

she said, "Yes. In the Spring of 1918 I was sent to the French Front. The line was bending badly under the titanic blows of the Germans and the desperately wounded had to be left on the ground to die, or fall in the hands of the advancing foe." Kathleen Burke said, "Colonel, as I tell you this story, think of the home from which this young man came. I noticed him lying on the ground, and bent to lift his head, giving him a drink out of a canteen. Opening his eyes and recognizing the uniform of a nurse he said, 'Sister, am I going to die?' I said, 'Yes, my boy you are going to die.' 'Will it be soon?' he asked. 'Yes,' I replied, 'it will be very soon.'" He was quiet for a moment, and his head dropped back, and, thinking the boy was dead I laid him gently down—but, opening his eyes once more, he said, 'Sister will you undo my bandages, and will you dip your fingers in my blood, and will you mark the sign of the Cross on my forehead in my blood? For, 'he said, 'when I am dead and get to Heaven's gate, the dear God when he sees the sign of the blood, will surely let me through."

Greater Love hath no man than this—that a man die for his friend.

The Life is in the Blood.

They Died that we might Live—but not selfishly. Ah! Not that.

Judge of the Nations—Be with us yet,

Lest we forget—Lest we forget.