

To the right and left the French broke in agony, but the little Canadian corps stood fast. For three days and four nights they faced unspeakable difficulties, and the story of the Canadian's defence at Ypres rang round the world. I believe that this battle settled the War, because it was the crack of doom for despotism and militarism. The greatest concentration of manevolence and diabolic ingenuity could not defeat the spirit of free men from all over the British Empire.

Year after year, the Canadian Corps grew—1, 2, 3, 4, 5 divisions. Beginning at Amiens on August 8, 1918, the Canadians were the spear point of the allied forces. It is undoubtedly true that, physically and morally, they were the spear point of the British army. At the battle of Amiens they made the greatest advance of any army during the Great War.

When the Armistice was signed, the Canadians were along the road going from Valenciennes to Mons, back to the place where the War started. On the last day of the War they got to Mons. It was a wonderful coincidence, and a sheer romance in the History of Canada.

I believe that war is not a perennial curse. I believe that Christian ideals are gradually, although very slowly, gaining their hold. But in the meantime, with all allowance for human frailties, and hoping for a better age to come, we ought never to forget these boys of ours who gave themselves when their country wanted them. Their lives were precious, yet they laid them down without a word, in order that we might be happy. We can only hope and pray that this generation and the generations to come may be worthy of those whose names are inscribed on yonder tablet.