the silent pines
And lay, beside the lonely path he trod,
Soft, looked in splendor, in the hours of gold.

University Magazine,
April, 1911.

THE HARVEST OF THE SEA

The earth grows white with harvest; all day long
The rickles gleam, until the darkness weaves
Her net of silence o'er the thankful song
Of reapers bringing home the golden sheaves.
The wave tops white on the sea fields green,
And men go forth at haggard dawn to reap;
But ever 'mid the gleaners seek we hear
The half hushed sobbing of the hearts that weep.

The Westminster,
May, 1898.

THE DYING OF PÈRE PIERRE

".....with two other priests;.....the same night
he died, and was buried by the shores of the lake that
bears his name." --- Chronicle. 1/2

Soon weary toiler, with lingering pace,
As he homeward turns with the long day done,
Nay, grieve not that ye can no honour give

[To these poor bones that presently must be

But carrion; since I have sought to live

[Upon God's earth, as He hath guided me,

I shall not lack! Where would ye have me lie?

[High heaven is higher than cathedral nave:

Do men paint chancels fairer than the sky?

[Beside the darkened lake they made his grave,

Below the altar of the hills; and night

[Swung incense clouds of mist in creeping lines

That twisted through the tree trunks, where the light

[Groped through the arches of the silent pines:

And he, beside the lonely path he trod,

Lay, tombed in splendor^w, in the house of God.

"...with two other priests;...the same night
died, and was buried by the monks of the late that
were his name." - Chronicle.

But, give not that ye can no honour give
to these poor bones that scarcely must be
but carbon; since I have sought to live
Upon God's earth, as He hath willed me.
I shall not lack! Where would ye have me lie?
This heaven is higher than cathedral nave;
Do men paint chancel fairer than the sky?

Beside the darkened lake they wade his grave,
Below the sister of the mill; and night
Swung thence clouds of mist in evening lines
That twisted through the tree trunks, where the light
Groped through the arches of the silent pines;
And he, beside the lonely path he trod,
Lay, tamped in splendour, in the name of God.

73

EVENTIDE.

The day is past, and the toilers cease;
The land grows dim, 'mid the shadows grey,
And hearts are glad, for the dark brings peace
At the close of day.

Each weary toiler, with lingering pace,
As he homeward turns (with the long day done),
Looks out to the West, with the light on his face
Of the setting sun.

Yet some see not, (with their sin-dimmed eyes)
The promise of rest in the fading light;
But the clouds loom dark in the angry skies
At the fall of night.

And some see only a golden sky,
Where the elms their welcoming arms stretch wide
To the calling rocks, as they homeward fly
At the eventide.

It speaks of peace that comes after strife,
Of the rest He sends to the hearts He tried,
Of the calm that follows the stormiest life,-
God's eventide.

EVENTIDE.

The day is past, and the toilers cease;
The land grows dim, 'mid the shadows grey,
And hearts are glad, for the dark brings peace
At the close of day.

Each weary toiler, with lingering pace,
As he homeward turns (with the long day done),
Looks out to the West, with the light on his face
Of the setting sun.

Yet some see not, (with their dimm'd eyes)
The promise of rest in the fading light;
But the clouds loom dark in the angry skies
At the fall of night.

And some see only a golden sky,
Where the stars their welcoming arms stretch wide
To the calling rooks, as they homeward fly
At the eventide.

It speaks of peace that comes after strife,
Of the rest He sends to the hearts He tried,
Of the calm that follows the stormiest life,
God's eventide.

UPON WATTS'S PICTURE: SIC TRANSIT

24
1
at I spent- I had: what I saved- I lost: what I gave- I have!"

But yesterday the tourney, all the eager joy of life,
The waving of the banners, and the rattle of the spears,
The clash of sword and harness, and the madness of the strife:
To-night begin the silence and the peace of endless years.

alic-

(One sings within)

But yesterday the glory and the prize,
And best of all, to lay at her feet,
To find my guerdon in her speaking eyes:
I grudge them not, - they pass, albeit sweet
The ring of spears, the winning of the fight,
The careless song, the cup, the love of friends,
The earth in spring, - to live, to feel the light, -
'Twas good the while it lasted: here it ends.

remain the well-wrought deed in honour done,
The dole for Christ's dear sake, the words that fall
in kindness upon some outcast one, -
They seemed so little: now they are my all.

iversity Magazine,
December, 1903.

UPON WATER'S BIRTHDAY: HIS THOUGHTS

I spent - I had: what I saved - I lost: what I gave - I have!

But yesterday the journey, all the eager joy of life,
The waving of the banners, and the rattle of the spears,
The clash of sword and harness, and the maddest of the battles,
To-night again the silence and the peace of endless years.

(One other wish)

But yesterday the effort and the prize,
And best of all, to lay me at her feet,
To find my heaven in her opening eyes;
I grieve them not, - they pass, albeit sweet
The ring of spears, the winning of the fight,
The careless song, the cry, the love of friends,
The earth is quiet, - to live, to feel the light,
'Twas good the while it lasted; here it ends.

With his well-wrought head in honor done,
The hole for Ophelia's dear sake, the world that fell
Kindnesses upon mine outcast one,
They seemed so little: now they are my all.

Printed by
London, 1883.

75

27

A SONG OF COMFORT.

"Sleep weary ones while ye may,
Sleep, Oh, sleep."

Thro' Maytime blossom, with whisper low,
The soft wind sang to the dead below:
"Think not with regret on the Springtime's song
And the task ye left while your hands were strong.
The song would have ceased when the spring was past;
And the task that was joyous be weary at last."

To the winter sky, when the nights were long,
The tree-tops tossed, with a ceaseless song:
"Do ye think with regret on the sunny days,
And the path ye left, with its untrod ways?
The sun might sink in a storm-cloud's frown
And the path grow rough, when the night came down."

In the grey twilight of the autumn eyes
It sighed, as it sang through the dying leaves;
"Ye think with regret that the world was bright,
That your path was short, and your task was light;
The path, though short, was perhaps the best,
And the toil was sweet, that it led to rest."

Varsity,
January 31st, 1894.

26

THE PILGRIMS

An uphill path, sun-gleams between the showers,
Where every beam that broke the leaden sky
Lit other hills with fairer ways than ours;
Some clustered graves where half our memories lie;
And one grim Shadow creeping over nigh:
And this was Life.

Wherein we did another's burden seek,
The tired feet we helped upon the road,
The hand we gave the weary and the weak,
The miles we lightened one another's load
When, faint to falling, onward yet we strode:
This too was Life.

Till, at the upland, as we turned to go
Amid fair meadows, dusky in the night,
The mists fell back upon the road below;
Broke on our tired eyes the western light;
The very graves were for a moment bright:
And this was Death.

THE PIRATES

And this was life,
And one grim shadow creeping over night;
Some distant graves where half our memories lie;
Not other hills with fairer ways than ours;
There every dawn that broke the laden sky
In uphill toil, and pleasure between the showers.

This too was life,
When, faint to falling, onward yet we strode;
The miles we lightened one another's load,
The land we gave the weary and the weak,
The tired feet we laid upon the road,
Wherein we did another's burden make.

And this was Death,
No very graves were for a moment bright;
Took on our tired eyes the western light;
The mista fell back upon the road below;
And that last shadow, dark in the night,
Lift, at the upland, as we turned to go.

Liverly Magazine,
January, 1908.

27
THE NIGHT COMETH

Cometh the night. The wind falls low,
The trees swing slowly to and fro:
Around the church the headstones
grey
Cluster, like children strayed away
But found again, and folded so.

No chiding look doth she bestow:
If she is glad, they cannot know;
If ill or well they spend their day,
Cometh the night.

Singing or sad, intent they go:
They do not see the shadows grow;
There yet is time, they lightly say,
Before our work aside we lay;
Their task is but half-done, and lo!
Cometh the night.

University Magazine,
April, 1913.

THE WIND COMETH

Cometh the night, The wind falls low,
The trees swing slowly to and fro;
Around the church the heathens

Grey
Cinders, like children strayed away
But found again, and folded so.

No childing look hath she bestow;
If she is glad, they cannot know;
If ill or well they speak their day,
Cometh the night.

Striving on sea, inland low
They do not see the shadow grow;
There yet a light, they lightly say,
Before our work shall we lay;
Their task is but half-done, and lo!
Cometh the night.

University Magazine,
April, 1913.

IN DUE SEASON

If Night should come, and find me at my toil,
 Where all Life's day I had, tho' faintly, wrought,
 And shallow furrows, cleft in stony soil,
 Were all my labour: Shall I count it naught
 If only one poor gleaner, weak of hand,
 Shall pick a scanty sheaf where I have sown?
 "Nay, for of thee the Master doth demand
 Thy work: the harvest rests with Him alone."

Westminster Magazine,
 January, 1897.

IN THE SEASON

If Night should come, and find me at my cell,
Where all life's day I had, tho' faintly, witness'd,
And shadow thrown, o'er it in story tell,
Were all my labour: Shall I count it waste?

If only one poor gleamer, weak of hand,
Shall pick a scanty sheaf where I have sown,
"Nay, for of this the Master both demands
The work: the harvest rests with him alone."

Westminster Magazine,
January, 1887.

John McCrae

An Essay in Character

by

Sir Andrew Macphail.

I.

"In Flanders Fields", the piece of verse from which this little book takes its title, first appeared in Punch in the issue of December 8th 1915. At the time I was living in Flanders at a convent in front of Locre, in shelter of Kemmel Hill, which lies seven miles south and slightly west of Ypres. The piece bore no signature, but it was unmistakably from the hand of John McCrae.

From this convent of women, which was the headquarters of the 6th Canadian Field Ambulance, I wrote to John McCrae, who was then at Boulogne, accusing him of the authorship, and furnished him with evidence. From memory - since at the front one carries one book only - I quoted to him another piece of his own verse, entitled "The Night cometh":

John McGraw
An Essay in Character

By
Mr. Andrew Macphail.

I.

The "Flinders Field", the piece of verse from which
this little book takes its title, first appeared in
such in the issue of December 8th 1911. At the time
was living in Flinders at a moment in front of Locke,
a shelter of Laurel Hill, which has never since
with and slightly west of there. The piece bore no
signature, but it was unmistakably from the hand of

John McGraw.

From this account of a man, which was the head-
quarters of the 6th Canadian Field Ambulance, I wrote
John McGraw, who was then at Seaford, accusing him of
the authorship, and furnished him with evidence. From
memory - mine at the front one carries one book only - I
noted to him another piece of his own verse, entitled

"The Night cometh":

"Cometh the night. The wind falls low,
 The trees swing slowly to and fro;
 Around the church the headstones grey
 Cluster, like children stray'd away
 But found again, and folded so."

It will be observed at once by reference to the text that in form the two poems are identical. They contain the same number of lines and ^{feet} ~~grip~~ as surely all sonnets do. Each travels upon two rhymes with the members of a broken couplet *in* widely separated refrain. To the casual reader this much is obvious, but there are many subtleties in the verse which make the authorship inevitable. ^{form} ~~If~~ was a poem upon which he had worked for years, and made his own. When the moment arrived the medium was ready. No other medium could have so well conveyed the thought.

This familiarity with his verse was not a matter of accident. For many years I was editor of the University Magazine, and those who are curious about such things may discover that one half of the poems contained in this little book were first published upon its pages. This magazine had its origin in

"no" printed from the form

"Some of the night. The wind falls low,
The trees swing slowly to and fro;
A sound like shrouds the headstones grey
—O'er, like children sleep's away
But found again, and told so."

It will be observed at once by reference to the
text that in form the two poems are identical. They
contain the same number of lines and ~~the same~~
all sounds are the same. Each stanza runs two lines with
the members of a broken couplet is wisely separated
retained. To the casual reader this much is obvious,
but there are many subtleties in the verse which make
the relationship inevitable. It was a poem which
he had worked for years, and made his own. When the
manuscript arrived the edition was ready. No other edition
could have so well conveyed the thought.
This familiarity with his verse was not a matter
of accident. For many years I was editor of the
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upon its pages. This magazine had its origin in

McGill University, Montreal, in the year 1902. Four years later its borders were enlarged to the wider term, and it strove to express an educated opinion upon questions immediately concerning Canada, and to treat freely in a literary way all matters which have to do with politics, industry, philosophy, science and art.

To this magazine during those years, John McCrae contributed all his verse. It was therefore not unseemly that I should have written to him when "In Flanders Field" appeared in Punch. Amongst his papers I find my poor letter, and many others of which something more might be made if one were concerned merely with the literary side of his life rather than with his life itself. Two references will be enough. Early in 1905 he offered "The Pilgrims" for publication I notified him of the place assigned to it in the magazine, and added a few words of appreciation, and after all these years it has come back to me.

McGill University, Montreal, in the year 1902. Your
years later its borders were enlarged to the wider
form, and it strove to express an educated opinion
upon questions immediately concerning Canada, and to
treat freely in a literary way all matters which have
to do with politics, industry, philosophy, science and
art.

To this magazine during those years, John Morley
contributed all his verses. It was therefore not
unusually that I should have written to him when "The
Wanderer Field" appeared in French. Amongst his papers
I find my poor letter, and many others of which some-
thing more might be made if one were concerned merely
with the literary side of his life rather than with
his life itself. Two references will be enough.
Early in 1908 he offered "The Pilgrim" for publication.
I notified him of the place assigned to it in the
magazine, and added a few words of appreciation, and
after all these years it has come back to me.

poem was offered in the usual way and accepted; ^{and it}
 "That is all". The usual way of offering a piece
 to an editor is to put it in an envelope with a
 postage stamp outside to carry it there, and a stamp
 inside to carry it back. Nothing else helps.

An editor is merely a man who knows his right
 hand from his left, good from evil, having the honesty
 of a kitchen cook who will not spoil his confection
 by favour for a friend. Fear of a foe is not a
 temptation, since editors are too humble and harmless
 to have any. There are of course certain slight
 offices which an editor can render especially to
 those whose writings he does not intend to print, but
 John McCrae required none of these. His work was
 finished to the last point. He would bring his piece
 in his hand and put it on the table. A wise editor
 knows when to keep his mouth shut; but now I am free
 to say that he never understood the nicety of the
 semi-colon, and his writing was too heavily stopped.

He was not of those who might say - take it or

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An editor is merely a man who knows his right
hand from his left, good from evil, having the honesty
of a kitchen cook who will not sour his confusion
by favour for a friend. Fear of a job is not a
temptation, since editors are too humble and lawless
to have any. There are of course certain slight
offices which an editor can render especially to
those whose writings he does not intend to print, but
John Keats required none of these. His work was
finished to the last point. He would bring his piece
in his hand and put it on the table. A wise editor
knows when to keep his mouth shut, but not I am free
to say that he never understood the necessity of the
semi-colon, and his writing was too heavily stopped.
He was not of those who might say - take it or

leave it; but rather, - look how perfect it is, and it was so. Also he was the first to recognize that an editor has some rights and prejudices, that certain words make him sick; that certain other words he reserves for his own use, - "meticulous" once a year, "adscitious" once in a little time. This explains why editors write so little. In the end, out of mere good nature, or seeing the futility of it all, they contribute their words to contributors and write no more.

The poem was first called to my attention by a paper officer, then major now brigadier. He brought the paper in his hand from his billet in it was printed on page 120, and Dr. Fagot will be glad to be told that, in his annual index, in the issue of December 2nd, 1915, he has appended the author's name, which is perhaps the only instance ever made. This officer could recall never the correct title with fingers, and he pointed out many deep things, it is to the papers the army always goes for "technical"

leaves it; but rather, - look how perfect it is, and it
was so. And he was the first to recognize that an
editor has some rights and prerogatives, that certain
words mean his work; that certain other words do re-
serve for his own use, - "editorial" was a term,
'editorial' was in a large sense, this explains
why editors write as they do. In the use of more
good nature, or seeing the necessity of it all, they
contribute their words to contribute and write no

The volume of verse as here printed is small. The volume might be enlarged, but it would not be improved. His early ^{best} pieces are quite without merit. To estimate the value and institute a comparison of those herein set forth would be a congenial but useless task, which may well be left to those whose profession it is to offer instruction to the young. To say that "In Flanders Fields" is not the best would involve one in controversy. It did give expression to a mood which at the time was universal, and will remain as a permanent record when the mood is passed away.

The poem was first called to my attention by a Sapper Officer, then Major now Brigadier. He brought the paper in his hand from his billet in ^{Dranoutre}. It was printed on page 48, and Mr. Punch will be glad to be told that, in his annual index, in the issue of December 29th, 1915, he has misspelled the author's name, which is perhaps the only mistake Mr. Punch ever made. This Officer could himself weave the sonnet with deft fingers, and he pointed out many deep things. It is to the sappers the army always goes for "technical

The volume of verse as here printed is small. The
volume might be enlarged, but it would not be improved.
The early pieces are quite without merit. To estimate
the value and institute a comparison of those herein
set forth would be a congenial but useless task, which
may well be left to those whose profession it is to
offer instruction to the young. To say that "In
Katherine's Flight" is not the best would involve one in
controversy. It did give expression to a mood which at
the time was universal, and will remain as a permanent
record when the mood is passed away.
The poem was first called to my attention by a
superior officer, then major now brigadier. He brought
the paper in his hand from his billet in
and was printed on page 46, and Mr. Punch will be glad
to be told that, in his annual index, in the issue of
December 27th, 1913, he has misapprehended the author's
name, which is perhaps the only mistake Mr. Punch ever
made. This officer could himself write the sonnet with
his fingers, and he pointed out many deep things. It
is to the officers the army always goes for technical

material". The poem, he explained, consists of thirteen lines in iambic tetrameter and two lines of two iambs each, in all one line more than the sonnet's count.

There are two rhymes only, since the short lines must be considered blank, and are, in fact, identical. But it is a different mode. It is true, he allowed, that the octet of the sonnet has only two rhymes, but these recur only four times, and the liberty of the jester tempers its despotism, which I thought a pretty phrase. He pointed out the dangers inherent in a restricted rhyme, and cited the case of Browning, the great rhymster, who was prone to resort to any rhyme, and frequently ended in absurdity, finding it easier to make a new verse than to make an end.

At great length; - but the December evenings in Flanders are long, how long, O Lord! - this Sapper officer demonstrated the skill with which the rhymes are chosen. They are vocalized. Consonant endings would spoil the whole effect. They reiterate O and I, not the O of pain and the Ay of assent, but the O of wonder, of hope, of aspiration, and the I of personal pride, of

material". The poem, he explained, consists of thirteen lines in iambic tetrameter and two lines of two iambs each, in all one line more than the sonnet's count. There are two rhymes only, since the short lines must be considered blank, and are, in fact, identical. But it is a different matter. It is true, as allowed, that the poet of the sonnet has only two rhymes, but these occur only four times, and the liberty of the poet requires its despotism, which I thought a pretty phrase. It pointed out the danger inherent in a restricted rhyme, and cited the case of Browning, the great dramatist, who was prone to resort to any rhyme, and frequently ended in absurdity. Finding it easier to make a new verse than to keep an end.

At great length; - but the December evening in England are long, - how long, O Lord! - tale Rappaport Hilder demonstrated the skill with which the rhymes are chosen. They are vocalized, consonant endings would fill the whole extract. They refer to O and I, not the of pain and the A of assent, but the O of wonder, or of aspiration, and the I of personal pride, or

jealous immortality, of the Ego against the Universe. They are, he went on to explain, a recurrence of the ancient question; "How are the dead raised, and with what body do they come?"; "How shall I bear my light across?"; and of the defiant cry; "If Christ be not raised, then is our faith vain".

The theme has three phases, the first a calm, a deadly calm, opening statement in five lines; the second in four lines, an explanation, a regret, a reiteration of the first; the third without preliminary crescendo breaking out into passionate adjuration in vivid metaphor, a poignant appeal which is at once a blessing and a curse. In the closing line is a satisfying return to the first phase,- and the thing is done. One is so often reminded of the poverty of men's invention, their best being so incomplete, their greatest so trivial, that one welcomes what - this Sapper officer ~~thought~~ thought - may become a new and fixed mode of expression in verse.

As to the theme itself,- I am using his words: what is his is mine; what is mine is his,- the interest is universal.

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 ancient question: "How are the dead raised, and with
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 universal.

The dead, still conscious, fallen in a noble cause, see their graves overblown in a riot of poppy bloom. The poppy is the emblem of sleep. The dead desire to sleep undisturbed, but yet curiously take an interest in passing events. They regret that they have not been permitted to live out their life to its normal end. They call on the living to finish their task, else they shall not sink into that complete repose which they desire, in spite of the balm of the poppy. Formalists may protest that the poet is not sincere, since it is the seed and not the flower that produces sleep. They might as well object that the poet has no right to impersonate the dead. We common folk know better. We know that in personating the dear dead, and calling in bell-like tones on the inarticulate living, the poet shall be enabled to break the lightnings of the Beast, and thereby he, being himself, alas, dead, yet speaketh, and shall speak, to ones and twos and a host. As it is written in resonant bronze: Vivos voco • mortuos plango • fulgura frango. (small thin capitals).

The dead, still conscious, fallen in a noble
cause, see their graves overflow in a riot of poppy
blooms. The poppy is the emblem of sleep. The dead

desire to sleep undisturbed, but not outwardly like the
interest in passing events. They regret that they have
been permitted to give out their life to the world
and they call on the living to finish their task, else
they shall not sink into that complete repose which they

desire, in spite of the pain of the poppy. For a while
they protest that the poet is not sincere, since it is the dead
and not the flower that produces sleep. They might as well
object that the poet has no right to interpret the

dead. We common folk know better. We know that in person
the dead are dead, and calling in bell-like tones on
the insensate living, the poet shall be enabled to
look the lightning of the dead, and thereby, being
himself, also, dead, yet awake, and shall speak to

us and two and a host. As it is written in romance.
Chaucer: Vives veed-mortuce elance-lynges frans. (small
in capital).

These are the words ^{by this same officer} cast upon a church bell, which still rings in far away Orwell in memory of his father - and of mine.

By this time the little room was cold. For some reason the guns ^{had} awakened in the salient. An Indian trooper who had just come up, and did not yet know the orders, blew "Lights Out" - on a cavalry trumpet. The Sappers work by night. The officer turned and went his way to his accursed trenches, ^{and left the work with me}

John McCrae witnessed only once the raw earth of Flanders hide its shame in the warm scarlet glory of the poppy. Others have watched this resurrection of the flowers in four successive seasons, a fresh miracle every time it occurs. Also they have observed the rows of crosses lengthen, the torch thrown, caught, and carried to victory. The dead may sleep. We have not broken faith with them.

