

was heavy and the machine-gun fire most violent. The same fate might soon overtake any of these runners, for death faced them all, yet that fact left them undisturbed. What mattered at the moment was their job, nothing else; and I pray you, gentle reader, do not believe that these men were callous. There was more tenderness in their hearts than words can tell. One cannot forget that at any time any man would gladly, freely and voluntarily risk his life to bring in a wounded comrade. Our records are full of such deeds, and if Victoria Crosses were given in this war for the saving of human life at the risk of one's own, Canadian soldiers could boast ten times the sixty-four they now so proudly wear.

Selfishness was unknown to our soldiers, even when suffering bitterly. Once, during the heavy fighting in June, 1916, at Mount Sorrel, a man had his back cut up by machine-gun bullets, another had passed through his shoulder, while still another was lodged in his knee. He considered himself a walking case, and unaided, started limping back under heavy shell-fire to the dressing station two miles in the rear. He had been walking for over two hours, and still had half a mile to go, when he was overtaken by an officer who bade him remain where he was while a stretcher would be sent for him. He declined the offer, and, though bleeding profusely and suffering agony at every step, he suggested that the stretcher be used instead to carry another wounded man who had collapsed some few hundred yards farther up the trench. For himself, he would continue to walk, and hoped to have sufficient strength to reach his destination. Can you imagine what this meant, and what a heart of pure gold that man had? But even better examples of unselfishness and self-sacrifice have come to my notice. I remember the case of a corporal in charge of a patrol of six men operating near Farbus Wood during the battle of Vimy Ridge in April, 1917. They were pinned to the ground by machine-gun fire. To move meant almost certain death, yet it was necessary that the information they had secured should be reported as soon as possible to battalion headquarters. The corporal sacrificed himself in cold blood in order to do his duty, and to save his comrades. He said to them: "I am going to move away in that direction. When they see me and start sprinkling, you beat it."