

geography, for upon every cross there is a metal plate with complete identification. There were representatives from every city and province in the Dominion.

It was a glorious summer morning, and at a quarter to ten the band was heard at the head of the approaching column in a cloud of chalk dust. Before the hour the paths were filled with thousands of soldiers all facing inwards towards the platform.

The band was behind the daïs, and in front were gathered the Officers, with representatives from the Imperial Staff, the Americans and Australians. The nurses lined the inner circle holding sheaves of flowers in their arms, their bright uniforms making a pleasant contrast with the sea of brown.

The service began with one verse of "O Canada," and the multitude of various elements seemed at once united in purpose and spirit. The great memorial hymn which followed seemed to widen the congregation. We only occupied the ground floor of the temple whose galleries looked down upon the scene.

For all the saints who from their labours rest,  
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,  
Thy name, O Jesu, be for ever blest—

Alleluia.

O blest communion, fellowship divine,  
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;  
Yet, all are one in Thee, for all are Thine—  
Alleluia.

The lesson was from the vision of the exile on the Ægean Isle in the days when the monster Domitian ruled the civilised world. I was standing at the gate, sixty yards away, and I distinctly heard the words:—

"These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. . . . They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat . . . for God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Then followed the Lord's Prayer and a short prayer of dedication and one for the peace of the world.

The memorial address was given by Major G. O. Fallis, Assistant Director of the Chaplain Service. He is a Methodist clergyman in civilian life, but he was surrounded by four other churches as he spoke for the Christian hope of the Canadian Army.

"In My Father's house are many mansions." There was only one subject for such an occasion—the men who slept at our feet and the cause for which they died. This is not a literal history.