It is little wonder then that "In Flanders' Fields" has become the poem of the army. The soldiers have learned it with their hearts, which is quite a different thing from committing it to memory. It

These are the words cast upon a church bell which
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John McGree witnessed only once the raw earth
 Flanders hide its name in the warm sunset glow of
 the poppy. Others have watched this resurrection of
 the flowers in four successive seasons, a fresh
 table every time it occurs. Also they have observed
 the rows of crossed lances, the torch thrown,
 light, and carried to victory. The dead may sleep. We
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It is little wonder then that "in Flanders
 fields" has become the poem of the army. The soldiers
 learned it with their hearts, which is quite a
 recent thing from committing it to memory. It

circulates, as a song should circulate, by the living word of mouth, not by printed characters. That is the true test of poetry, - its insistence on making itself learnt by heart. The army has varied the text; but each variation only serves to reveal more clearly the mind of the maker. The army says,

"Among the crosses";

"felt dawn and sunset glow";

"Lived and were loved";

The army may be right: it usually is. *Run on* Nor has any piece of verse in recent years been more widely known in the civilian world. It was used on every ~~American~~ platform from which men were being adjured to adventure their lives or their riches in the great trial through which the present generation has passed. Many "replies" have been made. The best I have seen was written in the New York Evening Post. None but those who were prepared to die before Vimy Ridge that early April day of 1916 will ever feel fully the great truth of Mr. Lillard's opening lines as they ^{*spoke*} speak for all Americans:

"Rest ye in peace, ye Flanders dead.
The fight that ye so bravely led
We've taken up." *ST*

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ever feel fully the great truth of Mr. Willard's
ing lines as they speak for all Americans:

"Rest ye in peace, ye warriors dead,
The fight that ye so bravely led
We've taken up."

They did - and bravely. They heard the cry, "If ye
break faith, we shall not sleep."

...ing ... it ... the ...
... it was a ... instant which ...
... it to ... A ... man ...
... of the ... in which he lives: and if ...
... in life, he is eager to know her ...
... amongst the ...
... is the great newspaper of the
... world, ...

11

They did - and bravely. They heard the cry, "If ye
break faith, we shall not sleep."

was

II.

117

If there were nothing remarkable about the publication of "In Flanders Fields", there was something momentous in the moment of writing it. And yet it was a sure instinct which prompted ^{the author to} him to send it to Punch. A rational man wishes to know the news of the world in which he lives; and if he is interested in life, he is eager to know how men feel and comport themselves amongst the events which are passing. For this purpose Punch is the great newspaper of the world, and these lines describe better than any other

If there were nothing remarkable about the
allocation of "in Richard's field", there was some-
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it was a mere instant which produced the
and is to Richard. A rational man wishes to know the
of the world in which he lives; and it is in-
terested in life, he is eager to know how and what
about themselves amongst the events which are passing.
This purpose Richard is the great advantage of the
and there lies therein better than any other

how men felt in that great moment.

It was in April 1915. The enemy was in the full way of victory. All that remained for him was to occupy Paris, as once he did before, and to seize the channel ports. Then France, England, and the world were doomed. All winter the Germans had spent in repairing his plans, which had gone somewhat awry on the M a r n e. He had devised his final stroke, and it fell upon the Canadians at Ypres. This battle, known as the second battle of Ypres, culminated on April 22nd, but it really extended over the whole month.

The inner history of war is written from the recorded impressions of men who have endured it. John McCrae in a series of letters to his Mother, cast in the form of a diary, has set down in words the impressions which this event of the war made upon a peculiarly sensitive mind. The account is here transcribed without any attempt at "amplification", or "clarifying", by notes upon incidents or reference to places. These are only too well known:

white

now men talk in that great moment.
It was in April 1918. The enemy was in the full
way of victory. All that remained for him was to
occupy Paris, as once he did before, and to seize the
main ports. Then France, England, and the world
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Small

old 8.

Friday, April 23rd. 1915

As we moved up last evening, heavy firing about 4.30 on our left, the hour at which the general attack with gas was made when the French line broke. We could see the shells bursting over Ypres and in a small village to our left. Meeting General..... C.R.A. of one of the divisions, he ordered us to halt for orders. We sent forward notifications to our Headquarters, and sent out orderlies to get in touch with the batteries of the farther forward brigades already in action. The story of these guns will be read elsewhere. They had a tough time but got away safely, and did wonderful service. One battery fired in two opposite directions at once, and both batteries fired at point blank, open sights, at Germans in the open. They were at times quite without infantry on their front, for their position was behind the French to the left of the British line.

As we sat on the road we began to see the French stragglers - men without arms, wounded men, teams, wagons,

Friday April 23rd. 1915

As we moved up last evening, heavy firing about 4.30 on our left, the hour at which the general attack with gas was made when the trench line broke. We could see the shells bursting over trees and in a small village to our left. Meeting Reserve..... C.R.A. of one of the divisions, he ordered us to halt for orders. We sent out our headquarters to our headquarters, and sent out orders to get in touch with the batteries of the far-ther forward brigades already in action. The story of these guns will be read elsewhere. They had a tough time but got away safely, and did wonderful service. One battery fired in two opposite directions at once, and the batteries fired at point blank, open sights, as enemies in the open. They were at times quite without shelter on their front, for their position was being so French to the left of the British line. As we sat on the road we began to see the French regiments - not without some wounded men, horses, wagons,

civilians, refugees - some by the roads, some across country, all talking, shouting - the very picture of débâcle. I must say they were the 'tag enders' of a fighting line rather than the line itself. As they streamed on, and shouted to us scraps of not too inspiring information while we stood and took our medicine, and picked out gun positions in the fields in case we had to go in there and they. The men were splendid: not a word: not a shake, and it was a terrific test. Traffic whizzed by, ambulances, transport ammunition, supplies, despatch riders - and the shells thundered into the town, or burst high in the air nearer us, and the refugees streamed. Women, old men, little children, hopeless, tearful, quiet or excited, tired, dodging the traffic - and the wounded in singles or in groups. Here and there I could give a momentary help, and the ambulances picked up as they could. So the cold, moonlight night wore on, no change save that the towers of Ypres showed up against the glare of the city burning, and the shells still sailed in.

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... ambulances, supplies, hospital riders - and the shells
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... and the refugees screamed. Women, old men, little
... children, hopeless, fearful, dust or excited, blind,
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... Here and there I could give a momentary help,
... as they could. So the
... no chance save that the
... showed up against the glare of the city

... and the shells still called in.

↗
 "At 9.30 our ammunition column, (the part that had been 'in') appeared. Major..... had waited, like Casabianca, for orders until the Germans were 500 yards away; then he started, getting safely away save for one wagon lost, and some casualties in men and horses. He found our column, and we prepared to send forward ammunition as soon as we could learn where the batteries ~~to~~ had taken up position in retiring, for retire they had to. Eleven, twelve, and finally grey day broke, and we still waited. At 3.45 word came to go in and support a French counter attack at 4.30 ^a a.m. Hastily we got the order spread; it was 4 a.m. and three miles to go.

~~"We took the road at once -"~~

↗
 "Of one's feelings all this night - of the asphyxiated French soldiers - of the women and children - of the cheery, steady British reinforcements that moved up quietly past us, going up, not back - I could write, but you can imagine.

↗
 "we took the road at once, and went up at the gallop. The Colonel rode ahead to scout a position; (we had only four guns, part of the ammunition column, and the

At 8.30 our ammunition column, (the part that had
 been in the position... had... the...
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 Colonel rode ahead to scout a position; he had only
 my guns, part of the ammunition column, and the

The battle was largely fought on the
 brigade staff; the 1st and 4th batteries were back in
 reserve at our last billet). Along the roads we went,
 and made our place on time, pulled up for ten minutes
 just short of the position, where I put 'Bonfire' with my
 groom in a farmyard, and went forward on foot - only a
 quarter of a mile or so - then we advanced. 'Bonfire'
 had soon to move; a shell killed a horse about four yards
 away from him, and he wisely took other ground. Mean-
 time we went on into the position we were to occupy for
 seventeen days, though we could not guess that.

"I can hardly say more than that it was near the
 Yser Canal, and then we got into action at once, under
 heavy gunfire. We were to the left entirely of the
 British line, and behind French troops, and so we re-
 mained for eight days. A Colonel of the R.A., known to
 fame, joined us and camped with us; he was our link with
 the French Headquarters, and was in local command of the
 guns in this locality. When he left us eight days later
 he said, "I am glad to get out of this hell-hole". He
 was a great comfort to us, for he is very capable, and

...the 1st and 4th battalions were back in
reserve at our last bivouac. Along the roads we went,
and made our place on time, pulled up for ten minutes
just short of the position, where I put 'bunkies' with my
groom in a barnyard, and went forward on foot - only a
quarter of a mile or so - when we advanced. 'bunkies'
had soon to move; I shall killed a horse about four yards
away from him, and he wisely took other ground. I can
time we went on into the position we were to occupy for
seventeen days, though we could not guess that.
"I can hardly say more than that it was near the
rear camp, and then we got into action at once, under
heavy gunfire. We were to the left entirely of the
British line, and behind French troops, and so we re-
mained for eight days. A Colonel of the 5th, known to
me, joined us and engaged with us; he was our link with
the French Headquarters, and was in local command of the
guns in this locality. When he left us eight days later
he said, "I am glad to get out of this hell-hole." He
was a great comfort to us, for he is very capable.

the entire battle was largely fought "on our own", following the requests of the Infantry on our front, and scarcely guided by our own staff at all. We at once set out to register our targets, and almost at once had to get into steady firing on quite a large sector of front. We dug in the guns as quickly as we could, and took as Headquarters some infantry trenches already ^{sump} dug on a ridge near the Canal. We were subject from the first to a steady and accurate shelling, for we were all but in sight, as were the German trenches about 2000 yards to our front. At times the fire would come in salvos quickly repeated. Bursts of fire would be made for ten or fifteen minutes at a time. We got all varieties of projectile, from 3 inch to 8 inch, or perhaps 10 inch; the small ones usually as air bursts, the larger percussion and air, and the heaviest percussion only.

"My work began almost from the start - steady but never overwhelming, except perhaps once for a few minutes. A little cottage behind our ridge served as a cook-house, but was so heavily hit the second day that we had to be chary of it. During bursts of fire I

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 to a steady and accurate shelling, for we were all but
 a night, as were the German trenches about 500 yards
 to our front. At times the fire would come in bursts
 bursts of fire would be made for ten
 or fifteen minutes at a time. We got all worried at
 projectile, from 3 inch to 8 inch, or perhaps 12 inch;
 the small ones usually at six bursts, the larger ones
 also and air, and the heaviest occasional only.
 My work began almost from the start - steady but
 never overwhelming, except perhaps once for a few min-
 utes. A little cottage behind our lines served as a
 cook-house, but was so heavily hit the second day that
 we had to be empty of it. During bursts of fire I

usually took the back slope of the sharply crested ridge for what shelter it offered. At 3 our 1st and 4th arrived, and went into action at once a few hundred yards in our rear. Wires were at once put out, to be cut by shells hundreds and hundreds of times, but always repaired by our indefatigable linemen. Your friend Tindale Lee was mounted orderly and proved a real hero. He had many narrow shaves, and had a rotten job, none worse. ~~He is AAL.~~ So the day wore on - some guns fired 200 rounds - and the average for all 12 guns till noon next day was 125. I shall not detail notes of casualties. In the night the shelling still kept up: three different German attacks were made and repulsed. If we suffered by being close up, the Germans suffered from us, for already tales of good shooting came down to us. I got some sleep despite the constant firing, for we had none last night. "

ing to the death between the trees, we could see the
 ruins of the city to the front on the sky line, with
 rolling ground in the front, dotted by French trenches.

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I had many narrow escapes, and had a rotten job, more
than. He is tall. So the day wore on - some great
fired 500 rounds - and the average for all 12 guns till
the next day was 100. I shall not detail notes of
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Saturday April 24, '15

Behold us now anything less than two miles north of Ypres on the west side of the Canal; this runs north, each bank flanked with high tall elms, with bare trunks of the familiar Netherlands type. A few yards to the West a main road runs, likewise bordered; the Censor will allow me to say that on the high bank between these we had our headquarters; the ridge is perhaps fifteen to twenty feet high, and slopes forward fifty yards to the water, the back is more steep, and slopes quickly to a little subsidiary water way, deep but dirty. Where the guns were I shall not say; but they were not far, and the German aeroplanes that viewed us daily with all but impunity knew very well. A road crossed over the Canal, and interrupted the ridge; across the road from us was our billet, the place we cooked in, at least, and where we usually took our meals. Looking to the South between the trees, we could see the ruins of the city: to the front on the sky line, with rolling ground in the front, pitted by French trenches,

Saturday April 24, 1918

Rehoboth is now a small town with two miles north
of Yuma on the west side of the Canal; this town north
each bank flanked with high tall hills, with bare
at the familiar Rehoboth type. A few yards to the
feet a main road runs, likewise Rehoboth; the narrow
will show me to day, and on the high bank between these
reached our headquarters; the ridge is perhaps fifteen
to twenty feet high, and slopes toward the west
to water, the bank is some steep, and slopes
to a little subsidiary water way, deep but dry.
There the grass was I shall not say; but they were not
in, and the German engineers that viewed us early
with all but impatience knew very well. A road
over the Canal, and interrupted the ridge; across the
road from us was our billet, the place we cooked in.
at least, and where we usually took our meals. Look-
ing to the south between the trees, we could see the
ruins of the city; to the front on the very line, with
rolling ground in the front, dotted by French trenches.

the German lines; to the left front, several farms and a windmill, and farther left, again near the Canal, thicker trees and more farms. The farms and windmills were soon burnt. Several farms we used for observing posts were also quickly burnt during the next three or four days. All along behind us at varying distances French and British guns; the flashes at night lit up the sky. 9

"These high trees were at once a protection and a danger. Shells that struck them were usually destructive. When we came in the foliage was still very thin. Along the road, which was constantly shelled 'on spec' by the Germans, one saw all the sights of war: wounded men, limping or carried, ambulances, trains of supply, troops, army mules, and tragedies. I saw one bicycle orderly: a shell exploded and he seemed to pedal on for eight or ten revolutions and then collapsed in a heap - dead. Straggling soldiers would be killed or wounded, horses also, until it got to be a nightmare. I used to shudder every time I saw wagons or troops on that road. My dugout looked out

the German lines; to the left front, several farms
 and a windmill, and farther left, again near the Canal,
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 the day.
 These high trees were at once a protection and a
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 a nightmare. I used to shudder every time I saw
 a group of troops on that road. My dogout looked out

on it. I got a square hole, 8 by 8, dug in the side of the hill (west), roofed over with remnants to keep out the rain, and a little sandbag parapet on the back to prevent pieces of 'back-kick shells' from coming in, or prematures from our own or the French guns for that matter. Some straw on the floor completed. The ground was treacherous, and a slip the first night nearly buried ~~me~~. So we had to be content with walls straight up and down, and trust to the height of the bank for safety. All places along the bank were more or less alike, all squirrel holes.

"This morning we supported a heavy French attack at 4.30; there had been three German attacks in the night, and every one was tired. We got heavily shelled. In all eight or ten of our trees were cut by shells - cut right off, the upper part of the tree subsiding heavily and straight down, as a usual thing. One would think a piece ^a of foot long was just instantly cut out; and these trees were about 18 inches diameter.

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I too (well) rolled over with remnants to keep
out the rain, and a little sandbag between on the
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that matter. Some straw on the floor covered
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We would think a piece of foot land was that last night
cut out; and these trees were about 18 inches diameter.

The gas fumes came very heavily: some blew down from the infantry trenches, some came from the shells: one's eyes smarted, and breathing was very laboured. Up to noon today we fired 2500 rounds. Last night Col. M.... and I slept at a French Colonel's headquarters near by, and in the night our room was filled up with wounded. I woke up and shared my bed with a chap next me with "a wounded leg and a chill". Probably thirty wounded were brought into the one little room

"Col....., R.A. kept us in communication with the French General in whose command we were. For tonight I bunked down in the trench on the top of the ridge: the sky was red with the glare of the city still burning, and we could hear the almost constant procession of large shells sailing over from our left front into the city: the crashes of their explosion shook the ground where we were. After a terribly hard day, professionally and otherwise, I slept well, but it rained and the trench was awfully muddy and wet."

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of large shells falling over from our left front into
the city; the crash of their explosion shook the
ground where we were. After a terribly hard day, pro-
fessionally and otherwise, I slept well, but it rained
and the trench was awfully muddy and wet."

Sunday, April 25th '15

The weather brightened up, and we got at it again. This day we had several heavy attacks, prefaced by heavy artillery fire: these bursts of fire would result in our getting 100 to 150 rounds right on us or nearby: the heavier our fire (which was on the trenches entirely) the heavier theirs.

Our food supply came up at dusk in wagons, and the water was any we could get, but of course treated it with chloride of lime. The ammunition had to be brought down the roads at the gallop, and the more firing the more wagons. The men would quickly carry the rounds to the guns, as the wagons had to halt behind our hill. The good old horses would swing around at the gallop, pull up in an instant, and stand puffing and blowing, but with their heads up, as if to say, "Wasn't that well done?" It makes you want to kiss their dear old noses and assure them of a peaceful pasture once more. To day we got our dressing station dugout complete, and slept there at night.

Monday, April 22nd '18

The weather brightened up, and we got at it again.

This day we had several heavy attacks, produced by

very ordinary fire. These forests of live wood really

are not getting 100 to 150 rounds that on an ordinary

the heavier our fire (which was on the trenches) and

the heavier their.

Our food supply came up at dusk in wagons, and the

after was any we could get, but of course treated it

as a matter of time. The ammunition had to be brought

down the roads at the gallop, and the more firing the

more wagons. The men would dutifully carry the rounds to

the front, as the wagons had to halt behind our line.

The good old horses would give ground at the gallop, halt

in an instant, and stand patting and blowing, but

with their heads up, as if to say, "That's that will

do?" It makes you want to kiss their poor old noses

and assure them of a peaceful existence once more. So

we got our greasing station begun complete, and

left there at night.

"Three farms in succession burned on our front - colour in the otherwise dark. The flashes of shells over the front and rear in all directions. The city still burning and the procession still going on. I dressed a number of French wounded; one Turco prayed to Allah and Mohammed all the time I was dressing his wound. On the front field one can see the dead lying here and there, and in places where an assault has been they lie very thick on the front slopes of the German trenches. Our telephone wagon team hit by a shell; two horses killed and another wounded. I did what I could for a wounded one, and he subsequently got well. This night, beginning after dark, we got a terrible shelling, which kept up till 2 or 3 in the morning. Finally I got to sleep, though it was still going on. We must have got a couple of hundred rounds, in single or pairs. Every one burst over us, would light up the dugout, and every hit in front would shake the ground and bring down small bits of earth on us, or else the earth thrown into the air by the explosion would come

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Allah and Mohamed all the time I was dressing his wound.
On the front field one eye saw the dead lying here and
there, and in places where an assault has been made
the very thick on the front slopes of the German trenches.
Our telephone wagon team hit by a shell; two
horses killed and another wounded. I hit was I
sent for a wounded one, and he subsequently got well.
This night, beginning after dark, we got a terrific
shelling, which kept up till 3 or 3 in the morning.
Finally I got to sleep, though it was still going on.
We must have got a couple of hundred rounds, in single
or pairs. Every one burst over us, would light up the
darkness, and every hit in front would shake the ground
and bring down small bits of earth on us, or else the
earth thrown into the air by the explosion would come

5-6
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spattering down on our roof, and into the front of the dugout. Col. Morrison tried the mess house, but the shelling was too heavy, and he and the Adjutant joined Cosgrave and me, and we four spent an anxious night there in the dark. One officer was on watch "on the bridge" (as we called the trench at the top of the ridge) with the telephones".

White
Monday April 26th '15

"Another day of heavy actions, but last night much French and British artillery has come in, and the place is thick with Germans. There are many hundred now in these two miles of front. There are many prematures (with so much firing) but the pieces are usually spread before they get to us. It is disquieting, however, I must say. And all the time, the birds sing in the trees over our heads. Yesterday up to noon we fired 3000 rounds for the twenty-four hours; today we have fired much less, but we have registered fresh fronts, and burned some farms behind the German trenches. About six the fire died down, and we had a peaceful evening and night, and Cosgrave and I in the

...down on our roof, and late the front of the
... Col. Morrison told the mess boys, but the
... was too heavy, and he and the adjutant joined
... and me, and we four spent an anxious night
... in the bank. One officer was on watch on the
... we called the trench as the top of the
... with the telephone.

Monday April 24th '18

"Another day of heavy rain, but last night much
... and British artillery was seen in, and the
... there are many houses.
... in these two miles of front. There are many
... (with no much firing) but the places are
... they got to us. It is disappo-
... however, I must say. And all the time, the birds
... in the trees over our heads. Yesterday we
... 8000 rounds for the twenty-four hours,
... we have fired much less, but we have transferred
... and burned some farms behind the German
... About six the line had been, and we had a
... and Gough and I in the

21. 57

dugout made good use of it. The Colonel has an individual dugout, and Dodds sleeps 'topside' in the trench. To all this, put in a background of anxiety lest the line break for we are just where it broke before."

Tuesday, April 27th. 1915

"This morning again registering batteries on new points. Our expenditure of ammunition has dropped to 1000 per ^{day}. At 1.30 a heavy attack was prepared by the French and ourselves. The fire was very heavy for half an hour, and the enemy got busy too. I had to cross over to the batteries during it, an unpleasant journey. More gas attacks in the afternoon. I must say that the French did not appear to press the attack hard. In the light of subsequent events it probably was only a feint. It seems likely that about this time our people began to thin out the artillery again for use elsewhere; but this did not at once become apparent. At night usually the heavies farther back take up the story, and there is a duel. The German

about made good use of it. The Colonel has an in-
dividual dugout, and holds a class "topical" in the
trench. He sits this, but in a backroom of military
tent the line break for we are just where it broke
before."

Monday, April 27th, 1915

This morning again returning batteries on new
points. Our expenditure of ammunition has dropped to
1000 per. At 1.30 a heavy attack was prepared by the
trench and ourselves. The fire was very heavy for
half an hour, and the enemy got busy too. I had to
cross over to the batteries during it, an unpleasant
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say that the trench did not appear to press the attack
and. In the light of subsequent events it probably
was only a feint. It seems likely that about this
time our people began to thin out the artillery again
for gas elsewhere; but this did not at once become
apparent. At night usually the heaviest trench back
take up the story; and there is a dual. The German

fire on our roads after dark to catch reliefs and transport. I suppose ours do the same."

Wednesday, April 28th. 1915

"I have to confess to an excellent sleep last night. At times anxiety says, 'I don't want a meal, but experience says you need your food,' etc., so I attend regularly to that. The billet is not too safe, either. Much German air reconnaissance over us, and heavy firing from both sides during the day. Our 4th got 'lit on' a good deal and suffered. At 6.45 we again prepared a heavy artillery attack, but the infantry made little attempt to go on. We are perhaps the 'chopping block' and our 'preparations' may be chiefly designed to prevent detachments of troops being sent from our front elsewhere.

"I have said nothing of what goes on on our right and left; but it is equally part and parcel of the whole game; this eight mile front is constantly heavily engaged. At intervals, too, they bombard Ypres. Our back lines, too, have to be constantly

... on our route after dark to enter ...
I suppose ours to the same.

