

scription in any shape or form. Now they had done their part and it was up to me to do my part. I had to meet these lads' fathers and mothers, and do you think I could look any mother in the face if I had tried to send her lad to any place that I feared to go myself? They had gone into the army, I must go into the army again, they had gone as privates and, though I held a captain's commission in the South African campaign, I felt at this juncture I must go as they did and go through the ranks as a private. So I enlisted as a private and I have been all through the ranks as a private, lance corporal, corporal, lance sergeant, sergeant, a platoon sergeant, and second lieutenant, first lieutenant, captain and a company commander, and I am to-day a company commander in the same battalion in which I first enlisted as a private.

Now, I am telling you this, ladies and gentlemen, for one specific reason, and that is that I want every man and every woman here this morning distinctly to understand that if I appeal for sacrifice,—and I come here to do nothing less,—I am only asking every man and every woman to do for their part what I in some small degree have tried to do for my part. I am not asking anybody to do anything that I have not in the first place, in some small way, tried to do myself. And you know, the call for sacrifice is coming very near. The call for sacrifice is sounding clearer and louder and nearer every day. Service, in the past, ladies and gentlemen, has been enough; service henceforth will not be sufficient, sacrifice is needed.

You know this year, 1918, it is going to be a great year, a critical, a thrilling year for the world. The man I stand most in fear of to-day is not the man in the enemy line but the man behind our own lines; men and women of America, the man I am most afraid of to-day and the man most of the men in the line are afraid of to-day is the optimist, the blind and shallow optimist, the man who says that because America is "in," with all her resources everything is all right. The man who says that because of this disaster that befalls the enemy, or this event, or that incident or the other, everything, is all right, there is no need for personal sacrifice or self-denial or service on his part at all,—that is the man I am afraid of.

Let me put it to you in this way. One day, coming home on leave from France, I saw two men on the platform of the railway station at Truro, Cornwall, England. One man was reading a poster and he called the other man: "Bill, come here." And Bill came and looked at it and Bill's face glowed with delight. He said: "That is great, that is wonderful, America is in! America is in! Why," he said, "it is all over but the shouting!" America is in, it is all over but the shouting.

It was a great compliment to America. May I tell you in passing that it would be very difficult for me this morning to express to you the thrill of thankful exultation that passed through every heart of the British nation when your mighty nation stepped into this conflict. (Applause.) Now there is no man in this audience this morning who has a deeper admiration or a keener appreciation of the resources, the wealth, the might, the man power, the enthusiasm and tremendous resolution of your great nation than I, but, though "America is in," it is not all over "but the shouting," perhaps by a very long way. Look here,—there are days of great slaughter before the day of great shouting, and tens of thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands of gallant men must go down, down the Valley of the Shadow, ere the day of victory dawns. It is a blood-red pathway that leads to the final triumph. And you know, ladies and gentlemen, the situation in the past