

ber they arrived at the Marne, ragged, bloody, war-worn, but unbroken, victorious, invincible, and for ever glorious.

Common soldiers they were! I asked an English officer about it, but could get nothing out of him. I suggested it was a glorious retreat, but like all those British men, he was non-vocal. It was nothing at all in his estimation, but he dropped this casual remark: "Call it an army," he said, "It was more like a drunken rabble of men, staggering down those dusty roads, but when the bugle blew they would turn and fight like fiends." That is all he had to say about it.

The common man! The invincible common British soldier! We ought to learn more of the common man. We ought to avoid the adjectives that describe him, the adjectives that demand our admiration. We ought to think of his capacity for sacrifice. I think of a little man from Northern Ontario. His Colonel told me this. Standing in one of the front line bays, with a group of his comrades, a live bomb comes in hissing and drops among them; they scatter for cover; this little, insignificant soldier, unknown in his own platoon almost, throws himself upon the bomb, draws it to his heart and is blown to pieces, but he saves his comrades—A common man! It seems to me he was uncommonly like God Himself! Like God, who when He saw death amongst us, threw Himself upon it, gathered it to His heart and, dying, saved us from death.

And as with our men, so with our women. I suppose the greatest story of the war will be the story of the women of the war. The great General Joffre said one day to his soldiers, "Not you, my men, but the army at the base will win," and in the army of the base the great fighting corps was the womanhood of the nations. I think of that French officer's wife—I forget who tells the story—to whom the word came through his Colonel of the young fellow's death. And this woman listening with white face and staring eyes, moved slowly toward him, grasped him by the arm, and said, "My colonel, tell me that our France will be free! I will weep no tear!" That was the spirit of the Frenchwomen; that was the spirit of the British women; that was the spirit of our Canadian women. They it was who made it possible that our lads should stay at the post of duty and quietly meet death.

Have we learned to know the common man? Shall we recognize him henceforth when we see him? Shall we judge him by his clothes, or by the courage of his soul? Shall we have regard for him by the way he uses his tongue or by the great movements of his heart? But if we should make this discovery in Canada, the greatness of the common man, we should secure for him the things that he demands and has a right to expect. Justice for

his wrongs, pity for his weakness, patience for his limitations, reverence for his great soul.

III. The third spiritual gain of the war is *The Discovery of the Supreme Value of Comradeship in the Making of a Nation*. It was a strange bond that held our men together in that Canadian Unit, which, as General Currie said the other day, when the last great advance was to be made against the enemy, was chosen deliberately from all the possible units, to be the spear-head of that mighty driving shaft of death. We cannot define it, but we felt it. That thing that held man to man, man to his officer, officer to officer, and all together. The thing, too, that held the nation to the army, and the army to the nation. That spirit of comradeship, that made it possible for both army and nation to stand the stress and strain of those dreadful days of adversity. The German substitute was the mighty power of discipline. But the defect of discipline as a cement of unity was this, when it was most needed it broke. The superiority of comradeship as a bond was revealed in this, that when it was most demanded it was most enduring. The hammer-blows of war could not disintegrate that bond, but only served to weld it into a more irrefragable unity.

I have in mind an instance of the working of this bond which I think is worth remembering. A young officer was caught on our wire, out in front of our trench, wounded, unable to get away, and the field swept by a hail of machine gun bullets. The commanding officer gave the word that no man should adventure across that deadly bit of "no-man's land." Again and again a little corporal asked that he might be allowed to go to the help of his officer, but in vain. They had need of every man and the attempt meant death. And the afternoon wore on, one long agony for them all. At length the little corporal was seen crawling out toward the wire under a hail of bullets. He reached the officer, disentangled him from the wire, lay down beside him, fed him with biscuits, and nourished him from his water-bottle. The young officer suddenly felt his corporal's form stiffen beside him and grow quiet. At night they brought them both in. The officer alive; the corporal dead. He had proved the endurance of the comrade bond.

There was one and only one unpardonable sin in the Canadian army, and that was that a man should let down his comrade; that thing could not be forgiven, and I find it hard to understand how it could be forgiven.

Ladies and gentlemen, my time is gone, but I would say this that if Canada is to emerge into something finer than she is today, if she is to become secure and happy, it must be by obedience to the gospel of "get-together Canadians." It would be well if there could be instituted some nation-wide propaganda that would