Wednesday, April 23rd 1914

"I have to confess to an excellent sleep last night.
... times anxiety says, I don't want a seal, but expect-
... says you need your food, well, so I altered my
... to that. The pilot is not too safe, either.
... German air reconnaissance over us, and they
... from both sides during the day. Our air force
... good deal and suffered. At 4.45 we were in
... heavy artillery attack, but the intensity was light
... to go on. We are perhaps the 'stepping stone'
... our 'operations' may be chiefly designed to
... of troops being sent from the
... elsewhere.

"I have said nothing of what goes on on our right
... left; but it is equally part and parcel of the
... this right side front is constantly
... At intervals, too, they
... Our back line, too, have to be constantly

shifted on account of shellfire, and we have desultory but constant losses there. It could not be otherwise with the number of shell the Germans fire. In the evening rifle fire gets more frequent, and bullets are constantly singing over us. Some of them are probably ricochets, for we are 1800 yards, or nearly, from the nearest German trench.

Thursday, April 29th 1915

"This morning our billet was hit. We fire less these days - two days, 200 rounds - but still a good deal. Heavy French attack on our left. The 'gas' attacks can be seen from here. The yellow cloud rising up is for us a signal to open, and we do. The wind is from our side to day, and a good thing it is. Several days ago during the firing a big Oxford-grey dog, with beautiful brown eyes, came to us in a panic. He ran to me, and pressed his head hard against my leg. So I got him a safe place and he sticks by us. We call him fleabag, for he looks like it.

This night they shelled us again heavily for some

-filled on account of soldiers, and we have been
 very but constant losses there. It could not be
 otherwise with the number of shells the Germans fire.
 In the evening this time there were frequent, and
 shells are constantly falling over us. Some of them
 are probably rockets, for we are 1800 yards, or
 more, from the nearest German trench.

Thursday, April 23rd 1914

This morning our flight was hit. The first loss
 was days - two days, 800 rounds - but still a good
 deal. Heavy French attack on our left. The
 shells can be seen from here. The yellow clouds
 are up in for us a signal to open, and we do. The
 had us from our side to day, and a good thing it is.
 several days ago during the firing a big Oxford grey
 with beautiful brown eyes, came to us in a panic.
 ran to me, and pressed his head hard against my leg.
 I got him a safe place and he stayed by me. We
 all him free, for he looks like it.
 This night they shelled us again heavily for some

hours - the same shorts, hits, overs on percussion, and great yellow green air bursts. One feels awfully irritated by the constant din - a mixture of anger and apprehension".

Friday April 30th 1915

"Thick mist this morning, and relative quietness; but before it cleared the Germans started again to shell us. At 10 it cleared, and from 10 to 2 we fired constantly. The French advanced, and took some ground on our left front and a batch of prisoners. This was at a place we call Twin Farms. Our men looked curiously at the Boches as they were marched through. This evening from 8 to 10 we had a heavy shelling again, 80 to 100 shells coming just over the crest of our ridge. Some better activity in the afternoon by the Allies' aeroplanes. The German planes have had it too much their way lately. Many of to-day's shells have been very large - 10 or 12 inch; a lot of tremendous holes dug in the fields just behind us.

course - the same distance, hits, covers on percussion
and great yellow steam all around. One feels awfully
crushed by the constant din - a mixture of snare and
cymbal.

Friday April 20th 1918

Thank you for this morning, and relative calmness.
But before it cleared the Germans started again to
shell us. At 10 it cleared, and from 10 to 2 we fired
constantly. The French advanced, and took some ground
on our left front and a patch of plateau. This was
a place we call twin farms. Our men looked surprised
at the bushes as they were mowed through. This
was from 8 to 10 we had a heavy sniping again, 30
or 100 shells coming just over the crest of our ridge.
We better activity in the afternoon by the Allies.
The German planes have had it too much
but very lately. Many of the day's shells have been
very large - 16 or 18 inch; a lot of tremendous holes
in the fields just behind us.

Saturday, May 1st 1915

"May day ! Looks like rain this morning. Heavy bombardment at intervals through the day. Another heavy artillery preparation at 3.25, but no French advance. We fail to understand why, but orders go. We suffered somewhat during the day. Through the evening and night heavy firing at intervals."

Sunday, May 2nd 1915

"Heavy gunfire again this morning. Lieut. H. was killed at the guns. His diary's last words were, "It has quieted a little and I shall try to get a good sleep". His girl's picture had a hole through it, and we buried it with him. I said the Committal Service over him, as well as I could from memory. A soldier's death ! Batteries again registering barrages or barriers of fire at set ranges. At 3 the Germans attacked, preceded by gas clouds. Fighting went on for an hour and a half, during which their guns hammered heavily with some loss to us. The French lines are very uneasy.

Saturday, May 1st 1918

Very dry! Took the rain this morning. Heavy

comparment at intervals through the day. Another

heavy artillery preparation at 8.30, but no French

advance. We fail to understand why, but orders of

the entered apparent during the day. Through the

evening and night heavy firing at intervals.

Sunday, May 2nd 1918

Heavy gunfire again this morning. Light

was killed at the guns. His diary's last words were

"It has quieted a little and I shall try to get a good

sleep". His girl's picture had a hole through it, and

he buried it with him. I saw the Communist Service

over him, as well as I could from memory. A soldier's

death! Batteries again registering barrage or per-

sons of fire at set ranges. At 8 the Germans attacked

preceded by gas clouds. Fighting went on for an hour

and a half, during which their guns hammered heavily

with some loss to us. The French lines are very uneasy.

and we are correspondingly anxious. Infantry fire very heavy, and we fired incessantly, keeping on into the night. Despite the heavy fire I got asleep at 12 and slept until daylight which comes at three.

Monday, May 3rd 1915

"A clear morning, and the accursed German aeroplanes over our positions again. They are usually fired at, but no luck. To day a shell on our hill dug out a cannon ball about 6 inches in diameter - probably of Napoleon's or earlier times - heavily rusted. German attack began, but half an hour of artillery fire drove it back. Major....., R.A., was up forward, and could see the German reserves. Our 4th was turned on: first round 100 over; shortened and went into gunfire, and his report was that the effect was perfect. The same occurred again at 5 to 6 in the evening and again at midnight. The Germans were reported to be constantly massing for attack, and we as constantly "went to them". The German guns shelled us as usual at intervals. This must get very tiresome to read; but through it all, it

of us are correspondingly anxious. Infantry fire
is heavy, and we fire incessantly, keeping on into
the night. Despite the heavy fire I got asleep at 11
and slept until daylight when I awoke at three.

Monday, May 2nd 1915

A clear day, and the accused German reconnaissance
over our positions again. They are usually lined up
at no less. To day a shell on our hill and
ran half about 5 miles in diameter - probably of
a 150 lb or earlier time - usually made. German
shells began, but half an hour of artillery fire began
to break. Major... B.A. was up forward, and would
on the German reserves. Our 4th was turned on first
and 100 over; shortened and sent into position, and the
report was that the effect was perfect. The same re-
sulted again at 5 to 6 in the evening and again at mid-
night. The Germans were reported to be constantly
searching for cracks, and we are constantly "vent to them".
The German guns shelled us at usual intervals. This
must not very tiresome to read, but through it all it

must be mentioned that the constantly broken communica-
tions have to be mended, rations and ammunitions brought
up, wounded to be dressed and got away. Our dugouts
have the French Engineers and French Infantry next door
by turns. They march in and out. The back of the hill
is a network of wires, so that one has to go carefully."

Tuesday, May 4th, 1915.

"Despite intermittent shelling and some
casualties the quietest day yet; but we live in an
uneasy atmosphere as German attacks are constantly
being projected, and our communications are interrupted
and scrappy. We are running out of wire. We get no news
of any sort, and have just to sit tight and hold on.
Evening closed in rainy and dark. Our dugout is very
slenderly provided against it, and we get pretty wet
and very dirty. In the quieter morning hours we get a
chance of a wash and occasionally a shave."

Wednesday, May 5th, 1915.

"Heavily hammered in the morning from 7 to 9,
but at 9 it let up; the sun came out and things looked
better. Evidently our line has again been thinned of

... mentioned that the committee
... to be worked, ... and ...
... to be ... and ...
... the ... and ...
... the ... of the ...
... work of ... to ...

Friday, May 27, 1911

Despite ...
... the ...
... atmosphere ...
... and ...
... We are ...
... and have ...
... closed in ...
... and we ...
... in the ...
... of a wash and ...

Wednesday, May 31, 1911

... in the morning ...
... the sun ...
... the ...

artillery and the requisite minimum to hold is left. German attacks to our right, just out of our area. Later on we and they both fired heavily, the first battery getting it especially hot. The planes over us again and again, doubtless to coach the guns. An attack expected at dusk, but it turned only to heavy night shelling, so that with our fire, theirs, and the infantry cracking away constantly, we got sleep in small quantity all night; bullets whizzing over us constantly. Heavy rain from 5 to 8, and everything wet except the far-in corner of the dugout, where we mass our things to keep them as dry as we may."

Thursday, May 6th, 1915.

"After the rain a bright morning; the leaves and blossoms are coming out. Had a quite decent wash; we ascribe our quietude to a welcome flock of allied planes which are over this morning. The Germans attacked at eleven, and again at six in the afternoon, each meaning a waking up of heavy artillery on the whole front. In the evening we had a little rain at intervals, but it was light."

Friday, May 7th, 1915.

"A bright morning early, but clouded over later.

illery and the requisite minimum to help the...
back to our right, just out of our view. Later we
they both fired heavily, the first battery getting
especially hot. The clouds over us again and again
it was to catch the train, an attack expected at dusk,
it turned only to heavy smoke falling, so that with
a little, the air, and the intensity of the smoke was
only, we got away the small quantity of our
back over us constantly. Heavy rain fell to 6, and
everything but except the far-in corner of the forest,
we were our things to keep them as dry as we could.

Thursday, May 21st, 1915.

"After the rain a little morning; the morning
of darkness are coming out. Had a little evening rain; we
could our antiaircraft to a weapons flock of allied planes
led over this morning. The Germans advanced at
even, and again at six in the afternoon, each morning
making up of heavy artillery on the whole front. In
evening we had a little rain at intervals, but it

light."

Friday, May 22nd, 1915.

"A bright morning only, but clouded over a later."

5403.

Germans gave it to us very heavily. Considerable firing about midday. Heavy fighting on to the south-east of us. Two attacks or threats, and we went in again. Rain has kept off despite appearances."

Saturday, May 8th, 1915.

"For the last three days we have been under British divisional control, and supporting our own men who have been put farther to the left, till they are almost in front of us. It is an added comfort. We have four officers out with various infantry regiments for observation and cooperation; they have to stick it in trenches, as all the houses and barns are burned. The whole front is constantly ablaze with big gun fire; the racket never ceases. At intervals of a couple of hours, they will turn 20 or 30 rounds on us. At 7 this morning we were heavily shelled; on our right a half hour's very heavy bombardment, we firing only intermittently. We have now to do most of the work for our left, as our line appears to be much thinner than it was. German attack followed the shelling at 7; we were fighting hard till 12, and less regularly all the afternoon. We suffered much, and at one time were down to seven guns. Of these two were

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out midday. Heavy fighting on to the south-east of us.
attacks or threats, and we went in again. Rain has
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Saturday, May 8th, 1915.

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impairment, we firing only intermittently. We have now
do most of the work for our left, as our line appears
be much thinner than it was. German attack followed
shelling at 7; we were fighting hard till 12, and
as regularly all the afternoon. We suffered much, and
one time were down to seven guns. Of these two were

smoking at every joint, and the levers were so hot that the gunners used sacking for their hands. The pace has got much hotter, and the needs of the infantry for fire more insistent. The guns are in bad shape by reason of dirt, injuries, and heat. The wind fortunately blows from us, so there is no gas but the attacks are still very heavy. Evening brought a little quiet, but very disquieting news, (which afterwards proved untrue); and we had to face a possible retirement. You may imagine our state of mind, unable to get anything sure in the uncertainty, except that we should stick out as long as the guns would fire, and we could fire them. That sort of night brings a man down to his "bare skin", I promise you. The night was very cold, and not a cheerful one."

Sunday, May 9th, 1915.

"At 4, Col. M----- ordered me to get ready to move, and the Adjutant picked out new retirement positions; but a little later better news came, and the daylight and sun revived us a bit. As I sat in my dugout a little white and black dog with some tan spots during heavy firing bolted in over the parapet, and going to the farthest corner began to dig furiously. Having

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 the gunners used seeking for their hands. The pace was
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 rust, injuries, and heat. The wind fortunately blows
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 very heavy. Evening brought a little quiet, but very
 quieting news, (which afterwards proved untrue); and
 had to face a possible retirement. You may imagine our
 state of mind, unable to get anything sure in the un-
 certainty, except that we should stick out as long as the
 we would fire, and we could fire them. That sort of
 fight brings a man down to his "bare skin", I promise you.
 The night was very cold, and not a cheerful one."

Sunday, May 27th, 1916.

"At 4, Col. M----- ordered me to get ready
 move, and the Adjutant picked out new retirement
 positions but a little later better news came, and the
 light and sun revived us a bit. As I sat in my dugout
 little white and black dog with some tan spots during
 my firing pointed in over the parapet, and going to
 the farthest corner began to dig furiously. Having

scraped out a pathetic little hole two inches deep, it sat down and shook, looking most plaintively at me. A few minutes later, her owner came along, a French soldier. "Bissac" was her name, but she would not leave me at the time. When I sat down a little later, she stole out and shyly crawled in between me and the wall - she stayed by me all day, and I hope got later on to safe quarters. Firing kept up all day. In thirty hours we had fired 3,600 rounds, and at times with seven, eight, or nine guns. One wire cut and repaired eighteen times. Orders came to move, and we got ready. At dusk we got the guns out by hand, and all batteries assembled at a given spot in comparative safety. We were much afraid they would open on us, for at 12 o'clock on they gave us 100 or 150 rounds of field gun-fire, hitting the trench parapet again and again. However, we were up the road, the last wagon half a mile away before they opened. One burst near me, and splattered some pieces around, and they got a horse on the last wagon, - but we got clear and by 10 were out of the usual fire zone. Marched all night, tired as could be, but happy to be clear. I was glad to get on dear old "Bonfire" again. We made about

carried out a pathetic little hole two inches deep, it
 down and shook, looking most plaintively at me. A
 minutes later, her owner came along, a French soldier.
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 to move, and we got ready. At dusk we got the guns
 by hand, and all batteries assembled at a given
 of in comparative safety. We were much afraid they
 and open on us, for at 12 o'clock on they gave us 100
 150 rounds of field gun-fire, hitting the trench
 spot again and again. However, we were up the road,
 last wagon half a mile away before they opened. One
 at near me, and splattered some pieces around, and
 got a horse on the last wagon - but we got clear
 by 10 were out of the usual fire zone. Marched all
 at, tired as could be, but happy to be clear. I was
 to get on dear old "Bonnie" again. We made about

sixteen miles, and got to our billets at dawn. I got three or four hours sleep, and we arose to a peaceful breakfast. We shall go back to the line elsewhere very soon, but it is a present relief, and the next place is sure to be better, for it can't be worse. Much of this narrative is bald and plain, but it tells our part in a really great battle. I have only had hasty notes to go by: in conversation there is much one could say that would be of greater interest. Heard of the Lusitania disaster on our road out. A terrible affair!

Here ends the ^{white line} account of his part in this memorable battle, and here follow some general observations upon the experience.

Northern France, May 10th, 1915.

"We got here to refit and rest this morning at 4, having marched last night at ¹⁰ten. At 8 we got started out of the "hell hole" that we have been in. I have no proper diary of the time - only notes; but I hope to write it day by day. But the general impression in my mind is of a nightmare, and you can gather up the impressions and piece them together. We have been

... I got
 ... and we arose to a peaceful
 ... We shall go back to the line elsewhere very
 ... but it is a present relief, and the next place is
 ... for it can't be worse. Much of this
 ... but it tells our part in a
 ... I have only had hasty notes to go
 ... in conversation there is much one could say that
 ... Heard of the Insurrection
 ... A terrible affair!
 ... Here ends the account of his part in this
 ... and here follow some general observa-
 ... upon the experience.

Northern France, May 10th, 1918.

"We got here to rest and rest this morning
 ... At 8 we got
 ... that we have been in. I
 ... only notes; but I
 ... But the general impression
 ... and you can gather up
 ... We have been

in the most bitter of fight. For seventeen days and
seventeen nights none of us have had our clothes off,
nor our boots even, except occasionally. In all that
time while I was awake, gunfire and rifle fire never
ceased for sixty seconds, and it was sticking to our
utmost by a weak line all but ready to break, knowing
nothing of what was going on, and depressed by reports
of anxious infantry. The men and the divisions are
worthy of all praise that can be given. It did not end
in four days when many of our infantry were taken out.
It kept on at fever heat till yesterday. This, of course,
is the second battle of Ypres, or the battle of the Yser,
I do not know which. At one time we were down to seven
guns, but those guns were smoking at every joint, the
gunners using cloth to handle the breech levers because
of the heat. We had three batteries in action with four
guns added from the other units. Our casualties were
half the number of men in the firing line. The horse
lines and the wagon lines farther back suffered less, *but*
and the Brigade list has gone far higher than any
artillery normal. I know one brigade R.A. that was in

the most bitter of fight. For seventeen days and
 seventeen nights some of us have had our clothes off
 our backs even, except occasionally. In all that
 time while I was awake, gunfire and rifle fire never
 ceased for sixty seconds, and it was striking to our
 front by a weak line all but ready to break, knowing
 nothing of what was going on, and depressed by reports
 of anxious infantry. The men and the divisions are
 weary of all praise that can be given. It did not end
 a few days when many of our infantry were taken out.
 I fight on as fever heat will yesterday. This of course
 is the second battle of Ypres, or the battle of the Yser,
 to not know which. At one time we were down to seven
 men, but those seven were smoking at every joint, the
 men were using cloth to handle the brass layers because
 of the heat. We had three batteries in action with four
 guns added from the other units. Our casualties were
 all the number of men in the firing line. The horse
 lines and the wagon lines further back suffered less.
 and the brigade list has gone far higher than any
 ordinary normal. I know one brigade list that was in

the Mons retreat and had about the same. I have done what fell to hand. My clothes, boots, kit, and dugout had at various times been sadly bloody. Two of our batteries are reduced to two officers each. We have had constant accurate shell-fire, but we have given back no less. And behind it all was the constant background of the sights of the dead, the wounded, the maimed, and a terrible anxiety lest the line should give way. During all this time, we have been behind French troops, and only helping our own people by oblique fire when necessary. Our horses have suffered heavily too. I told you that "Bonfire" have a light wound from a piece of shell; it is healing and the dear old fellow is very fit. Had my first ride for seventeen days last night. We never saw horses but with the wagons bringing up the ammunition. When fire was hottest they had to come two miles on a road terribly fire swept and they did it magnificently. But how tired we are! Weary in body and wearier in mind, none of our men went off their heads but men in units nearby did - and no wonder.

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illery normal. I know one private R.A. that was in

France, May 12th, 1915.

"I am glad you had your mind at rest by the rumour that we were in reserve. What newspaper work! The poor old artillery never gets any mention, and the whole show is the infantry. It may interest you to note on your map a spot on the west bank of the canal, a mile and-a-half north of Ypres.as the scene of our labours. There can be no harm in saying so, now that we are out of it. The unit was the most advanced of all the allies' guns by a good deal except one French battery which stayed in a position yet more advanced ~~four~~ two days, and then had to be taken out. I think it may be said that we saw the show from the soup to the coffee."

France, May 17th, 1915.

"The farther we get away from Ypres the more we learn of the enormous power the Germans put in to push us over. Lord only knows how many men they had, and how many they lost. I wish I could embody on paper some of the varied sensations of that seventeen days. All the gunners down this way passed us all sorts of kudos over it. Our guns - those behind us,

France, May 18th, 1918.

"I am glad you had your mind at rest by the
 amount that we were in reserve. What newspaper work!
 The poor old artillery never gets any mention, and the
 whole show is the infantry. It may interest you to
 note on your map a spot on the west bank of the canal,
 a mile and-a-half north of Ypres. As the scene of our
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 we are out of it. The unit was the most advanced of
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France, May 17th, 1918.

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 paper some of the varied sensations of that seventeen
 days. All the gnawers down this way passed us all
 sorts of knobs over it. Our guns - those behind us,

from which we had to dodge occasional prematures - 71
 have a peculiar bang-sound added to the sharp crack of
 discharge. The French 75 has a sharp wood-block-chop
 sound, and the shell goes over with a peculiar whine -
 not unlike a cat, but beginning with n₃--thus, - n-eouw.
 The big fellows, 3,000 yards or more behind, sounded
 exactly like our own, but the flash came three or four
 seconds before the sound. Of the German shells - the
 field guns come with a great velocity - no warning -
 just whizz--bang; white smoke, nearly always air bursts.
 The next size, probably 5" ^{how} howitzers, have a perceptible
 time of approach and increasing whine, and a great
 burst on the percussion - dirt in all directions. And
 even if a shell hit on the front of the canal bank, and
 one were on the back of the bank, 5, 8, or 10 seconds
 later one would hear a belated whirr, and curved
 pieces of shell would light - probably parabolic curves
 or boomerangs. These shells have a great back kick;
 from the field gun shrapnel we got nothing behind the
 shell - all the pieces go forward. From the howitzers,
 the danger is almost as great behind as in front if
 they burst on percussion. Then the large shrapnel - air-

from which we had to dodge occasional premature -
 have a peculiar bang-sound added to the sharp crack of
 discharge. The French V8 has a sharp wood-block-snap
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 not unlike a cat, but beginning with n--tins - n--oww.
 The big fellows, 3,000 yards or more behind, sounded
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 seconds before the sound. Of the German shells - the
 field guns come with a great velocity - no warning -
 just whizz--bang; white smoke, nearly always air bursts.
 The next size, probably 57 pounders, have a perceptible
 time of approach and increasing whine, and a great
 burst on the percussion - first in all directions. And
 even if a shell hit on the front of the canal bank, and
 one were on the back of the bank, 5, 8, or 10 seconds
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 shell - all the pieces go forward. From the howitzers,
 the danger is almost as great behind as in front if
 any burst on percussion. Then the large snaphel - air-

burst have a double explosion, as if a giant shook a wet sail for two flaps, first a dark, green burst of smoke; then a lighter yellow burst goes out from the centre, forwards. I do not understand the why of it.

