

FOREWORD.

whom this work is dedicated took the field as a chosen leader. He was the man to put a stout heart to a stiff hill, and to find in all rebuffs an incentive to new devotion and to more trained and experienced leadership. He was the Greatheart of the war—knightly in his stern repelling, as a public man, of every appeal to his personal interest with a "Get thee behind me, Satan"; knightly in his self-forgetfulness and meekness in the presence of detraction, not only from quarters where he might well look for it, but also from quarters where he might have looked for loyal sympathy, if not in all things for agreement. With one high purpose, he determinedly ignored injuries and readily effaced himself whenever he imagined the need for unity of effort bade him or the organization which bore the grime of battle and of hard knocks, stand aside. But as the tides rose and fell, the Dominion Alliance with its chieftain was still there, sound and unshaken. His mantle is on other shoulders; his good lance is in trusty hands; and the victory whose light shone unwavering in his face is still beckoning.

J. R. DOUGALL.

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