

We leave the inscriptions, the faded flowers, the laudations of our enemies untouched. May they do the same over the graves of our boys!

Yet for every grave that is marked, a score and more have no sign. In one valley known to me, close on 200,000 French and Germans are said to lie dead beneath the soil in lines and swathes and packed trenches. There are few crosses there as yet.

Some day, when fighting is over, we will go back and erect, outside Ypres, on the great ridges of Messines and Vimy, on the undulating lands of the Somme, in the mud bogs of Belgium, splendid memorials to our lads, to mark our remembrances. But their memories need no such token to keep them green. Dead, their work lives. The very sacrifice of their lives is bringing a new era of liberty and justice to the whole world. We mourn for them, but even in mourning let us remember to rejoice and be proud. For if the grief is ours, the glory of great accomplishment is theirs. Youth cut off in its prime has accomplished more than most lives that have stretched out to threescore and ten years of self-centred existence.