

romance, humour and atmosphere of the Great War, or that portion of it in which the Canadian Army took a hand. There is no pretence at entering the lists with historian and statistician. In the first place, there is not the scope to catalogue with justice to all and partiality to none the things done by the several units of our army of knight-errantry, now dispersed to the confines of a great dominion. Nor would it be possible for one man, obsessed by the duties of moment and moment, and embarrassed by the very opulence of activity filling his field of observation, to record events in the sequence and with the lucidity possible to those watching from far off. These, with the War Office at their elbow, and pigeon-holes and reference books at reach, can and will, one doubts not, give to posterity that cool, detached résumé by means of which our grandchildren will balance the books of the Great War. If the latter should find in such a work as this, sidelights which may help to illumine their task or pastime, it is all the writer can ask or expect.

And I would not have those later generations think, or judge from what they read here, that we who essay to tell of the things we saw, do so lightly. We know that we tread on holy ground.