

children. My wife wrote me two or three days afterwards and she said: "I was never so reconciled to your going out to fight as I am now." She said: "The other night when those devils were overhead, trying to destroy my helpless, innocent, happy little children, who had never harmed or injured them in any way, then," she said, "I was glad that my husband was out in France fighting them."

You know to-day what we are fighting for; God help the man who is so blind he doesn't know. What are we fighting for? You know, America, what we are fighting for and what you are fighting for, too, in the same conflict. Take the people whose homes were on No-man's land,—I am not going to describe No-man's land now, it is a wilderness of desolation which was once covered with lovely homes and farms and pretty towns, like your land. Everything is blotted out, everything that makes for comfort or beauty or fertility blotted out. I have pictures in my possession showing the women searching for their homes. They can not find the places where the homes stood, all blown away. Farmyards turned into dug-outs, road transformed into running sewers, fields carved up by trenches running in every direction, six feet deep, the ground heaped in mounds all over the country, great shell holes twenty feet across, fifteen feet deep, full of foul, stagnant water, all over No-man's land you can see in the shell holes the upturned faces of unburied men. One time near Souchez as the result of the unsuccessful attempt to capture Vimy Ridge in 1915 by the French, I saw in the summer of 1916, eight or nine months after, perhaps more, 100,000 unburied bodies of the sons of France, not far from Souchez. That is No-man's land. They are all buried now, bodies identified and the graves cared for, but in 1916 they had lain out there for eight or nine months, 100,000 unburied sons of France.

Will you answer me one question this morning? What is going to become of these poor French farmers, or rather, their families? They have gone, don't forget that, they have gone, but what is to become of their families? You say, they will be compensated. By whom? By the French government? No; the French government can not compensate them, France is too poor. She has laid her all upon the altar. By England? England is poor too, and rapidly becoming poorer every day. By America? No. America is not responsible. Look here, men and women, there is only one nation on the face of this earth that is morally responsible before God and humanity for the compensation due to these people of France. It is a solemn duty devolving sacredly upon every man in this liberty-loving land, to do his utmost to the point of extreme sacrifice to gain such a victory, so compelling and decisive that Germany, the author of all this pain and suffering, shall be compelled to pay for that havoc and destruction.

But, men of America, it is not a matter of sentiment, it is a matter of God-given trust, and Divine responsibility. I might say that the people behind our lines are very sad. They are living under conditions of war, under martial law. Do you know what it means to have millions of men and war equipment in the land? It means that your ordinary roads and by-ways are congested, so you can't travel. I have seen a poor old peasant woman a quarter of a mile from her house waiting for eight or nine hours for a chance to cross a road to go home. You will have an enormous amount of baggage and impedimenta to transport and you have millions of men traveling to and fro in every direction, and every million you send, let me say, you will interpret it in the sense I mean, adds to the discomfort and drain of the country behind the lines. You will understand the way in which I say it.