

Remembrance Day brings also to our minds the sorrows, the sufferings, and the sacrifices of the years of war; the memory of those who lie silent in their graves, a deep sympathy for the many who were bereaved, and to those who, often broken in body, have lived on, a sense of enduring obligation.

Men and women everywhere have asked themselves, in recent weeks, one searching question: Was this sacrifice in vain? For myself, I refuse to believe it. The memory of the suffering and sacrifice was in the minds of people all over the world in the dark days of last September. The recollection of this sacrifice counted for much in the minds of those men who, on the last day of that fateful month, spared mankind the hideous repetition of another world war.

If, in the silence of this Remembrance Day, we would listen to the voices of our dead, they surely would speak to us of the Peace and Freedom for which they fought and died.

In our National Memorial, both the struggle and the cause stand symbolised. Through the symbolic arch the figures press forward, as, twenty years ago, our men pressed forward in response to a call which they heard in their hearts;