

To accomplish this, it was necessary, after Belgium had rejected with dignity the disgraceful offers of a criminal Kaiser, after she had been bespattered with every insult, after she had undergone a martyr's suffering, it was necessary that from afar, brothers we knew not should come to us to strive beside us, to give their lives for us. Glory be to them!

It was Mons that saw the first soldiers of the British army arrive in August, 1914, and Mons received its Canadian deliverers at the moment when the Huns were asking for grace and mercy. Mons will perpetuate their memory in stone and bronze, but more durable still will be the reverence that every father will hand down to his son, every mother to her child, in the years to come, and all those who have had the privilege of seeing these hours of glory and heroism will never forget who it is to whom all their splendour is owing; and for centuries to come the name of Canada will stand connected here with the very words Honour, Loyalty and Heroism.

So we beg of you, gentlemen, to take home with you our heartfelt and unending gratitude.

General, and Gentlemen:—May I be allowed to add to the touching words of the representative of the City of Mons, a tribute of respect from the whole population of the Province of Hainaut to the memory of the brave men whose mortal remains will now be laid in ground which is free again at last, freed by their courage and their sacrifice.

Before these graves which await them, emotions arise which go to the heart, and thoughts which dominate the mind. The life of a man, flashing out between two eternities, takes its significance and its value not from the number of years that it may last, but from what it contains in noble aspirations and unselfish acts. There are hours that within their sixty minutes are more exalted and more productive than the sixty years of an existence devoid of ideal. He it is that has truly lived, he it is that truly lives after death, who has known how to leave in his passage through this world an act deeply imprinted on the heart, be it only of one of his comrades, as a mark of gratitude and affectionate remembrance.

Such was the life of those that their brothers in arms now lay to rest amongst those whom we have loved and whom we always love, that their remembrance may be blended.

Gentlemen of the Canadian Force:—We bow, filled with respect and deep feeling before the tomb of your comrades. In so doing, we enshrine in our hearts the remembrance of what they were and of what they have done for us, that we may hand it down to our children and to the grandchildren of our children, as the choicest of heirlooms.

At this moment, alas! afar, beyond the Atlantic, there are mothers and fathers, wives and children, lovers, brothers, sisters, that await those who live no longer, not knowing as yet that they lie here. I feel that there arises from our hearts, to fly across the ocean, a warm and brotherly sympathy. We press to our grateful hearts all those families that we have become acquainted with through the heroism of their sons. May God grant that they may feel the comfort of this sympathy, before the sad news reaches them.

Tell them, we beg of you, that this little remnant of Belgian soil is for us the most sacred of all; that it is a part of Canadian territory, a priceless treasure set like a jewel in the burial ground of our own men; priceless because it embraces the remains of noble sons of Canada.

Our heads bow before their tombs, but our hearts, proud of having been defended by them, gather for ever around them to become faithful guardians of the sacred repose of your Brothers in Arms.