Then the 10-inch shells: a deliberate whirring course - a deafening explosion - black smoke, and earth 70 or 80 feet in the air. These always burst on percussion. The pieces of these shells are of different sizes varying from one half inch to two inches in thickness. The constant noise of our own guns is really worse on the nerves than the shell; there is the deafening noise, and the constant whirr of shells going overhead. The earth shakes with every nearby gun and every close shell. I think I may safely enclose a cross section of our position. The left is the front: a slope down of 20 feet in 100 yards to the canal, a high row of trees on each bank, then a short 40 yards slope up to the summit of the trench, where the brain of the outfit was; then a telephone wired slope, and on the sharp slope, the dugouts, including my own. The nondescript affair on the low slope is the gun position, behind it the

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accounts, including my own. The nondescript affair
in the low slope is the gun position, behind it the

men's shelter pits. Behind my dugout a rapid small stream, on its far bank a row of pollard willows, then 30 yards of field, then a road with two parallel rows of high trees. Behind this again, several hundred yards of fields to cross before the main gun positions are reached. More often fire came from three quarters left, and because our ridge died away there was a low spot over which they could come pretty dangerously. The road thirty yards behind us was a nightmare to me. I saw all the tragedies of war enacted there. A wagon, or a bunch of horses, or a stray man, or a couple of men, would get there just in time for a shell. One would see the absolute knockout, and the obviously lightly wounded crawling off on his hands and knees; or worse yet, at night, one would hear the tragedy - "that horse scream" - or the man's moan. All our own wagons had to come there (one every half hour in smart action), be emptied, and the ammunition carried over by hand. Do you wonder that the road got on our nerves? On this road, too, was the house where we took our meals. It was hit several times, windows all blown in by nearby shells, but one end remained for us. I spoke before of the

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 several times, windows all blown in by nearby shells,
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shells on the trees - the worse kind, for they spread so much more. Seventeen days of hades! At the end of the first day if any-one had told us we had to spend seventeen days there we would have folded our hands and said it could not be done. On the 15th day we got orders ^{to} "Go out" - but that was countermanded in two hours. To the last we could scarcely believe we were actually to get out. The real audacity of the position was its safety: the Germans knew to a foot where we were. I think I told you of some of the "you must stick it out" messages we got from our (French) General - they put it up to us. It is a wonder to me that we slept when, and how, we did. If we had not slept and eaten as well as possible we could not have lasted out. And while we were doing this, the London office of a Canadian newspaper cabled home, "Canadian Artillery in reserve". Such is fame!

Thursday, May 27th, 1915.

"Day cloudy and chilly. We wore our greatcoats most of the afternoon, and looked for bits of sunlight to get warm. About two o'clock the heavy guns gave us a regular "blacksmithing". Every time we fired we drew a

shells on the trees - the worse kind, for they spread so
 much more. Seventeen days of habs! At the end of the
 first day if any-one had told us we had to spend seven-
 teen days there we would have folded our hands and said
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 "Go out" - but that was countermanded in two hours. To
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 newspaper called home "Canadian Artillery in reserve".
 such a name!"

Thursday, May 27th, 1915.

"Day cloudy and chilly. We wore our greatcoats
 most of the afternoon, and looked for bits of sunlight
 to get warm. About two o'clock the heavy rain gave us a
 regular "blacksmithing". Every time we fired we drew a

perfect hornet's nest about our heads. One section of our battery is to move tonight. The 2nd and ourselves (we are separated only by a road and 150 yards) got it very heavily, while there attending to a casualty, a shell broke through both sides of the trench, front and back, about 12 feet away. ^{spell} The zigzag of the trench was between it and us, and we escaped. Cloudy night with intermittent moonlight; and very cold. From my bunk the moon looks down at me, and the wind whistles along the trench like a corridor. As the trenches run in all directions they catch the wind however it blows, so one is always sure of a good draft. ^{up} We have not had our clothes off since last Saturday, and there is no near prospect of getting them off. This proved the quietest night since we came here, our position not being shelled at all, so far as I know. There was only one desultory firing on both sides between 9 and 12, after which I have no knowledge of happenings, thanks to sound sleep."

Friday, May 28th, 1915.

"Warmer this morning and sunny, a quiet morning, as far as we were concerned, our battery fired ²⁰ rounds and the rest 'sat tight'. Newspapers which arrive show

perfect mortar's nest about our heads. One section of
 our battery is to move tonight. The 2nd and ourselves
 we are separated only by a road and 150 yards) but it
 very heavily while there attending to a casualty, a shell
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 came here, our position not being shelled at all, so far
 I know. There was only one desultory firing on both
 sides between 9 and 12, after which I have no knowledge
 of happenings, thanks to sound sleep."

Friday, May 28th, 1915.

"Warmer this morning and sunny, a quiet morning,
 for as we were concerned, our battery fired 30 rounds
 of the rest last night. Newspapers which arrive show

that up to May 7th, the Canadian public has made no guess at the extent of the battle of Ypres. The Canadian papers seem to have lost interest in it after the first four days; this regardless of the fact that the artillery, numerically a quarter of the division, was in all the time. One correspondent writes from the Canadian rest camp, and never mentions Ypres. Others say they hear heavy bombarding which appears to come from Armentieres".

A few strokes will complete the picture:

Wednesday, April 29th, 1915.

"This morning is the sixth day of this fight: it has been constant, except that we got the last two nights good chance to sleep. Our men have fought beyond praise. Canadian soldiers have set a standard for themselves which will keep posterity busy to surpass. And the War Office published that the 4.1 guns captured were Canadian. They were not: the division has not lost a gun so far, by capture. My best love to you all. We will make a good job of it - if we can."

... up to me, for the American public has made no
... at the present, the battle of Texas. The
... than it seems to have had interest in it after
... first four cases this organization of the fact that
... activities, particularly a number of the division
... in all the states. The corresponding action from the
... in that vast camp, and never mentioned Texas. Others
... they have heavy boarding which appears to come
... low American?

A few states will complete the picture
... ..

This morning in the state day of the ... it
... been constant, except that we got the ... the
... the good chance to elect. Our men have found favor
... value. General Johnson has now a standard for the
... men which will keep gathering here to ... the
... or Office published that the 4.1 ... on ... were
... .. they were not; the division has not lost a
... .. so far, by contrast. My best love to you all. Be
... .. will make a good job of it - if we can't.

May 1st, 1915.

When things quiet down I hope to give you an extended account of our sojourn in this hell. Now the ninth day in which we have stuck to the ridge, and the batteries have fought with a steadiness which is beyond all praise. If I could say what our casualties in men, guns, and horses were, you would see at a glance it has been a hot corner; but we have given better than we got, for the German casualties from this front have been largely from artillery, except for the French attack of yesterday and the day before, when they advanced appreciably on our left. The front however just here remains where it was, and the artillery fire is very heavy, I think as heavy here as on any part of the line, with the exception of certain cross roads which are, of course, the particular object of fire. The first four days the anxiety was wearing, for we did not know at what minute the German army corps would come for us. We lie out in support of the French troops entirely, and are working with them. Since that time evidently great reinforcements have come in, and now we have a

7 8 17.

most formidable force of artillery to turn on them. We came in at daylight on Friday a week ago, and are here yet. Fortunately the weather has been good; the days are hot and summerlike. Yesterday in the press of bad smells I got a whiff of a hedgerow in bloom. The birds perched on the trees over our heads and twitter away as if there was nothing to worry about. Many of the trees are badly cut by shells. "Bonfire" is still well. The morning we came in a horse was killed by a shell about five yards from him. I do hope he gets through all right. The story will be interesting to tell, if I get a chance to write it; but really life is too unsettled to set down details.

Flanders, March 30th, 1915.

"The Brigade is actually in twelve different places. The ammunition column and the horse and wagon lines are back, and my corporal visits them every day. I attend the gun lines; any casualty is reported by telephone, and I go to it. The wounded and sick stay where they are till dark when the Field Ambulances go over certain grounds and collect.

most formidable force of artillery to turn on them
was in at daylight on Friday a week ago, and the days
of. Fortunately the weather has been good; the days
are hot and sunny-like. Yesterday in the grass of the
meadows I got a whiff of a hedgerow in bloom. The

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away as if there was nothing to worry about. Many of
the trees are badly cut by shells. "Bonfire" is still
well. The morning we came in a horse was killed by a
shell about five yards from him. I do hope he gets
through all right. The story will be interesting to
tell, if I get a chance to write it; but really life
is too uninteresting to set down details.

Windsor, March 30th, 1915.

"The bridge is actually in twelve different
places. The ammunition column and the horse and
wagon lines are back, and my corporal visits them
every day. I attend the gun lines; my company is
reported by telephone, and I go to it. The wounded
and sick stay where they are till dark when the
Red Ambulance go out to get certain groups and collect.

A good deal of suffering is entailed by the delay till night, but it is useless for vehicles to go on the roads within 1500 yards of the trenches. They are willing enough to go. Most of the trench injuries are of the head, and, therefore, there is a high proportion of killed in the daily warfare as opposed to an attack. Our Canadian plots fill up rapidly."

And here is one last note to his mother:

"On the eve of the battle of Ypres I was indebted to you for a letter which said "take good care of my son Jack, but I would not have you unmindful that sometimes when we save we lose". I have that last happy phrase to thank. Often when I had to go out over the areas that were being shelled, it came into my mind. I would shoulder the box, and "go to it".

At this time the Canadian division was moving south to take its share in the events that happened in the La Bassee sector. Here is the record:

Tuesday, June 1st, 1915.

One-and-a-half miles northeast of Festubert,
near La Bassee.

A good deal of suffering is entailed by the delay till
 night, but it is useless for vehicles to go on the
 roads within 1500 yards of the trenches. They are
 willing enough to go. Most of the trench injuries are
 of the head, and, therefore, there is a high propor-
 tion of killed in the daily warfare as opposed to an
 attack. Our Canadian platoons fill up rapidly."

And here is one last note to his mother:
 "On the eve of the battle of Ypres I was

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have that last happy phrase to thank. Often when I

had to go out over the areas that were being shelled,

it came into my mind. I would shoulder the box, and

go to it."

At this time the Canadian Division was moving

south to take its share in the events that happened

in the la Bassée sector. Here is the record:

Tuesday, June 1st, 1915.

One-and-a-half miles northwest of Passchendaele.
 Just in Passchendaele.

Last night a 15 pr. and a 4 inch howitzer fired at intervals of five minutes from 8 till 4; most of them within 500 or 600 yards - a very tiresome procedure; much of it is on registered loads. In the morning I walked out to Le Touret to the wagon lines, got "Bonfire", and rode to the headquarters at Vendin-lez-Bethune, a little village a mile past Bethune. Left the horse at the lines and walked back again. An unfortunate shell in the 1st killed a sergeant, and wounded two men; thanks to the strong emplacements the rest of the crew escaped. They continued heavy gunfire on the trenches. In the evening went around the batteries and said good-bye. We stood by while they laid away the sergeant who was killed. Kind hands have made two pathetic little wreaths of roses; the grave under an apple-tree, and the moon rising over the horizon; a siege-lamp held for the book. The enemy have installed a searchlight probably in La Bassee. Of the last 41 days the guns have been in action 33. Captain Lockhart late with Fort Garry Horse arrived to relieve me. I handed over, came up to the horse lines, and slept in a covered wagon in a

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fired at intervals of five minutes from 8 till 4; most
of them within 500 or 600 yards - a very tiresome
procedure; much of it in an registered locale. In the
morning I walked out to the front to the wagon line,
at "Boult's", and rode to the headquarters of Van-
der-Bath, a little village a mile past Bethune.
Left the horse at the line and walked back again.
An unfortunate shell in the lat killed a sergeant, and
wounded two men; thanks to the strong emphasis the
rest of the crew engaged. They continued heavy gun-
fire on the trenches. In the evening went around the
batteries and said good-bye. We stood by while they
laid away the sergeant who was killed. Kind words
have made two pathetic little wreaths of roses; the
grave under an apple-tree, and the moon rising over
the horizon; a stay-fare held for the boat. The
enemy have installed a searchlight probably in
the distance. Of the last 41 days the same have been in
action 33. Captain Lockhart late with York Garry
force arrived to relieve us. I handed over, came up
to the horse line, and slept in a covered wagon in a

courtyard. We were all sorry to part - the four of us have been very intimate and had agreed perfectly - and friendships under these circumstances are apt to be the real thing. I am sorry to leave them in such a hot corner, but we cannot choose time, but must obey orders. It is a great relief from strain, I must admit, to be out, but I could wish that they all were."

This phase of the war lasted two months precisely, and to John McCrae it must have seemed a lifetime since he went into this memorable action. The events preceding the second battle of Ypres received scant mention in his letters; but one letter remains which brings into relief one of the many moves of that tumultuous time.

April 1st, 1915.

"We moved out in the late afternoon, getting on the road a little after dark. Such a move is not unattended by danger, for to bring horses and limbers down the roads in the shell zone in daylight renders them liable to observation, aerial or otherwise. More than that, the roads are now beginning to be dusty, and at all times there is the noise which carries far.

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It is a great relief from actual, I must admit, to be
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This phase of the war lasted two months pre-
cisely, and to John Meade it must have seemed a life-
time since he went into this memorable action. The
events preceding the second battle of Ypres received
great mention in his letters; but one letter remains
which brings into relief one of the many moves of that
tumultuous time.

April 1st, 1918.

"We moved out in the late afternoon, getting on
the road a little after dark. Such a move is not
attended by danger, for to break horses and finders
down the roads in the shell zone in daylight renders
them liable to observation, aerial or otherwise. More
than that, the roads are now beginning to be empty,
and at all times there is the noise which carries far.

The roads are nearly all registered in their battery books, so if they suspect a move, it is the natural thing to loose off a few rounds. However, our anxiety was not borne out, and we got out of the danger zone by 8.30, a not too long march in the dark, and then for the last of the march a glorious full moon. The houses everywhere are as dark as possible, and on the roads noises but no lights. One goes on by the long rows of trees that are so numerous in this country, on cobblestones and country roads, watching one's horses ears wagging, and seeing not much else. Our maps are well studied before we start, and this time we are not much out of familiar territory. We got to our new billet about 10 - quite a good farm house; and almost at once one feels the relief of the strain of being in the shell zone. I cannot say I had noticed it when there; but one is distinctly relieved when he is out of it. So I daresay we shall be the better of the couple of days respite they promise us."

Such, then, was the life in Flanders fields in which the verse was born. This is no mere surmise. There

The roads are nearly all registered in their history books, so it may suggest a novel, it is the natural thing to loose off a few volumes. However, our anxiety was not borne out, and we got out of the driver's seat by 8.30, a not too long wait in the hall, and then for the last of the month a pleasant full moon. The houses everywhere are as dark as possible, and on the roads noise but no lights. One goes on by the long rows of trees that are so numerous in this country, on hillsides and country roads, watching one's horses careening, and feeling not much else. Our eyes are well shielded before we start, and this time we are not much out of familiar territory. We get to our new place about 10 - quite a good farm house; and almost at once one feels the relief of the strain of being in the field zone. I cannot say I had noticed it when there; but one is distinctly relieved when he is out of it. As I have said we shall be the better of the couple of days respite they promise us."

Such, then, was the life in Pharsalia. There is which the verse was born. This is no mere question. There

is a letter, from Brigadier-General E.W.B. Morrison, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., who commanded the Brigade at the time, which is quite explicit. This poem, General Morrison writes, was literally born of fire and blood during the hottest phase of the second battle of Ypres. My headquarters were in a trench on the top of the "spoil bank" of the Ypres Canal, and John had his dressing station in a ^{hole} dug in the foot of the bank. During periods in the battle men who were shot actually rolled down the bank into his dressing station. Along from us a few hundred yards was the headquarters of a regiment, and many times during the 16 days of battle, he and I watched them burying their dead whenever there was a lull. Thus "the crosses row or row" grew into a good-sized cemetery. Just as he describes, we often heard in the mornings the larks singing high in the air, between the crash of the shell and the reports of the guns in the battery just beside us. I have a letter from him in which he ^{mentions} describes having written the poem to pass away the time between the arrival of batches of wounded, and partly as an experiment with several varieties of poetic metre. I have a sketch of the

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scene, taken at the time, including his dressing station; and during our operations at Passchendaele last November, I found time to make a sketch of the scene of the crosses row on row from which he derived his inspiration.

^{His} My last letter from the front is dated June 1st, 1915. Upon that day he was posted to No. 3 General Hospital at Boulogne and placed in charge of medicine with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel as of date 17th April, 1915. Here he remained until the day of his death on January 28th, 1918.

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 of his death on January 28th, 1918.

There are men who pass through such scenes unmoved. If they have eyes, they do not see; and ears, they do not hear. But John McCrae was profoundly moved, and he bore in his body until the end the signs of his experience. Before taking up his new duties he made a visit to the Hospital in Paris to see if there was any new thing that might be learned. A Nursing Sister in the American Ambulance at Neuilly-sur-Seine met him in the wards. Although she had known him for fifteen years she did not recognize him, - he appeared to her so old, so worn, his face lined and ashen grey in colour, his expression dull, his action slow and heavy.

To those who have never seen John McCrae since he left Canada this change in his appearance will seem incredible. He was of the Eckfords, and the Eckford men were "bonnie men", men with rosy cheeks. It was a year before I met him again, and he had not yet recovered from the strain. Although he was upwards of forty years of age when he left Canada he had always retained an appearance of extreme youthfulness. He

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covered from the strain. Although he was upwards of
forty years of age when he left Canada he had always
retained an appearance of extreme youthfulness. He

frequented the company of men much younger than himself, and their youth was imparted^u to him. His frame was small and well knit, and he showed alertness in every move. He would arise from the chair with every muscle in action, and walk forth as if he were about to dance.

The first time I saw him he was doing an autopsy at the Montreal General Hospital upon the body of a child who had died under my care. This must have been in the year 1902^o, and the impression of boyishness remained until I met him in France^{Sid} fourteen years later. His manner of dress did much to produce this illusion. When he was a student in London he employed a tailor in Queen Victoria Street to make his clothes; but with advancing years he neglected to have new measurements taken or to alter the pattern of his cloth. To obtain a new suit was merely to write a letter, and he was always economical of time. In those days jackets were cut short, and he adhered to the fashion with persistent care.

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physician, and consulted him for the first time. When he had temporary charge of medicine at Johns Hopkins he was consulted by a stranger who was prepared for some pomp in one who occupied so exalted a post. The patient was betrayed into surprise and tactlessness.

"I would like to consult an abler doctor," he said.

"You mean an older doctor, perhaps: you will find none more able," was the young Consultant's reply.

In the Royal Victoria Hospital, after he had been appointed physician, he entered the wards, and asked a nurse to fetch a screen so that he might examine a patient in some privacy.

"Students are not allowed to use screens," the young woman warned him with some asperity in her voice.

If I were asked to state briefly the impression which remains with me most firmly, I should say it was one of continuous laughter. That is not true, of course, for in repose his face was heavy, his countenance more than ruddy; it was even of a "choleric" cast, and

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and at times almost lived, especially when he was recovering from one of those attacks of asthma from which he habitually suffered. But his smile was his own, and it was ineffable. It filled the eyes, and illumined the face. It was the smile of sheer fun, of pure gaiety, of sincere playfulness, innocent of irony; with a tinge of sarcasm - never. When he allowed himself to speak of meanness in the profession, of dishonesty in men, of evil in the world, his ~~mobile~~ face became formidable. The glow of his countenance deepened; his words were bitter, and the tones harsh. But the indignation would not last. The smile would come back. The effect was spoiled. Everyone laughed with him.

After his experience at the front the old gaiety never returned. There were moments of irascibility, moods of irritation, and periods of moroseness. The desire for solitude grew upon him, and with "Bonfire" and "Bonneau" he would go apart for long afternoons far afield by the roads and lanes about Boulogne. The truth is: he felt that he ^{and all} had failed, and that the torch was thrown from failing hands. We have heard much of the suffering, the misery, the cold, the wet, the gloom of

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those first three winters; but no tongue has yet uttered the inner misery of heart that was bred of those three years of failure to break the enemy's force.

He was not alone in this shadow of deep darkness. Givenchy, Festubert, Neuve-Chapelle, Ypres, Hooge, the Somme, - to mention alone the battles in which up to that time the Canadian Corps had been engaged - all ended in failure; and to a sensitive and foreboding mind there were sounds and signs that it would be given to this generation to hear the pillars and fabric of Empire come crashing into the abyss of chaos. He was not at the Somme in that October of 1916, but those who returned up north with the remnants of their division from that place of slaughter will remember that, having done all men could do, they felt like deserters because they had not left their poor bodies dead upon the field along with friends of a life-time, comrades of a campaign. This is no mere matter of surmise. The last day I spent with him we talked of those things in his tent, and I testify that it is true.

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John McCree went to the war without illusions. At first, like many others of his age, he did not "think of enlisting", although "his services are at the disposal of the Country if it needs them" in July 1914. He was at work upon the second edition of the "Text-Book of Pathology" by Adami and McCree, published by Messrs. Lea and Febiger, and he had gone to Philadelphia to read the proofs. He took them to Atlantic City where he could "sit out on the sand, and get sunshine and oxygen, and work all at once".

It was a laborious task, passing eighty to a hundred pages of highly technical print each day. Then there was the index, between six and seven thousand items. "I have, so he writes, "to change every item in the old index and add others. I have a pile of pages, 826 in all. I look at the index, find the old page among the 826, and then change the number. This about 7000 times, so you may guess the drudgery".

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It was now midsummer. The weather was hot. He returned to Montreal. Practice was dull. He was considering a voyage to Havre and "a little trip with Dr. Adami" when he arrived. On July 29th he left Canada "for better or worse. With the world so disturbed", he records, "I would gladly have stayed more in touch with events, but I dare say one is just as happy away from the hundred conflicting reports." The ship was the "Scotian" of the Allan Line, and he "shared a comfortable cabin with a professor of Greek", who was at the University in his own time.

For one inland born, he had a keen curiosity about ships and the sea. There is a letter written when he was thirteen years of age in which he gives an account of a visit to a naval exhibition in London. He describes the models which he saw, and gives an elaborate table of names, dimensions, and tonnage. He could

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identify the house flags and funnels of all the principal liners; he could follow a ship through all her vicissitudes and change of ownership. When he found himself in a seaport town his first business was to visit the water front and take knowledge of the vessels that lay in the stream or by the docks. One voyage he made to England was in a cargo ship. With his passion for work he took on the duties of surgeon, and amazed the skipper with a revelation of the new technique in operations which he himself had been accustomed to perform by the light of experience alone.

On the present and more luxurious voyage, he remarks that the decks were roomy, the ship seven years old, and capable of 15 knots an hour, the passengers pleasant, and including a large number of French. All now know only too well the nature of the business which sent these ardent spirits flocking home to their native land.

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Under date of August 5-6 the first reference to the war appears: "all is excitement; the ship runs without lights. Surely the German Kaiser has his head in the noose at last: it is he or us: it will be a terrible war, and the finish of one or the other. I am afraid my holiday trip is knocked galley west; but we shall see". The voyage continues. "A hundred miles from Moville we turned back and headed south for Queenstown, thence to the Channel; put in at Portland; a squadron of battleships; arrived there this morning".

