

“VERS LA GLOIRE”

dying breath said: ‘This book has been the water of life to me. I give it to you.’”

Like a lone star from the Hun’s night of barbarism shines out the dying example of this Christian soldier of our foe. In the days of peace that are to come, when Germany has forgotten the nightmare of the clanking saber and the shining armor of the war-lord, when all the baser glories are departed, the glory of that Christian soldier will remain.

My picture, “Vers la Gloire,” to-day begins low down in the wallowing mud and mire of Flanders, but it soars beyond the stars. “You have lost all,” sneers the Kaiser to the noble King of Belgium. “Nay,” replies Albert, “I have not lost my soul.” Possessing her soul in the shards and the ashes, Belgium has reached the zenith of her glory. For mortal eyes, that brave and living wall before the shattered town of Ypres have gained for all their epic struggles naught but a mass of stone and ruin. But for those with eyes to see, they have laid foundation for a fairer city on this earth whose glory will be brotherhood.

THE END