

had been unable to bury, all await the healing tide of Nature which will cover them in its due time. On the roads behind lie the bodies of dead horses, with the flies thick on their congealed sides, killed in the effort to bring up to the assaulting battalions the necessities of war and livelihood. Yet of these, too, the poet has written that their cups are the calm pools and the winding rivers, and that care never breaks their healthy slumbers. Even over all that quiet countryside has come the continued spray of bursting shells, week after week and month after month, and if you look closely into every field and tree and ruined house, every yard of that wide landscape will show its wounds. We shall remember when the time of reckoning comes.

Even as the observers watched the field of conflict on June 16th, sudden clouds like giant powder-puffs leapt into the sky, and the air carried less swiftly the sound of bursting shrapnel. They looked into Square Wood, which was a wood no longer. In it there was no speck of green—only grey mud, slowly crusting in the sun, and bare, white, lifeless stalks to mark what had once been trees. But against the sky-line the new Canadian trenches ran, marked by the new outlines of red earth, to show that we held once again the lines of Mount Sorrel. The experience had been a hard one; the cost of life severe; the energies of the whole Corps had been required to balance the advantage the Württembergers had gained over us in the early days of June, and no regiment had been exempt from a share in the trial. Yet the task was accomplished, and defeat was turned into victory.