The problem presented itself to him as to many another. The decision was made. To go back to America was to go back from the war. Here are the words. "It seems quite impossible to return, and I don't think I should try. I wouldn't feel quite comfortable over it. I am cabling to Morrison at Ottawa that I am available either combatant or medical if they need me. I don't go to it very light-heartedly,

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It was not so easy in these days to get to the war, as he and many others were soon to discover. There was in Canada at the time a small permanent force of 3000 men, a military college, a Headquarters staff, and divisional staff for the various districts into which the country was divided. In addition there was a body of militia with a strength of about 1100 30,000 officers and other ranks. Annual camps were formed at which all arms of the service were represented, and the whole was a very good imitation of service conditions. Complete plans for mobilization were in existence, by which a certain quota, according to the establishment required, could be detailed from each district. But upon the outbreak of war the operations were taken in hand by a Minister of Militia who assumed in his own person all those duties usually assigned to the staff. He called to his assistance certain business, and political, associates, with the result that volunteers who followed military methods

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Accordingly we find it written in John McCree's diary from London: "Nothing doing here. I have yet no word from the Department at Ottawa, but I try to be philosophical until I hear from Morrison. If they want me for the Canadian forces, I could use my old Sam Browne belt, sword, and saddle, if it is yet extant. At times I wish I could go home with a clear conscience".

He sailed for Canada in the "Calgarian" on August 28th, having received a cablegram from General Morrison that he had been provisionally appointed surgeon to the 1st Brigade, Artillery. The night he arrived in Montreal I dined with him at the University Club, and he was aglow with enthusiasm over this new adventure. He remained in Montreal for a few days, and on September 9th joined the unit to which he was attached as medical officer. Before leaving Montreal he wrote to his sister "Geills", her full name being Mary Christie Geills, her designation Mrs. Fred Kilgour, and her address Brandon, Manitoba:-

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"Out on the awful old trail again! And with very mixed feelings, but some determination. I am off to Valcartier tonight. Father was down on Saturday and Sunday. Mater writes. I was really afraid to go home, for I was afraid it would only be harrowing for Mater, and I think she agrees. I know she would like to see me, but what is the use. We can hope for happier times. Everyone most kind and helpful: my going does not seem to surprise anyone. I know you will understand it is hard to go home, and perhaps easier for us all that I do not. I am in good hope of coming back soon and safely: that, I am glad to say, is in other and better hands than ours.

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In the Autumn of 1914 after John McCrae had gone over-seas, I was in a warehouse in Montreal, in which one might find an old piece of mahogany wood. His boxes were there in storage, with his name plainly printed upon them. The storeman, observing my interest, remarked: "This Doctor McCrae cannot be doing much business; he is always going to the wars". The remark was profoundly significant of the state of mind upon the subject of war which ~~prevailed~~ pervaded at the time in Canada in more intelligent persons. To this storeman war merely meant that the less usefully employed members of the community sent their boxes to him for safe-keeping until their return. War was a great holiday from work, and he had a vague remembrance that some fifteen years before this customer had required of him a similar service when the South African war broke out.

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of age he joined the Queen Highland Cadets, and rose
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strength increased he reverted to the ranks and transferred to the Artillery. In due time he rose from gunner to major. The formal date of his "gazette" is 17-3-02 as they write it in the army, but he earned his rank in South Africa.

War was the burden of his thought; war and death the theme of his verse. At the age of 13 we find him at a gallery in Nottingham, writing this note, "I saw the picture of the Artillery going over the trenches at Tel-el-Kebir. It is a good picture, but there are four teams on the guns. Perhaps an extra one had to be put on". If his nomenclature was not correct, the observation of the young artillerist was exact. Such excesses were not permitted in his father's battery in Guelph, Ontario. During this ^{same} visit his curiosity led him into the House of Lords and the sum of his written observation is, "When someone is speaking no one seems to listen at all".

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7 to 11 one June evening in London in 1917. At the time I was on leave from France to give the "Cavendish Lecture", a task which demanded some thought; and after two years in the army it was a curious sensation - watching one's mind at work again. The day was Sunday. I had walked down to the river to watch the flowing tide. To one brought up in a country of streams and a moving sea the curse of Flanders is her stagnant waters. It is little wonder the exiles from the Judaeen hillsides wept beside the slimy River.

The Thames by evening in June, memories that reached from Tacitus to Wordsworth, the embrasure that extends in front of the Egyptian obelisk for a standing place, and some children "swimming a dog"; - that was the scene and circumstance of my first meeting with his father. A man of middle age was standing by. He wore the flashings of a Lieutenant-Colonel and for badges the Artillery grenades. He serenaded a friendly man; and under the influence of the moment, which he also surely felt, I spoke to him.

"A fine view" - that was a safe remark.

"But I know a finer".

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 flowing tide. To me brought up in a country of
 streams and a moving sea the course of Rhine to her
 stagnant waters. It is little wonder the exiles from
 the Lahn hills were beside the Rhine River.
 The names of evening in June, memories that
 reached from Tait to Northwick, the embrace
 that extends in front of the Egyptian obelisk for a
 standing place, and some children playing a game;
 that was the scene and circumstance of my first
 meeting with his father. A man of middle age was
 standing by. He wore the flapping of a lieutenant-
 Colonel and for badges the Artillery Grenades. He
 seemed a friendly man; and under the influence of
 the moment, which he also earnestly felt, I spoke to him.
 "A fine view" - that was a safe remark.

"But I know a finer"

"Porphar and Abana?" I put the stranger to the test.

"No", he said. "The St. Lawrence is not of Damascus".

He had answered to the sign, and looked at my patches.

"I have a son in France, myself", he said.

"His name is McCrae".

"Not John McCrae"?

"John McCrae is my son". ¶ The resemblance then was instant, but he was an older man than at first sight he seemed to be. I asked him to dinner at Morley's, my place of resort for a length of time beyond the memory of all but the oldest servants. He had already dined, but he came and sat with me, and told me ^{mawious} monstrous things.

David McCrae had raised and trained a field battery in Guelph, and brought it over-seas. He was at the time upwards of seventy years of age, and was considered on account of years alone "unfit" to proceed to the front. For nearly forty years he ^{had}

"Father and Abraham? I got the stranger"

to the feet.

"No", he said. "The St. Lawrence is not"

of Denmark."

He had advanced to the altar, and looked at

my patches.

"I have a son in France, myself he said.

"His name is McGraw."

"Not John McGraw?"

"John McGraw is my son." "The resemblance

then was instant, but he was an older man than at first

might be judged to be. I asked him to dinner at

Harley's, my place of resort for a length of time

beyond the memory of all but the oldest servants.

He had already dined, but he came and sat with me,

and told me marvelous things.

David McGraw had raised and trained a field

battery in Georgia, and brought it over- seas. He was

at the time upwards of seventy years of age, and was

considered on account of years alone "antique" to pro-

ceed to the front. "For nearly forty years he

commanded a field battery in the Canadian militia, went in manoeuvres with his "cannons", and fired round shot. When the time came for using shells he bored the fuse with a gimlet; and if the gimlet were lost in the grass, the gun was out of action until the useful tool could be found. This "cannon ball" would travel over the country according to the obstacles it encountered and, "if it struck a man, it might break his leg".

In such a martial atmosphere the boy was brought up, and he was early ^{nourished with} indoctrinated in the history of the Highland regiments. Also from his father he inherited, or had instilled into him, a love of the out of doors, a knowledge of trees, and plants, a sympathy with birds and beasts, domestic and wild. When the South African war broke out a contingent was dispatched from Canada, but it was so small that few of those desiring to go could find a place. This explains the genesis of the following letter:

white

... a field battery in the Canadian militia.
... his "ammunition" and fired round
... the same for some shells he bore
... the case with a pistol; and if the pistol were lost
... in the grass, the gun was out of action until the
... useful tool could be found. This "ammunition" would
... travel over the country according to the obstacles it
... encountered and "if it struck a man, it might break
... his leg".

In such a partial atmosphere the boy was
brought up, and he was early introduced in the history
of the Highland regiments. Also from his father he
inherited, or had instilled into him, a love of the
out of doors, a knowledge of trees, and plants, a
sympathy with birds and beasts, domestic and wild.
When the South African war broke out a contingent was
dispatched from Canada, but it was so small that few
of those desiring to go could find a place. This
explains the genesis of the following letter:

"I see by tonight's bulletin that there is to be no second contingent. I feel sick with disappointment, and do not believe that I have ever been so disappointed in my life, for ever since this business began I am certain there has not been fifteen minutes of my waking hours that it has not been in my mind. It has to come sooner or later. One campaign might cure me, but nothing else ever will, unless it should be old age. I regret bitterly that I did not enlist with the first, for I doubt if ever another chance will offer like this. This is not said in ignorance of what the hardships would be.

"I am ashamed to say I am doing my work in a merely mechanical way. If they are taking surgeons on the other side, I have enough money to get myself across. I see they are 84 surgeons short of the minimum number they said they required in 1885. If I knew any one over there who could do anything, I would certainly set about it, but I don't. If I can get an appointment in England by going, I would go. My position here I do not count as an old boot in comparison".

with

I see by Colgate's bulletin that there is to be no second continent. I feel sick with disappointment and do not believe that I have ever been so disappointed as in my life. For ever since this business began I am certain there has not been fifteen minutes of my waking hours that it has not been in my mind. It has to come sooner or later. One day or night it will be but nothing else ever will, unless it should be old and I regret bitterly that I did not sail with the first.

For I doubt if ever another chance will offer like this. This is not said in ignorance of what the hardships would be.

"I am ashamed to say I am doing my work in a merely mechanical way. If they are taking anyone on the other side, I have enough money to get myself across. I see they are in urgent need of the minimum number they said they required in 1888. If I know any one over there who could do anything, I would certainly get about it, but I don't. If I can get an appointment in England by going, I would go. My position here I do not count as an old boot in

In the end he accomplished the desire of his heart, and sailed on the Laurentian. Concerning the voyage one transcription will be enough.

On orderly duty. ^{with} I have just been out taking the picket at 11-30 p.m. In the stables the long row of heads in the half-darkness, the creaking of the ship, the shivering of the hull from the vibration of the engines, the sing of a sentry on the spar deck to some passer-by. Then ^{to the} upon deck forward, the sky half covered with scudding clouds, the stars bright in the intervals, the wind whistling a regular blow that tries one's ears, the constant swish as she settles down to a sea; and, looking aft, the funnel with a wreath of smoke trailing away off into the darkness on the starboard quarter; the patch of white on the funnel discernible dimly; the masts drawing maps across the sky as one looks up; the clank of shovels coming up through the ventilators, - if you have ever been there you know it all.

in the end as accomplished the basis of
his heart, and called on the American. Considering
the voyage one transportation will be enough.
Of orderly entry. I have just been out taking
the ticket at 11-50 a.m. In the middle the long row
of heads in the half-darkness, the stretching of the
hair, the shivering of the hair from the vibration of
the engine, the ring of a country on the sea deck to
some passer-by. Then upon deck forward, the day half
covered with bounding clouds, the stars bright in the
intervals, the wind whistling a regular blow that
tires one's ears, the constant splash as the rollers
down to a sea; and, looking aft, the funnel with a
vortex of smoke trailing away off into the darkness on
the starboard quarter; the patch of white on the funnel
discernible dimly; the masts drawing away across the
sky as one looks up; the gleam of sheaves coming up
through the ventilators, - if you have ever been there
you know it all.

"There was a voluntary service at six; two ships' lanterns and the men all around, the background of sky and sea, and the strains of "Nearer My God to Thee" rising up in splendid chorus. It was a very effective scene, and it occurred to me that this was "the ^{po}ooibaatje singing on the road" as the song says."

The next entry is from South Africa:

^{small} Green Point Camp, Capetown.

February, 25th, 1900.

"You have no idea of the work. Section commanders live with their sections, which is the right way. It makes long hours. I never knew a softer bed than the ground is these nights. I really enjoy every minute though there is anxiety. We have lost all our spare horses. We have only enough to turn out the battery and no more."

After a description of a number of the regiments camped near by them, he speaks of the Indian troops, and then says: "We met the High Priest of it all and I had a five minutes chat with him - Kipling I mean. He visited the camp. He looks like his pictures, and

"There was a voluntary service at six o'clock
Lambert and the men all around, the background of sky
and sea, and the strains of "Hearer by God to thee"

starting up in English words. It was a very effective
scene, and it occurred to me that this was "the
occasional singing on the road" as the song says."

The next entry is from North Africa
Green, John Camp, U.S. Army
February, 1941, 1942

"You have no idea of the work. English soldiers
live with their sections, which is the right way. It
takes four hours. I never know a matter and what the
ground is these nights. I really enjoy every minute
though there is nothing. We have lost all our maps
because we have only enough to turn out the battery
and no more."

After a description of a number of the regiment
came next by them, he speaks of the Indian troops,
and then says: "We met the high priest of it all and
I had a five minutes chat with him - Kipling I mean.
He visited the camp. He looks like his picture, and

very affable. He told me I spoke like a Winnipegger. He said we ought to "fine the men for drinking unboiled water. Don't give them C.B.; it is no good. Fine them, or drive common sense into them. All Canadians have common sense."

The next letter is from the Lines of Communication:

Van Wyks Vlei,

March 22nd, 1900.

"Here I am with my first command. Each place we strike is a little more God-for-saken than the last, and this place wins up to date. We marched last week from Victoria west to Carnovan, about 80 miles. We stayed there over Sunday, and on Monday my section was detached with mounted infantry, I being the only artillery officer. We marched 54 miles in 37 hours with stops: not very fast, but quite satisfactory. My horse is doing well, although very thin. Night before last on the road we halted, and I dismounted for a minute. When we started I pulled on the lines, but no answer. The poor old chap was fast asleep in his tracks, and in about thirty seconds too." "This continuous marching is really hard work. The men at every

very reliable. He told me I spoke like a Winnipegger. He
said we ought to "kiss his man for drinking muddy
water. Don't give them a bit; it is no good. Fine beer
or olive common sense like them. All Canadian have
common sense."

The next letter is from the lines of communication:

Van Vels Vler,

March 28th, 1900.

"Here I am with my first command. This place is
a little more God-forsaken than the last, and
this place will be to see. We returned last night from
the line west to Carleton, about 100 miles. He stayed there
over Sunday, and on Monday my section was detached to the
newest battery. I fear the only artillery battery. We
marched at night in 37 hours with snow; not very fast,
but quite well. My horse is doing well, although
very thin. Light before last on the road we halted, and I
dismounted for a minute. When we started I pulled on the
lines, but no effect. The poor old one was fast asleep
in his tracks, and in about thirty seconds fell. This con-
ditions marching is really hard work. The men at every

halt just drop down in the road and sleep until they are kicked up again in ten minutes. They do it willingly too. I am commanding officer, adjutant, officer on duty, and all the rest since we left the main body. Talk about the Army in Flanders! You should hear this battalion. I always knew soldiers could swear, but you ought to hear ~~it~~ these fellows. I am told the first contingent has got a name among the regulars.

^{white}
Three weeks later he writes:

April 10th, 1900.

"We certainly shall have done a good march when we get to the railroad, 478 miles through a country desolate of forage carrying our own transport and one-half rations of forage, and frequently the men's rations. For two days running we had nine hours in the saddle without food. My throat was sore and swollen for a day or two, and I felt so sorry for myself at times that I laughed to think how I must have looked: sitting on a stone, drinking a pan of tea without trimmings, that had got cold, and eating a shapeless lump of brown bread; my one "hank" drawn around my neck, serving as hank and bandage alternately. It is

in that case... they do it willingly...
...the rest of the...
...I am sure the first...
...among the...
...these... later he...

April 1900, 1901.

...I certainly shall have done a good...
...the... through a...
...carrying out... and one-half...
...and frequently the men's... for two days...
...had nine hours in the saddle...
...was sure and... for a day or two, and I felt...
...for myself at times that I... to think now I...
...looking at... as a stone, drinking a...
...about... that had got cold, and...
...of brown bread; my one "hank" dress...
...serving as... and... It is

miserable to have to climb up on one's horse with a head like a buzz saw, the sun very hot, and "gargle" in one's water bottle. It is surprising how I can go without water if I have to on a short stretch, that is, of ten hours in the sun. It is after nightfall that the thirst really seems to attack one and actually gnaws. One thinks of all the cool drinks and good things one would like to eat. Please understand that this is not for one instant in any spirit of growling."

The detail was now established at Victoria Road.

Three entries appear:

April 23rd, 1900.

"We are still here in camp hoping for orders to move, but they have not yet come. Most of the other troops have gone. A squadron of the M.C.R., my messmates for the past five weeks, have gone and I am left an orphan. I was very sorry to see them go. They, in the kindness of their hearts, say, if I get stranded, they will do the best they can to get a troop for me in the squadron or some such employment. Impracticable, but kind. I have no wish to cease to be a gunner."

miserable to have to climb up on one's hands with a hand
 like a buzz saw, the sun very hot, and "gasp" in one's
 water bottle. It is surprising how I can go without water
 if I have to on a short stretch, that is on ten hours in
 the run. It is after midnight that the first really
 seems to attack one and usually grows. The return of all
 the cool drinks and good things one would like to eat.
 Please understand that this is not for one instant in any
 spirit of grovelling.

The detail was now established at Victoria Road.

Three entries appear:

April 23rd, 1900.

"We are still here in camp hoping for orders to move,
 but they have not yet come. Most of the other troops have
 gone. A squadron of the M.S.A., my regiment, for the time
 five weeks, have gone and I am left in command. I am very
 sorry to see them go. They, in the blindness of their
 hearts, say, if I got surrounded, they will do the best they
 can to get a troop for me in the squadron or some such
 employment. Impreciable, but kind. I have no other
 cause to be a soldier."

106 12.

Victoria Road, May 20th, 1900.

"The horses are doing as well as one can expect for the rations are insufficient. Our men have been helping to get ready a rest camp near us, and have been filling mattresses with hay. Every fatigue party comes back from the hospital, their jackets bulging with hay for the horses. Two bales were condemned as too musty to put into the mattresses, and we were allowed to take them for the horses. They didn't leave a spear of it. Isn't it pitiful? Everything that the heart of man and woman can devise has been sent out for the "Tommys", but ^{no} one thinks of the poor (the horses). They get the worst of it all the time. Even now we blush to see the handful of hay that each horse gets at a feed. I can scarcely obtain any veterinary supplies, except household remedies which I buy for myself. As for a veterinarian, we haven't seen one for a long while. There is frequently thick ice on the water in the morning, and one night was 10° below freezing. This is about the coldest place in South Africa as the altitude is so high."

Victoria Road, May 20th, 1900.

"The houses are being as well as one can expect for
 the conditions are beautiful, but you have had to
 to get ready a rest camp near us, and have been killing
 mosquitoes with DDT. Every morning party comes back from
 the hospital, their hands dripping with DDT for the
 screens. The poles were covered as far as they go into
 the mattresses, and we were obliged to take them for the
 houses. They didn't leave a corner of it. Isn't it
 terrible? Everything that the heart of man and woman can
 devise has been sent out for the "Tomatoes", but one
 thinks of the poor little harvest. They get the worst of it
 all the time. Even now we think to see the handful of hay
 that each horse gets at a feed. I am sure they are
 veterinary supplies, except perhaps a little of
 our own supply. As for a veterinarian, we haven't seen
 one for a long while. There is a man in the place who
 the water in the morning, and one night was 100 below
 freezing. This is about the coldest place in North Africa
 as the altitude is as high."

Victoria Road, April 29th, 1900.

"This is Sunday afternoon and I have just had Sunday dinner. We had soup and mutton "out of the soup". Naturally that makes two courses. We don't get bread or tea at the same meal at which we get soup. I sit on a bucket in front of my tent, and have my plate and cup on a box for extra style. For two months or more I have ~~not~~ tasted no meat but mutton. I have heard people say in passing that one gets "tired of mutton". I should say so. The first meal I eat at home, "don't let's" have mutton. This is deadly work: just existing in a miserable little village with nothing to read, and nothing to do, and worst of all "Yeomanry and truck" getting up past us."

The Boer war is so far off in time and space that a few further detached references must suffice:

"When riding into Bloenfontain met Lord ~~_____~~'s funeral at the cemetery gates, - band, firing party, Union Jack, and about three companies. A few yards farther on a "Tommy" covered only by his blanket, escorted by thirteen men all told, - The last class distinction that the world can ever make."

Victoria Home, April 25th, 1903.

"This is Sunday afternoon and I have just had Sunday dinner. We had soup and mutton "out of the soup". Naturally the table was covered. We don't get used to it at the end of a week. I sit on a stool in front of my chair, and have my plate and cup on a box for extra style. For my mutton or more I have not tasted meat but mutton. I have never bought any in my life and have "tried it mutton". I should say so. The first meal I eat at home, "don't let's have mutton. This is really work: just eating in a miserable little village with nothing to read, and nothing to do, and worst of all "Yeomanry and troops" getting up next us."

The boy was so far off in time and space that a few further detached references were omitted:

"When riding into Bismarck's not long ago - the general of the cavalry corps - and, I think, the colonel, and about three companies. A few years later on a "Tommy" covered only by his blanket, escorted by thirteen men all told. The last clear distinction that the world can ever make."

whistle

"We had our baptism of fire yesterday. They opened on us from the left flank. Their first shell was about 150 yards in front - direction good. The next was 100 yards over; and we thought we were bracketed. Some shrapnel burst over us and scattered on all sides. I felt as if a hail storm was coming down, and wanted to turn my back but it was over in an instant. The whistle of a shell is unpleasant. You hear it begin to scream; the scream grows louder and louder; it seems to be coming exactly your way; then you realize that it has gone over. Most of them fall between our guns and wagons. Our position was quite in the open."

whistle
when

With Ian Hamilton's ^{whistle} column near Balmoral. ^{when} The day was cold, much like a December day at home, and by my kit going astray I had only light clothing. The rain was fearfully chilly. When we got in about dark we found that the transport could not come up, and it had all our blankets and coats. I had my cape and a rubber sheet for the saddle, both soaking wet. Being on duty I held to camp, the others making for the house nearby where they got poor quarters. I bunked out, supperless like everyone

We had our papers on fire yesterday. They opened

on us from the left flank. Their first shell was about

50 yards in front - direction good. The next was 100

yards over, and we thought we were safe. Some

thunder burst over us and scattered on all sides. I

felt as if a ball strike was coming down, and wanted to

turn my back but it was over in an instant. The whistle

of a shell in replacement. You hear it begin to burst;

the scream grows louder and louder; it seems to be coming

exactly your way; then you realize that it has gone over.

Most of them fall between our guns and weapons. Our

position was safe in the open.

