

man who rests his case upon the club, and woe to the nation that rests its hope of peace upon the power to suppress. Right and duty—these great, old English words, have by the war been thrown up into new and splendid light. They were like old stones on the seashore, worn round and smooth by the wash of the waves, they had lost all their power to cut or pierce. But under this volcanic eruption of war these words have taken on jagged edges that cut men to the heart, and move men to desperate deeds. That word "duty," a cold and cheerless word. It is a soldier's word, a word that often called a man up to the most heroic endeavour when other words failed.

Ladies and gentlemen, you will pardon me if I, through this paper, now and then advert to personal experiences in the war. At this point I am moved to recount to you an incident in my experience that gives a new meaning to duty.

There was a stretcher bearer in my battalion, who, after bringing in a wounded man, was himself blown up. I found him broken from the waist down. He was struggling to tell me something. He was trying to give me the list of names of those with him in the dugout. There were six of these names. He tried once, and again and again. I said to him, "Archie, never mind, I will get those names; don't you worry about them." But he said, "Major, it is my duty to report," and he held back death long enough to allow him to give me a full list of names. The duty that he owed to his officer, to his battalion, to his country, to his king, to his God, this was in the last analysis the abiding word that reached the conscience and the will of the fighting man, and made him what he was, invincible.

Of like kind, but under different circumstances, was the remark of his mother, to whom I brought the story of her son's death. At first she listened with tears; but as she listened to the story of her son's devotion to duty the tears were dried and she said to me in her soft Highland voice: "Major, I dinna' grudge my boy; I wouldna' hae him back." It is no wonder that our soldiers lived, fought, suffered and died for duty, when they were sent forth by women who through the long years of war suffered quietly, often tearlessly, because they felt they owed it to their lads at the front, and to the country, for whom their men were fighting.

II. The second spiritual gain from the war is *The re-assertion of the Supreme Worth of Humanity*. It is commonplace to say that the worth of a nation lies in its manhood and in its womanhood. Yet too often in estimating our national wealth we find our minds reverting not to our treasures in men, but to our natural resources, to our industrial achievement, to our commercial enterprise, or to our educational systems and institutions. The war recalled to us the fact, that not in any one of these,

or in all of these together does a nation's worth lie, but in its manhood and its womanhood.

The thing that the war has emphasized to my mind, above all other things, is the greatness of man. The man as against, say, the state; the man as against institutions, even the most sacred of them, the Church; the man as against organized man. The man simple, plain, unadorned, the man without adjectives, that is, the common man. It is now recognized by all those who write of the war, and of the achievements of the armies, that this has been a war of the common soldier. It was not the men of the high command, great as they were, not the officers that won the war, not the brilliant direction, but it was the superb fighting qualities of the common man that won victory for us.

Take that story of Mons. That story has not yet come to its own in the hearts of our people, but long after we are dead and gone, when our children hold our places, they will tell the tale, and men will listen with pulse beating quickly, with eyes gleaming, and with hearts full of pride in the men of the old days, who marched from Mons to the Marne. I wonder if we know the tale of that great little British Expeditionary Force, the army of "contemptibles," that glorious little army, who, on the 12th of August, 1914, were in England; on the 15th men, horses and guns were on the shores of France, and on the 22nd were digging in on the front line of which the centre was Mons. They were holding a line 25 miles long with 75,000 men, the rest being held in reserve. Opposed to them a great army, with a great army on either flank. Von Kluck on the left flank, Von Bulow immediately in front, and the Duke of Wurtemberg, Von Hausen in command of his cavalry, breaking through on the right flank, 450,000 men opposing that gallant little British band. They began their fight on a Sunday afternoon. At 5 o'clock word came—you will remember that terrible word, for twelve hours delayed—that Namur had surrendered and that the French Sixth Army, upon their right flank, was gone in a rout; that Tournai had fallen and that Von Kluck was striving to encircle their left flank. Then they began to feel the pressure of the overwhelming weight of men immediately upon their front. Then the order came to retire, and late that night that remarkable retreat began. They marched all Monday night and fought Tuesday, and marched all Tuesday night, except when they paused to fight and win the great and splendid victory of Landrecies. On Wednesday they fought another great fight, Le Cateau, and Wednesday night they marched, and Thursday they fought, and Thursday night they marched, and Friday and Saturday, and Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday this immortal little company marched and fought and marched and fought again until on the 7th of September