

(Letter to Mrs. Robt. Brewster)
(handwriting)

Sunday, 7th (Mar. '15)

13, NORHAM GARDENS,
OXFORD

Dear Mabel

All goes well here, and things begin to look brighter. The German blockade seems a farce, and we hope for a peaceful solution of the neutral shipping question. There has been a lull in the stream of wounded, and preparations are in progress for a great advance in the spring - 100,000 beds in France! It is appalling to think of it, but such is war! Revere went off about 10 days ago. He has a commission in the Canadian contingent and has been assigned for duty at one of the Canadian Hospitals as orderly officer. He is to join the McGill Unit when it comes over in April or May and will be Col. ~~Bykets~~ orderly officer. They will have charge of one of the new Hospitals in France. He will do ambulance & supply work. I have four nephews at the front and five other relatives come over in the 3rd Canadian Contingent, so that we shall have our anxieties - I enclose you a printed slip of a memorial service which we held at our College this afternoon in memory of the Oxford men who have fallen. Eighteen of our undergraduates have already fallen, several of them we knew quite well. It is a shocking business, and it does seem a mockery to hold services but I suppose it is a comfort to the poor relations. I could not help thinking of the nice German women singing this afternoon Ein fester Burg ist ~~unser~~ ^{unser} Gott as I used to hear them in the Cathedral in Berlin. A congregation of 1500 sang ~~Abelands~~ ^{Abelands} hymn "Oh what the joy." ^{lyrics}

Thank Uncle Ned for his nice articles in Life. I am longing to see the children to say nothing of you! Love to R.B.

Yours affectionately

WM OSLER

** sung by the congregation at his funeral.*