With Ian Hamilton's column near Bulford. The day

was cold, much like a December day at home, and by 11

kit going astray I had only light clothing. The rain was

terribly chilly. When we got in about dark we found that

the transport could not come up, and it had to be

distributed and stored. I had my cap and a rubber sheet for

the saddle, both soaking wet. Being on duty I had to

camp, the others making for the house nearby where they

got poor quarters. I shrank out, supplies like oranges

else, under an ammunition wagon. It rained most of the night and was bitterly cold. I slept at intervals, keeping the same position all night, both legs in a puddle and my feet being rained on: it was a mighty long night from dark at 5.30 to morning. Ten men in the infantry regiment next us died during the night from exposure. Altogether I never knew such a night, and with decent luck hope never to see such another."

"As we passed we saw the Connaughts looking at the graves of their comrades of twenty years ago. The Battery rode at attention and gave "Eyes Right": the first time for twenty years that the roll of a British gun has broken in on the silence of those unnamed graves."

"We were inspected by Lord Roberts. The battery turned out very smart, and Lord Roberts complimented the Major on its appearance. He then inspected, and afterwards asked to have the officers called out. We were presented to him in turn; he spoke a few words to each of us, asking what our corps and service had been. He seemed surprised that we were all Field Artillery men, but probably the composition of the other Canadian Corps had

to do with this. He asked a good many questions about the horses, the men, and particularly about the spirits of the men. Altogether he showed a very kind interest in the battery. ^{space} At nine took the Presbyterian parade to the lines- the first Presbyterian service since we left Canada. We had the right, the Gordons and the Royal Scots next. The music was excellent, led by the brass band of the Royal Scots, which played extremely well. All the singing was from the psalms and paraphrases, "Old Hundred" and "Duke Street" among them. It was very pleasant to hear the old reliables once more. "McCrae's Covenanters" some of the officers called us; but I should not like to set our conduct up against the standard of those austere menⁿ.

At Lydenburg: ^{space} The Boers opened on us at about 10,000 yards, ^{space} the fire being accurate from the first. They shelled us till dark, over three hours. The guns on our left fired for a long time on Buller's camp, the ones on our right on us, and we could easily tell which it was. We could see the smoke and flash; then

to do with this. He asked a good many questions about
the horses, the men, and particularly about the spirits
of the land. Altogether he showed a very kind interest
in the history. At nine took the presidential train to
the line - the first Presidential service since we left
Canada. He had the right, the horses and the royal guard
with him. The train was excellent, led by the prince and
the royal guard, which played extremely well. All the
playing was from the palace and parkhouses. "Old
England" and "White Street" sang there. It was very
pleasant to hear the old traditional songs. "The
Governments" none of the officers called it; but I
should not like to set on conduct as against the
standard of the service here.

At Lymington, the doors opened on the 10th of
10,000 yards, the line being secured from the front.
They shelled us till dark, over three hours. The
on our left fired for a long time on Colfax's camp.
The ones on our right on us, and we were easily killed
when it was. We could see the smoke and flash; then

17. 113

there ~~was~~ was a soul-consuming interval of 20 to 30 seconds when we would hear the report and about five seconds later the burst. Many in succession burst over and all around us. I picked up pieces which fell within a few feet. It was a trying afternoon, and we stood around wondering. We moved the horses back, and took cover under the wagons. We were thankful when the sun went down, especially as for the last hour of daylight they turned all their guns on us. The casualties were few.

The next morning a heavy mist prevented the enemy from firing. The division marched out at 7.30 A.M. The attack was made in three columns: cavalry brigade on the left; Buller's troops in the center, Hamilton's on the right. The Canadian artillery were with Hamilton's division. The approach to the hill was exposed everywhere except where some cover was afforded by ridges. We marched out as support to the Gordons, the cavalry and the Royal Horse Artillery going out to our right as a flank guard. While we were waiting three 100-pound shells struck the top of the ridge in succession about

10.
12.
I was a coal-carrier, interval of 20 to 30
seconds when we would load the horses and then the
horses would be put in the cart. They in an hour or two
and all around us. I liked the horses which had
a few left. It was a very afternoon, and we stood
around waiting. We moved the horses back and forth
over near the horses. We were thankful when the
went down, especially so for the last hour of daylight
they turned all their eyes on us. The casualties were
few.

The next morning a heavy mist prevailed
every from firing. The division moved out at 7.30 AM.
The attack was made in three columns: cavalry in the
the left; Miller's troops in the center; Hamilton's on
the right. The Canadian artillery were with Hamilton's
division. The approach to the hill was exposed every-
where except where some cover was afforded by trees. We
marched out in support to the columns, the cavalry and
The Royal Horse Artillery being out to our right at a
flank guard. While we were waiting three 100-pound
shells were the top of the ridge in succession about

50 to 75 yards in front of the battery line. We began to feel rather shaky.

On looking over the field at this time one could not tell that anything was occurring except for the long range guns replying to the fire from the hill. The enemy had opened fire as soon as our advance was pushed out. With a glass one could distinguish the infantry pushing up in lines, five or six in succession, the men being some yards apart. Then came a long pause, broken only by the big guns. At last we got the order to advance just as the big guns of the enemy stopped their fire. We advanced about four miles mostly up the slope, which is in all about 1500 feet high over a great deal of rough ground and over a number of spruits. The horses were put to their utmost to draw the guns up the hills. As we advanced we could see artillery crawling in from both flanks, all converging to the main hill, while far away the infantry and cavalry were beginning to crown the heights near us. Then the field guns and the pompoms began to play. As the field guns came up to a broad plateau section after section came into action and we fired shrapnel and lyddite on the crests ahead and to the left. Every now

to 75 yards in front of the battery line. The paper to
 feel rather slight.
 On looking over the field at this time one could
 tell that something was happening except for the fact
 that the firing was in the line from the hill. The enemy
 was opened fire as soon as our machine gun opened fire.
 In a flash one could distinguish the battery firing
 up in front. Five or six in succession, the men of
 the battery opened. Then came a long pause, broken only by
 the big guns. At last we got the order to advance. The
 the big guns of the enemy stopped their fire. We advanced
 about four miles north of the slope, where it is all
 about 1000 feet high over a great deal of rough ground
 and over a number of gullies. The horses were not so
 their intent to show the guns up the hill. As we advanced
 we could see artillery crawling in from both flanks, all
 converging to the main hill, while far away the infantry
 and cavalry were beginning to cross the valley near us.
 Then the field guns and the machine guns began to play. As the
 field guns came up to a broad plateau facing the river
 section came into action and we fired a volley and
 Lyette on the crest ahead and to the left. Berry now

and then a rattle of Mausers and Metfords would tell us that the infantry were at their work, but practically the battle was over. From being an infantry attack as expected it was the gunners day, and the artillery seemed to do excellent work.

General Buller pushed up the hill as the guns were at work, and afterwards General Hamilton: the one as grim as his pictures, the other looking very happy. The wind blew through us cold like ice as we stood on the hill; as the artillery ceased fire the mist dropped over us chilling us to the bone. We were afraid we should have to spend the night on the hill, but a welcome order came sending us back to camp, a distance of five miles by the roads, as Buller would hold the hill, and our force must march south. Our front was over eight miles wide and the objective 1500 feet higher than our camp, and over six miles away. If the enemy had had the nerve to stand the position could scarcely have been taken; certainly not without the loss of thousands."

For this campaign he received the Queen's Medal with three clasps.

and then a rattle of muskets and rifles was heard as if the
that the infantry were at their work, but practically
the battle was over. From being an infantry attack as
expected it was the musket and the artillery seemed
to do excellent work.

"General Miller worked up the hill on the right
were at work, and it was a hard fight; the men as
grim as the plowmen, the other looking very hard. The
what else I could do as we stood on the hill;
the artillery ceased fire and the night drew on.

falling us to the ground. We were afraid to shoot and
found the night on the hill, but a warning order came
tending us back to camp, a distance of five miles by the
roads, an order would hold the hill, and our force must
march down. Our front was over eight miles wide and the

objective 1500 feet higher than our camp, and over six
miles away. If the enemy had had the nerve to stand the
position could scarcely have been taken; certainly not
without the loss of thousands.

For this campaign he received the President's
 Medal with three clasps.

VII.

116 1.

Through all his life, and through all his letters, dogs and children followed him as shadows follow men. To walk in the streets with him was a slow procession. Every dog and every child once met must be spoken to, and each make answer. Throughout the later letters the names "Bonfire" and "Bonneau" occur continually. Bonfire was his horse, and Bonneau his dog.

This horse, an Irish hunter, was given to him by John L. Todd. It was wounded twice, and now lives in honourable retirement at a secret place which need not be disclosed to the army authorities. One officer who had visited the hospital writes of seeing him going about the wards with Bonneau and a small French child following after.

In memory of his love for animals and children the following extracts will serve:

^{where} "You ask if the wee fellow has a name - Mike, mostly, as a term of affection. He has found a cupboard in one ward in which oakum is stored, and he loves to steal in there and "pick oakum", amusing himself as

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In memory of his love for animals and children
the following extracts will serve:
"You ask if the wee fellow has a name - Mike,
mostly, as a form of affection. He has found a cup-
board in one ward in which corn is stored, and he loves
to steal in there and "pick o'rum", amusing himself as

long as is permitted. I hold that this indicates convict ancestry to which Mike makes no defence.

^{white}"The family is very well, even one-eyed Mike is able to go round the yard in his dressing gown, so to speak. He is a queer pathetic little beast and Madame has him "hospitalized" on the bottom shelf of the sideboard in the living room, whence he comes down (six inches to the floor) to greet me, and then gravely hirkles back, the hind legs looking very pathetic as he hops in. But he is full of spirit and is doing very well."

^{white}"As to the animals - "Those poor voiceless creatures", say you. I wish you could hear them. Bonneau and Mike are a perfect Dignity and Impudence, and both vocal to a wonderful degree. Mike's face is exactly like the terrier in the old picture, and he sits up and gives his paw just like Bonneau, and I never saw him have any instruction; and as for voice, I wish you could hear Bonfire's "whicker" to me in the stable or elsewhere. It is all but talk. There is one ward door that he tries whenever we pass. He turns his head

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 viction ancestry to which Mike makes no defense.
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 able to go round the yard in his dressing gown as he
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 inches to the floor) to greet me, and then gravely
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 tures, say you. I wish you could hear them. Bonness
 and Mike are a perfect dignity and impudence, and both
 vocal to a wonderful degree. Mike's face is exactly
 like the carrier in the old picture, and he sits up and
 gives his paw just like Bonness, and I never saw him
 have any inattention; and as for voice, I wish you
 could hear Bonness's "whicker" to me in the stable or
 elsewhere. It is all but talk. There is one word
 poor that he tries whenever we pass. He turns his head

around, looks into the door, and waits. The Sisters in the ward have changed frequently, but all alike "fall for it", as they say, and produce a biscuit or some such dainty which Bonfire takes with much gravity and gentleness. Should I chide him for being too eager and give him my hand saying, "Gentle now", he mumbles with his lips, and licks with his tongue like a dog to show how gentle he can be when he tries. Truly a great boy is that same. On this subject I am like a doting grandmother, but forgive it.

"I have a very deep affection for Bonfire, for we have been through so much together, and some of it bad enough. All the hard spots to which one's memory turns the old fellow has shared, though he says so little about it. I wish that Bonfire could have spoken when some clever person said the other day, "he knows you".

This love of animals was no vagrant mood. Fifteen years before in South Africa he wrote in his diary under date of September 11th 1900:

"I wish I could introduce you to the dogs of the

ground, looks into the door, and waits. The sisters
 in the ward have changed frequently, but all alike
 "fall for it", as they say, and produce a disquiet
 some such saintly which Bonfire takes with much gravity
 and gentleness. Should I chide him for being too eager
 and give him my hand saying, "Gentle now", he mumbles
 with his lips, and licks with his tongue like a dog to
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You
 This love of animals was no vagrant mood. Fifteen
 years before in South Africa he wrote in his diary under
 date of September 11th 1860:

"I wish I could introduce you to the dogs of the

force. The genus dog here is essentially sociable, and it is a great pleasure to have them about. I think I have a personal acquaintance with them all. There are our pups - Dolly, whom I always know by her one black and one white eyebrow; Grit, and Tory, two smaller gentlemen, about the size of a pound of butter and fighters; one small white gentleman who rides on a horse, on the blanket; Kitty, the monkey, also rides the off lead of the forge wagon. There is a black almond-eyed person belonging to the Royal Scots, who begins to twist as as far as I can see her, - and comes up in long curves, extremely genially. A small shaggy chap who belongs to the Royal Irish stands upon his hind legs and spars with his front feet - and lots of others - everyone of them "a soldier and a man". The Royal Scots have a monkey, Jenny, who goes around always trailing a sack in her hand, into which she creeps if necessary to obtain shelter.

The other day old Jack, my horse, was bitten by his next neighbor; he turned slowly, eyed his opponent,

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it is a great pleasure to have them about. I think I
have a personal acquaintance with them all. There are
our pups - Polly, whom I always know by her one black
and one white eyebrow; Grit and Tory, two smaller gen-
tlemen, about the size of a pound of butter and lighters;
one small white gentleman who rides on a horse, on the
blanket; Kitty, the monkey, also rides the off lead of
the large wagon. There is a black almond-eyed person
belonging to the Royal Scots, who begins to twist as
as far as I can see her - and comes up in long curves,
extremely gently. A small shaggy sheep who belongs to
the Royal Irish stands upon his hind legs and spars with
his front feet - and lots of others - everyone of them
"a soldier and a man". The Royal Scots have a monkey,
Jenny, who goes around always trailing a sack in her
hand, into which she creeps if necessary to obtain
shelter.

The other day old Jack, my horse, was bitten by
his next neighbor; he tanned slowly, eyed his opponent,

~~40~~

And here is a note from Baltimore dated August 4th, 1903. "Your remark about 'Elsie' and the wheat biscuit, about poor old 'Stan' and the potatoes touch the string that has never stopped vibrating. I certainly loved that dog."

see notes

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And here is a note from Baltimore dated August
4th, 1908. "Your remark about 'Hiss' and the great
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Jenny, who goes around always trailing a sack in her
hand, into which she creeps if necessary to obtain
shelter.

The other day old Jack, my horse, was bitten by
his next neighbor; he turned slowly, eyed his opponent,

shifted his rope so that he had a little more room, turned very deliberately and planted both heels in the offender's stomach. He will not be run upon."

From a time still further back comes a note in a like strain. In 1898 he was house physician in a children's hospital at Mt. Airy, Maryland, when he wrote: "A kitten has taken up with a poor cripple dying of muscular atrophy and cannot move. It stays with him all the time, and sleeps most of the day up in his straw hat. To-night I saw the kitten curled up under the bed-clothes. It seems as if it were a gift of Providence that the little creature should attach itself to the child that needs it most."


"Of another child: The day she died she called for me all day, deposed the nurse who was sitting by her, and asked me to remain with her. She had to be held up on account of lack of breath; and I had a tiring hour of it before she died, but it seemed to make her happier and was no great sacrifice. Her friends arrived

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 for me all day, begged the nurse who was sitting by
 her, and asked me to remain with her. She had to be
 held up on account of lack of breath; and I had a string
 horn of it before she died, but it seemed to make her
 happier and was no great sacrifice. Her friends arrived

twenty minutes too late. It seems hard that Death will not wait the poor fraction of an hour, but so it is."

And here are some ^{white} letters to his nephews and nieces which reveal his attitude both to children and to animals.

see specimen page

From BONFIRE to Sergt-Major JACK; August 6th, 1916. Did you ever have a sore hock? I have one now, and Cruickshank puts bandages on my leg. He also washed my white socks for me. I am glad you got my picture. My master is well, and the girls tell me I am looking well, too. The ones I like best give me biscuits and sugar, and sometimes flowers. One of them did not want to give me some mignonette the other day because she said it would make me sick. It did not make me sick. Another one sends me bags of carrots. If you don't know how to eat carrots, tops and all, you had better learn, but I suppose you are just a boy, and do not know how good oats are. BONFIRE His  Mark.

From BONFIRE to Sergt-Major JACK KILGOUR; October 1st, 1916. Dear Jack; Did you ever eat blackberries? My master and I pick them every day on the hedges. I

Twenty minutes too late. It seems hard that Death will not wait the poor creature of an hour, but so it is.

And here are some letters to his nephew and niece which reveal his attitude both to children and to animals.

From BONTIE to GERT-Major JACK: August 18th.

Did you ever have a sore back? I have one now, and Gertiebank puts bandages on my leg. He also washed my white socks for me. I am glad you got my picture.

My master is well, and the girls tell me I am looking well, too. The ones I like best give me daisies and

sugar, and sometimes flowers. One of them did not want to give me some wignettes the other day because she said it would make me sick. It did not make me sick.


Another one sends me bags of carrots. If you don't know how to eat carrots, Gertie and I, you had better learn.

But I suppose you are just a boy, and do not know how good cats are. BONTIE HIS MARR.

From BONTIE to GERT-Major JACK KILGOUR: October


1st, 1918. Dear Jack: Did you ever eat blackberries? My master and I pick them every day on the hedger. I

like twenty at a time. My leg is better. I have a lump on my tummy. I went to see my doctor to-day, and he says it is nothing at all. My master is very good to me. I have another horse staying in my stable now; he is black, and about half my size. He does not keep me awake at night. ^{is} Hos is Dixie-Bonfire? Yours truly,

9/ BONFIRE His  Mark.

From BONFIRE to MARGARET KILGOUR, Civilian:

9/ November 5th, 1916. 9/ Dear Margaret, 9/ This is Guy Fox Day! I spell it that way because fox-hunting was my occupation a long time ago before the war. How are Sergt.-Major Jack and Corporal David? Ask Jack if he ever bites through his rope at night, and gets into the oat-box? And as for the Corporal, I bet you I can jump as far as he can. I hear David has lost his red coat. I still have my grey one, but it is pretty dirty now, for I have not had a new one for a long time. I got my hair cut a few weeks ago; and am to have new boots next week. Bonneau and Follette send their love.

Yours truly, BONFIRE His  Mark.

like twenty at a time. My leg is better. I have a
jump on my gunny. I went to see my doctor to-day, and
he says it is nothing at all. My master is very good
to me. I have another horse staying in my stable now,
he is black, and about half my size. He does not keep
me awake at night. He is black-Bonnie? Yours truly,

BONNIE HIS MARK.

From BONNIE to MARGARET HISOUR, CIVILIAN
November 5th, 1818. Dear Margaret, This is Gay Fox
Gay! I spell it that way because fox-hunting was my
occupation a long time ago before the war. How are
Gergt.-Major Jack and Corporal David? Ask Jack if he
ever bites through his rope at night, and gets into the
out-box? And as for the Corporal, I bet you I can jump
as far as he can. I hear David has lost his red coat.
I still have my grey one, but it is pretty dirty now,
for I have not had a new one for a long time. I got
my hair cut a few weeks ago, and am to have new boots
next week. Bonneau and Vollette send their love.

Yours truly, BONNIE HIS MARK.

write
In Flanders, April 3rd, 1915. *write* My dear Margaret:
(aged eight years in February). Thank you for your two
letters, which I was very glad to get. It was careless
of Uncle Tom to think your birthday was in August, when
really it is in May, and to think that you were five
when you are eleven. But uncles make these mistakes.

There is a little girl in this house whose name
is Clothilde. She is ten years old, and calls me
"Monsieur le Major". How would you like it if twenty
or thirty soldiers came along and lived in your house
and put their horses in the shed or the stable? There
are not many little boys and girls left in this part of
the country, but occasionally one meets them on the roads
with baskets of eggs or loaves of bread. Most of them
have no homes, for their houses have been burnt by the
Germans; but they do not cry over it. It is dangerous
for them, for a shell might hit them at any time - and
it would not be an egg shell, either.

Bonfire is very well. Mother sent him some
packets of sugar, and if ever you saw a big horse excited
about a little parcel, it was Bonfire. He can have

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have no homes, for their houses have been burnt by the

Germans; but they do not cry over it. It is dangerous

for them, for a shell might hit them at any time - and

it would not be an egg shell, either.

Bertie is very well. Mother sent him some

packages of sugar, and if ever you saw a big horse excited

about a little parcel, it was Bertie. He can have

only two lumps in any one day, for there is not much of it. Twice he has had gingerbread and he is very fond of that. It is rather funny for a soldier-horse, is it not? But soldier horses have a pretty hard time of it, sometimes, so we do not grudge them a little luxury. Bonfire's friends are King, and Prince, and Saxonia, - all nice big boys. If they go away and leave him, he whinnies till he catches sight of them again, and then he is quite happy. How is the 15th Street Brigade getting on? Tell Mother I recommend Jack for promotion to corporal if he has been good. David will have to be a gunner for awhile yet, for everybody cannot be promoted. Give my love to Katharine, and Jack, and David, and don't forget to tell your father and mother that you heard from me. Your affectionate Uncle Jack.

Grace
 "Bonfire", and "Bonneau", and little Mike, are all well. Mike is about four months old and has lost an eye and had a leg broken, but he is a very good little boy all the same. He is very fond of Bonfire, and Bonneau, and me. I go to the stable and whistle, and

only two jumps in any one day, for there is not much of it. Twice he has had gingerbread and he is very fond of that. It is rather funny for a soldier-horse, is it not? But soldier-horses have a pretty hard time of it, sometimes, so we do not grudge them a little luxury. Bonfire's friends are King and Prince and Saxonia - all nice big boys. If they go away and leave him, he wishes they will be out of sight of them again, and then he is quite happy. Now is the 15th Street Brigade getting on? Tell Mother I recommend Jack for promotion to corporal. It has been good. David will have to be a Gunner for awhile yet, for everybody cannot be promoted. Give my love to Katharine, and Jack, and David, and don't forget to tell your father and mother that you heard from me. Your affectionate Uncle Jack.

'Bonfire', and 'Bonnie', and little Mike, are all well. Mike is about four months old and has lost an eye and had a leg broken, but he is a very good little boy all the same. He is very fond of Bonfire, and Bonneau, and me. I go to the stable and whistle, and

Bonneau and Mike come running out squealing with joy, to go for a little walk with me. When Mike comes to steps, he puts his feet on the lowest steps and turns and looks at me and I lift him up. He is a dear ugly little chap.

"The dogs are often to be seen sprawled on the floor of my tent. I like to have them there for they are very home-like beasts. They never seem French to me. Bonneau can 'donner la patte' in good style now-a-days, and he sometimes curls up inside the rabbit hutch, and the rabbits seem to like him.

"I wish you could see the hundreds of rabbits there are here on the sand-dunes; there are also many larks and jackdaws. (These are different from your brother Jack, although they have black faces). There are herons, curlews, and even ducks; and the other day I saw four young weasels in a heap, jumping over each other from side to side as they ran.

"Sir Bertrand Dawson has a lovely little spaniel, "Sue", quite black, who goes around with him. I am quite a favourite, and one day Sir Bertrand said to me,

Bonness and Mike come running out appealing with joy,
to go for a little walk with me. When Mike comes to
steps, he puts his feet on the lowest steps and turns
and looks at me and I lift him up. He is a base ugly
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"The dogs are often to be seen sprawled on the
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there are here on the sand-dunes; there are also many
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brother Jack, although they have black faces). There
are herons, curlews, and even ducks; and the other day
I saw four young wessels in a heap, jumping over each
other from side to side as they ran.

