

a worthy successor to Col. Beckett), but grieving over the loss of brother officers, especially Major Bull, D.S.O., and Captain Commins, M.C. But, proudly describing the advance, he says: "You can hardly imagine our feelings as we marched through mile after mile of conquered country, past long rows of German guns, through wooded dells which but a few hours before had belonged to the enemy, finally going through our own glorious phase of the attack and handing over the advance to another of our Divisions, as well as to Divisions of Cavalry, and hundreds of Tanks, which poured through for miles."

Early in September he was in England on leave, and could scarcely have more than got back to the line when, in that wild storm of wind and rain with which Nature fittingly accompanied the Third Battle of Cambrai, a battle greater, more epoch-marking, more heroic than that in which gods and men contended

"Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy,"

he fell, with so many of his peers, Schoolboys of Yesterday, fighting grimly, and yet, I like to think joyously, to the very last.

I thank God that, though He denied the dearer boon for which I prayed, He yet granted, in lieu of life, so glorious a death. Not for a young, heroic soul the tame and quiet passing