

PREFACE

WHAT a radiance must come upon the face of George Williams in that Place prepared for him and his old-time friends as he watches the hundreds of thousands of young men who pass hourly into the Y.M.C.A. huts and tents and dug-outs which are as far-flung as the Allied battle line, stretching from every homeland across every sea. These are *his* "beloved young men," these buildings, marked with the Red Triangle, are *his* works that follow him. It would be a mockery to doubt his pleasure over the prosperity of the work of his hands—for he was the master builder.

He builded better than he ever knew or, optimist that he was, ever could dream. This is not the place to attempt to tell of the work of the Y.M.C.A. during the war, of the wonder of that Association which shares with the Red Cross the honour of being the greatest voluntary organization known to history, which shares with it too, the splendid triumph of having exalted Christianity and the Cross before the eyes of a world that had almost lost sight of both in the foul fog of a Prussian-made materialism.