"Sir Bertrand Dawson has a lovely little spaniel,
"Gee", quite black, who goes around with him. I am
quite a favourite and one day Sir Bertrand said to me,

'She has brought you a present," and here she was waiting earnestly for me to remove from her mouth a small stone. It is usually a simple gift, I notice, and does not embarrass by its value.

"Bonfire is very sleek and ~~frim~~ firm, and we journey much. If I sit down in his reach I wish you could see how deftly he can pick off my cap and swing it high out of my reach. He also carries my crop; his games are simple, but he does not readily tire of them.

"I lost poor old Windy. He was the regimental dog of the 1st Batt. Lincolns, and came to this vale of Avalon to be healed of his second wound. He spent a year at Gallipoli and was "over the top" twice with his battalion. He came to us with his papers like any other patient, and did very well for a while, but took suddenly worse. He had all that care and love could suggest and enough morphine to keep the pain down; but he was very pathetic, and I had resolved that it would be true friendship to help him over when he "went west". He is buried in our woods like any other good soldier,

"She has brought you a present," and here she was wait-

ing earnestly for me to remove from her mouth a small stone. It is usually a simple gift, I notice, and does not embarrass by its value.

"Bontine is very sleek and trim, and we journey such. If I sit down in his reach I wish you could see how deftly he can pick off my cap and swing it high out of my reach. He also carries my crop; his games are simple, but he does not readily tire of them.

"I lost poor old Windy. He was the regimental dog of the 1st Batt. Lincoln, and came to this vale of Avalon to be healed of his second wound. He spent a year at Gallipoli and was "over the top" twice with his battalion. He came to us with his papers like any other patient, and did very well for a while, but soon suddenly worse. He had all that care and love could suggest and enough morphine to keep the pain down; but he was very pathetic, and I had resolved that it would be true friendship to help him over when he "went west". He is buried in our woods like any other good soldier.

and yesterday I noticed that some one has laid a little wreath of ivy on his grave. He was an old dog evidently, but we are all sore-hearted at losing him. His kit is kept should his master return - only his collar with his honourable marks, for his wardrobe was of necessity simple. So another sad chapter ends.

Spain

(September 29th, 1915. "Bonneau gravely accompanies me round the wards and waits for me, sitting up in a most dignified way. He comes into my tent and sits there very gravely while I dress. Two days ago a Sister brought out some biscuits for Bonfire, and not understanding the rules of the game, which are bit and bit about for Bonfire and Bonneau, gave all to Bonfire, so that poor Bonneau sat below and caught the crumbs that fell. I can see that Bonfire makes a great hit with the Sisters because he licks their hands just like a dog, and no crumb is too small to be gone after."

(April, 1917. "I was glad to get back; Bonfire and Bonneau greeted me very enthusiastically. I had a long long story from the dog, delivered with uplifted

and yesterday I noticed that some one had laid a little
 wreath of ivy on his grave. He was an old dog evident-
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 fell. I can see that Bonnie makes a great hit with
 the Sisters because he licks their hands just like a
 dog, and no crumb is too small to be gone after."

April, 1917. "I am glad to get back; Bonnie
 and Bonnie greeted me very enthusiastically. I had a
 long long story from the dog, delivered with applied

muzzle. They tell me he sat gravely on the roads a great deal during my absence, and all his accustomed haunts missed him. "He is back on rounds faithfully."

graphy rather than a mere essay in character, it would be just and proper to investigate the family sources from which the individual member is sprung; but I must content myself within the bounds which I have set, and leave the larger task to a more laborious hand.

The essence of writing lies in the absorption of the persons concerned, rather than in the facts they performed. A man writes like a man, and writes of himself. He is unconsciously aware of what he writes, and can only explain himself in words. The act of writing is not in doing so he transcends his nature, and his nature passes into the realm of philosophy and religion.

The life of a Canadian is bound up with the history of his parish, of his town, of his province, of his country, and even with the history of that country in which his family had its birth. The life of John McCree takes us back through Scotland to Sweden. In Canada there has been much writing of history of a

muscle. They tell me he sat gravely on the roads a
great deal during my absence, and all his accustomed
hunts missed him. He is back on rounds faithfully."

certain kind. It deals with events rather than with the subtler matter of people, and has been written mainly for purposes of advertising. If the French had a heroic stand against the Iroquois, the sacred spot is now furnished with an hotel from which free bus runs to a station upon the line of an excellent railway. The essence of ^{history} writing lies in the character of the persons concerned, rather than in the feats which they performed. A man neither lives to himself nor in himself. He is indissolubly bound up with his stock, and can only explain himself in terms common to his family; but in doing so he transcends the limits of history and passes into the realms of philosophy and religion.

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If one were engaged upon a formal work of biography rather than a mere essay in character, it would be just and proper to investigate the family sources from which the individual member is sprung; but I must content myself within the bounds which I have set, and leave the larger task to a more laborious hand.

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certain kind. It deals with events rather than with the subtler matter of people, and has been written mainly for purposes of advertising. If the French made a heroic stand against the Iroquois, the sacred spot is now furnished with an hotel from which a free bus runs to a station upon the line of an excellent railway. Maisonneuve fought his great fight upon a Place from which a vicious Mayor cut the trees which once sheltered the soldier, to make way for a fountain upon which would be raised "historical" figures in concrete stone.

The history of Canada is the history of its people, not of its railways, hotels, and factories. The material exists in written or printed form in the little archives of many a family. Such a chronicle is in possession of the Eckford family which now by descent on the female side bears the honoured names of Gow, and McCrae. John Eckford had two daughters, in the words of old Jamie Young, "the most lovinest girls he ever knew." ^{→ 21st January 1870} The younger, Janet Simpson, was taken to wife by David McCrae, and on November 30th, 1872 became the mother of John. It was to her he

certain kind. It deals with events rather than with the subtler matter of people, and has been written mainly for purposes of advertising. If the French made a heroic stand against the Indians, the sacred spot is now furnished with an hotel from which a tree runs to a station upon the line of an excellent railway. Malouin fought his great fight upon a place from which a vicious Mayor cut the trees which once sheltered the soldier, to make way for a fountain upon which would be raised "historical" figures in concrete stone.

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left the poor savings of a life time by a will dated September 7th, 1914, two days before he mobilized at Val Cartier. To her also he wrote all these letters, glowing with filial devotion, which I am privileged to use so freely. son of the Lord." were the words of the

There is in the family a tradition of the single name for the males. It was therefore proper that the elder born should be called Thomas, more learned in style, medicine, more assiduous in practice, and more weighty in intellect even than the otherwise more highly gifted John. He too is professor of medicine, and co-author of a profound work with his master and relative by marriage - Sir William Osler. Also, he wore the King's uniform and served for a year in the present war.

This John Eckford, accompanied by his two daughters, the mother being dead, his sister, her husband who bore the name of Chisholm, and their numerous children emigrated to Canada, May 28th 1851, in the ship Clutha which sailed from the Broomieland bound

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 ship Citrus which sailed from the Broomfield's bound

for Quebec. The consort, ^{villa} Wolfuller upon which they had originally taken passage, arrived in Quebec before them and lay in the stream, flying the yellow flag of quarantine. Cholera had broken out. "Be still, and see the salvation of the Lord," were the words of the family morning prayers. ¶ In the Clutha also came as passengers James and Mary Gow, their cousin one Duncan Monach, Mrs. Hanning, who was a sister of Thomas Carlyle, and her two daughters. On the voyage they escaped the usual hardships, and their fare appears to us in these days to have been abundant. The weekly ration was three quarts of water, two ounces of tea, one half pound of sugar, one half pound molasses, three pounds of bread, one pound of flour, two pounds of rice, and five pounds of oatmeal.

The reason for this migration is succinctly stated by the head of the house. "I know how hard it was for my mother to start me, and I wanted land for my children and a better opportunity for them. And yet his parents in their time appear to have "started" him pretty well,

1811

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although his father was obliged to confess, "I never had more of this world's goods than to bring up my family by the labour of my hands honestly, but it is more than my Master owned, who had not where to lay His head." They allowed him that very best means of education, a calmness of the senses, as he herded sheep on the Cheviot Hills. They put him to the University in Edinburgh, as a preparation for the ministry, and supplied him with ample oatmeal, pease meal bannocks, and milk. In that great school of divinity he learned the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin; he studied Italian, and French under ~~Surfeyne~~^{Surfeyne}, him of blessed memory even unto this day.

Glasgow John Eckford in 1839 married Margaret Christie, and he went far afield for a wife, namely from Newbiggin in Forfar, where for fourteen years he had his one and only charge to Strathmiglo in Fife. The marriage was fruitful and, therefore, probably a happy one, although there is a hint in the record of some religious difference upon which one would like to dwell

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inscriptions from the record will disclose the story if the subject were not too esoteric for this generation. The minister showed a certain indulgence, and so long as his wife lived he never employed the paraphrases in the solemn worship of the sanctuary. She was a woman of provident mind. Shortly after they were married he made the discovery that she had prepared the grave clothes for him as well as for herself. Too soon, after only eight years, it was her fate to be shrouded in them. After her death - probably because of her death - John Eckford emigrated to Canada.

To one who knows the early days in Canada there is nothing new in the story of this family. They landed in Montreal July 11th, 1851, forty-four days out from Glasgow. They proceeded by steamer to Hamilton, the fare being about a dollar for each passenger. The next stage was to Guelph; then on to Durham, and finally they came to the end of their journeying at Walkerton in Bruce County in the primeval forest, from which they cut out a home for themselves and for their children.

It was "the winter of the deep snow." One

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transcription from the record will disclose the scene:
 "At length a grave was dug on a knoll in the bush at
 the foot of a great maple with a young know-laden hem-
 lock at the side. The father and the eldest brother
 carried the box along the shovelled path. The mother
 close behind was followed by the two families. The
 snow was falling heavily. At the grave John Eckford
 read a psalm, and prayed, "that they might be enabled to
 believe, the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to
 everlasting unto them that fear Him."

On some occasions he officiated in the station
 of the chaplain, and in those days would have as many
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read a psalm, and prayed, "that they might be united to
believe, the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to
everlasting more than that fear Him."

John McCrae himself was an indefatigable churchgoer. There is a note in childish characters written from Edinburgh in his 13th year, "on Sabbath went to service four times." There the statement stands in all its austerity. A letter from a chaplain is extant in which a certain mild wonder is expressed at the regularity in attendance of an officer of field rank. To his sure taste in poetry the hymns were a sore trial. "Only forty ^{minutes} are allowed for the service," he said, "and it is sad to see them 'snapped ^{it} up' by these poor bald four line things."

On Easter Sunday 1915 he wrote: "We had a church parade this morning, the first since we arrived in France. Truly, if the dead rise not, we are of all men the most miserable." On the funeral service of a friend he remarks: "'Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God,' what a summary of the whole thing that is!" On many occasions he officiated in the absence of the chaplains, who in those days would have as many as six services a day. In civil life in Montreal he went to church in the evening, and sat under the Reverend

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James Barclay of St. Paul's, now, ~~I understand,~~ known as St. Andrews.

After all you his main concern is that
years he studied and read the books
was an excellent student, and a very good
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James Berkeley of St. Pauls

It will be observed in this long relation of John McCree that little mention has yet been made of what after all was his main concern in life. For twenty years he studied and practised medicine. To the end was an assiduous student, and a very profound practitioner. He was a student, not of medicine alone, but of all subjects ^{auxiliary} auxiliary to the science, and to the task he came with a mind braced by a sound and generous education. Any education of real value a man must have received before he has attained to the age of seven years. Indeed he may be left impervious to its influence at seven weeks. John McCree's education began well. It began in the time of his two grandfathers at least, was continued by his father and mother before he came upon this world's scene, and by them was left deep founded for him to build upon.

Noble nat^{ur}es have a repugnance from work. Manual labour is servitude. A day of idleness is a holy day. For those whose means do not permit to live in idleness the school is the only refuge;

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but they must prove their quality. This is the goad which drives many Scotch boys to the university, scorning delights and willing to live long, long, mind-laborious days.

John McCree's father felt bound "to give the boy a chance", but the boy must pass the test. The test in such cases is the Shorter Catechism, that compendium of all intellectual argument. How the faithful aspirant for the school acquires this body of written knowledge at a time when he has not yet learned the use of letters is a secret not to be lightly disclosed. It may indeed be that already his education is complete. Upon the little book is always printed the table of multiples, so that the obvious truth which is comprised in the statement "two by two makes four" is imputed to the contents which are within the cover. In studying the table the catechism is learned surreptitiously, and therefore without self-consciousness.

So in this well ordered family with its atmosphere of obedience we may see the boy, like a youthful

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Socrates, going about with a copy of the book in his hand, enquiring of those who could already read not, alone what were the answers to the questions, but the very questions themselves to which an answer was demanded.

This learning, however, was only a minor part of life, since upon a farm life is very wide and very deep. In due time the school was accomplished, and there was a master in the school - let his name be recorded - William Tytler, who had a feeling for English writing and a desire to extend that feeling to others.

In due time also the question of a university arose. There was a man in Canada, named Dawson, Sir William Dawson. I have written of him in another place. He had the idea that a university had something to do with the formation of character, and that in the formation of character religion had a part. He was principal of McGill University. I am not saying that all boys who entered that university were religious boys when they went in, or even religious men when they came out; but

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religious fathers had a general desire to place their boys under Sir William Dawson's care.

Those were the days of a queer, and now forgotten, controversy ^{over} war, what was called "science and religion". Of that also I have written in another place. It was left to Sir William Dawson to deliver the last word in defence of a cause that was already lost. His book came under the eye of David McCree, as most books of the time did, and he was troubled in his heart. His boys were at the University of Toronto. It was too late, but he eased his mind by writing a letter. To this letter John replies under date 20th December 1890, "you say that after reading Dawson's book you almost regretted that we had not gone to McGill. That, I consider would have been rather a calamity, about as much so as going to Queen's". We are not always wiser than our fathers were, and in the end he came to McGill after all.

For good or ill, John McCree entered the University of Toronto in 1888, with a scholarship for "general

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proficiency". He joined the Faculty of Arts, took the honours course in natural sciences, and graduated from the department of biology in 1894, his courses having been interrupted by two severe illnesses. From natural science, it was an easy step to medicine, in which he was encouraged by Ramsay ^{wright,} A.B. MacCallum, *Q. M. Hedden, I. H. Cameron.*

In 1898 he graduated again with a gold medal, and a scholarship in physiology and pathology. The previous summer he had spent at the Garrett Children's Hospital in Mt. Airy, Maryland.

Upon graduating he entered the Toronto General Hospital as resident house officer; and in 1899 ^{he} occupied a similar post at Johns Hopkins. Then he came to McGill University as fellow in pathology and pathologist to the Montreal General Hospital. In time he was appointed physician to the Alexandra Hospital for infectious diseases; later physician to the Royal Victoria Hospital, and professor of medicine in the University. By examination he became a member of the Royal College of Physicians, London. In 1914 he was elected a member

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of the Association of American Physicians. These are distinctions won by few in the profession.

In spite, or rather by reason, of his various attainments John McCree never developed, or degenerated, into the type of the pure scientist. For the laboratory he had neither the mind nor the hands. He never peered at partial truths so closely as to mistake them for the whole truth; therefore, he was unfitted for that purely scientific career which was developed to so high a pitch of perfection in that nation which is now no longer mentioned amongst men. He wrote much, and often, upon medical problems. The papers bearing his name amount to thirty three ^{items} in the catalogues. They testify to his industry rather than to invention and discovery, and they have made his name known in every text-book of medicine.

Apart from his verse, and letters, and diaries, and contributions to journals and books of medicine, with an occasional address to students or to societies,

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John McGree left few writings, and in these there is nothing remarkable by reason of thought or expression. He could not write prose. Fine as was his ear for verse he could not produce that finer rhythm of prose, which comes from the fall of proper words in proper sequence. He never learned that if a writer of prose takes care of the sound the sense will take care of itself. He did not scrutinize words to discover their first and fresh meaning. He wrote in phrases, and used words at secondhand as the journalists do. Bullets "rained"; guns "swept"; shells "hailed"; events "transpired", and yet his appreciation of style in others was perfect, and he was an insatiable reader of the best books. His letters are ^{often} shown with names of authors whose worth time has proved. To specify them would merely be to write the catalogue of a good library.

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"Solitude" "rains"; "Guns" "swamp"; "Challis" "rains";
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The ^{four} thirteen years with which this century opened were the period in which John McDrae established himself in civil life in Montreal and in the profession of medicine. Of this period he has left a chronicle which is at once too long and too short. All lives are equally interesting if only we are in possession of all the facts. Places like Oxford and Cambridge have been made interesting because the people who live in them are in the habit of writing, and always write about each other. Family letters have little interest even for the family itself, if they consist merely of a recital of the trivial events of the day. They are prized for the unusual and for ^{the} sentiment they contain. Diaries also are dull unless they deal with selected incidents; and selection is the essence of every art. Few events have any interest ^{in themselves}, but any event can be made interesting by the pictorial or literary art.

When he writes to his mother, that, as he was coming out of the college, an Irish ^{setter} terrier pressed a cold nose against his hand, that is interesting because it is un-

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usual. If he tells us that a professor took him by the arm, there is no interest in that to her or to any one else. For that reason the ^{and} simple letters and diaries which cover these years need not detain us long. There is in them little selection, little art, ⁹² too much professor and too little dog.

It is of course the business of the essayist to select; but in the present case there is little to choose. He tells of invitations to dinner, accepted, evaded, or refused; but he does not always tell who were there, what he thought of them, or what they had to eat. "Dinner at the Adami's, - supper at Ruttan's, - a night with Owen; - tea at the Reford's, - theatre with the Hicksons, - a reception at the Angus's, - or a ^{dance} dinner at the Allan's" - these events would all be quite meaningless without an exposition of the social life of Montreal, which is too large a matter to undertake, alluring as the task would be. Even then, one would be giving one's own impressions and not his.

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9) Wherever he lived he was a social figure. When he sat at table the dinner was never dull. The entertainment he offered was not missed by the ^{simplest} ~~dullest~~ intelligence. His contribution was merely "stories", and these stories in endless succession were told in a spirit of frank fun. They were ^{never} illustrative, admonitory, or *hortative*. They were just amusing, and always fresh. This gift he acquired from his mother, who had that rare charm of mimicry without mockery and caricature without malice. In all his own letters there is not an unkind comment or tinge of ill-nature, although in places, especially in later years, there is bitter indignation against those Canadian patriots who were patriots merely for their letters' sake. *bellies'*

Taken together his letters and diaries are a revelation of the heroic struggle by which a man gains a footing in a strange place in that most particular of all professions, a struggle comprehended by those alone, who have made the experiment. And yet the method is simple. It is all disclosed in his words, "I have never

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sat at table the dinner was never dull. The enter-
tainment he offered was not missed by the ~~guests~~ ^{company} in-
telligences. His conversation was mainly "stories",
and those stories in endless succession were told in
a spirit of frank fun. They were illustrative, ad-
miring, or ~~satirical~~ ^{satirical}. They were just amusing, and
always fresh. This gift he acquired from his mother,
who had that rare charm of mimicry without mockery and
accompaniment without reliance. In all his own letters
there is not an unkind comment or trace of ill-nature,
although in places, especially in later years, there is
bitter indignation against those German patriots who
were patriots merely for their letters ^{and} ~~and~~.
Taken together his letters and diaries are a
revelation of the heroic struggle by which a man gains
a footing in a strange place in that most peculiar of
all professions, a struggle comprehended by those alone
who have made the experiment. And yet the method is
simple. It is all disclosed in his words, "I have never

refused any work that was given me to do." These records are merely a chronicle of work. Outdoor clinics, laboratory tasks, post mortems, demonstrating, teaching, lecturing, attendance upon the sick in wards and homes, meetings, conventions, papers, addresses, editing, reviewing, - the very remembrance of such a career is enough to appal the stoutest heart.

But John McCrae was never appalled. He went about his work gaily, never busy, never idle. Each minute was pressed into the service, and every hour was made to count. In the first eight months of practice he claims to have made ninety dollars. It ^{is} was many years before we hear him complain of the *annoyance* of sending out accounts, and sighing for the services of a book-keeper. This is the only complaint in his letters that appears.

There were at the time in Montreal two rival schools, and are yet two rival hospitals. But John McCrae was of no party. He was the friend of all men, and the confidant of many. He sought nothing for himself

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McGee was of no party. He was the friend of all men,

and the confidant of many. He sought nothing for himself

and by seeking not he found what he most desired. His mind was single and his intention pure; his acts unsullied by selfish thought; his aim was true because it was steady and high. His ^{help} ~~aid~~ was never sought for any cause that was unworthy, and those humorous eyes could see through the bones to the marrow of a scheme. In spite of his singular innocence, or rather by reason of it, he was the last man in the world to be imposed upon.

In all this devastating labour he never neglected the assembling of himself together with those who write and those who paint. Indeed, he had himself some small skill in line and colour. His hands ^{were} ~~are~~ the hands of an artist - too fine and small for a body that always weighted 170 pounds, and measured more than five feet ten inches in height. There was in Montreal an institution known as "The Pen and Pencil Club." No one now living remembers a time when it did not exist. It was a peculiar club. It contained no member who should not be in it; and no one was left

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of whom it is. When Thomas McCrae finished his great
 out who should be in. The number was about a dozen.
 For twenty years the club met in *Dyott's* studio, and
 afterwards, as the result of some convulsion, in R. R.
 Macpherson's. A ceremonial supper was eaten once a
 year, at which one dressed the salad, one made the coffee,
 and Harris sang a song. Here all pictures were first
 shown, and writings read - if they were not too long.
 If they were, there was in an adjoining room a tin chest,
 which in these *austere* days one remembers with refresh-
 ment. When John McCrae was offered membership he
 "grabbed at it," and the place was a home for the spirit
 wearied by the week's work. There *Brymner* and the
 other artists would discourse upon writings, and Burgess
 and the other writers would discourse upon pictures.

and. All these years his brother Thomas is heard in the
 background like a prompter on the stage, offering wisdom
 when it was sought; but when John writes to his mother
 he recommends her in playful terms not to think more
 highly than she ought of her elder born, as the custom

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 he remembers her in playful terms not to think more
 highly than the count of her elder born, as the custom

of women is. When Thomas McCrae finished his great work, and his name was inseparably linked with the honoured name of Osler, and the "eminent-men letters" of congratulation began to arrive, "Look at our Tommy" wrote the mischievous younger ^{born} to his mother.

It is only with the greatest of resolution, fortified by lack of time and space, that I have kept myself to the main lines of his career, and refrained from following him into by-paths and secret, pleasant places, but I shall not be denied just one indulgence. In the great days when Lord Grey was Governor he formed a party to visit Prince Edward Island. The route was a circuitous one. It began at Ottawa; it extended to Winnipeg, down the Nelson River to York Factory, across Hudson Bay, down the Strait, by Belle Isle and Newfoundland, and across the Gulf of St. Lawrence to a place called Orwell.

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with notable men - Felt, Fisher, Rivers, Folio, Howard,
Walker: returned to Europe with a detailed diary and

party with L. S. Amery, It also included John Macnaughton,
Lord Percy, Lord ^{ane} Lansborough, and one or two others.

The ship had called at North Sydney where Lady Grey and ^{the}
Lady Evelyn joined. ⁹ Through the place in a deep ravine

runs an innocent stream which broadens out into still pools,
dark under the alders. There was a rod - a very beautiful
rod in two pieces. It excited his suspicion.

It was put into his hand, the first stranger hand that
ever held it; and the first cast showed that it was a
worthy hand. The sea-trout were running that afternoon.

Thirty years before, in that memorable visit to Scotland,
he had been taken aside by "an old friend of his grand-
father's". It was there he learned "to love the
trouties." The love and the art never left him. It

was at this same Orwell his brother first heard the
world called to arms on that early August morning in
1914.

In those civil years there were, of course,
diversions: visits to the United States and meetings

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voice called to stand on that early August morning in
1914.
In those still years ...
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Hurd

with notable men - Welch, ^{Hurd}Futcher, Hiera, White, Howard, Barker: voyages to Europe with a detailed itinerary upon the record: walks and rides upon the mountain: excursions in winter to the woods and in summer to the lakes: and one visit to the Packards in Maine, with the sea enthusiastically described. Upon those woodland excursions and upon many other adventures his companion is referred to as "Billy T." who can be no other than Lt-Colonel W. G. Turner, "M.C."

Much is left out of the diary that we would wish to have recorded. There is tantalizing mention of "conversations" with Shepherd - with Roddick - with Chipman - with Armstrong - with Gardner - with Martin - with Moyses. ^{occasionally} Again, there is a note of description; "James Mavor is a kindly genius with much unassorted knowledge;" "Tait McKenzie presided ideally" at a Shakespeare dinner; "Stephen Leacock does not keep all the good things for his publisher." Those who know the life in Montreal may well for themselves supply the details.

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14

154 1.

John McCrae left the front after the second battle of Ypres, and never returned. On June 1st, 1915, he was posted to No. 3 General Hospital at Boulogne, a most efficient unit organized by McGill University and commanded by that fine soldier Colonel H. S. Birkett, C. B. He was placed in charge of medicine, with the rank of Lieut-Colonel as from April 17th, 1915, and there he remained until his death.

At first he did not relish the change. His heart was with the guns. He had transferred from the artillery to the medical service as recently as the previous autumn, and embarked a few days afterwards at Quebec, on the 29th of September, arriving at Davenport October 20th, 1914. Although he was attached as Medical Officer to the 1st Brigade of Artillery, he could not forget that he was no longer a gunner, and in those tumultuous days he was often to be found in the observation post rather than in his dressing station. He had inherited something of the old army superciliousness towards a "non-combatant" service, being unaware that in

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this war the battle casualties in the medical corps were to be higher than in any other arm of the service. From South Africa he wrote exactly fifteen years before: "I am glad that I am not 'a medical' out here. No 'R.A.M.C.' or any other 'M.C.' for me. There is a big breach, and the medicals are on the far side of it." On August 7th, 1915, he writes from his hospital post, "I expect to wish often that I had stuck by the artillery." But he had no choice.

Under the influence of this spirit he was at first unhappy. His mind had been severely strained. Vague reports began to reach the Front "that he was not himself that he was taciturn, even morose, and at times querulous. Certainly, some of his friends walked no more with him.

Of this period of his service there is little written record. He merely did his work, and did it well, as he always did what his mind found to do. His health was failing. He suffered from the cold. A year before his death he writes on January 25th, 1917:

White

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1563.

"The cruel cold is still holding. Everyone is suffering, and the men in the wards in bed cannot keep warm. I know of nothing so absolutely pitiless as weather. Let one wish; let one pray; do what one will; still the same clear sky and no sign, - you know the cold brand of sunshine. For my own part I do not think I have ever been more uncomfortable. Everything is so cold that it hurts to pick it up. To go to bed is a nightmare and to get up a worse one. I have heard of cold weather in Europe, and how the poor suffer, - now I know!"

All his ^{white} life he was a victim of asthma. The first definite attack was in the autumn of 1894, and the following winter ^{it} ~~they~~ recurred with persistence. For the next five years his letters abound in references to the malady. After coming to Montreal it subsided; but he always felt that the enemy was around the corner. He had frequent periods in bed; but he enjoyed the relief from work and the occasion they afforded for rest and reading.

The cruel cold is still holding. Everyone is suffering, and the men in the wards in bed cannot keep warm. I know of nothing so especially pitiless as weather. Let me write for the first time to you still in the same clear sky and no sign - you know the cold of a flash. For my own part I do not think I have ever been more uncomfortable. Everything is so cold that it hurts to pick it up. To go to bed is a nightmare and set up a worse one. I have heard of cold weather in Europe, and how the poor suffer - now I know! All his life he was a victim of asthma. The first definite attack was in the autumn of 1934, and the following winter that recurred with persistence. For the next five years his letters abound in references to the malady. After coming to Montreal it subsided, but he always felt that the enemy was around the corner. He had frequent periods in bed; but he enjoyed the relief from work and the occasion they afforded for rest and reading.

In January 1918 minutes begin to appear upon his official file which were of great interest to him, and to us. Colonel Birkett had relinquished command of the unit to resume his duties as Dean of the Medical Faculty of McGill University. He was succeeded by the second in command, that veteran soldier, Colonel J. M. Elder. *626* At the same time the command of No. 1 General Hospital fell vacant. Lieut-Colonel McCrae was required for that post; but a higher honour was in store, namely the place of Consultant to the British Armies in the field. All these events, and the final great event, are best recorded in the austere official correspondence which I am permitted to extract from the files:

From D.M.S. Canadian Contingents (Major-General G. L. Foster, C.B.). To O.C. No. 3 General Hospital, B.E.F., 13th December, 1917: "There is a probability of the command of No. 1 General Hospital becoming vacant. It is requested, please, that you obtain from ^{the} Lt-Col. J. McCrae his wishes in the matter. If he is available,

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to us. Colonel Birchall had relinquished command of the
unit to return his duties as Lecturer at the Medical Faculty
of McGill University. He was succeeded by the second
in command, that veteran soldier Colonel J. M. Bicker.
At the same time the command of No. 1 General Hospital
fell vacant. Major-General McKee was reported for that
post but a higher honor was in store, namely the place
of Colonel in the British Empire in the field. All
these events, and the final great event, are best record-
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permitted to extract from the files:
From E. K. Canadian Conference (Major-General)
to Mr. McKee, C.B. (The O.C. No. 1 General Hospital),
E. T. K., 18th December, 1917: "There is a possibility of
the command of No. 1 General Hospital becoming vacant.
It is requested please, that you obtain from Lt-Col. J.
McKee any papers in the matter. If he is available,

and willing to take over this command, it is proposed to offer it to him.

white

O.C. No. 3 General Hospital, B.E.F., To D.M.S.

Canadian Contingents, 28th December 1917: "Lt-Col.

McCrae desires me to say that, while he naturally looks forward to succeeding to the command of this unit, he is quite willing to comply with your desire, and will take command of No. 1 General Hospital at any time you may wish."

white

D.G.M.S. British Armies in France, To D.M.S. Canadian

Contingents, January 2nd, 1918: "It is proposed to appoint Lt-Col. J. McCrae, now serving with No. 3 Canadian General Hospital, Consulting Physician to the British Armies in France. Notification of this appointment, when made, will be sent to you in due course.

white

D.M.S. Canadian Contingents, To O.C. No. 3 General

Hospital, B.E.F., January 5th 1918: "Since receiving your letter I have information from G.H.Q. that they will appoint a Consultant Physician to the British Armies in the Field, and have indicated their desire for Lt-Col.

white

and willing to take over this command, it is proposed to

offer it to him.

O.C. No. 3 General Hospital, S.F.P., To D.K.S.

Canadian Contingent, 25th December 1918. Lt-Col.

My dear Sir, I have the pleasure to inform you that, while the normally looks

forward to succeeding to the command of this unit, he is

quite willing to comply with your desire, and will take

command of No. 1 General Hospital at any time you may

wish.

E.C.M.S. British Ambulance in France, To E.S.P. Gen-

eral Hospital, January 2nd, 1919. "It is proposed to

appoint Lt-Col. J. McRae, now serving with No. 3 Gen-

eral Hospital, Consulting Physician to the British

Ambulance in France. Notification of this appointment,

when made, will be sent to you in due course.

E.C.M.S. Canadian Contingent, To O.C. No. 3 General

Hospital, S.F.P., January 2nd 1919. "Since receiving

your letter I have information from G.H.Q. that they will

appoint a Consultant Physician to the British Ambulance in

the field, and have indicated their desire for Lt-Col.

McCrae for this duty. This is a much higher honour than commanding a General Hospital, and I hope he will take the post, as this is a position I have long wished should be filled by a C.A.M.C. officer."

D.M.S. Canadian Contingents, To D.G.M.S., G.H.Q., 2nd Echelon, January 15th, 1918: "I fully concur in this appointment, and consider this officer will prove his ability as an able Consulting Physician."

Telegram: D.G.M.S., G.H.Q., 2nd Echelon. To D.M.S. Canadian Contingents, January 18th, 1918: "Any objection to Lt-Col. J. McCrae being appointed Consulting Physician to British Armies in France. If appointed, temporary rank of Colonel recommended."

Telegram: O.C. No. 3 General Hospital, B.E.F., To D.M.S. Canadian Contingents, January 27th 1918: "Lt-Col. John McCrae seriously ill with pneumonia at No. 14 General Hospital."

Telegram: O.C. No. 14 General Hospital. To O.C. No. 3 General Hospital, B.E.F., January 28th, 1918: "Lt-Col. John McCrae died this morning."

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the post, as this is a position I have long wished should
be filled by a C.A.M.C. officer.
H.M.S. Canadian Contingent, to F.O.M.S., S.F.P.
and Echelon, January 15th, 1918: "I fully concur in this
appointment, and consider this officer will prove his
ability as an able Consulting Physician."
Telegram: F.O.M.S., S.F.P., and Echelon, to H.M.S.
Canadian Contingent, January 18th, 1918: "any objection
to Lt-Col. J. McCrone being appointed Consulting Physician
to British Armies in France. If appointed, temporary
rank of Colonel recommended."
Telegram: C.C. No. 3 General Hospital, S.F.P., to
H.M.S. Canadian Contingent, January 18th, 1918: "Lt-Col.
John McCrone seriously ill with pneumonia at No. 14
General Hospital."
Telegram: C.C. No. 14 General Hospital, to C.C.
No. 3 General Hospital, S.F.P., January 23rd, 1918: "Lt-
Col. John McCrone died this morning."

1807.

This was the end. For him the war was finished, and all the glory of the world had passed.

Henceforth we are concerned, not with the letters he wrote, but with the letters which were written about him. They came from all quarters, literally in hundreds, all inspired by pure sympathy, but some tinged with a curiosity which it is hoped this writing will do something to assuage.

Let us first confine ourselves to the facts. They are all contained in a letter which Colonel Elder wrote to myself in ^{Common} ~~concord~~ with other friends.

Wohlan On Wednesday, January 23rd, he was as usual in the morning; but in the afternoon Colonel Elder found him asleep on his chair in the mess room. "I have a slight headache," he said. He went to his quarters. In the evening he was worse but had no increase of temperature, no acceleration of pulse or respiration. At this moment the order arrived for him to proceed forthwith as Consulting Physician to the 1st Army. Colonel Elder writes, "I read the order to him, and told him I should

...and all the glory of the world had passed.
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 ...Colonel Elder
 ...I read the order to him, and told him I should

announce the contents at mess. He was very much pleased over the appointment. We discussed the matter at some length, and I took his advice upon measures for carrying on the medical work of the unit."

Next morning he was sleeping soundly, but later on he professed to be much better. He had no fever, no cough, no pain. In the afternoon he sent for Col. Elder, and announced that he had pneumonia. There were no signs in the chest; but the microscope revealed certain organisms which rather confirmed the diagnosis. The temperature was rising. Sir Bertrand Dawson was sent for. He came by evening from Wimereux, but he could discover no physical signs. In the night the temperature continued to rise, and he complained of headache. He was restless until the morning, "when he fell into a calm, untroubled sleep."

Next morning, being Friday, he was removed by ambulance to No. 14 General Hospital at Wimereux. In the evening news came that he was better; by the morning the report was good, a lowered temperature and

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pleased over the appointment. He discussed the matter
of some length, and I took his advice upon measures for
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Next morning, being Friday, he was removed by
ambulance to No. 14 General Hospital at Wimpson. In
the evening news came that he was better; by the morn-
ing the report was good, a lowered temperature and

normal pulse. In the afternoon the condition grew worse; there were signs of cerebral irritation with a rapid, irregular pulse; his mind was quietly clouded. Early on Sunday morning the temperature dropped, and the heart grew weak; there was an intense sleepiness. During the day the sleep increased to coma, and all knew the end was near.

His friends had gathered. The choicest of the profession was there, but they were helpless. He remained unconscious, and died at half past one on Monday morning. The cause of death was double pneumonia with massive cerebral infection. Colonel Elder's letter concludes: "We packed his effects in a large box, everything that we thought should go to his people, and Gow took it with him to England to-day." Walter Gow was his cousin, a son of that Gow who sailed with the Eckfords from Glasgow in the Clutha. At the time he was Deputy Minister in London. *of the Grenadier Militia, Forces of Canada* He had been sent for but arrived too late: all was so sudden.

The funeral was held on Tuesday afternoon, January

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and arrived too late; all was so sudden.
The funeral was held on Tuesday afternoon, January

29th, at the cemetery in Wimereux. The burial was made with full military pomp. From the Canadian Corps came Lieut-General Sir Arthur Currie, the General Officer Commanding; Major-General ^{E. W. B.} ~~C. E. D.~~ Morrison, and Brigadier-General W. O. H. Dodds, of the Artillery. Sir A. T. Sloggett, the Director-General of Medical Services, with his Staff were waiting at the grave. All Commanding Officers at the Base, and all Deputy Directors were there. There was also a deputation from the Harvard Unit headed by Harvey Cushing.

"Bonfire" went first, led by two grooms, and decked in the regulation white ribbon, not the least pathetic figure in the sad procession. A hundred Nursing Sisters in caps and veils stood in line, and then proceeded in ambulances to the cemetery, where they lined up again. Seventy-five of the personnel from the Hospital acted as escort, and six Sergeants bore the coffin from the gates to the grave. The firing party was in its place. Then followed the chief mourners, Colonel Elder and Sir Bertrand Dawson; and in

at the cemetery in Winton. The burial was made
 with full military honours. Three of the Canadian Corps came
 Lieut-General Sir Arthur Currie, the General Officer
 Commanding; Major-General Sir E. B. Mowbray, and Major
 General Sir G. H. Roden, of the Infantry. Sir A.
 T. Bligh, the Director-General of Medical Services,
 and his staff were waiting at the grave. All com-
 manding Officers at the base, and all Battery positions
 were there. There was also a deputation from the Bar-
 and was headed by Harvey Ganning.

"Bentley" was first, led by the ground, and
 looked to the regulation white ribbon, not the last
 pathetic figure in the sad procession. A hundred
 during sisters in caps and veils stood in lines, and then
 proceeded in ambulation to the cemetery, where they
 lined up again. Seventy-five of the personnel from
 the hospital acted as escorts, and six sergeants bore
 the coffin from the base to the grave. The firing
 party was in its place. Then followed the cater
 postmen, Colonel Esher and Sir Horatio Lawson; and in

of his high ^{order} vitality and splendid vigour - his career
 their due place, the rank and file of No. 3 with their
 officers; the rank and file of No. 14 with their offi-
 cers; all officers from the Base, with Major-General
 Wilberforce and the Deputy Directors to complete.

It was a springtime day, and those who have passed
 all these winters in France and in Flanders will know
 how lovely the springtime may be. So we may leave him,
 "on this sunny slope, facing the sunset and the sea."
 These are the words used by one of the nurses in a
 letter to a friend, - those women from whom no heart is
 hid. She also adds; "The nurses lamented that he be-
 came unconscious so quickly they could not tell him how
 much they cared. To the funeral all came as we did
 because we loved him so."

At first there was the hush of grief and the
 silence of sudden shock. Then there was an outbreak
 of eulogy, of appraisal and sorrow. No attempt shall
 be made to reproduce it here; but one or two voices may
 be recorded in so far as indisjointed words they speak
 for all. Stephen Leacock, for those who write, tells

their one class, the rank and file of No. 3 with their
 officers; the rank and file of No. 14 with their offi-
 cers; all officers from the Base, with Major-General
 Hetherington and the Deputy Director to complete.

It was a springtime day, and those who have passed
 all their winters in France and in Flanders will know
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These are the words used by one of the nurses in a
 letter to a friend, whose room from whom he heard in
 aid. She also adds: "The nurse lamented that he be-
 came unconscious so quickly they could not tell him how
 much they cared. To the funeral all came as we did
 because we loved him so."

At first there was the hum of grief and the
 silence of sudden shock. Then there was an outbreak
 of sobbing, of exultation and sorrow. No attempt shall
 be made to reproduce it here; but one or two voices may
 be recorded in so far as individual words they speak
 for all. Stephen Leacock, for those who write, tells

of his high vitality and splendid vigour - his career of honour and marked distinction - his life filled with honourable endeavour and instinct with the sense of duty - a sane and equable temperament - whatever he did, filled with sure purpose and swift conviction.

Dr. A. D. Blackader, acting Dean of the Medical Faculty of McGill University, himself speaking from out of the shadow, thus appraises his worth; "as a teacher, trusted and beloved; as a colleague, sincere and cordial, as a physician - faithful, cheerful and kind. An unkind word he never uttered." Oskar Klotz, himself a student, testifies that the relationship was essentially one of master and pupil. From the head of his first department at McGill, Professor, now Colonel, Adami, comes the weighty praise that he was sound in diagnosis, as a teacher inspiring, that few could rise to his high level of service.

There is yet a deeper aspect of this character with which we are concerned; but I shrink from making the exposition, fearing lest with my heavy literary tread I

of his high vitality and splendid vigour - his career
 of honour and marked distinction - his life filled with
 honourable endeavor and instinct with the sense of duty
 - a rare and exalted temperament - whatever he did, filled
 with true purpose and noble conviction.

Dr. A. T. Fischer, former Dean of the Medical
 Faculty of McGill University, himself spending time out
 of the shadow, thus epitomizes his worth, "as a teacher,
 treated and beloved, as a colleague, strict and cordial
 as a physician - faithful, cheerful and kind. An unkind
 word he never uttered." Over thirty years a student,
 testifies that the relationship was essentially one of
 master and pupil. From the head of his first department
 at McGill, Professor, now Colonel, Adams, comes the
 highest praise that he was accorded in diagnosis, as a
 teacher, teaching, that few could also to his high level
 of service.

There is not a deeper aspect of his character worth
 when we are concerned; but I should like to mention
 exhibition, feeling that with my heavy literary load I

might destroy more than I should discover. When one stands by the holy place wherein dwells a dead friend's soul - the word would slip out at last - it becomes him to take off the shoes from off his feet. But fortunately the dilemma does not arise. The task has already been performed by ~~John Macnaughton~~, ^{one} one who by God has been endowed with the religious sense, and by nature enriched with the gift of expression, one who in his high calling has long been acquainted with the grief of others, and is now himself a man of sorrow, having seen with understanding eyes.

"These great days range like tides,

And leave our dead on every shore."

On February 14th, 1918, a Memorial Service was held in the Royal Victoria College. Principal Sir William Peterson presided, and ^{John} Professor Macnaughton gave the address in his own lovely and inimitable words, to commemorate one whom he lamented, "so young and strong, in the prime of life, in the full ripeness of

might destroy more than I should discover. When one
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to leave off the shoes from off his feet. The task has al-
ready the dilemma does not arise. The task has al-
ready been performed by Jesus himself, one who by
God has been endowed with the religious sense, and by
nature enriched with the gift of expression, one who in
his high calling has long been acquainted with the
grief of others, and is now himself a man of sorrow,
having seen with understanding eyes.

"These great days range like lines,
And leave our dead on every shore."

On February 14th, 1918, a Memorial Service was
held in the Hotel Victoria College. Principal Sir
William Peterson presided, and Professor Macdonald
gave the address in his own lovely and intangible words.
to commemorate one whom he lamented, "so young and
strange, in the prime of life, in the full ripeness of

his fine powers, his season of fruit and flower bearing. He never lost the simple faith of his childhood. He was so sure about the main things, the vast things, the indispensable things, of which all formulated faiths are but a more or less stammering expression, that he was content with the rough embodiment in which his ancestors had laboured to bring those great realities to bear as beneficent and propulsive forces upon their own and their children's minds and consciences. His instinctive faith sufficed him."

To his own students John McCrae once quoted the legend from a picture, to him "the most suggestive picture in the world:☺ What I spent I had: what I saved I lost: what I gave I have; and, ^{he} added, "It will be in your power every day to store up for yourselves treasures that will come back to you in the consciousness of duty well done, of kind acts performed, things that having given away freely you yet possess. It has often seemed to me that when in the Judgment those surprised faces look up and say, 'Lord, when saw we Thee

his fine powers, his season of fruit and flower bearing.
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To his own advantage John Wesley once quoted the
 famous line of a picture, to him "the most suggestive
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 be in our power every day to step up for ourselves
 treasures that will come back to you in the conscious-
 ness of duty well done, of kind acts performed, things
 that having given away I still can yet possess. It has
 often seemed to me that when in the judgment those sur-
 vived faces look up and say, 'Lord, when saw ye these

an-hungred and fed Thee; or thirsty and gave Thee
drink; a stranger, and took Thee in; naked and clothed
Thee; and there meets them that warrant-royal of all
charity, Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least
of these, ye have done it unto Me, there will be amongst
those awed ones many a practitioner of medicine."

And finally I shall conclude this task to which I
have set a worn but willing hand, by using again the
words which once I used before: Beyond all consideration
of his intellectual attainments John McCrae was the
well beloved of his friends. He will be missed in his
place; and wherever his companions assemble there will
be for them a new poignancy in the Miltonic phrase,-

But O, the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return.

honam

November 11th 1918

THA
189

(38)

him a dance - I've
seen him at a

good many of the
dances this year

WRITTEN TO JAN '09

BY THE DARLING HE REMAINED

IN LOVE WITH TILL HIS DEATH

10 YEARS LATER

but never seem
to be able to get
dances with him.

Jack Mc Crae came
to see me at Cresce
Rd on Tuesday a.m.

we had a good
pow-wow - he is so
nice, but Billy, why
does he always insist
on wearing clothes
six sizes too small
for him? How is Dr.

MS

Acc. no. 255

1918

